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THE SPECTATOR.

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A NEW EDITION,

REPRODUCING THE ORIGINAL TEXT, BOTH AS FIRST ISSUED AND AS CORRECTED BY ITS AUTHORS.

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND INDEX.

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ADDISON'S SPECTATOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Richard Steele, in number 555 of his *Spectator*, signed its last paper and named those who had most helped him 'to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance,' he gave chief honour to one who had on his page, as in his heart, no name but Friend. This was 'the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface 'and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued 'Friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings 'which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender 'Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time 'or other publish a work, written by us both, which should bear the name of THE 'MONUMENT, in Memory of our Friendship.' Why he refers to such a wish, his next words show. The seven volumes of the *Spectator*, then complete, were to his mind The Monument; and of the Friendship it commemorates he wrote, 'I heartily wish what I 'have done here were as honorary to that sacred name as learning, wit, and humanity 'render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his.' So wrote Steele; and the *Spectator* will bear witness how religiously his friendship was returned. In number 453, when, paraphrasing David's Hymn on Gratitude, the 'rising soul' of Addison surveyed the mercies of his God, was it not Steele whom he felt near to him at the Mercy-seat as he wrote

> Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
> Has made my cup run o'er,
> And in a kind and faithful Friend
> Has doubled all my store?

The *Spectator*, Steele-and-Addison's *Spectator*, is a monument befitting the most memorable friendship in our history. Steele was its projector, founder, editor, and he was writer of that part of it which took the widest grasp upon the hearts of men. His sympathies were with all England. Defoe and he, with eyes upon the future, were the truest leaders of their time. It was the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. It was Steele who caused the nice critical taste which Addison might have spent only in accordance with the fleeting fashions of his time, to be inspired with all Addison's religious earnestness, and to be enlivened with the free play of that sportive humour, delicately whimsical and gaily wise, which made his conversation the delight of the few men with whom he sat at ease. It was Steele who drew his friend towards the days to come, and made his gifts the wealth of a whole people. Steele said in one of the later numbers of his *Spectator*, No. 532, to which he prefixed a motto that assigned to himself only the part of whetstone to the wit of others, 'I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a 'person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means.' There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labour for the exaltation of his friend, and, no doubt, his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But for that Addison is not answerable. And why should Steele have defined his own merits? He knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would speak truth for him to posterity.

The friendship of which this work is the monument remained unbroken from boyhood until death. Addison and Steele were schoolboys together at the Charterhouse. Addison was a dean's son, and a private boarder; Steele, fatherless, and a boy on the foundation. They were of like age. The register of Steele's baptism, corroborated by the entry made on his admission to the Charterhouse (which also implies that he was baptized on the day of his birth) is March 12, 1671, Old Style; New Style, 1672. Addison was born on May-day, 1672. Thus there was a difference of only seven weeks.

Steele's father according to the register, also named Richard, was an attorney in Dublin.[1] Steele seems to draw from experience—although he is not writing as of himself or bound to any truth of personal detail—when in No. 181 of the *Tatler* he speaks of his father as having died when he was not quite five years of age, and of his mother as 'a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit.' The first Duke of Ormond is referred to by Steele in his Dedication to the *Lying Lover* as the patron of his infancy; and it was by this nobleman that a place was found for him, when in his thirteenth year, among the foundation boys at the Charterhouse, where he first met with Joseph Addison. Addison, who was at school at Lichfield in 1683-4-5, went to the Charterhouse in 1686, and left in 1687, when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford. Steele went to Oxford two years later, matriculating at Christ Church, March 13, 1689-90, the year in which Addison was elected a Demy of Magdalene. A letter of introduction from Steele, dated April 2, 1711, refers to the administration of the will of 'my uncle Gascoigne, to 'whose bounty I owe a liberal education.' This only representative of the family ties into which Steele was born, an 'uncle' whose surname is not that of Steele's mother before marriage, appears, therefore, to have died just before or at the time when the *Spectator* undertook to publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning, and—Addison here speaking for him—looked forward to 'leaving his country, when he was summoned out of it, with 'the secret satisfaction of thinking that he had not lived in vain.' To Steele's warm heart Addison's friendship stood for all home blessings he had missed. The sister's playful grace, the brother's love, the mother's sympathy and simple faith in God, the father's guidance, where were these for Steele, if not in his friend Addison?

Addison's father was a dean; his mother was the sister of a bishop; and his ambition as a schoolboy, or his father's ambition for him, was only that he should be one day a prosperous and pious dignitary of the Church. But there was in him, as in Steele, the genius which shaped their lives to its own uses, and made them both what they are to us now. Joseph Addison was born into a home which the steadfast labour of his father, Lancelot, had made prosperous and happy. Lancelot Addison had earned success. His father, Joseph's grandfather, had been also a clergyman, but he was one of those Westmoreland clergy of whose simplicity and poverty many a joke has been made. Lancelot got his education as a poor child in the Appleby Grammar School; but he made his own way when at College; was too avowed a Royalist to satisfy the Commonwealth, and got, for his zeal, at the Restoration, small reward in a chaplaincy to the garrison at Dunkirk. This was changed, for the worse, to a position of the same sort at Tangier, where he remained eight years. He lost that office by misadventure, and would have been left destitute if Mr. Joseph Williamson had not given him a living of £120 a-year at Milston in Wiltshire. Upon this Lancelot Addison married Jane Gulstone, who was the daughter of a Doctor of Divinity, and whose brother became Bishop of Bristol. In the little Wiltshire parsonage Joseph Addison and his younger brothers and sisters were born. The essayist was named Joseph after his father's patron, afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, a friend high in office. While the children grew, the father worked. He showed his ability and loyalty in books on West Barbary, and Mahomet, and the State of the Jews; and he became one of the King's chaplains in ordinary at a time when his patron Joseph Williamson was Secretary of State. Joseph Addison was then but three years old. Soon afterwards the busy father became Archdeacon of Salisbury, and he was made Dean of Lichfield in 1683, when his boy Joseph had reached the

[1] Not counsellor-at-law, or secretary to the Duke of Ormond. This has been ascertained by Mr. W. H. Wills, who is about to publish in *All the Year Round* some of those results of a long special study, which it is the hope of his friends that he may have health and leisure to mature into a biography, as lasting as the honour due to Richard Steele.

age of 11. When Archdeacon of Salisbury, the Rev. Lancelot Addison sent Joseph to school at Salisbury; and when his father became Dean of Lichfield, Joseph was sent to school at Lichfield, as before said, in the years 1683-4-5. And then he was sent as a private pupil to the Charterhouse. The friendship he there formed with Steele was ratified by the approval of the Dean. The desolate boy with the warm heart, bright intellect, and noble aspirations, was carried home by his friend, at holiday times, into the Lichfield Deanery, where, Steele wrote afterwards to Congreve in a Dedication of the *Drummer*, 'were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could show under the Dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between 'his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness 'and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them.' Addison had two brothers, of whom one traded and became Governor of Fort George in India, and the other became, like himself, a Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford. Of his three sisters two died young, the other married twice, her first husband being a French refugee minister who became a Prebendary of Westminster. Of this sister of Addison's, Swift said she was 'a sort of wit, very like him. I was not fond of her.'

In the latter years of the seventeenth century, when Steele and Addison were students at Oxford, most English writers were submissive to the new strength of the critical genius of France. But the English nation had then newly accomplished the great Revolution that secured its liberties, was thinking for itself, and calling forth the energies of writers who spoke for the people and looked to the people for approval and support. A new period was then opening, of popular influence on English literature. They were the young days of the influence now full grown, then slowly getting strength and winning the best minds away from an imported Latin style adapted to the taste of patrons who sought credit for nice critical discrimination. In 1690 Addison had been three years, Steele one year, at Oxford. Boileau was then living, fifty-four years old; and Western Europe was submissive to his sway as the great monarch of literary criticism. Boileau was still living when Steele published his *Tatler*, and died in the year of the establishment of the *Spectator*. Boileau, a true-hearted man, of genius and sense, advanced his countrymen from the nice weighing of words by the Précieuses and the grammarians, and by the French Academy, child of the intercourse between those ladies and gentlemen. He brought ridicule on the inane politeness of a style then in its decrepitude, and bade the writers of his time find models in the Latin writers who, like Virgil and Horace, had brought natural thought and speech to their perfection. In the preceding labour for the rectifying of the language, preference had been given to French words of Latin origin. French being one of those languages in which Latin is the chief constituent, this was but a fair following of the desire to make it run pure from its source. If the English critics who, in Charles the Second's time, submitted to French law, had seen its spirit, instead of paying blind obedience to the letter, they also would have looked back to the chief source of their language. Finding this to be not Latin but Saxon, they would have sought to give it strength and harmony, by doing then what, in the course of nature, we have learnt again to do, now that the patronage of literature has gone from the cultivated noble who appreciates in much accordance with the fashion of his time, and passed into the holding of the English people. Addison and Steele lived in the transition time between these periods. They were born into one of them and—Steele immediately, Addison through Steele's influence upon him—they were trusty guides into the other. Thus the *Spectator* is not merely the best example of their skill. It represents also, perhaps best represents, a wholesome Revolution in our Literature. The essential character of English Literature was no more changed than characters of Englishmen were altered by the Declaration of Right which Prince William of Orange had accepted with the English Crown, when Addison had lately left and Steele was leaving Charterhouse for Oxford. Yet change there was, and Steele saw to the heart of it, even in his College days.

Oxford, in times not long past, had inclined to faith in divine right of kings. Addison's father, a church dignitary who had been a Royalist during the Civil War, laid stress upon obedience to authority in Church and State. When modern literature was discussed or studied at Oxford there would be the strongest disposition to maintain the

commonly accepted authority of French critics, who were really men of great ability, correcting bad taste in their predecessors, and conciliating scholars by their own devout acceptance of the purest Latin authors as the types of a good style or proper method in the treatment of a subject. Young Addison found nothing new to him in the temper of his University, and was influenced, as in his youth every one must and should be, by the prevalent tone of opinion in cultivated men. But he had, and felt that he had, wit and genius of his own. His sensitive mind was simply and thoroughly religious ; generous in its instincts, and strengthened in its nobler part by close communion with the mind of his friend Steele. May we not think of the two friends together in a College chamber, Addison of slender frame, with features wanting neither in dignity nor in refinement, Steele of robust make, with the radiant 'short face' of the *Spectator*, by right of which he claimed for that worthy his admission to the Ugly Club. Addison reads Dryden, in praise of whom he wrote his earliest known verse ; or reads endeavours of his own, which his friend Steele warmly applauds. They dream together of the future ; Addison sage, but speculative, and Steele practical, if rash. Each is disposed to find God in the ways of life, and both avoid that outward show of irreligion, which, after the recent Civil Wars, remains yet common in the country, as reaction from an ostentatious piety which laid on burdens of restraint ; a natural reaction which had been intensified by the base influence of a profligate King. Addison, bred among the preachers, has a little of the preacher's abstract tone, when talk between the friends draws them at times into direct expression of the sacred sense of life which made them one. Apart also from the mere accidents of his childhood, a speculative turn in Addison is naturally stronger than in Steele. He relishes analysis of thought. Steele came as a boy from the rough world of shame and sorrow ; his great, kindly heart is most open to the realities of life, the state and prospects of his country, direct personal sympathies ; actual wrongs, actual remedies. Addison is sensitive, and has among strangers the reserve of speech and aspect which will pass often for coldness and pride, but is, indeed, the shape taken by modesty in thoughtful men whose instinct it is to speculate and analyze, and who become self-conscious, not through conceit, but because they cannot help turning their speculations also on themselves. Steele wholly comes out of himself as his heart hastens to meet his friend. He lives in his surroundings, and, in friendly intercourse, fixes his whole thought on the worth of his companion. Never abating a jot of his ideal of a true and perfect life, or ceasing to uphold the good because he cannot live to the full height of his own argument, he is too frank to conceal the least or greatest of his own shortcomings. Delight and strength of a friendship like that between Steele and Addison are to be found, as many find them, in the charm and use of a compact where characters differ so much that one lays open as it were a fresh world to the other, and each draws from the other aid of forces which the friendship makes his own. But the deep foundations of this friendship were laid in the religious earnestness that was alike in both ; and in religious earnestness are laid also the foundations of this book, its Monument.

Both Addison and Steele wrote verse at College. From each of them we have a poem written at nearly the same age, Addison's in April, 1694, Steele's early in 1695. Addison drew from literature a metrical 'Account of the Greatest English Poets.' Steele drew from life the grief of England at the death of William's Queen, which happened on the 28th of December, 1694.

Addison, writing in that year, and at the age of about 23, for a College friend,

> A short account of all the Muse-possest,
> That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times
> Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

was so far under the influence of French critical authority, as accepted by most cultivators of polite literature at Oxford and wherever authority was much respected, that from 'An Account of the Greatest English Poets' he omitted Shakespeare. Of Chaucer he then knew no better than to say, what might have been said in France, that

> —age has rusted what the Poet writ,
> Worn out his language, and obscured his wit :
> In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
> And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb'rous age;
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more.

It cost Addison some trouble to break loose from the critical cobweb of an age of periwigs and patches, that accounted itself 'understanding,' and the grand epoch of our Elizabethan literature, 'barbarous.' Rymer, one of its critics, had said, that 'in the neigh-'ing of an horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively 'expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of 'Shakespeare.' Addison, with a genius of his own helped to free movement by the sympathies of Steele, did break through the cobwebs of the critics; but he carried off a little of their web upon his wings. We see it when in the *Spectator* he meets the prejudices of an 'understanding age,' and partly satisfies his own, by finding reason for his admiration of *Chevy Chase* and the *Babes in the Wood*, in their great similarity to works of Virgil. We see it also in some of the criticisms which accompany his admirable working out of the resolve to justify his true natural admiration of the poetry of Milton, by showing that *Paradise Lost* was planned after the manner of the ancients, and supreme even in its obedience to the laws of Aristotle. In his *Spectator* papers on Imagination he but half escapes from the conventions of his time, which detested the wildness of a mountain pass, thought Salisbury Plain one of the finest prospects in England, planned parks with circles and straight lines of trees, despised our old cathedrals for their 'Gothic' art, and saw perfection in the Roman architecture, and the round dome of St. Paul's. Yet in these and all such papers of his we find that Addison had broken through the weaker prejudices of the day, opposing them with sound natural thought of his own. Among cultivated readers, lesser moulders of opinion, there can be no doubt that his genius was only the more serviceable in amendment of the tastes of his own time, for friendly understanding and a partial sharing of ideas for which it gave itself no little credit.

It is noticeable, however, that in his Account of the Greatest English Poets, young Addison gave a fifth part of the piece to expression of the admiration he felt even then for Milton. That his appreciation became critical, and, although limited, based on a sense of poetry which brought him near to Milton, Addison proved in the *Spectator* by his eighteen Saturday papers upon *Paradise Lost*. But it was from the religious side that he first entered into the perception of its grandeur. His sympathy with its high purpose caused him to praise, in the same pages that commended *Paradise Lost* to his countrymen, another 'epic,' Blackmore's *Creation*, a dull metrical treatise against atheism, as a work which deserved to be looked upon as 'one of the most useful and 'noble productions of our English verse. The reader,' he added, of a piece which shared certainly with Salisbury Plain the charms of flatness and extent of space, 'the reader can-'not but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of 'poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the 'imagination.' The same strong sympathy with Blackmore's purpose in it blinded Dr. Johnson also to the failure of this poem, which is Blackmore's best. From its religious side, then, it may be that Addison, when a student at Oxford, first took his impressions of the poetry of Milton. At Oxford he accepted the opinion of France on Milton's art, but honestly declared, in spite of that, unchecked enthusiasm:

Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, arrayed in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

This chief place among English poets Addison assigned to Milton, with his mind fresh from the influences of a father who had openly contemned the Commonwealth, and by whom he had been trained so to regard Milton's service of it that of this he wrote:

Oh, had the Poet ne'er profaned his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserved applause!
But now the language can't support the cause.
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

If we turn now to the verse written by Steele in his young Oxford days, and within twelve months of the date of Addison's lines upon English poets, we have what Steele called 'The Procession.' It is the procession of those who followed to the grave the good Queen Mary, dead of small-pox, at the age of 32. Steele shared his friend Addison's delight in Milton, and had not, indeed, got beyond the sixth number of the *Tatler* before he compared the natural beauty and innocence of Milton's Adam and Eve with Dryden's treatment of their love. But the one man for whom Steele felt most enthusiasm was not to be sought through books, he was a living moulder of the future of the nation. Eagerly intent upon King William, the hero of the Revolution that secured our liberties, the young patriot found in him also the hero of his verse. Keen sense of the realities about him into which Steele had been born, spoke through the very first lines of this poem:

> The days of man are doom'd to pain and strife,
> Quiet and ease are foreign to our life;
> No satisfaction is, below, sincere,
> Pleasure itself has something that's severe.

Britain had rejoiced in the high fortune of King William, and now a mourning world attended his wife to the tomb. The poor were her first and deepest mourners, poor from many causes; and then Steele pictured, with warm sympathy, form after form of human suffering. Among those mourning poor were mothers who, in the despair of want, would have stabbed infants sobbing for their food,

> But in the thought they stopp'd, their locks they tore,
> Threw down the steel, and cruelly forbore.
> The innocents their parents' love forgive,
> Smile at their fate, nor know they are to live.

To the mysteries of such distress the dead queen penetrated, by her 'cunning to be 'good.' After the poor, marched the House of Commons in the funeral procession. Steele gave only two lines to it:

> With dread concern, the awful Senate came,
> Their grief, as all their passions, is the same.
> The next Assembly dissipates our fears,
> The stately, mourning throng of British Peers.

A factious intemperance then characterized debates of the Commons, while the House of Lords stood in the front of the Revolution, and secured the permanency of its best issues. Steele describes, as they pass, Ormond, Somers, Villars, who leads the horse of the dead queen, that 'heaves into big sighs when he would neigh'—the verse has in it crudity as well as warmth of youth—and then follow the funeral chariot, the jewelled mourners, and the ladies of the court,

> Their clouded beauties speak man's gaudy strife,
> The glittering miseries of human life.

I yet see, Steele adds, this queen passing to her coronation in the place whither she now is carried to her grave. On the way, through acclamations of her people, to receive her crown,

> She unconcerned and careless all the while
> Rewards their loud applauses with a smile,
> With easy Majesty and humble State
> Smiles at the trifle Power, and knows its date.

But now

> What hands commit the beauteous, good, and just,
> The dearer part of William, to the dust?
> In her his vital heat, his glory lies,
> In her the Monarch lived, in her he dies.
>
> * * * *
>
> No form of state makes the Great Man forego
> The task due to her love and to his woe;
> Since his kind frame can't the large suffering bear
> In pity to his People, he's not here:
> For to the mighty loss we now receive
> The next affliction were to see him grieve.

If we look from these serious strains of their youth to the literary expression of the gayer side of character in the two friends, we find Addison sheltering his taste for playful writing behind a Roman Wall of hexameter. For among his Latin poems in the Oxford *Musæ Anglicanæ* are eighty or ninety lines of resonant Latin verse upon 'Machinæ Gesticulantes, *anglice* A Puppet-show.' Steele, taking life as he found it, and expressing mirth in his own way of conversation, wrote an English comedy, and took the word of a College friend that it was valueless. There were two paths in life then open to an English writer. One was the smooth and level way of patronage; the other a rough up-hill track for men who struggled in the service of the people. The way of patronage was honourable. The age had been made so very discerning by the Romans and the French that a true understanding of the beauties of literature was confined to the select few who had been taught what to admire. Fine writing was beyond the rude appreciation of the multitude. Had, therefore, the reading public been much larger than it was, men of fastidious taste, who paid as much deference to polite opinion as Addison did in his youth, could have expected only audience fit but few, and would have been without encouragement to the pursuit of letters unless patronage rewarded merit. The other way had charms only for the stout-hearted pioneer who foresaw where the road was to be made that now is the great highway of our literature. Addison went out into the world by the way of his time; Steele by the way of ours.

Addison, after the campaign of 1695, offered to the King the homage of a paper of verses on the capture of Namur, and presented them through Sir John Somers, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. To Lord Somers he sent with them a flattering dedicatory address. Somers, who was esteemed a man of taste, was not unwilling to 'receive the present of a muse unknown.' He asked Addison to call upon him, and became his patron. Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, critic and wit himself, shone also among the statesmen who were known patrons of letters. Also to him, who was a prince of patrons 'fed with soft dedication all day long,' Addison introduced himself. To him, in 1697, as it was part of his public fame to be a Latin scholar, Addison, also a skilful Latinist, addressed, in Latin, a paper of verses on the Peace of Ryswick. With Somers and Montagu for patrons, the young man of genius who wished to thrive might fairly commit himself to the service of the Church, for which he had been bred by his father; but Addison's tact and refinement promised to be serviceable to the State, and so it was that, as Steele tells us, Montagu made Addison a layman. 'His arguments 'were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted 'liberal education. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my Lord 'ended with a compliment, that, however he might be represented as no friend to the 'Church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.' To the good offices of Montagu and Somers, Addison was indebted, therefore, in 1699, for a travelling allowance of £300 a-year. The grant was for his support while qualifying himself on the continent by study of modern languages, and otherwise, for diplomatic service. It dropped at the King's death, in the spring of 1702, and Addison was cast upon his own resources; but he throve, and lived to become an Under-Secretary of State in days that made Prior an Ambassador, and rewarded with official incomes Congreve, Rowe, Hughes, Philips, Stepney, and others. Throughout his honourable career prudence dictated to Addison more or less of dependence on the friendship of the strong. An honest friend of the popular cause, he was more ready to sell than give his pen to it; although the utmost reward would at no time have tempted him to throw his conscience into the bargain. The good word of Halifax obtained him from Godolphin, in 1704, the Government order for a poem on the Battle of Blenheim, with immediate earnest of payment for it in the office of a Commissioner of Appeal in the Excise worth £200 a-year. For this substantial reason Addison wrote the *Campaign;* and upon its success, he obtained the further reward of an Irish Under-secretaryship.

The *Campaign* is not a great poem. Reams of *Campaigns* would not have made Addison's name, what it now is, a household word among his countrymen. The 'Remarks 'on several Parts of Italy, &c.,' in which Addison followed up the success of his *Campaign* with notes of foreign travel, represent him visiting Italy as 'Virgil's Italy,' the land of the great writers in Latin, and finding scenery or customs of the people eloquent of them at every turn. He crammed his pages with quotation from Virgil and

Horace, Ovid and Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Juvenal and Martial, Lucretius, Statius, Claudian, Silius Italicus, Ausonius, Seneca, Phædrus, and gave even to his 'understanding age' an overdose of its own physic for all ills of literature. He could not see a pyramid of jugglers standing on each other's shoulders, without observing how it explained a passage in Claudian which shows that the Venetians were not the inventors of this trick. But Addison's short original accounts of cities and states that he saw are pleasant as well as sensible, and here and there, as in the space he gives to a report of St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes, or his short account of a visit to the opera at Venice, there are indications of the humour that was veiled, not crushed, under a sense of classical propriety. In his account of the political state of Naples and in other passages, there is mild suggestion also of the love of liberty, a part of the fine nature of Addison which had been slightly warmed by contact with the generous enthusiasm of Steele. In his poetical letter to Halifax written during his travels, Addison gave the sum of his prose volume when he told how he felt himself

> ——on classic ground.
> For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
> Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
> And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

But he was writing to a statesman of the Revolution, who was his political patron, just then out of office, and propriety suggested such personal compliment as calling the Boyne a Tiber, and Halifax an improvement upon Virgil; while his heart was in the closing emphasis, also proper to the occasion, which dwelt on the liberty that gives their smile to the barren rocks and bleak mountains of Britannia's isle, while for Italy, rich in the unexhausted stores of nature, proud Oppression in her valleys reigns, and tyranny usurps her happy plains. Addison's were formal raptures, and he knew them to be so, when he wrote,

> I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
> That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

Richard Steele was not content with longing to be bold. Eager, at that turning point of her national life, to serve England with strength of arm, at least, if not with the good brains which he was neither encouraged nor disposed to value highly, Steele's patriotism impelled him to make his start in the world, not by the way of patronage, but by enlisting himself as a private in the Coldstream Guards. By so doing he knew that he offended a relation, and lost a bequest. As he said of himself afterwards, 'when he mounted a 'war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind King William III. 'against Louis XIV., he lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wex-'ford, in Ireland, from the same humour which he has preserved ever since, of preferring 'the state of his mind to that of his fortune.' Lord Cutts, the Colonel of the Regiment, made Steele his Secretary, and got him an Ensign's commission. It was then that he wrote his first book, the *Christian Hero*, of which the modest account given by Steele himself long afterwards, when put on his defence by the injurious violence of faction, is as follows: 'He first became an author when an Ensign of the Guards, a way of life ex-'posed to much irregularity; and being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which 'he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, 'a little book called the *Christian Hero*, with a design principally to fix upon his own 'mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity 'towards unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admiration was too weak; he therefore 'printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against himself, and 'the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light, would 'make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous, and living 'so contrary a life.' Among his brother soldiers, and fresh from the Oxford worship of old classical models, the religious feeling that accompanies all true refinement, and that was indeed part of the English nature in him as in Addison, prompted Steele to write this book, in which he opposed to the fashionable classicism of his day a sound reflection that the heroism of Cato or Brutus had far less in it of true strength, and far less adaptation to the needs of life, than the unfashionable Christian Heroism set forth by the Sermon on the Mount.

According to the second title of this book it is 'an Argument, proving that no Prin-'ciples but those of Religion are sufficient to make a Great Man.' It is addressed to Lord Cutts in a dedication dated from the Tower-Yard, March 23, 1701, and is in four chapters, of which the first treats of the heroism of the ancient world, the second connects man with his Creator, by the Bible Story and the Life and Death of Christ, the third defines the Christian as set forth by the character and teaching of St. Paul, applying the definition practically to the daily life of Steele's own time. In the last chapter he descends from the consideration of those bright incentives to a higher life, and treats of the ordinary passions and interests of men, the common springs of action (of which, he says, the chief are Fame and Conscience) which he declares to be best used and improved when joined with religion; and here all culminates in a final strain of patriotism, closing with the character of King William, 'that of a glorious captain, and (what he much more 'values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man.' This was the character of William which, when, in days of meaner public strife, Steele quoted it years afterwards in the *Spectator*, he broke off painfully and abruptly with a

——Fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria.

Steele's *Christian Hero* obtained many readers. Its fifth edition was appended to the first collection of the *Tatler* into volumes, at the time of the establishment of the *Spectator*. The old bent of the English mind was strong in Steele, and he gave unostentatiously a lively wit to the true service of religion, without having spoken or written to the last day of his life a word of mere religious cant. One officer thrust a duel on him for his zeal in seeking to make peace between him and another comrade. Steele, as an officer, then, or soon afterwards, made a Captain of Fusiliers, could not refuse to fight, but stood on the defensive; yet in parrying a thrust his sword pierced his antagonist, and the danger in which he lay quickened that abiding detestation of the practice of duelling, which caused Steele to attack it in his plays, in his *Tatler*, in his *Spectator*, with persistent energy.

Of the *Christian Hero* his companions felt, and he himself saw, that the book was too didactic. It was indeed plain truth out of Steele's heart, but an air of superiority, freely allowed only to the professional man teaching rules of his own art, belongs to a too didactic manner. Nothing was more repugnant to Steele's nature than the sense of this. He had defined the Christian as 'one who is always a benefactor, with the mien of a re-'ceiver.' And that was his own character, which was, to a fault, more ready to give than to receive, more prompt to ascribe honour to others than to claim it for himself. To right himself, Steele wrote a light-hearted comedy, *The Funeral*, or *Grief à la Mode*; but at the core even of that lay the great earnestness of his censure against the mockery and mummery of grief that should be sacred; and he blended with this, in the character of Lawyer Puzzle, a protest against mockery of truth and justice by the intricacies of the law. The liveliness of this comedy made Steele popular with the wits; and the inevitable touches of the author's patriotism brought on him also the notice of the Whigs. Party men might, perhaps, already feel something of the unbending independence that was in Steele himself, as in this play he made old Lord Brumpton teach it to his son:

'But be thou honest, firm, impartial;
Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee;
Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes.'

King William, perhaps, had he lived, could fairly have recognized in Steele the social form of that sound mind which in Defoe was solitary. In a later day it was to Steele a proud recollection that his name, to be provided for, 'was in the last table-book ever worn 'by the glorious and immortal William III.'

The *Funeral*, first acted with great success in 1702, was followed in the next year by *The Tender Husband*, to which Addison contributed some touches, for which Addison wrote a Prologue, and which Steele dedicated to Addison, who would 'be surprised,' he said, 'in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so 'distant an air as a public dedication.' Addison and his friend were then thirty-one years old. Close friends when boys, they are close friends now in the prime of manhood. It was after they had blended wits over the writing of this comedy that Steele expressed his wish for a work, written by both, which should serve as THE MONUMENT to their most

happy friendship. When Addison and Steele were amused together with the writing of this comedy, Addison, having lost his immediate prospect of political employment, and his salary too, by King William's death in the preceding year, had come home from his travels. On his way home he had received, at Amsterdam, news of his father's death. As his father's eldest son, he had, on his return to England, family affairs to arrange, and probably some money to receive. Though attached to a party that lost power at the accession of Queen Anne, and waiting for new employment, Addison,—who had declined the Duke of Somerset's over-condescending offer of a hundred a year and all expenses as travelling tutor to his son, the Marquis of Hertford—was able, while lodging in a garret in the Haymarket, to associate in London with the men by whose friendship he hoped to rise, and was, with Steele, admitted into the select society of wits, and men of fashion who affected wit and took wits for their comrades, in the Kitcat Club. When in 1704 Marlborough's victory at Blenheim revived the Whig influence, the suggestion of Halifax to Lord Treasurer Godolphin caused Addison to be applied to for his poem of the *Campaign*. It was after the appearance of this poem that Steele's play was printed, with the dedication to his friend, in which he said, 'I look upon my intimacy with you as one of 'the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time I make the town no ill com-'pliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far 'raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable 'Friendship. I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid 'every thing that might look ill-natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of 'mankind hold sacred and honourable.'

This was the common ground between the friends. Collier's 'Short View of the Pro-'faneness and Immorality of the English Stage' had been published in 1698; it attacked a real evil, if not always in the right way, and Congreve's reply to it had been a failure. Steele's comedies with all their gaiety and humour were wholly free from the garnish of oaths and unwholesome expletives which his contemporaries seemed to think essential to stage emphasis. Each comedy of his was based on seriousness, as all sound English wit has been since there have been writers in England. The gay manner did not conceal all the earnest thoughts that might jar with the humour of the town; and thus Steele was able to claim, by right of his third play, 'the honour of being the only English 'dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety.'

This was the *Lying Lover*, produced in 1704, an adaptation from Corneille in which we must allow that Steele's earnestness in upholding truth and right did cause him to spoil the comedy. The play was afterwards re-adapted by Foote as the *Liar*, and in its last form, with another change or two, has been revived lately with great success. It is worth while to note how Steele dealt with the story of this piece. Its original is a play by Alarcon, which Corneille at first supposed to have been a play by Lope de Vega. Alarcon, or, to give him his full style, Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza, was a Mexican-born Spaniard of a noble family which had distinguished itself in Mexico from the time of the conquest, and took its name of Alarcon from a village in New Castile. The poet was a humpbacked dwarf, a thorough, but rather haughty, Spanish gentleman, poet and wit, who wrote in an unusually pure Spanish style; a man of the world, too, who came to Spain in or about the year 1622, and held the very well-paid office of reporter to the Royal Council of the Indies. When Alarcon, in 1634, was chosen by the Court to write a festival drama, and, at the same time, publishing the second part of his dramatic works, vehemently reclaimed plays for which, under disguised names, some of his contemporaries had taken credit to themselves, there was an angry combination against him, in which Lope de Vega, Gongora, and Quevedo were found taking part. All that Alarcon wrote was thoroughly his own, but editors of the 17th century boldly passed over his claims to honour, and distributed his best works among plays of other famous writers, chiefly those of Rojas and Lope de Vega. This was what deceived Corneille, and caused him to believe and say that Alarcon's *la Verdad sospechosa*, on which, in 1642, he founded his *Menteur*, was a work of Lope de Vega's. Afterwards Corneille learnt how there had been in this matter lying among editors. He gave to Alarcon the honour due, and thenceforth it is chiefly by this play that Alarcon has been remembered out of Spain. In Spain, when in 1852 Don Juan Hartzenbusch edited Alarcon's comedies for the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, he had to remark on the unjust neglect of that good author in

Spain also, where the poets and men of letters had long wished in vain for a complete edition of his works. Lope de Vega, it may be added, was really the author of a sequel to *la Verdad sospechosa*, which Corneille adapted also as a sequel to his *Menteur*, but it was even poorer than such sequels usually are.

The *Lying Lover* in Alarcon's play is a Don Garcia fresh from his studies in Salamanca, and Steele's Latine first appears there as a Tristan, the gracioso of old Spanish comedy. The two ladies are a Jacinta and Lucrecia. Alarcon has in his light and graceful play no less than three heavy fathers, of a Spanish type, one of whom, the father of Lucrecia, brings about Don Garcia's punishment by threatening to kill him if he will not marry his daughter; and so the Liar is punished for his romancing by a marriage with the girl he does not care for, and not marrying the girl he loves.

Corneille was merciful, and in the fifth act bred in his *Menteur* a new fancy for Lucrece, so that the marriage at cross purposes was rather agreeable to him.

Steele, in adapting the *Menteur* as his *Lying Lover*, altered the close in sharp accordance with that 'just regard to a reforming age' which caused him (adapting a line in his 'Procession' then unprinted) to write in his Prologue to it, 'Pleasure must still have 'something that's severe.' Having translated Corneille's translations of Garcia and Tristan (Dorante and Cliton) into Young Bookwit and Latine, he transformed the servant into a college friend, mumming as servant because, since 'a prating servant is neces-'sary in intrigues,' the two had 'cast lots who should be the other's footman for the 'present expedition.' Then he adapted the French couplets into pleasant prose comedy, giving with a light touch the romancing of feats of war and of an entertainment on the river, but at last he turned desperately serious, and sent his Young Bookwit to Newgate on a charge of killing the gentleman—here called Lovemore—who was at last to win the hand of the lady whom the Liar loved. In his last act, opening in Newgate, Steele started with blank verse, and although Lovemore of course was not dead, and Young Bookwit got at last more than a shadow of a promise of the other lady in reward for his repentance, the changes in construction of the play took it beyond the bounds of comedy, and were, in fact, excellent morality but not good art. And this is what Steele means when he says that he had his play damned for its piety.

With that strong regard for the drama which cannot well be wanting to the man who has an artist's vivid sense of life, Steele never withdrew his good will from the players, never neglected to praise a good play, and, I may add, took every fair occasion of suggesting to the town the subtlety of Shakespeare's genius. But he now ceased to write comedies, until towards the close of his life he produced with a remarkable success his other play, the *Conscious Lovers*. And of that, by the way, Fielding made his Parson Adams say that *Cato* and the *Conscious Lovers* were the only plays he ever heard of, fit for a Christian to read, 'and, I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough 'for a sermon.'

Perhaps it was about this time that Addison wrote his comedy of the *Drummer*, which had been long in his possession when Steele, who had become a partner in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, drew it from obscurity, suggested a few changes in it, and produced it—not openly as Addison's—upon the stage. The published edition of it was recommended also by a preface from Steele in which he says that he liked this author's play the better 'for the want of those studied similies and repartees which we, who have 'writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that 'has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have 'condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writ-'ing of it been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts 'of the play by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed 'that the scenes were drawn after Molière's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of 'humour ran through the whole. I do not question but the reader will discover this, and 'see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every 'taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers' (in the Drury Lane patent) 'were of 'opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not 'strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the 'approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has 'given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good actions as ever I saw on the

'stage.' Addison's comedy was not produced till 1715, the year after his unsuccessful attempt to revive the *Spectator*, which produced what is called the eighth volume of that work. The play, not known to be his, was so ill spoken of that he kept the authorship a secret to the last, and Tickell omitted it from the collection of his patron's works. But Steele knew what was due to his friend, and in 1722 manfully republished the piece as Addison's, with a dedication to Congreve and censure of Tickell for suppressing it. If it be true that the *Drummer* made no figure on the stage though excellently acted, 'when 'I observe this,' said Steele, 'I say a much harder thing of the stage than of the comedy.' Addison's Drummer is a gentleman who, to forward his suit to a soldier's widow, masquerades as the drumbeating ghost of her husband in her country house, and terrifies a self-confident, free-thinking town exquisite, another suitor, who believes himself brought face to face with the spirit world, in which he professes that he don't believe. 'For my part, 'child, I have made myself easy in those points.' The character of the free-thinking exquisite is drawn from life without exaggeration, but with more than a touch of the bitter contempt Addison felt for the atheistic coxcomb, with whom he was too ready to confound the sincere questioner of orthodox opinion. The only passages of his in the *Spectator* that border on intolerance are those in which he deals with the free-thinker; but it should not be forgotten that the commonest type of free-thinker in Queen Anne's time was not a thoughtful man who battled openly with doubt and made an independent search for truth, but an idler who repudiated thought and formed his character upon tradition of the court of Charles the Second. And throughout the *Spectator* we may find a Christian under-tone in Addison's intolerance of infidelity, which is entirely wanting when the moralist is Eustace Budgell. Two or three persons in the comedy of the *Drummer* give opportunity for good character-painting in the actor, and on a healthy stage, before an audience able to discriminate light touches of humour and to enjoy unstrained although well-marked expression of varieties of character, the *Drummer* would not fail to be a welcome entertainment.

But our sketch now stands at the year 1705, when Steele had ceased for a time to write comedies. Addison's *Campaign* had brought him fame, and perhaps helped him to pay, as he now did, his College debts, with interest. His *Remarks on Italy*, now published, were, as Tickell says, 'at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers;' and his *Drummer* probably was written and locked in his desk. There were now such days of intercourse as Steele looked back to when with undying friendship he wrote in the preface to that edition of the *Drummer* produced by him after Addison's death: 'He was above 'all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have 'often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the 'pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who 'had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than 'any other man ever possessed.' And again in the same Preface, Steele dwelt upon 'that smiling mirth, that delicate satire and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addi-'son when he was free from that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and 'muffles merit; and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beau-'ties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.' Addison had the self-consciousness of a sensitive and speculative mind. This, with a shy manner among those with whom he was not intimate, passed for cold self-assertion. The 'little 'senate' of his intimate friends was drawn to him by its knowledge of the real warmth of his nature. And his friendships, like his religion, influenced his judgment. His geniality that wore a philosophic cloak before the world, caused him to abandon himself in the *Spectator*, even more unreservedly than Steele would have done, to iterated efforts for the help of a friend like Ambrose Philips, of whom Lord Macaulay has it that he gave his name to the class of literature called Namby-pamby. Addison's quietness with strangers was against a rapid widening of his circle of familiar friends, and must have made the great-hearted friendship of Steele as much to him as his could be to Steele. In very truth it 'doubled all his store.' Steele's heart was open to enjoyment of all kindly intercourse with men. In after years, as expression of thought in the literature of nations gained freedom and sincerity, two types of literature were formed from the types of mind which Addison and Steele may be said to have in some measure represented. Each sought advance towards a better light, one part by dwelling on the individual duties and

responsibilities of man, and his relation to the infinite; the other by especial study of man's social ties and liberties, and his relation to the commonwealth of which he is a member. Goethe, for instance, inclined to one study; Schiller to the other; and every free mind will incline probably to one or other of these centres of opinion. Addison was a cold politician because he was most himself when analyzing principles of thought, and humours, passions, duties of the individual. Steele, on the contrary, braved ruin for his convictions as a politician, because his social nature turned his earnestness into concern for the well-being of his country, and he lived in times when it was not yet certain that the newly-secured liberties were also finally secured. The party was strong that desired to re-establish ancient tyrannies, and the Queen herself was hardly on the side of freedom.

In 1706, the date of the union between England and Scotland, Whig influence had been strengthened by the elections of the preceding year, and Addison was, early in 1706, made Under Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory, who was superseded before the end of the year by Marlborough's son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, a Whig under whom Addison, of course, remained in office, and who was, thenceforth, his active patron. In the same year the opera of *Rosamond* was produced, with Addison's libretto. It was but the third, or indeed the second, year of operas in England, for we can hardly reckon as forming a year of opera the Italian intermezzi and interludes of singing and dancing, performed under Clayton's direction, at York Buildings, in 1703. In 1705, Clayton's *Arsinoe*, adapted and translated from the Italian, was produced at Drury Lane. Buononcini's *Camilla* was given at the house in the Haymarket, and sung in two languages, the heroine's part being in English and the hero's in Italian. Thomas Clayton, a second-rate musician, but a man with literary tastes, who had been introducer of the opera to London, argued that the words of an opera should be not only English, but the best of English, and that English music ought to illustrate good home-grown literature. Addison and Steele agreed heartily in this. Addison was persuaded to write words for an opera by Clayton—his *Rosamond*—and Steele was persuaded afterwards to speculate in some sort of partnership with Clayton's efforts to set English poetry to music in the entertainments at York Buildings, though his friend Hughes warned him candidly that Clayton was not much of a musician. *Rosamond* was a failure of Clayton's and not a success of Addison's. There is poor jesting got by the poet from a comic Sir Trusty, who keeps Rosamond's bower, and has a scolding wife. But there is a happy compliment to Marlborough in giving to King Henry a vision at Woodstock of the glory to come for England, and in a scenic realization of it by the rising of Blenheim Palace, the nation's gift to Marlborough, upon the scene of the Fair Rosamond story. Indeed there can be no doubt that it was for the sake of the scene at Woodstock, and the opportunity thus to be made, that Rosamond was chosen for the subject of the opera. Addison made Queen Eleanor give Rosamond a narcotic instead of a poison, and thus he achieved the desired happy ending to an opera.

Believe your Rosamond alive.
King. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My Queen forgives—
Queen. —My lord is true.
King. No more I'll change.
Queen. No more I'll grieve.
Both. But ever thus united live.

That is to say, for three days, the extent of the life of the opera. But the literary Under-Secretary had saved his political dignity with the stage tribute to Marlborough, which backed the closet praise in the *Campaign*.

In May, 1707, Steele received the office of Gazetteer, until then worth £60, but presently endowed by Harley with a salary of £300 a year. At about the same time he was made one of the gentlemen ushers to Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. In the same year Steele married. Of his most private life before this date little is known. He had been married to a lady from Barbadoes, who died in a few months. From days referred to in the *Christian Hero* he derived a daughter of whom he took fatherly care. In 1707 Steele, aged about 35, married Miss (or, as ladies come of age were then called, Mrs.) Mary Scurlock, aged 29. It was a marriage of affection on both sides. Steele had from his

first wife an estate in Barbadoes, which produced, after payment of the interest on its encumbrances, £670 a year. His appointment as Gazetteer, less the £45 tax on it, was worth £255 a year, and his appointment on the Prince Consort's household another hundred. Thus the income upon which Steele married was rather more than a thousand a year, and Miss Scurlock's mother had an estate of about £330 a year. Mary Scurlock had been a friend of Steele's first wife, for before marriage she recalls Steele to her mother's mind by saying, 'It is the survivor of the person to whose funeral I went in my illness.' 'Let us make our 'regards to each other,' Steele wrote just before marriage, 'mutual and unchangeable, that 'whilst the world around us is enchanted with the false satisfactions of vagrant desires, 'our persons may be shrines to each other, and sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved con-'fidence, and heavenly society.'

There remains also a prayer written by Steele before first taking the sacrament with his wife, after marriage. There are also letters and little notes written by Steele to his wife, treasured by her love, and printed by a remorseless antiquary, blind to the sentence in one of the first of them: 'I beg of you to shew my letters to no one living, but let us be 'contented with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the inter-'vention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce 'between man and wife.' But they are printed, for the frivolous to laugh at and the wise to honour. They show that even in his most thoughtless or most anxious moments the social wit, the busy patriot, remembered his 'dear Prue,' and was her lover to the end. Soon after marriage, Steele took his wife to a boarding-school in the suburbs, where they saw a young lady for whom Steele showed an affection that caused Mrs. Steele to ask whether she was not his daughter. He said that she was. 'Then,' said Mrs. Steele, 'I beg she may be mine too.' Thenceforth she lived in their home as Miss Ousley, and was treated as a daughter by Steele's wife. Surely this was a woman who deserved the love that never swerved from her. True husband and true friend, he playfully called Addison her rival. In the *Spectator* there is a paper of Steele's (No. 142) representing some of his own love-letters as telling what a man said and should be able to say of his wife after forty years of marriage. Seven years after marriage he signs himself, 'Yours more than 'you can imagine, or I express.' He dedicates to her a volume of the *Lady's Library*, and writes of her ministrations to him: 'if there are such beings as guardian angels, thus 'are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations than 'I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife.' In the year before her death he was signing his letters with 'God bless you!' and 'Dear Prue, eternally yours.' That Steele made it a duty of his literary life to contend against the frivolous and vicious ridicule of the ties of marriage common in his day, and to maintain their sacred honour and their happiness, readers of the *Spectator* cannot fail to find.

Steele, on his marriage in 1707, took a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and in the following year went to a house at Hampton, which he called in jest the Hovel. Addison had lent him a thousand pounds for costs of furnishing and other immediate needs. This was repaid within a year, and when, at the same time, his wife's mother was proposing a settlement of her money beneficial to himself, Steele replied that he was far from desiring, if he should survive his wife, 'to turn the current of the estate out of the channel it would 'have been in had I never come into the family.' Liberal always of his own to others, he was sometimes without a guinea, and perplexed by debt. But he defrauded no man. When he followed his Prue to the grave he was in no man's debt, though he left all his countrymen his debtors, and he left more than their mother's fortune to his two surviving children. One died of consumption a year afterwards, the other married one of the Welsh Judges, afterwards Lord Trevor.

The friendship—equal friendship—between Steele and Addison was as unbroken as the love between Steele and his wife. Petty tales may have been invented or misread. In days of malicious personality Steele braved the worst of party spite, and little enough even slander found to throw against him. Nobody in their life-time doubted the equal strength and sincerity of the relationship between the two friends. Steele was no follower of Addison's. Throughout life he went his own way, leading rather than following; first as a playwright; first in conception and execution of the scheme of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; following his own sense of duty against Addison's sense of expediency in passing from the *Guardian* to the *Englishman*, and so to energetic movement upon peril-

ous paths as a political writer, whose whole heart was with what he took to be the people's cause.

When Swift had been writing to Addison that he thought Steele 'the vilest of mankind,' in writing of this to Swift, Steele complained that the *Examiner*,—in which Swift had a busy hand,—said Addison had 'bridled him in point of politics,' adding, 'This was ill hinted both in relation to him and me. I know no party; but the truth of 'the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.' Mr. John Forster, whose keen insight into the essentials of literature has led him to write an essay upon each of the two great founders of the latest period of English literature, Defoe and Steele, points out in his masterly essay upon Steele that Swift denies having spoken of Steele as bridled by his friend, and does so in a way that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation. Mr. Forster justly adds that throughout Swift's intimate speech to Stella, 'whether his humours be sarcastic or polite, the friendship of Steele and Addison is for ever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some 'mortification, some regret, but never once the doubt that it was no: intimate and sincere, 'or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality.' Six months after Addison's death Steele wrote (in No. 12 of the *Theatre*, and I am again quoting facts cited by Mr. Forster), 'that there never was a more strict friendship than between 'himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from 'their different way of pursuing the same thing; the one waited and stemmed the 'torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they thus had 'lived for some years past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most pas'sionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met "they were as unreserved 'as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, 'without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other." As to the sub'stance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant expression of 'his hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better, for the mortifica'tion *he* has undergone.'

Such, then, was the Friendship of which the *Spectator* is the abiding Monument. The *Spectator* was a modified continuation of the *Tatler*, and the *Tatler* was suggested by a portion of Defoe's *Review*. The *Spectator* belongs to the first days of a period when the people at large extend their reading power into departments of knowledge formerly unsought by them, and their favour is found generally to be more desirable than that of the most princely patron. This period should date from the day in 1703 when the key turned upon Defoe in Newgate, the year of the production of Steele's *Tender Husband*, and the time when Addison was in Holland on the way home from his continental travels. Defoe was then forty-two years old, Addison and Steele being about eleven years younger.

In the following year, 1704, the year of Blenheim—Defoe issued, on the 19th of February, No. 1 of 'A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France: Purg'd from the Errors 'and Partiality of *News-Writers* and *Petty-Statesmen*, of all Sides,' and in the introductory sketch of its plan, said: 'After our Serious Matters are over, we shall at the end 'of every Paper, Present you with a little Diversion, as anything occurs to make the 'World Merry; and whether Friend or Foe, one Party or another, if anything happens 'so scandalous as to require an open Reproof, the World may meet with it there.' Here is the first 'little Diversion'; the germ of *Tatlers* and *Spectators* which in after years amused and edified the town.

Mercure Scandale:

or,

ADVICE *from the Scandalous* CLUB.

Translated out of French.

'This Society is a Corporation long since established in *Paris*, and we cannot com'pleat our Advices from *France*, without entertaining the World with everything we meet 'with from that Country.

'And, tho' Corresponding with the Queen's Enemies is prohibited; yet since the Matter

'will be so honest, as only to tell the World of what everybody will own to be scandal-'ous, we reckon we shall be welcome.

'This Corporation has been set up some months, and open'd their first Sessions about 'last *Bartholomew* Fair; but having not yet obtain'd a Patent, they have never, till now, 'made their Resolves publick.

'The Business of this Society is to censure the Actions of Men, not of Parties, and in 'particular, those Actions which are made publick so by their Authors, as to be, in their 'own Nature, an Appeal to the general Approbation.

'They do not design to expose Persons but things; and of them, none but such as 'more than ordinarily deserve it; they who would not be censur'd by this Assembly, are 'desired to act with caution enough, not to fall under their Hands; for they resolve to 'treat Vice, and Villanous Actions, with the utmost Severity.

'The First considerable Matter that came before this Society, was about *Bartholomew* 'Fair; but the Debates being long, they were at last adjourned to the next Fair, when 'we suppose it will be decided; so being not willing to trouble the World with anything 'twice over, we refer that to next *August*.

'On the 10th of September last, there was a long Hearing, before the Club, of a 'Fellow that said he had kill'd the Duke of *Bavaria*. Now as *David* punish'd the 'Man that said he had kill'd King *Saul*, whether it was so or no, 'twas thought this 'Fellow ought to be delivered up to Justice, tho' the Duke of *Bavaria* was alive.

'Upon the whole, 'twas voted a scandalous Thing, That News-Writers shou'd kill 'Kings and Princes, and bring them to life again at pleasure; and to make an Example 'of this Fellow, he was dismiss'd, upon Condition he should go to the Queen's-bench 'once a Day, and bear Fuller, his Brother of the Faculty, company two hours for four-'teen Days together; which cruel Punishment was executed with the utmost Severity.

'The Club has had a great deal of trouble about the News-Writers, who have been 'continually brought before them for their ridiculous Stories, and imposing upon Man-'kind; and tho' the Proceedings have been pretty tedious, we must give you the trouble 'of a few of them in our next.'

The addition to the heading, 'Translated out of French,' appears only in No. 1, and the first title *Mercure Scandale* (adopted from a French book published about 1681) having been much criticized for its grammar and on other grounds, was dropped in No. 18. Thenceforth Defoe's pleasant comment upon passing follies appeared under the single head of 'Advice from the Scandalous Club.' Still the verbal Critics exercised their wits upon the title. 'We have been so often on the Defence of our Title,' says Defoe, in No. 38, 'that the world begins to think Our Society wants Employment. . . . . 'If Scandalous must signify nothing but Personal Scandal, respecting the Subject of 'which it is predicated; we desire those gentlemen to answer for us how *Post-Man* or '*Post-Boy* can signify a News-Paper, the Post Man or Post Boy being in all my reading 'properly and strictly applicable, not to the Paper, but to the Person bringing or carry-'ing the News? Mercury also is, if I understand it, by a Transmutation of Meaning, 'from a God turned into a Book—From hence our Club thinks they have not fair Play, in 'being deny'd the Privilege of making an Allegory as well as other People.' In No. 46 Defoe made, in one change more, a whimsical half concession of a syllable, by putting a sign of contraction in its place, and thenceforth calling this part of his Review, Advice from the Scandal. Club. Nothing can be more evident than the family likeness between this forefather of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* and its more familiar descendants. There is a trick of voice common to all, and some papers of Defoe's might have been written for the *Spectator*. The little allegory, for instance, in No. 45, which tells of a desponding young Lady brought before the Society, as found by Rosamond's Pond in the Park in a strange condition, taken by the mob for a lunatic, and whose clothes were all out of fashion, but whose face, when it was seen, astonished the whole society by its extraordinary sweetness and majesty. She told how she had been brought to despair, and her name proved to be—Modesty. In letters, questions, and comments also which might be taken from Defoe's Monthly Supplementary Journal to the Advice from the Scandal. Club, we catch a likeness to the spirit of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* now and then exact. Some censured Defoe for not confining himself to the weightier part of his purpose in establishing the *Review*. He replied, in the Introduction to his first Monthly Supple-

ment, that many men 'care but for a little reading at a time,' and said, 'thus we 'wheedle them in, if it may be allow'd that Expression, to the Knowledge of the World, 'who rather than take more Pains, would be content with their Ignorance, and search 'into nothing.'

Single-minded, quick-witted, and prompt to act on the first suggestion of a higher point of usefulness to which he might attain, Steele saw the mind of the people ready for a new sort of relation to its writers, and he followed the lead of Defoe.[1] But though he turned from the more frivolous temper of the enfeebled playhouse audience, to commune in free air with the country at large, he took fresh care for the restraint of his deep earnestness within the bounds of a cheerful, unpretending influence. Drop by drop it should fall, and its strength lie in its persistence. He would bring what wit he had out of the playhouse, and speak his mind, like Defoe, to the people themselves every post-day. But he would affect no pedantry of moralizing, he would appeal to no passions, he would profess himself only 'a Tatler.' Might he not use, he thought, modestly distrustful of the charm of his own mind, some of the news obtained by virtue of the office of Gazetteer Harley had given him, to bring weight and acceptance to that writing of his which he valued only for the use to which it could be put. For, as he himself truly says in the *Tatler*, 'wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but 'a wanton, frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is that 'he had some honourable intention in it.'

Swift, not then a deserter to the Tories, was a friend of Steele's, who, when the first *Tatler* appeared, had been amusing the town at the expense of John Partridge, astrologer and almanac-maker, with 'Predictions for the year 1708,' professing to be written by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. The first prediction was of the death of Partridge, 'on the '29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever.' Swift answered himself, and also published in due time 'The Accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's 'Predictions: being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge, the almanack-maker, 'upon the 29th instant.' Other wits kept up the joke, and, in his next year's almanac (that for 1709), Partridge advertised that, 'whereas it has been industriously given out 'by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack, that 'John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living, 'in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.' Steele gave additional lightness to the touch of his *Tatler*, which first appeared on the 12th of April, 1709, by writing in the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and carrying on the jest, that was to his serious mind a blow dealt against prevailing superstition. Referring in his first *Tatler* to this advertisement of Partridge's, he said of it, 'I have in another place, and in a paper by 'itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead; and if he has any shame, I do 'not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance. For though the legs 'and arms and whole body of that man may still appear and perform their animal func-'tions, yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone.' To Steele, indeed, the truth was absolute, that a man is but what he can do.

In this spirit, then, Steele began the *Tatler*, simply considering that his paper was to be published 'for the use of the good people of England,' and professing at the outset that he was an author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this course to gambling for the patronage of men in office. Having pleasantly shown the sordid spirit that underlies the mountebank's sublime professions of disinterestedness, 'we have a contempt,' he says, 'for such paltry barterers, 'and have therefore all along informed the public that we intend to give them our ad-'vices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to some price 'in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain 'that many other schemes have been proposed to me, as a friend offered to show me in a 'treatise he had writ, which he called, "The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to

[1] There is adopted here, and in some paragraphs of the preceding narrative, the account given in the Introduction to *English Writers* of the relation of the *Spectator* and of Steele and Addison to the period of popular influence on English literature. The purpose of that *Introduction* was only to explain the division of the whole work into periods; but even in such a sketch the place of the *Spectator* is so important that there was much to be said that, when it has to be told by the same person, can only be repeated in an Introduction to the work itself.

'Great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards." But being a novice at all manner of play, 'I declined the offer.'

Addison took these cards, and played an honest game with them successfully. When, at the end of 1708, the Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, lost his secretaryship, Addison lost his place as under-secretary; but he did not object to go to Ireland as chief secretary to Lord Wharton, the new Lord-lieutenant, an active party man, a leader on the turf with reputation for indulgence after business hours according to the fashion of the court of Charles II. Lord Wharton took to Ireland Clayton to write him musical entertainments, and a train of parasites of quality. He was a great borough-monger, and is said at one critical time to have returned thirty members. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding Addison a seat, and made him in that year, 1709, M.P. for Malmesbury. Addison only once attempted to speak in the House of Commons, and then, embarrassed by encouraging applause that welcomed him, he stammered and sat down. But when, having laid his political cards down for a time, and at ease in his own home, pen in hand, he brought his sound mind and quick humour to the aid of his friend Steele, he came with him into direct relation with the English people. Addison never gave posterity a chance of knowing what was in him till, following Steele's lead, he wrote those papers in *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, wherein alone his genius abides with us, and will abide with English readers to the end. The *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian* were, all of them, Steele's, begun and ended by him at his sole discretion. In these three journals Steele was answerable for 510 papers; Addison for 369. Swift wrote two papers, and sent about a dozen fragments. Congreve wrote one article in the *Tatler*; Pope wrote thrice for the *Spectator*, and eight times for the *Guardian*. Addison, who was in Ireland when the *Tatler* first appeared, only guessed the authorship by an expression in an early number; and it was not until eighty numbers had been issued, and the character of the new paper was formed and established, that Addison, on his return to London, joined the friend who, with his usual complete absence of the vanity of self-assertion, finally ascribed to the ally he dearly loved, the honours of success.

It was the kind of success Steele had desired—a widely-diffused influence for good. The *Tatlers* were penny papers published three times a week, and issued also for another halfpenny with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post, when any written scraps of the day's gossip that friend might send to friend could be included. It was through these, and the daily *Spectators* which succeeded them, that the people of England really learnt to read. The few leaves of sound reason and fancy were but a light tax on uncultivated powers of attention. Exquisite grace and true kindliness, here associated with familiar ways and common incidents of every-day life, gave many an honest man fresh sense of the best happiness that lies in common duties honestly performed, and a fresh energy, free as Christianity itself from malice—for so both Steele and Addison meant that it should be—in opposing themselves to the frivolities and small frauds on the conscience by which manliness is undermined.

There was high strife of faction; and there was real peril to the country by a possible turn of affairs after Queen Anne's death, that another Stuart restoration, in the name of divine right of kings, would leave the rights of the people to be reconquered in civil war. The chiefs of either party were appealing to the people, and engaging all the wit they could secure to fight on their side in the war of pamphlets. Steele's heart was in the momentous issue. Both he and Addison had it in mind while they were blending their calm playfulness with all the clamour of the press. The spirit in which these friends worked, young Pope must have felt; for after Addison had helped him in his first approach to fame by giving honour in the *Spectator* to his 'Essay on Criticism,' and when he was thankful for that service, he contributed to the *Spectator* his 'Messiah.' Such offering clearly showed how Pope interpreted the labour of the essayists.

In the fens of Lincolnshire the antiquary Maurice Johnson collected his neighbours of Spalding. 'Taking care,' it is said, 'not to alarm the country gentlemen by any pre-'mature mention of antiquities, he endeavoured at first to allure them into the more 'flowery paths of literature. In 1709 a few of them were brought together every post-day 'at the coffee-house in the Abbey Yard; and after one of the party had read aloud the 'last published number of the *Tatler*, they proceeded to talk over the subject among 'themselves.'

Even in distant Perthshire 'the gentlemen met after church on Sunday to discuss the 'news of the week; the *Spectators* were read as regularly as the *Journal*.' So the political draught of bitterness came sweetened with the wisdom of good-humour. The good-humour of the essayists touched with a light and kindly hand every form of affectation, and placed every-day life in the light in which it would be seen by a natural and honest man. A sense of the essentials of life was assumed everywhere for the reader, who was asked only to smile charitably at its vanities. Steele looked through all shams to the natural heart of the Englishman, appealed to that, and found it easily enough, even under the disguise of the young gentleman cited in the 77th *Tatler*, 'so ambitious to be thought 'worse than he is that in his degree of understanding he sets up for a free-thinker, and talks 'atheistically in coffee-houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved 'upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers.'

But as public events led nearer to the prospect of a Jacobite triumph that would have again brought Englishmen against each other sword to sword, there was no voice of warning more fearless than Richard Steele's. He changed the *Spectator* for the *Guardian*, that was to be, in its plan, more free to guard the people's rights, and, standing forward more distinctly as a politician, he became member for Stockbridge. For the *Guardian*, which he had dropped when he felt the plan of that journal unequal to the right and full expression of his mind, Steele took for a periodical the name of *Englishman*, and under that name fought, with then unexampled abstinence from personality, against the principles upheld by Swift in his *Examiner*. Then, when the Peace of Utrecht alarmed English patriots, Steele in a bold pamphlet on 'The Crisis' expressed his dread of arbitrary power and a Jacobite succession with a boldness that cost him his seat in Parliament, as he had before sacrificed to plain speaking his place of Gazetteer.

Of the later history of Steele and Addison a few words will suffice. This is not an account of their lives, but an endeavour to show why Englishmen must always have a living interest in the *Spectator*, their joint production. Steele's *Spectator* ended with the seventh volume. The members of the Club were all disposed of, and the journal formally wound up, but by the suggestion of a future ceremony of opening the *Spectator's* mouth, a way was made for Addison, whenever he pleased, to connect with the famous series an attempt of his own for its revival. A year and a half later Addison made this attempt, producing his new journal with the old name and, as far as his contributions went, not less than the old wit and earnestness, three times a week instead of daily. But he kept it alive only until the completion of one volume. Addison had not Steele's popular tact as an editor. He preached, and he suffered drier men to preach, while in his jest he now and then wrote what he seems to have been unwilling to acknowledge. His eighth volume contains excellent matter, but the subjects are not always well chosen or varied judiciously, and one understands why the *Spectator* took a firmer hold upon society when the two friends in the full strength of their life, aged about forty, worked together and embraced between them a wide range of human thought and feeling.

In April, 1713, in the interval between the completion of the true *Spectator* and the appearance of the supplementary volume, Addison's tragedy of *Cato*, planned at College, begun during his foreign travels, retouched in England, and at last completed, was produced at Drury Lane. Addison had not considered it a stage play, but when it was urged that the time was proper for animating the public with the sentiments of Cato, he assented to its production. Apart from its real merit the play had the advantage of being applauded by the Whigs, who saw in it a Whig political ideal, and by the Tories, who desired to show that they were as warm friends of liberty as any Whig could be.

Upon the death of Queen Anne Addison acted for a short time as secretary to the Regency, and when George I. appointed Addison's patron, the Earl of Sunderland, to the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, Sunderland took Addison with him as chief secretary. Sunderland resigned in ten months, and thus Addison's secretaryship came to an end in August, 1716. Addison was also employed to meet the Rebellion of 1715 by writing the *Freeholder*. He wrote under this title fifty-five papers, which were published twice a week between December, 1715, and June, 1716; and he was rewarded with the post of Commissioner for Trade and Colonies. In August, 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, mother to the young Earl of Warwick, of whose education he seems to have had some charge in 1708. Addison settled upon the Countess £4000 in lieu of an

estate which she gave up for his sake. Henceforth he lived chiefly at Holland House. In April, 1717, Lord Sunderland became Secretary of State, and still mindful of Marlborough's illustrious supporter, he made Addison his colleague. Eleven months later, ill health obliged Addison to resign the seals; and his death followed, June 17, 1719, at the age of 47.

Steele's political difficulties ended at the death of Queen Anne. The return of the Whigs to power on the accession of George I. brought him the office of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; he was also first in the Commission of the peace for Middlesex, and was made one of the deputy lieutenants of the county. At the request of the managers Steele's name was included in the new patent required at Drury Lane by the royal company of comedians upon the accession of a new sovereign. Steele also was returned as M.P. for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, was writer of the Address to the king presented by the Lord-lieutenant and the deputy lieutenants of Middlesex, and being knighted on that occasion, with two other of the deputies, became in the spring of the year, 1714, Sir Richard Steele. Very few weeks after the death of his wife, in December, 1718, Sunderland, at a time when he had Addison for colleague, brought in a bill for preventing any future creations of peers, except when an existing peerage should become extinct. Steele, who looked upon this as an infringement alike of the privileges of the crown and of the rights of the subject, opposed the bill in Parliament, and started in March, 1719, a paper called the *Plebeian*, in which he argued against a measure tending, he said, to the formation of an oligarchy. Addison replied in the *Old Whig*, and this, which occurred within a year of the close of Addison's life, was the main subject of political difference between them. The bill, strongly opposed, was dropped for that session, and reintroduced (after Addison's death) in the December following, to be thrown out by the House of Commons.

Steele's action against the government brought on him the hostility of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain; and it was partly to defend himself and his brother patentees against hostile action threatened by the Duke, that Steele, in January, 1720, started his paper called the *Theatre*. But he was dispossessed of his government of the theatre, to which a salary of £600 a year had been attached, and suffered by the persecution of the court until Walpole's return to power. Steele was then restored to his office, and in the following year, 1722, produced his most successful comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*. After this time his health declined; his spirits were depressed. He left London for Bath. His only surviving son, Eugene, born while the *Spectator* was being issued, and to whom Prince Eugene had stood godfather, died at the age of eleven or twelve in November, 1723. The younger also of his two daughters was marked for death by consumption. He was broken in health and fortune when, in 1726, he had an attack of palsy which was the prelude to his death. He died Sept. 1, 1729, at Carmarthen, where he had been boarding with a mercer who was his agent and receiver of rents. There is a pleasant record that 'he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last; and would often be 'carried out, of a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled 'at their rural sports,—and, with his pencil, gave an order on his agent, the mercer, for a 'new gown to the best dancer.'

Two editions of the *Spectator*, the tenth and eleventh, were published by Tonson in the year of Steele's death. These and the next edition, dated 1739, were without the translations of the mottos, which appear, however, in the edition of 1744. Notes were first added by Dr. Percy, the editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, and Dr. Calder. Dr. John Calder, a native of Aberdeen, bred to the dissenting ministry, was for some time keeper of Dr. Williams's Library in Redcross Street. He was a candidate for the office given to Dr. Abraham Rees, of editor and general superintendent of the new issue of Chambers's Cyclopædia, undertaken by the booksellers in 1776, and he supplied to it some new articles. The Duke of Northumberland warmly patronized Dr. Calder, and made him his companion in London and at Alnwick Castle as Private Literary Secretary. Dr. Thomas Percy, who had constituted himself cousin and retainer to the Percy of Northumberland, obtained his bishopric of Dromore in 1782, in the following year lost his only son, and suffered from that failure in eyesight, which resulted in a total blindness. Having become intimately acquainted with Dr. Calder when at Northumberland House

and Alnwick, Percy intrusted to him the notes he had collected for illustrating the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. These were afterwards used, with additions by Dr. Calder, in the various editions of those works, especially in the six-volume edition of the *Tatler*, published by John Nichols in 1786, where Percy's notes have a P. attached to them, and Dr. Calder's are signed 'Annotator.' The *Tatler* was annotated fully, and the annotated *Tatler* has supplied some pieces of information given in the present edition of the *Spectator*. Percy actually edited two volumes for R. Tonson in 1764, but the work was stopped by the death of the bookseller, and the other six were added to them in 1789. They were slightly annotated, both as regards the number and the value of the notes; but Percy and Calder lived when *Spectator* traditions were yet fresh, and oral information was accessible as to points of personal allusion or as to the authorship of a few papers or letters which but for them might have remained anonymous. Their notes are those of which the substance has run through all subsequent editions. Little, if anything, was added to them by Bisset or Chalmers; the energies of those editors having been chiefly directed to the preserving or multiplying of corruptions of the text. Percy, when telling Tonson that he had completed two volumes of the *Spectator*, said that he had corrected 'innumerable corruptions' which had then crept in, and could have come only by misprint. Since that time not only have misprints been preserved and multiplied, but punctuation has been deliberately modernized, to the destruction of the freshness of the original style, and editors of another 'understanding age' have taken upon themselves by many a little touch to correct Addison's style or grammar.

This volume reprints for the first time in the present century the text of the *Spectator* as its authors left it. A good recent edition contains in the first 18 papers, which are a fair sample of the whole, 88 petty variations from the proper text (at that rate, in the whole work more than 3000) apart from the recasting of the punctuation, which is counted as a defect only in two instances, where it has changed the sense. Chalmers's text, of 1817, was hardly better, and about two-thirds of the whole number of corruptions had already appeared in Bisset's edition of 1793, from which they were transferred. Thus Bisset as well as Chalmers in the Dedication to Vol. I. turned the 'polite *parts* of learning' into the 'polite *arts* of learning,' and when the silent gentleman tells us that many to whom his person is well known speak of him 'very currently by Mr. What-d'ye-call him,' Bisset before Chalmers rounded the sentence into 'very correctly by *the appellation of* 'Mr. What-d'ye-call him.' But it seems to have been Chalmers who first undertook to correct, in the next paper, Addison's grammar, by turning 'have laughed *to have* 'seen' into 'have laughed *to see*,' and transformed a treaty '*with* London and Wise,' —a firm now of historical repute,—for the supply of flowers to the opera, into a treaty '*between* London and Wise,' which most people would take to be a very different matter. If the present edition has its own share of misprints and oversights, at least it inherits none; and it contains no wilful alteration of the text. The papers as they first appeared in the daily issue of a penny (and after the stamp was imposed two-penny) folio half-sheet, have been closely compared[1] with the first issue in guinea octavos, for which they were revised, and with the last edition that appeared before the death of Steele. The original text is here given precisely as it was left after revision by its authors; and there is shown at the same time the amount and character of the revision. Sentences added in the reprint are placed between square brackets [ ], without any appended note. Sentences omitted, or words altered, are shown by bracketing the revised version, and giving the text as it stood in the original daily issue within corresponding brackets as a foot-note. Thus the reader has here both the original texts of the *Spectator*. The Essays, as revised by their authors for permanent use, form the main text of the present volume. But if the words or passages in brackets be omitted; the words or passages in corresponding foot-notes,—where there are such foot-notes,—being substituted for them; the text

[1] The editor has used his own numbers of the original issue as far as No. 460, which is the last he has, and then depended on the copy in the British Museum, which wants a few numbers. The greater part of this volume has been printed from revisions made upon a copy of the *Spectator* published in Steele's life-time, which was broken up for the printer's use, to avoid chance of the slipping in of misprints by the use of a later edition. Where there is want of conformity in spelling, the same variation is to be found in the original. The spelling represents what was good usage between 1711 and 1729. Several words, spelt then as now, were spelt differently in the middle of the century.

becomes throughout that of the *Spectator* as it first came wet from the press, to English breakfast-tables. As the few differences between good spelling in Queen Anne's time and good spelling now are never of a kind to obscure the sense of a word, or lessen the enjoyment of the reader, it has been thought better to make the reproduction perfect, and thus show not only what Steele and Addison wrote, but how they spelt, while restoring to their style the proper harmony of their own methods of punctuating, and their way of sometimes getting emphasis by turning to account the use of capitals, which in their hands was not wholly conventional. Here also the capitals have another use. They are a help to the eye in reading columns of small type. It may be added that the two columns in a full page of this volume represent in miniature the two columns of an ordinary full page of the *Spectator* in its daily issue, with its usual number of lines in a column, and the same average of words in a line. The original folio numbers have been followed also in the use of italics, and other little details of the disposition of the type; for example, in the reproduction of those rows of single inverted commas, which distinguish what a correspondent called the parts 'laced down the side with little c's.'

The translation of the mottos and Latin quotations, which Steele and Addison deliberately abstained from giving, and which, as they were since added, impede and sometimes confound and contradict the text, are here placed in a body at the end, for those who want them. Again and again the essayists indulge in banter on the mystery of the Latin and Greek mottos; and what confusion must enter into the mind of the unwary reader who finds Pope's Homer quoted at the head of a *Spectator* long before Addison's word of applause to the young poet's 'Essay on Criticism.' The mottos then are placed in an Appendix. There is a short Appendix also of advertisements taken from the original number of the *Spectator*, and a few others, where they seem to illustrate some point in the text, will be found among the notes. In the large number of notes here added to a revision of those bequeathed to us by Percy and Calder,[1] the object has been to give information which may contribute to some nearer acquaintance with the writers of the book, and enjoyment of allusions to past manners and events. Finally, from the 'General Index to the Spectators, &c.,' published as a separate volume in 1760, there has been taken what was serviceable, and additions have been made to it with a desire to secure for this edition of the *Spectator* the advantages of being handy for reference as well as true to the real text.

H. M.

[1] The reader is requested to cancel note 1 upon col. 1 of p. 8, which has been transferred by oversight from a preceding edition. Not only is L a signature of Addison's, and attached to papers which are evidently not from materials found in the Letter-box; but Steele's change of R into T became permanent when but a fourth part of his work was done, so that R and T could not have been meant to distinguish between original and transcribed papers. Equally baseless is a suggestion of Dr. Calder's, which has also been copied and re-copied, that when Addison signed C he wrote at Chelsea, when L in London, when I in Ireland, and when O at the office. This notion was invented to dispose of an idea that there was vanity in taking the name of a Muse as a word from which to get the four letters used to abate the reader's over-certainty as to the authorship of papers. If Addison had wanted ten letters instead of four he might have had Bucephalus for a keyword, and then perhaps some editor would have thought it requisite to find a way of proving that he had not actually mistaken himself for a horse.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD *SOMMERS*,

BARON OF *EVESHAM*.[1]

My LORD,

I SHOULD not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged Merit.

None but a person of a finished Character can be

[1] In 1695, when a student at Oxford, aged 23, Joseph Addison had dedicated 'to the Right 'Honourable Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper of 'the Great Seal,' a poem written in honour of King William III. after his capture of Namur in sight of the whole French Army under Villeroi. This was Addison's first bid for success in Literature; and the twenty-seven lines in which he then asked Somers to 'receive the present of a Muse 'unknown,' were honourably meant to be what Dr. Johnson called 'a kind of rhyming introduction to 'Lord Somers.' If you, he said to Somers then—

'If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
'Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
'For next to what you write, is what you praise.'

Somers did smile, and at once held out to Addison his helping hand. Mindful of this, and of substantial friendship during the last seventeen years, Addison joined Steele in dedicating to his earliest patron the first volume of the Essays which include his best security of fame.

At that time, John Somers, aged 61, and retired from political life, was weak in health and high in honours earned by desert only. He was the son of an attorney at Worcester, rich enough to give him a liberal education at his City Grammar School and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered as a Gentleman Commoner. He left the University, without taking a degree, to practise law. Having a strong bent towards Literature as well as a keen, manly interest in the vital questions which concerned the liberties of England under Charles the Second, he distinguished himself by political tracts which maintained constitutional rights. He rose at the bar to honour and popularity, especially after his pleading as junior counsel for Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Six Bishops, Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White, and Trelawney, who signed the petition against the King's order for reading in all churches a Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, which they said 'was founded upon such a dis-'pensing power as hath been often declared illegal 'in Parliament.' Somers earned the gratitude of a people openly and loudly triumphing in the acquittal of the Seven Bishops. He was active also in co-operation with those who were planning the expulsion of the Stuarts and the bringing over of the Prince of Orange. During the Interregnum he, and at the same time also Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, first entered Parliament. He was at the conference with the Lords upon the question of declaring the Throne vacant. As Chairman of the Committee appointed for the purpose, it was Somers who drew up the Declaration of Right, which, in placing the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne, set forth the grounds of the Revolution and asserted against royal encroachment the ancient rights and liberties of England. For these services and for his rare ability as a constitutional lawyer, King William, in the first year of his reign, made Somers Solicitor-General. In 1692 he became Attorney-General as Sir John Somers, and soon afterwards, in March 1692-3, the Great Seal, which had been four years in Commission, was delivered to his keeping, with a patent entitling him to a pension of £2000 a year from the day he quitted office. He was then also sworn in as Privy Councillor. In April 1697 Somers as Lord Keeper delivered up the Great Seal, and received it back with the higher title of Lord Chancellor. He was at the same time created Baron Somers of Evesham; Crown property was also given to him to support his dignity. One use that he made of his influence was to procure young Addison a pension, that he might be forwarded in service of the State. Party spirit among his political opponents ran high against Somers. At the close of 1699 they had a majority in the Commons, and deprived him of office, but they failed before the Lords in an impeachment against him. In Queen Anne's reign, between 1708 and 1710, the constitutional statesman, long infirm of health, who had been in retirement serving Science as President of the Royal Society, was serving the State as President of the Council. But in 1712, when Addison addressed to him this Dedication of the first Volume of the first reprint of *the Spectator*, he had withdrawn from public life, and four years afterwards he died of a stroke of apoplexy.

Of Somers as a patron Lord Macaulay wrote: 'He had traversed the whole vast range of polite 'literature, ancient and modern. He was at once 'a munificent and a severely judicious patron of 'genius and learning. Locke owed opulence to 'Somers. By Somers Addison was drawn forth 'from a cell in a college. In distant countries the 'name of Somers was mentioned with respect and 'gratitude by great scholars and poets who had 'never seen his face. He was the benefactor 'of Leclerc. He was the friend of Filicaja. 'Neither political nor religious differences pre-'vented him from extending his powerful protec-

the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Polish Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either Useful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as solicitous to shun Applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always disappointed.

While Justice, Candour, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the most persuasive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Distinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will so far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that You have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which You have effected. Do what You will, the present Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Posterity alone will do them Justice.

Other Men pass through Oppositions and contending Interests in the ways of Ambition, but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the Service of Your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece* and *Rome*; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own Constitution in particular, and of the interests of *Europe* in general; to which I must also add, a certain Dignity in Yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the most dangerous Day it ever saw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and present Reign, has been indebted to your Counsels and Wisdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the publick has received from your Administration, would be a more proper Work for an History, than an Address of this Nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your Private Life, as in the most Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chuse to speak of the Pleasure You afford all who are admitted into your Conversation, of Your Elegant Taste in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency of Manners, and of the surprising Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who Converses with your Lordship prefer You to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own Talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other Character of Distinction.

I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Obedient,
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 1.] *Thursday, March* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
Hor.

I HAVE observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Disposition, Married or a Batchelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author. To gratify this Curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper, and my next, as Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some Account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief trouble of Compiling, Digesting, and Correcting will fall to my Share, I must do myself the Justice to open the Work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which [according to the tradition of the village where it lies,[1]] was bounded by the same Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loss or Acquisition of a single Field or Meadow, during the Space of six hundred Years. There [runs[2]] a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, she dreamt that she was brought to Bed of a Judge. Whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very first Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's Dream:

'tion to merit. Hickes, the fiercest and most 'intolerant of all the non-jurors, obtained, by the 'influence of Somers, permission to study Teutonic 'antiquities in freedom and safety. Vertue, a 'strict Roman Catholic, was raised, by the dis-'criminating and liberal patronage of Somers, 'from poverty and obscurity to the first rank 'among the engravers of the age.'

[1] [I find by the writings of the family,]
[2] [goes]

For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the rest of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in Silence. I find that, during my Nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-master, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound Silence: For, during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilst I was in this Learned Body, I applied myself with so much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the Death of my Father I was resolved to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, [in which[1]] there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a Degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid; and, as soon as I had set my self right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction.[2]

I have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no place of [general[3]] Resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*,[4] and listning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I smoak a Pipe at *Child's*;[5] and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*,[6] over-hear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at *St. James's* Coffee House,[7] and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at

[1] [where]

[2] This is said to allude to a description of the Pyramids of Egypt, by John Greaves, a Persian scholar and Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who studied the principle of weights and measures in the Roman Foot and the Denarius, and whose visit to the Pyramids in 1638, by aid of his patron Laud, was described in his 'Pyramidographia.' That work had been published in 1646, sixty-five years before the appearance of the *Spectator*, and Greaves died in 1652. But in 1706 appeared a tract, ascribed to him by its title-page, and popular enough to have been reprinted in 1727 and 1745, entitled, 'The 'Origine and Antiquity of our English Weights 'and Measures discovered by their near agree-'ment with such Standards that are now found in 'one of the Egyptian Pyramids.' It based its arguments on measurements in the 'Pyramidographia,' and gave to Professor Greaves, in Addison's time, the same position with regard to Egypt that has been taken in our time by the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, Professor Piazzi Smyth.

[3] [publick]

[4] *Will's* Coffee House, which had been known successively as the *Red Cow* and the *Rose* before it took a permanent name from Will Urwin, its proprietor, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street, now No. 21. Dryden's use of this Coffee House caused the wits of the town to resort there, and after Dryden's death, in 1700, it remained for some years the Wits' Coffee House. There the strong interest in current politics took chiefly the form of satire, epigram, or entertaining narrative. Its credit was already declining in the days of the *Spectator;* wit going out and card-play coming in.

[5] *Child's* Coffee House was in St. Paul's Churchyard. Neighbourhood to the Cathedral and Doctors' Commons made it a place of resort for the Clergy. The College of Physicians had been first established in Linacre's House, No. 5, Knightrider Street, Doctors' Commons, whence it had removed to Amen Corner, and thence in 1674 to the adjacent Warwick Lane. The Royal Society, until its removal in 1711 to Crane Court, Fleet Street, had its rooms further east, at Gresham College. Physicians, therefore, and philosophers, as well as the clergy, used *Child's* as a convenient place of resort.

[6] The *Postman*, established and edited by M. Fonvive, a learned and grave French Protestant, who was said to make £600 a year by it, was a penny paper in the highest repute, Fonvive having secured for his weekly chronicle of foreign news a good correspondence in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, Holland. John Dunton, the bookseller, in his 'Life and Errors,' published in 1705, thus characterized the chief newspapers of the day: 'the *Observator* is best to towel the 'Jacks, the *Review* is best to promote peace, the '*Flying Post* is best for the Scotch news, the *Post-*'*boy* is best for the English and Spanish news, the '*Daily Courant* is the best critic, the *English* '*Post* is the best collector, the *London Gazette* has 'the best authority, and the *Postman* is the best 'for everything.'

[7] *St. James's* Coffee House was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James's Street; closed about 1806. On its site is now a pile of buildings looking down Pall Mall. Near St. James's Palace, it was a place of resort for Whig officers of the Guards and men of fashion. It was famous also in Queen Anne's reign, and long after, as the house most favoured by Whig statesmen and members of Parliament, who could there privately discuss their party tactics.

the *Grecian*,[1] the *Cocoa-Tree*,[2] and in the Theaters both of *Drury Lane* and the *Hay-Market*.[3]

I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten Years, and sometimes

[1] The *Grecian* Coffee House was in Devereux Court, Strand, and named from a Greek, Constantine, who kept it. Close to the Temple, it was a place of resort for the lawyers. Constantine's Greek had tempted also Greek scholars to the house, learned Professors and Fellows of the Royal Society. Here, it is said, two friends quarrelled so bitterly over a Greek accent that they went out into Devereux Court and fought a duel, in which one was killed on the spot.

[2] The *Cocoa Tree* was a Chocolate House in St. James's Street, used by Tory statesmen and men of fashion as exclusively as *St. James's* Coffee House, in the same street, was used by Whigs of the same class. It afterwards became a Tory club.

[3] Drury Lane had a theatre in Shakespeare's time, 'the Phœnix,' called also 'the Cockpit.' It was destroyed in 1617 by a Puritan mob, re-built, and occupied again till the stoppage of stage-plays in 1648. In that theatre Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and other pieces of good literature, were first produced. Its players under James I. were 'the Queen's servants.' In 1656 Davenant broke through the restriction upon stage-plays, and took actors and musicians to 'the Cockpit,' from Aldersgate Street. After the Restoration, Davenant having obtained a patent, occupied, in Portugal Row, the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and afterwards one on the site of Dorset House, west of Whitefriars, the last theatre to which people went in boats. Sir William Davenant, under the patronage of the Duke of York, called his the Duke's Players. Thomas Killigrew then had 'the Cockpit' in Drury Lane, his company being that of the King's Players, and it was Killigrew who, dissatisfied with the old 'Cockpit,' opened, in 1663, the first *Drury Lane Theatre*, nearly upon the site now occupied by D. L. No. 4. The original theatre, burnt in 1671--2, was re-built by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened in 1674 with a Prologue by Dryden. That (D. L. No. 2) was the house visited by *the Spectator*. It required rebuilding in 1741 (D. L. No. 3); and was burnt down, and again re-built, in 1809, as we now have it (D. L. No. 4). There was no Covent Garden Theatre till after *the Spectator's* time, in 1733, when that house was first opened by Rich, the harlequin, under the patent granted to the Duke's Company.

In 1711 the other great house was the theatre in the Haymarket, recently built by Sir John Vanbrugh, author of 'The Provoked Wife,' and architect of Blenheim. This *Haymarket Theatre*, on the site of that known as 'Her Majesty's,' was designed and opened by Vanbrugh in 1706, thirty persons of quality having subscribed a hundred pounds each towards the cost of it. He and Congreve were to write the plays, and Betterton was to take charge of their performance. The speculation was a failure; partly because the fields and meadows of the west end of the town cut off the poorer play-goers of the City, who could not afford coach-hire; partly because the house was too large, and its architecture swallowed up the voices of the actors. Vanbrugh and Congreve opened their grand west-end theatre with concession to the new taste of the fashionable for Italian Opera. They began with a translated opera set to Italian music, which ran only for three nights. Sir John Vanbrugh then produced his comedy of 'The Confederacy,' with less success than it deserved. In a few months Congreve abandoned his share in the undertaking. Vanbrugh proceeded to adapt for his new house three plays of Molière. Then Vanbrugh, still failing, let the Haymarket to Mr. Owen Swiney, a trusted agent of the manager of *Drury Lane*, who was to allow him to draw what actors he pleased from *Drury Lane* and divide profits. The recruited actors in the *Haymarket* had better success. The secret league between the two theatres was broken. In 1707 the *Haymarket* was supported by a subscription headed by Lord Halifax. But presently a new joint patentee brought energy into the counsels of *Drury Lane*. Amicable restoration was made to the Theatre Royal of the actors under Swiney at the *Haymarket*; and to compensate Swiney for his loss of profit, it was agreed that while *Drury Lane* confined itself to the acting of plays, he should profit by the new taste for Italian music, and devote the house in the *Haymarket* to opera. Swiney was content. The famous singer Nicolini had come over, and the town was impatient to hear him. This compact held for a short time. It was broken then by quarrels behind the scenes. In 1709 Wilks, Dogget, Cibber, and Mrs. Oldfield treated with Swiney to be sharers with him in the *Haymarket* as heads of a dramatic company. They contracted the width of the theatre, brought down its enormously high ceiling, thus made the words of the plays audible, and had the town to themselves, till a lawyer, Mr. William Collier, M.P. for Truro, in spite of the counter-attraction of the trial of Sacheverell, obtained a license to open *Drury Lane*, and produced an actress who drew money to Charles Shadwell's comedy, 'The Fair Quaker of Deal.' At the close of the season Collier agreed with Swiney and his actor-colleagues to give up to them *Drury Lane* with its actors, take in exchange the *Haymarket* with its singers, and be sole Director of the Opera; the actors to pay Collier two hundred a year for the use of his license, and to close their house on the Wednesdays when an opera was played.

This was the relative position of *Drury Lane* and the *Haymarket* theatres when the *Spectator* first appeared. *Drury Lane* had entered upon a long season of greater prosperity than it had enjoyed for thirty years before. Collier, not finding the *Haymarket* as prosperous as it was fashionable, was planning a change of place with Swiney, and he so contrived, by lawyer's wit and court influence, that in the winter following 1711 Collier was at Drury Lane with a new license for himself, Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber; while Swiney, transferred to the Opera, was suffering a ruin that caused him to go abroad, and be for twenty years afterwards an exile from his country.

pass for a *Jew* in the Assembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Jonathan's*.[1] In short, where-ever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, tho' I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the World, rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species: by which means I have made my self a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artizan, without ever medling with any Practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in the Theory of an Husband, or a Father, and can discern the Errors in the Oeconomy, Business, and Diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forc'd to declare myself by the Hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the Business I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing; and to Print my self out, if possible, before I Die. I have been often told by my Friends that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made, should be in the Possession of a Silent Man. For this Reason therefore, I shall publish a Sheet full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diversion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not Lived in vain.

There are three very material Points which I have not spoken to in this Paper, and which, for several important Reasons, I must keep to my self, at least for some Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my Reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three Particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the Embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Resolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obscurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expose me in Publick Places to several Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest [pain] I can suffer, [is[2]] the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this Reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress, as very great Secrets; tho' it is not impossible, but I may make Discoveries of both in the Progress of the Work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-Morrow's Paper give an Account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work. For, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to stand in the Front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters *To the Spectator*, at Mr *Buckley's*, in *Little Britain*.[1] For I must further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every Night, for the Inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Public Weal. C.

[1] *Jonathan's* Coffee House, in Change Alley, was the place of resort for stock-jobbers. It was to *Garraway's*, also in Change Alley, that people of quality on business in the City, or the wealthy and reputable citizens, preferred to go.

[2] [pains . . . are.]

No. 2.] *Friday, March* 2, 1711. [*Steele.*

——— *Ast Alii sex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore.—Juv.

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of antient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY.[3] His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in *Soho Square*:[4] It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelour by reason

[1] *The Spectator* in its first daily issue was 'Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in '*Little Britain*; and sold by *A. Baldwin* in '*Warwick Lane*.'

[2] The initials appended to the papers in their daily issue were placed, in a corner of the page, after the printer's name.

[3] The character of Sir Roger de Coverley is said to have been drawn from Sir John Pakington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, whose name, family, and politics are represented by a statesman of the present time. The name, on this its first appearance in the *Spectator*, is spelt Coverly; also in the first reprint.

[4] *Soho Square* was then a new and most fashionable part of the town. It was built in 1681. The Duke of Monmouth lived in the centre house, facing the statue. Originally the square was called King Square. Pennant mentions, on Pegg's authority, a tradition that, on the death of Monmouth, his admirers changed the name to Soho, the word of the day at the field of Sedge-

he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester*[1] and Sir *George Etherege*,[2] fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson*[3] in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and tho' his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: but this is look'd upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his Fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House in both Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way Up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago, gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelour, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple*; a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was plac'd there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump. He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes through *New Inn*, crosses through *Russel Court*; and takes a turn at *Will's* till the play begins; he has his shoes rubb'd and his Perriwig pówder'd at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*.[1] It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*: A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest Favourite is, 'A Penny saved is a Penny got.'

moor. But the ground upon which the Square stands was called Soho as early as the year 1632. 'So ho' was the old call in hunting when a hare was found.

[1] John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, b. 1648, d. 1680. His licentious wit made him a favourite of Charles II. His strength was exhausted by licentious living at the age of one and thirty. His chief work is a poem upon 'Nothing.' He died repentant of his wasted life, in which, as he told Burnet, he had 'for five years been continually 'drunk,' or so much affected by frequent drunkenness as in no instance to be master of himself.

[2] Sir George Etherege, b. 1636, d. 1694. 'Gen-'tle George' and 'Easy Etherege,' a wit and friend of the wits of the Restoration. He bought his knighthood to enable him to marry a rich widow who required a title, and died of a broken neck, by tumbling down-stairs when he was drunk and lighting guests to their apartments. His three comedies, 'The Comical Revenge,' 'She 'Would if she Could,' and 'The Man of Mode, 'or Sir Fopling Flutter,' excellent embodiments of the court humour of his time, were collected and printed in 8vo in 1704, and reprinted, with addition of five poems, in 1715.

[3] Bully Dawson, a swaggering sharper of Whitefriars, is said to have been sketched by Shadwell in the Captain Hackum of his comedy called 'The Squire of Alsatia.'

[1] The *Rose* Tavern was on the east side of Brydges Street, near Drury Lane Theatre, much favoured by the looser sort of play-goers. Garrick, when he enlarged the Theatre, made the *Rose* Tavern a part of it.

A General Trader of good Sense is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass, but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY,[1] a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but Invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier, as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose, I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will, however, in this Way of Talk, excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or enquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB,[1] a Gentleman who, according to his Years, should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turned, and of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whose Frailty was covered by such a Sort of Petticoat, and whose Vanity to show her Foot made that Part of the Dress so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a kind Glance, or a Blow of a Fan, from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, 'He has good Blood in his Veins, *Tom* '*Mirabell* begot him, the Rogue cheated me in 'that Affair; that young Fellow's Mother used 'me more like a Dog than any Woman I ever 'made Advances to.' This Way of Talking of his, very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine

[1] Captain Sentry was by some supposed to have been drawn from Colonel Kempenfelt, the father of the Admiral who went down with the *Royal George*.

[1] Will. Honeycomb was by some found in a Colonel Cleland.

Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions. R.[1]

No. 3.] *Saturday, March* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

Quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati:
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens:
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.
Lucr. L. 4.

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank[2] is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several Stations, according to the Parts they act in that just and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the Decay of Publick Credit, with the Methods of restoring it, and which, in my Opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an Eye to separate Interests and Party Principles.

The Thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which disposed all my Contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the Reader shall please to call it.

Methoughts I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but to my Surprize, instead of the Company that I left there, I saw, towards the Upper-end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin seated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, instead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the Upper end of the Hall was the *Magna Charta*,[1] with the Act of Uniformity[2] on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration[3] on the left. At the Lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement,[4] which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that sat upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Establishment of Publick Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable Value upon these several Pieces of Furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her Eye with them, and often smiled with a Secret Pleasure, as she looked upon them; but at the same time showed a very particular Uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Constitution, or that she was troubled with the Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wishers, she changed Colour, and startled at everything she

[1] Steele's signature was R till No. 91; then T, and occasionally R, till No. 134; then always T. Addison signed C till No. 85, when he first used L; and was L or C till No. 265, then L, till he first used I in No. 372. Once or twice using L, he was I till No. 405, which he signed O, and by this letter he held, except for a return to C (with a single use of O), from 433 to 477.

[2] The Bank of England was then only 17 years old. It was founded in 1694, and grew out of a loan of £1,200,000 for the public service, for which the lenders—so low was the public credit—were to have 8 per cent. interest, four thousand a-year for expense of management, and a charter for 10 years, afterwards renewed from time to time, as the 'Governor and Company of the 'Bank of England.'

[1] Magna Charta Libertatum, the Great Charter of Liberties obtained by the barons of King John, June 16, 1215, not only asserted rights of the subject against despotic power of the king, but included among them right of insurrection against royal authority unlawfully exerted.

[2] The Act of Uniformity, passed May 19, 1662, withheld promotion in the Church from all who had not received episcopal ordination, and required of all clergy assent to the contents of the Prayer Book on pain of being deprived of their spiritual promotions. It forbade all changes in matters of belief otherwise than by the king in Parliament. While it barred the unconstitutional exercise of a dispensing power by the king, and kept the settlement of its faith out of the hands of the clergy and in those of the people, it was so contrived also according to the temper of the majority that it served as a test act for the English Hierarchy, and cast out of the Church, as Nonconformists, those best members of its Puritan clergy, about two thousand in number, whose faith was sincere enough to make them sacrifice their livings to their sense of truth.

[3] The Act of Toleration, with which Addison balances the Act of Uniformity, was passed in the first year of William and Mary, and confirmed in the 10th year of Queen Anne, the year in which this Essay was written. By it all persons dissenting from the Church of England, except Roman Catholics and persons denying the Trinity, were relieved from such acts against Nonconformity as restrained their religious liberty and right of public worship, on condition that they took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, subscribed a declaration against transubstantiation, and, if dissenting ministers, subscribed also to certain of the Thirty-Nine Articles.

[4] The Act of Settlement was that which, at the Revolution, excluded the Stuarts and settled the succession to the throne of princes who have since governed England upon the principle there laid down, not of divine right, but of an original contract between prince and people, the breaking of which by the prince may lawfully entail forfeiture of the crown.

heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and subject to such Momentary Consumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, she would fall away from the most florid Complexion, and the most healthful State of Body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her Recoveries were often as sudden as her Decays, insomuch that she would revive in a Moment out of a wasting Distemper, into a Habit of the highest Health and Vigour.

I had very soon an Opportunity of observing these quick Turns and Changes in her Constitution. There sat at her Feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all Parts of the World; which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her: and according to the News she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed Colour, and discovered many Symptoms of Health or Sickness.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious Heap of Bags of Mony, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the Ceiling. The Floor on her right Hand, and on her left, was covered with vast Sums of Gold that rose up in Pyramids on either side of her: But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon Enquiry, that she had the same Virtue in her Touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious Metal.

After a little Dizziness, and confused Hurry of Thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methoughts the Hall was alarm'd, the Doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a Dream) before that Time. They came in two by two, though match'd in the most dissociable Manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to describe their Habits and Persons; for which Reason I shall only inform my Reader that the first Couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-Wealth, and a young Man of about twenty-two Years of Age,[1] whose Name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right Hand, which in the Dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my Ear, that he saw a Spunge in his left Hand. The Dance of so many jarring Natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon, and Earth, in the *Rehearsal*,[2] that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The Reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almost frightened to Distraction, had she seen but any one of these Spectres; what then must have been her Condition when she saw them all in a Body? She fainted and dyed away at the Sight.

Et neq; jam color est misto candore rubori;
Nec Vigor, et Vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;
Nec Corpus remanet——.— Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

There was as great a Change in the Hill of Mony Bags, and the Heaps of Mony, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Mony. The rest that took up the same Space, and made the same Figure as the Bags that were really filled with Mony, had been blown up with Air, and called into my Memory the Bags full of Wind, which Homer tells us his Hero received as a Present from Æolus. The great Heaps of Gold, on either side the Throne, now appeared to be only Heaps of Paper, or little Piles of notched Sticks, bound up together in Bundles, like Bath-Faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden Desolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vanished: In the Room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a second Dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The first Pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right Hand: The Second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a Person whom I had never seen,[1] with the genius of *Great Britain*. At their first Entrance the Lady reviv'd, the Bags swell'd to their former Bulk, the Piles of Faggots and Heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas:[2]

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[1] James Stuart, son of James II., born June 10, 1688, was then in the 23rd year of his age.

[2] The *Rehearsal* was a witty burlesque upon the heroic dramas of Davenant, Dryden, and others, written by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, the Zimri of Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel,' that life of pleasure and that soul of 'whim,' who, after running through a fortune of £50,000 a year, died, says Pope, 'in the worst 'inn's worst room.' His *Rehearsal*, written in 1663-4, was first acted in 1671. In the last act the poet Bayes, who is showing and explaining a Rehearsal of his play to Smith and Johnson, introduces an Eclipse which, as he explains, being nothing else but an interposition, &c. 'Well, Sir, 'then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and 'moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the 'hey' . . . 'Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of '*Tom Tyler*.' *Enter Luna.*

Luna. *Orbis*, O *Orbis!*
Come to me, thou little rogue, *Orbis.*
Enter the Earth.
Orb. Who calls Terra-firma pray?

* * *

Enter Sol, to the tune of Robin Hood, &c.

While they dance Bayes cries, mightily taken with his device, 'Now the Earth's before the 'Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's 'the Eclipse again.'

[1] The elector of Hanover, who, in 1714, became King George I.

[2] In the year after the foundation of the Bank of England, Mr. Charles Montague,—made in 1700 Baron and by George I., Earl of Halifax, then (in 1695) Chancellor of the Exchequer,—restored the silver currency to a just standard. The process of recoinage caused for a time scarcity of coin and stoppage of trade. The paper of the Bank of England fell to 20 per cent discount. Montague then collected and paid public debts from taxes

And for my own part I was so transported with Joy, that I awaked, tho' I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it.

No. 4.] *Monday, March* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

—— Egregii Mortalem altique silenti!—Hor.

AN Author, when he first appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Business these three Days to listen after my own Fame; and, as I have sometimes met with Circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this Time observed some Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they first come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand, until they are set a going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Persons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they desire no more [in anything] but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found Consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the Incapacity of others. These are Mortals who have a certain Curiosity without Power of Reflection, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is so little Pleasure in Enquiries that so nearly concern our selves (it being the worst Way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolv'd for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Business of Reputation, to be very careful of the Design of my Actions, but very negligent of the Consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous Pursuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of satisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a silent Man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very liable to Misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that to be out of Harm's Way, I have ever since affected Crowds. He who comes into Assemblies only to gratify his Curiosity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleasures of Retirement in a more exquisite Degree, than he possibly could in his Closet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miser, are followed thither by a worse Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing Solitude. I can very justly say with the antient Sage, *I am never less alone than when alone.* As I am insignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew my self; I gratify the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and often have as kind Looks from well-dressed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would bestow upon one of his Audience. There are so many Gratifications attend this publick sort of Obscurity, that some little Distastes I daily receive have lost their Anguish; and I [did the other day,[1]] without the least Displeasure overhear one say of me, *That strange Fellow*, and another answer, *I have known the Fellow's Face for these twelve Years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.* There are, I must confess, many to whom my Person is as well known as that of their nearest Relations, who give themselves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr *what-d'ye-call-him.*

To make up for these trivial Disadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Men's Passions or Interests, I can with the greater Sagacity consider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one Sense, possess the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Resignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my self that I have looked into the Highest and Lowest of Mankind, and make shrewd Guesses, without being admitted to their Conversation, at the inmost Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I see Men flourishing in Courts, and languishing in Jayls, without being prejudiced from their Circumstances to their Favour or Disadvantage; but from their inward Manner of bearing their Condition, often pity the Prosperous and admire the Unhappy.

Those who converse with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes and the Changes of their Countenance their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to such an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my Smiles with concurrent Sen-

imposed for the purpose and invented (in 1696), to relieve the want of currency, the issue of Exchequer bills. Public credit revived, the Bank capital increased, the currency sufficed, and, says Earl Russell in his Essay on the English Government and Constitution, 'from this time loans were 'made of a vast increasing amount with great 'facility, and generally at a low interest, by which 'the nation were enabled to resist their enemies. 'The French wondered at the prodigious efforts 'that were made by so small a power, and the 'abundance with which money was poured into its 'treasury. . . Books were written, projects drawn 'up, edicts prepared, which were to give to France 'the same facilities as her rival; every plan that 'fiscal ingenuity could strike out, every calculation 'that laborious arithmetic could form, was pro-'posed, and tried, and found wanting; and for 'this simple reason, that in all their projects drawn 'up in imitation of England, one little element was 'omitted, *videlicet*, her free constitution.' That is what Addison means by his allegory.

[1] [can]

tences, and argue to the very Point I shak'd my Head at without my speaking. WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who sat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a [young thing[1]] in a Box before us, he said, 'I am quite 'of another Opinion: She has, I will allow, a very 'pleasing Aspect, but, methinks, that Simplicity in 'her Countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I 'grant her Dress is very becoming, but perhaps 'the Merit of Choice is owing to her Mother; for 'though, continued he, I allow a Beauty to be as 'much to be commended for the Elegance of her 'Dress, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if 'she has stolen the Colour of her Ribbands from 'another, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I 'shall not allow her the Praise of Dress, any more 'than I would call a Plagiary an Author.' When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL. spoke what I looked, [according to his romantic imagination,] in the following Manner.

'Behold, you who dare, that charming Virgin. 'Behold the Beauty of her Person chastised by the 'Innocence of her Thoughts. Chastity, Good-'Nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play 'in her Countenance; she knows she is handsome, 'but she knows she is good. Conscious Beauty 'adorned with conscious Virtue! What a Spirit is 'there in those Eyes! What a Bloom in that Per-'son! How is the whole Woman expressed in her 'Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, 'and her Look the Force of Language.'

It was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless Creatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraitures of insignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

Thus the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Discourse with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon Reflections; but this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings. As my Pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belyed or contradicted them. As these compose half the World, and are by the just Complaisance and Gallantry of our Nation the more powerful Part of our People, I shall dedicate a considerable Share of these my Speculations to their Service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works, I shall endeavour at a Stile and Air suitable to their Understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their Entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking Sentences; as in his ordinary Gesture he discovers he can dance, tho' he does not cut Capers. In a Word, I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women this Paper may furnish *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I shall treat on Matters which relate to Females as they are concern'd to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed to them by Blood, Interest, or Affection. Upon this Occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the Eyes of Lovers say to each other in my Presence. At the same Time I shall not think my self obliged by this Promise, to conceal any false Protestations which I observe made by Glances in publick Assemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this Means Love, during the Time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same Sincerity as any other Affair of less Consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, Men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in Love shall hereafter bear a blacker Aspect than Infidelity in Friendship or Villany in Business. For this great and good End, all Breaches against that noble Passion, the Cement of Society, shall be severely examined. But this and all other Matters loosely hinted at now and in my former Papers, shall have their proper Place in my following Discourses: The present writing is only to admonish the World, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator.

[1] [blooming Beauty]

No. 5.] *Tuesday, March* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?—Hor.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratify the Senses, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Sense however requires that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childish and Absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles's* time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a Tempest in Robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paste-Board? What a Field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertain'd with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Caseades in artificial Land-skips? A little Skill in Criticism would inform us that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mix'd together in the same Piece; and that Scenes, which are designed as the Representations of Nature, should be filled with Resemblances, and not with the Things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champain Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd several Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconsistencies, and making the Decoration partly Real, and partly Imaginary. I would

recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers, of our Modern Opera.

As I was walking [in] the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder; and as I was wondering with my self what Use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the same Curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his Friend, mocking his ape, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the Stage.

This strange Dialogue awakened my Curiosity so far that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove: though, upon a nearer Enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same Trick upon the Audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all*[1] practised upon his Mistress; for, though they flew in Sight, the Musick proceeded from a Consort of Flagellets and Bird-calls which was planted behind the Scenes. At the same time I made this Discovery, I found by the Discourse of the Actors, that there were great Designs on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horse, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New River* into the House, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This Project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the Summer-Season; when it is thought the Coolness that proceeds from Fountains and Cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo*[2] is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations, and Fireworks; which the Audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's Warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theater, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the Argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Seignior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjuror (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a [good] Christian [for such is the part of the magician] should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a Taste of the *Italian*, from the first Lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figlio d'Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasso. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain Ray of* Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Hendel*,[1] the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Stile, that he Composed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid form of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the same time, fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of, before they have been Two Years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of Genius which produces this difference in the Works of the two Nations; but

[1] Dryden's play of *Sir Martin Mar-all* was produced in 1666. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as by the duke of Newcastle, but Dryden finished it. In Act 5 the foolish Sir Martin appears at a window with a lute, as if playing and singing to Millicent, his mistress, while his man Warner plays and sings. Absorbed in looking at the lady, Sir Martin foolishly goes on opening and shutting his mouth and fumbling on the lute after the man's song, a version of Voiture's *L'Amour sans sa Loi*, is done. To which Millicent says, 'A 'pretty-humoured song—but stay, methinks he 'plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear 'him—Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have 'the Fruits on't.'

[2] Handel had been met in Hanover by English noblemen who invited him to England, and their invitation was accepted by permission of the elector, afterwards George I., to whom he was then Chapel-master. Immediately upon Handel's arrival in England, in 1710, Aaron Hill, who was directing the Haymarket Theatre, bespoke of him an opera, the subject being of Hill's own devising and sketching, on the story of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. G. Rossi wrote the Italian words. *Rinaldo*, brought out in 1711, on the 24th of February, had a run of fifteen nights, and is accounted one of the best of the 35 operas composed by Handel for the English stage. Two airs in it, *Cara sposa* and *Lascia ch'io pianga* (the latter still admired as one of the purest expressions of his genius), made a great impression. In the same season the Haymarket produced 'Hamlet' as an opera by Gasparini, called *Ambleto*, with an overture that had four movements ending in a jig. But as was Gasparini so was Handel in the ears of Addison and Steele. They recognized in music only the sensual pleasure that it gave, and the words set to music for the opera, whatever the composer, were then, as they have since been, almost without exception, insults to the intellect.

[1] Addison's spelling, which is as good as ours, represents what was the true and then usual pronunciation of the name of Haendel.

to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, such as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* Writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one Verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinsel of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many Flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the House will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays, they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or perching upon a King's Throne; besides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Design of casting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-House, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of his Stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which Reason he would not permit it to be Acted in his House. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that Occasion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera, pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany*[1] follow his Musick, and by that means cleared the Place of those little Noxious Animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on Foot with *London* and *Wise*[2] (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-House,) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange-Grove; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Personated by Tom-Tits: The undertakers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Mony, for the Gratification of the Audience. C.

[1] The Pied Piper of Hamelin (i.e. Hameln).

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side.

The old story has been annexed to English literature by the genius of Robert Browning.

[2] Evelyn, in the preface to his translation of Quintinye's *Complete Gardener* (1701), says that the nursery of Messrs. London and Wise far surpassed all the others in England put together. It exceeded 100 acres in extent. George London was chief gardener first to William and Mary, then to Queen Anne. London and Wise's nursery belonged at this time to a gardener named Swinhoe, but kept the name in which it had become famous.

No. 6.] *Wednesday, March* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

Credebant hoc grande Nefas, et Morte piandum,
Si Juvenis Vetulo non assurrexerat ——.—Juv.

I KNOW no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffus'd itself through both Sexes, and all Qualities of Mankind; and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandon'd Writings of Men of Wit, and the awkward Imitation of the rest of Mankind.

For this Reason, Sir ROGER was saying last Night, that he was of Opinion that none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged. The Reflections of such Men are so delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concern'd in, that they should be expos'd to more than ordinary Infamy and Punishment, for offending against such quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in such a Manner, that they are no more shock'd at Vice and Folly, than Men of slower Capacities. There is no greater Monster in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts: He lives like a Man in a Palsy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has lost the Taste of Good-will, of Friendship, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who disabled himself in his Right-Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himself a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half so despicable a Wretch as such a Man of Sense. The Beggar has no Relish above Sensations; he finds Rest more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfaction and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Necessities and Passions, is, says Sir ROGER, in my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loss of publick and private Virtue we are beholden to your Men of Parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an Air. But to me who am so whimsical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reason, a selfish Man in the most shining Circumstance and Equipage, appears in the same Condition with the Fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance is to have a Prospect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, of Religion, of good Breeding; without this, a Man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good Starts, I look'd intentively upon him, which made him I thought collect his Mind a little. What I aim at, says he, is, to represent, That I am of Opinion, to polish our Understandings and neglect our Manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern Passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Persons, but also at some times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the most polite Ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themselves, without considering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false Beauty will not pass upon Men of honest Minds and true Taste. Sir *Richard Blackmore* says, with as much good Sense as Virtue, *It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.*[1] This certainly ought to be the Purpose of every man who appears in Publick; and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as fast as he succeeds in his Studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Basis, and we shall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reason direct one thing, Passion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our Passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there anything so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them?. All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it self should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiours is founded methinks upon Instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Transition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happen'd at *Athens*, during a publick Repre-
'sentation of some Play exhibited in honour of
'the Common-wealth that an old Gentleman
'came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and
'Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who
'observed the Difficulty and Confusion he was in,
'made Signs to him that they would accommodate
'him if he came where they sate: The good Man
'bustled through the Crowd accordingly; but
'when he came to the Seats to which he was in-
'vited, the Jest was to sit close, and expose him,
'as he stood out of Countenance, to the whole
'Audience. The Frolick went round all the Athe-
'nian Benches. But on those Occasions there
'were also particular Places assigned for Foreign-
'ers: When the good Man skulked towards the
'Boxes appointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that
'honest People, more virtuous than polite, rose
'up all to a Man, and with the greatest Respect
'received him among them. The *Athenians*
'being suddenly touched with a Sense of the
'*Spartan* Virtue, and their own Degeneracy, gave
'a Thunder of Applause; and the old Man
'cry'd out, *The* Athenians *understand what is*
'*good, but the* Lacedemonians *practise it.*'

R.

[1] Richard Blackmore, born about 1650, d. 1729, had been knighted in 1697, when he was made physician in ordinary to King William. He was a thorough Whig, earnestly religious, and given to the production of heroic poems. Steele shared his principles and honoured his sincerity. When this essay was written, Blackmore was finishing his best poem, the *Creation*, in seven Books, designed to prove from nature the existence of a God. It had a long and earnest preface of expostulation with the atheism and mocking spirit that were the legacy to his time of the Court of the Restoration. The citations in the text express the purport of what Blackmore had written in his then unpublished but expected work, but do not quote from it literally.

No. 7.] *Thursday, March* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Hor.

GOING Yesterday to Dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room, I observed a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, says she, turning to her husband, *you may now see the Stranger that was in the*

Candle last Night. Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thursday:* Thursday, says she, *no, Child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your Writing-Master that* Friday *will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with my self on the Odness of her Fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the midst of these my Musings she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider my self, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought a Disaster upon the Family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her Husband with a Sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come Single.* My Friend, I found, acted but an under Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Good-nature than Understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, Child,* says she, *that the Pidgeon-House fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench spilt the Salt upon the Table? Yes,* says he, *my Dear, and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battel of* Almanza.[1] The Reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as soon as I could, with my usual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confusion, the Lady seeing me [quitting[2]] my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them side by side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary Superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any Reason for it.

It is not difficult for a Man to see that a Person has conceived an Aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aspect: For which Reason I took my leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend these superstitious Follies of Mankind; how they subject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent Circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest; and have seen a Man in Love grow pale and lose his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family, more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath struck more Terrour, than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable [which[1]] may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A Rusty Nail, or a Crooked Pin, shoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Assembly, that was full of Noise and Mirth, when on a sudden an old Woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark struck a pannick Terror into several [who[2]] were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirm'd there were fourteen in the Room, and that, instead of portending one of the Company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen sick that very Night.

An old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Disturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great Family, who is one of these Antiquated *Sybils*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches; and was the other Day almost frighted out of her Wits by the great House-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Cast of Mind engages Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in supernumerary Duties of Life, and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horrour with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future Evil), and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wise-Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy; it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy Presages and Terrours of

[1] Fought April 25 (O.S. 14), 1707, between the English, under Lord Galway, a Frenchman, with Portuguese, Dutch, and Spanish allies, and a superior force of French and Spaniards, under an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. Deserted by many of the foreign troops, the English were defeated.

[2] [cleaning]

[1] [that]

[2] [that]

Mind, and that is, by securing to my self the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my self to his Care; when I awake, I give my self up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all sollicitous about it, because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C.

No. 8.] *Friday, March* 9, 1711. [*Addison.*

At Venus *obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,*
Et multo Nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos——.—Virg.

I SHALL here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furnish [him[1]] with, and therefore shall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, &c.

SIR,

'I am one of the Directors of the Society for 'the Reformation of Manners, and therefore 'think myself a proper Person for your Correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the 'present State of Religion in *Great-Britain*, and 'am able to acquaint you with the predominant 'Vice of every Market-Town in the whole 'Island. I can tell you the Progress that Virtue 'has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil Practices 'that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as 'what is done in my own Family. In a Word, 'Sir, I have my Correspondents in the remotest 'Parts of the Nation, who send me up punctual 'Accounts from time to time of all the little 'Irregularities that fall under their Notice in 'their several Districts and Divisions.

'I am no less acquainted with the particular 'Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than 'with the different Parts and Distributions of 'the whole Nation. I can describe every Parish 'by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of 'our Streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming 'has taken the Possession of, and where 'Drunkenness has got the better of them both. 'When I am disposed to raise a Fine for the 'Poor, I know the Lanes and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would 'encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell*, and improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very 'well acquainted with all the Haunts and 'Resorts of Female Night-walkers.

'After this short Account of my self, I must 'let you know, that the Design of this Paper is 'to give you Information of a certain irregular 'Assembly which I think falls very properly 'under your Observation, especially since the 'Persons it is composed of are Criminals too 'considerable for the Animadversions of our 'Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Masque, 'which has of late been frequently held in one 'of the most conspicuous Parts of the Town, 'and which I hear will be continued with Additions and Improvements. As all the Persons 'who compose this lawless Assembly are masqued, 'we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, 'lest we should send a Woman of Quality to '*Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to 'the *Counter*: Besides, that their Numbers are 'so very great, that I am afraid they would be 'able to rout our whole Fraternity, tho' we were 'accompanied with all our Guard of Constables. 'Both these Reasons which secure them from 'our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours; 'as both their Disguise and their Numbers will 'give no particular Person Reason to think himself affronted by you.

'If we are rightly inform'd, the Rules that are 'observed by this new Society are wonderfully 'contriv'd for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. 'The Women either come by themselves, or are 'introduced by Friends, who are obliged to 'quit them upon their first Entrance, to the 'Conversation of any Body that addresses himself to them. There are several Rooms where 'the Parties may retire, and, if they please, 'show their Faces by Consent. Whispers, 'Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In short, the 'whole Design of this libidinous Assembly seems 'to terminate in Assignations and Intrigues; 'and I hope you will take effectual Methods, 'by your publick Advice and Admonitions, to 'prevent such a promiscuous Multitude of both 'Sexes from meeting together in so clandestine 'a Manner.

I am,
Your humble Servant,
And Fellow Labourer,
T. B.

Not long after the Perusal of this Letter I received another upon the same Subject; which by the Date and Stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templer.

Middle Temple, 1710-11.

SIR,

'When a Man has been guilty of any Vice or 'Folly, I think the best Attonement he can make 'for it is to warn others not to fall into the like. 'In order to this I must acquaint you, that some 'Time in *February* last I went to the Tuesday's 'Masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a Dozen female Quakers, who 'seemed willing to adopt me for a Brother; 'but, upon a nearer Examination, I found they 'were a Sisterhood of Coquets, disguised in that 'precise Habit. I was soon after taken out to

[1] [them]

'dance, and, as I fancied, by a Woman of the 'first Quality, for she was very tall, and moved 'gracefully. As soon as the Minuet was over, we 'ogled one another through our Masques; and as 'I am very well read in *Waller*, I repeated to 'her the four following Verses out of his poem to '*Vandike*.

The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy Art,
Enquires her Name that has his Heart.

'I pronounced these Words with such a lan-'guishing Air, that I had some Reason to con-'clude I had made a Conquest. She told me that 'she hoped my Face was not akin to my Tongue; 'and looking upon her Watch, I accidentally dis-'covered the Figure of a Coronet on the back 'Part of it. I was so transported with the 'Thought of such an Amour, that I plied her from 'one Room to another with all the Gallantries I 'could invent; and at length brought things to so 'happy an Issue, that she gave me a private 'Meeting the next Day, without Page or Foot-'man, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in 'Raptures; but I had not lived in this golden 'Dream above three Days, before I found good 'Reason to wish that I had continued true to my 'Landress. I have since heard by a very great 'Accident, that this fine Lady does not live far 'from *Covent-Garden*, and that I am not the first 'Cully whom she has passed herself upon for a 'Countess.

'Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a '*Cloud* for a *Juno*; and if you can make any use 'of this Adventure for the Benefit of those who 'may possibly be as vain young Coxcombs as 'my self, I do most heartily give you Leave.

I am,
Sir,
Your most humble admirer,
B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade my self, in the same Habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*;[1] and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this Mid-night Entertainment. C.

No. 9.] *Saturday, March* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

—— Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.—Juv.

MAN is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming our-selves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of *Clubs*. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Par-ticular, tho' never so trivial, they establish them-selves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of such a Fan-tastick Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-town, in which there was a Club of Fat-Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance: The Room, where the Club met, was something of the largest, and had two En-trances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-Doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Fold-ing-Doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scare-Crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and conse-quently out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be an-nually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which Means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbets, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club. That of the *Georges*, which used to meet at the Sign of the *George*, on St. *George's* day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in *Ormond-Street*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had consider-ably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a Sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smoak their Pipes, and say nothing 'till Mid-night. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot

[1] See No. 1.

forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean *the Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table for such as had only drawn Blood, and shown a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualify themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The *Kit-Cat*[1] it self is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The *Beef-Steak*,[2] and *October*[3] Clubs, are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another: When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day, by an innocent and chearful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Ale-house: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every Night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be observed in the* Two-penny Club, *erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood.*

I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two Pence.

II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment.

IV. If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. If any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-Penny.

VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smoaks.

VIII. If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him Home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.

X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother Member.

XII. No Non-juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben. Johnson*,[1] the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipsius*, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* author. C.

[1] The *Kit-Cat* Club met at a famous Mutton-Pie house in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar. The house was kept by Christopher Cat, after whom his pies were called Kit-Cats. The club originated in the hospitality of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who, once a week, was host at the house in Shire Lane to a gathering of writers. In an occasional poem on the Kit-Cat Club, attributed to Sir Richard Blackmore, Jacob is read backwards into Bocaj, and we are told

One Night in Seven at this convenient Seat
Indulgent Bocaj did the Muses treat;
Their Drink was gen'rous Wine and Kit-Cat's Pyes their Meat.
Hence did th' Assembly's Title first arise,
And Kit-Cat Wits spring first from Kit-Cat's Pyes.

About the year 1700 this gathering of wits produced a club in which the great Whig chiefs were associated with foremost Whig writers, Tonson being Secretary. It was as much literary as political, and its 'toasting glasses,' each inscribed with lines to a reigning beauty, caused Arbuthnot to derive its name from 'its pell mell pack of 'toasts'

Of old Cats and young Kits.

Tonson built a room for the Club at Barn Elms to which each member gave his portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was himself a member. The pictures were on a new-sized canvas adapted to the height of the walls, whence the name 'kit-'cat' came to be applied generally to three-quarter length portraits.

[2] The *Beef-Steak* Club, founded in Queen Anne's time, first of its name, took a gridiron for badge, and had cheery Dick Estcourt the actor for its providore. It met at a tavern in the Old Jewry that had old repute for broiled steaks and 'the 'true British quintessence of malt and hops.'

[3] The *October* Club was of a hundred and fifty Tory squires, Parliament men, who met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster, and there nourished patriotism with October ale. The portrait of Queen Anne that used to hang in its Club room is now in the Town Council-chamber at Salisbury.

[1] In Four and Twenty Latin sentences engraven in marble over the chimney, in the Apollo or Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar; that being his club room.

No. 10.] *Monday, March* 12, 1711. [*Addison.*

Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.—Virg.

IT is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both Ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly, into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that set apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallow'd up and devoured those of the *Ægyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse our selves with such Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcileable.

In the next Place, I would recommend this Paper to the daily Perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

There is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnish'd with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful than to the female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex, than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweetmeats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, and inspire a kind of Awe and Respect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to encrease the Number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at least divert the Minds

of my female Readers from greater Trifles. At the same Time, as I would fain give some finishing Touches to those which are already the most beautiful Pieces in humane Nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the Blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the Embellishments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle Readers, who have so much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, since they may do it without any Hindrance to Business.

I know several of my Friends and Well-wishers are in great Pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every Day: But to make them easy in this Particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promise, desire me to keep my Word, assure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleasantries of the like Nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best Friends, when they have such a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my Caveat against this Piece of Raillery. C.

No. 11.] *Tuesday, March* 13, 1711. [*Steele.*

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.
Juv.

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who may have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; and as she is out of the Tract of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my friend *Will. Honeycomb*, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil, inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, rose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick, of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and, with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta's* Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, 'till the Larum ceased of its self; which it did not 'till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.[1]

Arietta seemed to regard this Piece of Raillery as an Outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always observed that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general Aspersions, which are cast upon their Sex, than Men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered her self from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

Sir, when I consider, how perfectly new all you have said on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two thousand Years Old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Presumption to dispute with you: But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, showed him, in the Ostentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion said very justly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, else we could show a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can represent us Women as Unbecoming as you please in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your Discourse, that Hypocrisy is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed Part of our Breeding. These, and such other Reflections, are sprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Resentment against the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives against the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleasant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Ephesian* Lady; but when we consider this Question between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Dispute or Raillery ever since there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from such as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embellish their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amusing myself with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes;* and, in Answer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out

[1] Told in the prose 'Satyricon' ascribed to Petronius, whom Nero called his Arbiter of Elegance. The tale was known in the Middle Ages from the stories of the 'Seven Wise Masters.' She went down into the vault with her husband's corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine; but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.

of that honest Traveller, in his fifty fifth page, the History of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.[1]

Mr *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs*, on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West Indies*, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instill into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossession towards his Interests. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in search of Provisions: The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others, went ashore on this Occasion. From their first Landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself [tired and] breathless on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rushed from a Thicket behind him: After the first Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently sollicitous for his Preservation: She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a Delicious Repast of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to slake his Thirst. In the midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Bosome, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her; so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves, and Solitudes, and show him where to lye down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him in her Arms, for fear of her Country-men, and wake on Occasions to consult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learn'd a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be Cloathed in such Silks as his Wastecoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals, and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction accompanied him to a Ships-Crew of his Country-Men, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shoar, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Mony he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the Young Man very pensive, and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline

[1] 'A True and Exact History of the Island 'of Barbadoes. By Richard Ligon, Gent.,' fol. 1673. The first edition had appeared in 1657. Steele's beautiful story is elaborated from the following short passage in the page he cites. After telling that he had an Indian slave woman 'of excellent shape and colour,' who would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes, Mr. Ligon says: 'This *Indian* dwelling near the 'Sea-Coast, upon the Main, an *English* ship 'put in to a Bay, and sent some of her Men a 'shoar, to try what victuals or water they could 'find, for in some distress they were: But the '*Indians* perceiving them to go up so far into the 'Country, as they were sure they could not 'make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their 'return, and fell upon them, chasing them into 'a Wood, and being dispersed there, some were 'taken, and some kill'd: But a young man 'amongst them straggling from the rest, was met 'by this *Indian* maid, who upon the first sight 'fell in love with him, and hid him close from 'her Countrymen (the *Indians*) in a Cave, and 'there fed him, till they could safely go down to 'the shoar, where the ship lay at anchor, expect-'ing the return of their friends. But at last, 'seeing them upon the shoar, sent the long-Boat 'for them, took them aboard, and brought them 'away. But the youth, when he came ashoar 'in the *Barbadoes*, forgot the kindness of the 'poor maid, that had ventured her life for his 'safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as 'free born as he: And so poor *Yarico* for her 'love, lost her liberty'

him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touch'd with this Story, (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta's* good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her. R.

No. 12.] *Wednesday, March* 14, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*—Per.

AT my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my liking. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Land-lady, that would be asking every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Land-lord, who was a jolly good-natur'd Man, took it into his head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for Two or Three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Land-lord, who, as I said before was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words. *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards* Islington; *If any one can give Notice of him to* R. B., *Fishmonger in the* Strand, *he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.* As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Land-lord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchang'd a Word together these Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water, to my Bason: Upon which my Land-lady nods, as much as to say she takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewise model'd her Family so well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat or prattle in my Face, his eldest Sister immediately calls him off and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Land-lady observing, that upon these Occasions I always cried Pish and went out again, has forbidden any such Ceremony to be used in the House; so that at present I walk into the Kitchin or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Business or Discourse of the Family. The Maid will ask her Mistress (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Mistress (who is indeed an excellent Housewife) scolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In short, I move up and down the House and enter into all Companies, with the same Liberty as a Cat or any other domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Land-lady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Land-lady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Churchyard by Moon-light: And of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Women's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks and crouded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this Twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, [that they should [1]] love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrours of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has enter'd a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had march'd up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrify'd, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Appre-

[1] [who]

hensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto of my Paper), and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good Men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an Interest in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after such a Manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his Knowledge and Permission.

For my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits: and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our selves most alone: But instead of terrifying my self with such a Notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Consort of Praise and Adoration.

Milton [1] has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *Hesiod*,[2] which is almost Word for Word the same with his third Line in the following Passage.

——Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket, have we heard
Celestial Voices to the midnight Air,
Sole, or responsive each to others Note,
Singing their great Creator: Oft in bands,
While they keep Watch, or nightly Rounding walk,
With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds,
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n. C.

[1] Paradise Lost, B. IV., lines 675—638.

[2] In Bk. I. of the 'Works and Days,' description of the Golden Age, when the good after death

Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were
Of all best mortals still surviving there,
Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air,
And gliding undiscovered everywhere.
Chapman's Translation.

No. 13.] *Thursday, March* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

Dic mihi si fueris tu leo qualis eris?—Mart.

THERE is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amusement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini's* Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, [1] which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the first Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the Tower every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *Hydaspes*; this Report, tho' altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-House, that some of the most refined Politicians in those Parts of the Audience, gave it out in Whisper, that the Lion was a Cousin-German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King *William's* days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the public Expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*; some supposed that he was to Subdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild Beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by Reason of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a part in *High Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough Base, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaspes*. To clear up a Matter that was so variously reported,

[1] The famous Neapolitan actor and singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, commonly called Nicolini, had made his first appearance in an opera called 'Pyrrhus and Demetrius,' which was the last attempt to combine English with Italian. His voice was a soprano, but afterwards descended into a fine contralto, and he seems to have been the finest actor of his day. Prices of seats at the opera were raised on his coming from *7s. 6d.* to *10s.* for pit and boxes, and from *10s. 6d.* to *15s.* for boxes on the stage. When this paper was written he had appeared also in a new opera on 'Almahide,' and proceeded to those encounters with the lion in the opera of *Hydaspes*, by a Roman composer, Francesco Mancini, first produced May 23, 1710, which the *Spectator* has made memorable. It had been performed 21 times in 1710, and was now reproduced and repeated four times. Nicolini, as Hydaspes in this opera, thrown naked into an amphitheatre to be devoured by a lion, is so inspired with courage by the presence of his mistress among the spectators that (says Mr Sutherland Edwards in his 'History of the Opera') 'after appealing to the monster in a minor key, and telling him that he may tear his bosom, but cannot touch his heart, he attacks him in the relative major, and strangles him.'

I have made it my Business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

But before I communicate my Discoveries, I must acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last Winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous Animal that extreamly startled me, and, upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion-Rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: *For* (says he) *I do not intend to hurt anybody.* I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of Acting twice or thrice since his first Appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a Fellow of a testy, cholerick Temper over-did his Part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observ'd of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt some Words in ordinary Conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr *Nicolini* for what he pleased, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to discard him: And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in so erect a Posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The second Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play-House, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his Part; insomuch that after a short modest Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first Touch of *Hydaspes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of shewing his Variety of *Italian* Tripps: It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his flesh-colour Doublet, but this was only to make work for himself, in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion [who [1]] treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes.

The Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Ass in the Lion's skin.*

This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would insinuate, it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who, in Acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more People go to see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just Indignation, to see a Person whose Action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the Greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of the *London* Prentice. I have often wished that our Tragœdians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as significant Looks and Passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to show what are at present the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain.*

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarseness of their Taste, but our present Grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense. C.

[1] that]

No. 14.] *Friday, March* 16, 1711. [*Steele.*

—— *Teque his, Infelix, exue monstris.*—Ovid.

I WAS reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diversions Five and twenty Years ago, and those of the present Time; and lamented to my self, that though in those Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Sense; but that the *beau*

Monde, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an odd Fellow, whose Face I have often seen at the Play-house, gave me the following Letter with these words, Sir, *The Lyon presents his humble Service to you, and desired me to give this into your own Hands.*

From my Den in the Hay-market, *March* 15.

SIR,

'I have read all your Papers, and have stifled 'my Resentment against your Reflections upon 'Operas, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly 'insinuate, that Signior *Grimaldi* and my self 'have a Correspondence more friendly than is 'consistent with the Valour of his Character, or 'the Fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for 'your own Sake, forbear such Intimations for the 'future; and must say it is a great Piece of Ill-'nature in you, to shew so great an Esteem for a 'Foreigner, and to discourage a *Lyon* that is your 'own Country-man.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lyon and 'Man, but am so equally concerned in that Matter, 'that I shall not be offended to which soever of 'the Animals the Superiority is given. You have 'misrepresented me, in saying that I am a 'Country-Gentleman, who act only for my Di-'version; whereas, had I still the same Woods to 'range in which I once had when I was a Fox-'hunter, I should not resign my Manhood for a 'Maintenance; and assure you, as low as my 'Circumstances are at present, I am so much a 'Man of Honour, that I would scorn to be any 'Beast for Bread but a Lyon.

Yours, &c.

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my Land-lady's Children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present Paper, they all having a Tendency to the same Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our present Diversions.

Covent Garden, March 13.

SIR,

'I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton 'of this Parish of *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden*, and 'have not missed tolling in to Prayers six times in 'all those Years; which Office I have performed to 'my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight last past, 'during which Time I find my Congregation take 'the Warning of my Bell, Morning and Evening, 'to go to a Puppett-show set forth by one *Powell*, 'under the *Piazzas*. By this Means, I have not 'only lost my two Customers, whom I used to 'place for six Pence a Piece over-against Mrs '*Rachel Eyebright*, but Mrs *Rachel* herself is 'gone thither also. There now appear among us 'none but a few ordinary People, who come to 'Church only to say their Prayers, so that I have 'no Work worth speaking of but on *Sundays*. I 'have placed my Son at the *Piazzas*, to acquaint 'the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and 'that it stands on the other side of the *Garden*; 'but they only laugh at the Child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the 'World, that I may not be made such a Tool 'for the Future, and that Punchinello may chuse 'Hours less canonical). As things are now, Mr '*Powell* has a full Congregation, while we have a 'very thin House; which if you can Remedy, you 'will very much oblige,

Sir,
Yours, &c.

The following Epistle I find is from the Undertaker of the Masquerade.[1]

SIR,

'I Have observed the Rules of my Masque so 'carefully (in not enquiring into Persons), that I 'cannot tell whether you were one of the Com-'pany or not last *Tuesday*; but if you were not 'and still design to come, I desire you would, for 'your own Entertainment, please to admonish the 'Town, that all Persons indifferently are not fit 'for this Sort of Diversion. I could wish, Sir, 'you could make them understand, that it is a 'kind of acting to go in Masquerade, and a Man 'should be able to say or do things proper for the 'Dress in which he appears. We have now and 'then Rakes in the Habit of Roman Senators, 'and grave Politicians in the Dress of Rakes. 'The Misfortune of the thing is, that People dress 'themselves in what they have a Mind to be, and 'not what they are fit for. There is not a Girl in 'the Town, but let her have her Will in going to 'a Masque, and she shall dress as a Shepherdess. 'But let me beg of them to read the Arcadia, or 'some other good Romance, before they appear 'in any such Character at my House. The last 'Day we presented, every Body was so rashly 'habited, that when they came to speak to each 'other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word to 'say but in the pert Stile of the Pit Bawdry; and 'a Man in the Habit of a Philosopher was speech-'less, till an occasion offered of expressing himself

[1] Masquerades took rank as a leading pleasure of the town under the management of John James Heidegger, son of a Zurich clergyman, who came to England in 1708, at the age of 50, as a Swiss negotiator. He entered as a private in the Guards, and attached himself to the service of the fashionable world, which called him 'the Swiss Count,' and readily accepted him as leader. In 1709 he made five hundred guineas by furnishing the spectacle for Motteux's opera of *Tomyris, Queen of Scythia*. When these papers were written he was thriving upon the Masquerades, which he brought into fashion and made so much a rage of the town that moralists and satirists protested and the clergy preached against them. A sermon preached against them by the Bishop of London, January 6th, 1724, led to an order that no more should take place than the six subscribed for at the beginning of the month. Nevertheless they held their ground afterwards by connivance of the government. In 1728, Heidegger was called in to nurse the Opera, which throve by his bold puffing. He died, in 1749, at the age of 90, claiming chief honour to the Swiss for ingenuity. 'I 'was born,' he said, 'a Swiss, and came to Eng-'land without a farthing, where I have found 'means to gain £5000 a-year,—and to spend it. 'Now I defy the ablest Englishman to go to 'Switzerland and either gain that income or spend 'it there.'

'in the Refuse of the Tyring-Rooms. We had a 'Judge that danced a Minuet, with a Quaker for 'his Partner, while half a dozen Harlequins stood 'by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank me off two 'Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half a 'Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Design to bear, 'and make the Maskers preserve their Characters 'in my Assemblies, I hope you will allow there 'is a Foundation laid for more elegant and im-'proving Gallantries than any the Town at present 'affords; and consequently that you will give 'your Approbation to the Endeavours of,

-Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

I am very glad the following Epistle obliges me to mention Mr *Powell* a second Time in the same Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Restrictions.

SIR,

'The Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that 'under the little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being 'at present the Two leading Diversions of the 'Town; and Mr *Powell* professing in his Adver-'tisements to set up *Whittington and his Cat* 'against *Rinaldo and Armida*, my Curiosity led 'me the Beginning of last Week to view both 'these Performances, and make my Observations 'upon them.

'First therefore, I cannot but observe that 'Mr *Powell* wisely forbearing to give his Com-'pany a Bill of Fare before-hand, every Scene is 'new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that 'the Undertakers of the *Hay-Market*, having 'raised too great an Expectation in their printed 'Opera, very much disappointed their Audience 'on the Stage.

'The King of *Jerusalem* is obliged to come 'from the City on foot, instead of being drawn in 'a triumphant Chariot by white Horses, as my 'Opera-Book had promised me; and thus, while 'I expected *Armida's* Dragons should rush for-'ward towards *Argantes*, I found the Hero was 'obliged to go to *Armida*, and hand her out of 'her Coach. We had also but a very short Al-'lowance of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I can-'not in this Place omit doing Justice to the Boy 'who had the Direction of the Two painted 'Dragons, and made them spit Fire and Smoke: 'He flash'd out his Rosin in such just Proportions, 'and in such due Time, that I could not forbear 'conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a most 'excellent Player. I saw, indeed, but Two 'things wanting to render his whole Action com-'pleat, I mean the keeping his Head a little lower, 'and hiding his Candle.

'I observe that Mr *Powell* and the Undertakers 'had both the same Thought, and I think, much 'about the same time, of introducing Animals on 'their several Stages, though indeed with very 'different Success. The Sparrows and Chaf-'finches at the *Hay-Market* fly as yet very 'irregularly over the Stage; and instead of 'perching on the Trees and performing their 'Parts, these young Actors either get into the 'Galleries or put out the Candles; whereas Mr '*Powell* has so well disciplined his Pig, that in 'the first Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet 'together. I am informed however, that Mr '*Powell* resolves to excell his Adversaries in their 'own Way; and introduce Larks in his next 'Opera of *Susanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which 'will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new 'Elders.[1]

'The Moral of Mr *Powell's* Drama is violated 'I confess by Punch's national Reflections on the '*French*, and King *Harry's* laying his Leg upon 'his Queen's Lap in too ludicrous a manner be-'fore so great an Assembly.

'As to the Mechanism and Scenary, every 'thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a Piece, and 'the Scenes were managed very dexterously; 'which calls on me to take Notice, that at the

[1] The *History of Susanna* had been an established puppet play for more than two generations. An old copy of verses on Bartholomew Fair in the year 1665, describing the penny and two-penny puppet plays, or, as they had been called in and since Queen Elizabeth's time, 'motions,' says

Their Sights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man-a;
Here's 'Patient Grisel' here, and 'Fair Rosa-
mond' there,
And 'the History of Susanna.

Pepys tells of the crowd waiting, in 1667, to see Lady Castlemaine come out from the puppet play of 'Patient Grisel.'

The Powell mentioned in this essay was a deformed cripple whose Puppet-Show, called Punch's Theatre, owed its pre-eminence to his own power of satire. This he delivered chiefly through Punch, the clown of the puppets, who appeared in all plays with so little respect to dramatic rule that Steele in the Tatler (for May 17, 1709) represents a correspondent at Bath, telling how, of two ladies, Prudentia and Florimel, who would lead the fashion, Prudentia caused Eve in the Puppet-Show of 'the Creation of the World' to be 'made the most like Florimel that ever was seen,' and 'when we came to Noah's Flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark.' Of the fanatics called French Prophets, who used to assemble in Moorfields in Queen Anne's reign, Lord Chesterfield remembered that 'the then Ministry, who loved a little 'persecution well enough, was, however, so wise 'as not to disturb their madness, and only ordered 'one Powell, the master of a famous Puppet-'Show, to make Punch turn Prophet; which he 'did so well, that it soon put an end to the pro-'phets and their prophecies. The obscure Dr 'Sacheverell's fortune was made by a parliament-'ary prosecution' (from Feb. 27 to March 23, '1709-10) 'much about the same time the French 'Prophets were totally extinguished by a Puppet-'Show' (Misc. Works, ed. Maty., Vol. II., p. 523, 555).

This was the Powell who played in Covent Garden during the time of week-day evening service, and who, taking up Addison's joke against the opera from No. 5 of the *Spectator*, produced *Whittington and his Cat* as a rival to *Rinaldo and Armida*. [See also a note to No. 31.]

'*Hay-Market* the Undertakers forgetting to 'change their Side-Scenes, we were presented 'with a Prospect of the Ocean in the midst of a 'delightful Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on 'the Stage had very much contributed to the 'Beauty of the Grove, by walking up and down 'between the Trees, I must own I was not a 'little astonished to see a well-dressed young Fellow in a full-bottomed Wigg, appear in the Midst 'of the Sea, and without any visible Concern 'taking Snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing further, in which 'both Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak 'of their Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; 'and as the Wit in both Pieces are equal, I must 'prefer the Performance of Mr *Powell*, because 'it is in our own Language.

I am, &c.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

On the first of April will be performed at the Play-house in the Hay-market, *an Opera call'd* The Cruelty of Atreus.

N.B. *The Scene wherein* Thyestes *eats his own Children, is to be performed by the famous Mr* Psalmanazar,[1] *lately arrived from* Formosa: *The whole Supper being set to Kettle-drums.* R.

[1] George Psalmanazar, who never told his real name and precise birthplace, was an impostor from Languedoc, and 31 years old in 1711. He had been educated in a Jesuit college, where he heard stories of the Jesuit missions in Japan and Formosa, which suggested to him how he might thrive abroad as an interesting native. He enlisted as a soldier, and had in his character of Japanese only a small notoriety until, at Sluys, a dishonest young chaplain of Brigadier Lauder's Scotch regiment, saw through the trick and favoured it, that he might recommend himself to the Bishop of London for promotion. He professed to have converted Psalmanazar, baptized him, with the Brigadier for godfather, got his discharge from the regiment, and launched him upon London under the patronage of Bishop Compton. Here Psalmanazar, who on his arrival was between nineteen and twenty years old, became famous in the religious world. He supported his fraud by invention of a language and letters, and of a Formosan religion. To oblige the Bishop he translated the church catechism into 'Formosan,' and he published in 1704 'an historical and geographical Description of Formosa,' of which a second edition appeared in the following year. It contained numerous plates of imaginary scenes and persons. His gross and puerile absurdities in print and conversation—such as his statements that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants every year, and that the Japanese studied Greek as a learned tongue,—excited a distrust that would have been fatal to the success of his fraud, even with the credulous, if he had not forced himself to give colour to his story by acting the savage in men's eyes. But he must really, it was thought, be a savage who fed upon roots, herbs, and raw flesh. He made, however, so little by the imposture, that he at last confessed himself a cheat, and got his living as a well-conducted bookseller's hack for many years before his death, in 1763, aged 84. In 1711, when this jest was penned, he had not yet publicly eaten his own children, i. e. swallowed his words and declared his writings forgeries. In 1716 there was a subscription of £20 or £30 a year raised for him as a Formosan convert. It was in 1728 that he began to write that formal confession of his fraud, which he left for publication after his death, and whereby he made his great public appearance as Thyestes.

This jest against Psalmanazar was expunged from the first reprint of the *Spectator* in 1712, and did not reappear in the lifetime of Steele or Addison, or until long after it had been amply justified.

No. 15.] *Saturday, March* 17, 1711. [*Addison.*

Parva leves capiunt animos ——.—Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great Astonishment at the Splendid Equipages and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantastick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady that sate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white Horses, and loaden behind with the same Number of powder'd Foot-men. Just before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the Harness, and by their gay Dresses, and smiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every Corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several Years, received the Addresses of a Gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate Acquaintance, she forsook, upon the Account of this shining Equipage which had been offered to her by one of great Riches, but a Crazy Constitution. The Circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the Disguises only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Distress; for in two Months after, she was carried to her Grave with the same Pomp and Magnificence: being sent thither partly by the Loss of one Lover, and partly by the Possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless Evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastical Disposition. I my self remember a young Lady that was very warmly sollicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who, for several Months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableness of Conversation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had so good an Effect that he married her the very Week after.

The usual Conversation of ordinary Women,

very much cherishes this Natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an absent Lady, and *it* is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birth-Day furnishes Conversation for a Twelve-month after. A Fur-below of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat, are standing Topicks. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those Ornaments of the Mind, that make Persons Illustrious in themselves, and Useful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life, than the solid and substantial Blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Conversation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-Gaws, are so many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquet from the wildest of her Flights and Rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noise; it arises, in the first place, from the Enjoyment of ones self; and, in the next, from the Friendship and Conversation of a few select Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witnesses and Spectators. On the contrary, false Happiness loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauses which she gives her self, but from the Admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no Existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, tho' a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and passes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Bosom Friend and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good Sense, consummate Virtue, and a mutual Esteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under so regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repast, Employment and Diversion, that it looks like a little Common-Wealth within it self. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and sometimes live in Town not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the Relish of a Country Life. By this means they are Happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Discretion and good House-Wifery, as little domestick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life lost in her own Family, and fancies herself out of the World, when she is not in the Ring, the Play-House, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body and Restlessness of Thought, and is never easie in any one Place, when she thinks there is more Company in another. The missing of an Opera the first Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modest retired Life, a poor-spirited, unpolished Creature. What a Mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting her self to View, is but exposing her self, and that she grows Contemptible by being Conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Passion for Dress and Show, in the Character of *Camilla;* who, tho' she seems to have shaken off all the other Weaknesses of her Sex, is still described as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, she unfortunately cast her Eye on a *Trojan* [who[1]] wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest Purple. *A Golden Bow*, says he, *Hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Clasp, and his Head was covered with an Helmet of the same shining Mettle.* The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed Warrior, being seized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with:

—Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedless Pursuit after these glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the Destruction of his Female Hero.

C.

No. 16.] *Monday, March* 19, 1711. [*Addison.*

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.—Hor.

I HAVE receiv'd a Letter, desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion; another informs me of a Pair of silver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-house in *Fleet-street;*[2] a third sends me an heavy Complaint

[1] [that]

[2] The *Rainbow*, near the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, was the second Coffee-house opened in London. It was opened about 1656, by a barber named James Farr, part of the house still being occupied by the bookseller's shop which had been there for at least twenty years before. Farr also, at first, combined his coffee

against fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveighed against with some Bitterness, and recommended to my Observation. I must therefore, once for all inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all those little Extravagancies which appear in their outward Dress and Behaviour. Foppish and fantastick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Blossoms will fall of themselves, when the Root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my Remedies to the first Seeds and Principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self; though at the same time I must own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me to be entituled, *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of such his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me with the same Regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employ'd in healing those Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is sweetning the Blood and rectifying the Constitution. To speak truly, the young People of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long Swords or sweeping Trains, bushy Head-dresses or full-bottom'd Perriwigs, with several other Incumbrances of Dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently [lest they should[1]] be oppressed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with such a Redundance of Excrescencies. I must therefore desire my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature rashly and without Advice.

There is another Set of Correspondents to whom I must address my self, in the second Place; I mean such as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Persons and Families. The world is so full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by People [who[2]] cannot spell, and Satyrs compos'd by those who scarce know how to write. By the last Post in particular I receiv'd a Packet of Scandal that is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, insomuch that when I see the Name *Cælia*, *Phillis*, *Pastora*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my Correspondents, that it is not my Design to be a Publisher of Intreagues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their present lurking Holes into broad Day light. If I attack the Vicious, I shall only set upon them in a Body; and will not be provoked by the worst Usage that I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir[1] in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the Crime as it appears in a Species, not as it is circumstanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula* who wished the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I shall do out of Humanity what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroak at a collective Body of Offenders. At the same Time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Necessity, they are not exposed to this Temptation.

In the next Place I must apply my self to my Party-Correspondents, who are continually teazing me to take Notice of one anothers Proceedings. How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days since I was reproached with an old Grecian Law, that forbids any Man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Divisions of his Country. However, as I am very sensible [my[2]] Paper would lose its whole Effect, should it run into the Outrages of a Party, I shall take Care to keep clear of every thing [which[3]] looks that Way. If I can any way asswage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I shall apply my self to it with my utmost Endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me with having done

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trade with the business of barber, which he had been carrying on under the same roof. Farr was made rich by his Coffee-house, which soon monopolized the *Rainbow*. Its repute was high in the *Spectator's* time; and afterwards, when coffee-houses became taverns, it lived on as a reputable tavern till the present day.

[1] [that they may not] [2] [that]

[1] *Drawcansir* in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* parodies the heroic drama of the Restoration, as by turning the lines in Dryden's 'Tyrannic Love,'

Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair;
And all this I can do, because I dare,

into

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare.

When, in the last act, a Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-Horses 'At last, Drawcansir comes in and Kills them all on both 'Sides,' explaining himself in lines that begin,

Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.

[2] [that my] [3] [that]

any thing towards [encreasing[1]] those Feuds and Animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has started any Hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprizing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical Vice which has escaped my Observation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any Materials that can furnish out an innocent Diversion, I shall promise him my best Assistance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

This Paper my Reader will find was intended for an answer to a Multitude of Correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a Request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

March 15, 1710-11.

SIR,

'I Am at present so unfortunate, as to have 'nothing to do but to mind my own Business; 'and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased 'to put me into some small Post under you. I 'observe that you have appointed your Printer 'and Publisher to receive Letters and Advertise-'ments for the City of *London*, and shall think 'my self very much honoured by you, if you 'will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertise-'ments for the City of *Westminster* and the 'Dutchy of *Lancaster*. Tho' I cannot promise 'to fill such an Employment with sufficient 'Abilities, I will endeavour to make up with 'Industry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and 'Genius. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Charles Lillie.'

C.

No. 17.] *Tuesday, March* 20, 1711. [*Steele.*

—— Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.—Juv.

SINCE our Persons are not of our own Making, when they are such as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at least to keep our selves from being abashed with a Consciousness of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity. All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is distinguished by an Expansion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of these Oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion: When he can possess himself with such a Chearfulness, Women and Children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extreamly agreeable when he can Jest upon himself for them.

Madam *Maintenon's* first Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleasantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z.[1] He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he used to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Raillery: The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince *Harry* and *Falstaffe*, in *Shakespear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falstaffe* is Humourously called *Woolsack*, *Bedpresser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; Harry a *Starveling*, an *Elves-Skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bowcase*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Sensibility in this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love; for my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my Mouth much seldomer than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortness of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwigg with an high Foretop, and

[1] [the encreasing]

[1] Abbé Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer, high in court favour, was deformed from birth, and at the age of 27 lost the use of all his limbs. In 1651, when 41 years old, Scarron married Frances d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon; her age was then 16, and she lived with Scarron until his death, which occurred when she was 25 years old and left her very poor. Scarron's comparison of himself to the letter Z is in his address 'To the Reader who has Never 'seen Me,' prefixed to his 'Relation Véritable de 'tout ce qui s'est passé en l'autre Monde, au 'combat des Parques et des Poëtes, sur la Mort 'de Voiture.' This was illustrated with a burlesque plate representing himself as seen from the back of his chair, and surrounded by a wondering and mocking world. His back, he said, was turned to the public, because the convex of his back is more convenient than the concave of his stomach for receiving the inscription of his name and age.

letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour, which is natural to that Place, I shall set it down Word for Word as it came to me.

Most Profound Sir,

'Having been very well entertained, in the last 'of your Speculations that I have yet seen, by 'your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore 'hope you will continue, I shall take the Liberty 'to furnish you with a brief Account of such a 'one as perhaps you have not seen in all your 'Travels, unless it was your Fortune to touch upon 'some of the woody Parts of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. 'There have arose in this University (long since 'you left us without saying any thing) several of 'these inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as *the Punning Club*, *the Witty Club*, and amongst the rest, 'the *Handsom Club*; as a Burlesque upon which, 'a certain merry Species, that seem to have come 'into the World in Masquerade, for some Years 'last past have associated themselves together, 'and assumed the name of *the Ugly Club*: This 'ill-favoured Fraternity consists of a President 'and twelve Fellows; the Choice of which is not 'confin'd by Patent to any particular Foundation '(as *St. John's* Men would have the World 'believe, and have therefore erected a separate 'Society within themselves) but Liberty is left to 'elect from any School in *Great Britain*, provided the Candidates be within the Rules of the 'Club, as set forth in a Table entituled *The Act 'of Deformity*. A Clause or two of which I shall 'transmit to you.

'I. That no Person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible Quearity in his Aspect, 'or peculiar Cast of Countenance; of which the 'President and Officers for the time being are to 'determine, and the President to have the casting 'Voice.

'II. That a singular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibbosity of the Gentlemen 'that offer themselves, as Founders Kinsmen, 'or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what 'sort soever.

'III. That if the Quantity of any Man's Nose 'be eminently miscalculated, whether as to 'Length or Breadth, he shall have a just Pretence to be elected.

'*Lastly*, That if there shall be two or more 'Competitors for the same Vacancy, *cæteris 'paribus*, he that has the thickest Skin to have 'the Preference.

'Every fresh Member, upon his first Night, is 'to entertain the Company with a Dish of Cod-'fish, and a Speech in praise of *Æsop*;[1] whose 'portraiture they have in full Proportion, or 'rather Disproportion, over the Chimney; and 'their Design is, as soon as their Funds are suffi-'cient, to purchase the Heads of *Thersites*, *Duns 'Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, and the old Gen-'tleman in *Oldham*,[2] with all the celebrated ill 'Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club 'Room.

'As they have always been profess'd Admirers 'of the other Sex, so they unanimously declare 'that they will give all possible Encouragement 'to such as will take the Benefit of the Statute, 'tho' none yet have appeared to do it.

'The worthy President, who is their most de-'voted Champion, has lately shown me two 'Copies of Verses composed by a Gentleman of 'his Society; the first, a Congratulatory Ode 'inscrib'd to Mrs. *Touchwood*, upon the loss of 'her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick 'upon Mrs. *Andiron's* left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he says) since the Small Pox, is grown 'tolerably ugly, and a top Toast in the Club; 'but I never hear him so lavish of his fine things,

[1] The Life of Æsop, ascribed to Planudes Maximus, a monk of Constantinople in the fourteenth century, and usually prefixed to the Fables, says that he was 'the most deformed of all men 'of his age, for he had a pointed head, flat nostrils, a short neck, thick lips, was black, pot-bellied, bow-legged, and hump-backed; perhaps 'even uglier than Homer's Thersites.'

[2] The description of Thersites in the second book of the Iliad is thus translated by Professor Blackie:

The most
Ill-favoured wight was he, I ween, of all the Grecian host.
With hideous squint the railer leered: on one foot he was lame;
Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came;
Slanting and sharp his head rose, with shreds of meagre hair.

Controversies between the Scotists and Thomists, followers of the teaching of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, caused Thomist perversion of the name of Duns into its use as Dunce and tradition of the subtle Doctor's extreme personal ugliness. Doctor Subtilis was translated The Lath Doctor.

Scarron we have just spoken of. Hudibras's outward gifts are described in Part I., Canto i., lines 240—296 of the poem.

His beard
In cut and dye so like a tile
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey;
The nether, orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor, &c.

The 'old Gentleman in *Oldham*' is Loyola, as described in Oldham's third satire on the Jesuits, when

Summon'd together, all th' officious band
The orders of their bedrid chief attend.

Raised on his pillow he greets them, and, says Oldham,

Like Delphic Hag of old, by Fiend possest,
He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting breast,
His bristling hairs stick up, his eyeballs glow,
And from his mouth long strakes of drivel flow.

'as upon old *Nell Trot*, who constantly officiates 'at their Table; her he even adores, and extolls 'as the very Counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; 'in short, *Nell* (says he) is one of the Extraordin-'ary Works of Nature; but as for Complexion, 'Shape, and Features, so valued by others, they 'are all meer Outside and Symmetry, which is 'his Aversion. Give me leave to add, that the 'President is a facetious, pleasant Gentleman, 'and never more so, than when he has got (as 'he calls 'em) his dear Mummers about him; 'and he often protests it does him good to meet 'a Fellow with a right genuine Grimmace in his 'Air, (which is so agreeable in the generality of 'the *French* Nation;) and as an Instance of his 'Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight 'of a List in his Pocket-book of all of this Class, 'who for these five Years have fallen under his 'Observation, with himself at the Head of 'em, 'and in the Rear (as one of a promising and im-'proving Aspect),

Sir,

Oxford, *March* 12, 1710. *Your Obliged and Humble Servant,*
Alexander Carbuncle.
R.

No. 18.] *Wednesday, March* 21, 1711. [*Addison.*

—Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.—Hor.

IT is my Design in this Paper to deliver down to Posterity a faithful Account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual Progress which it has made upon the English Stage: For there is no Question but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reason why their Forefathers used to sit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe[1] was the first Opera that gave us a Taste of Italian Musick. The great Success this Opera met with, produced some Attempts of forming Pieces upon Italian Plans, [which[1]] should give a more natural and reasonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarm'd the Poetasters and Fidlers of the Town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary Kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an establish'd Rule, which is receiv'd as such to this [Day,[2]] *That nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense.*

This Maxim was no sooner receiv'd, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian Operas; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Sense of those extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own [which[3]] were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Passages [they[4]] pretended to translate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the English Verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,

Barbara si t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expresses the Resentments of an angry Lover, was translated into that English lamentation—

Frail are a Lovers Hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined Persons of the British Nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happen'd also very frequently, where the Sense was rightly translated, the necessary Transposition of Words [which[5]] were drawn out of the Phrase of one Tongue into that of another, made the Musick appear very absurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus Word for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

which the English for Rhime sake translated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this Means the soft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian, fell upon the word Rage in the English; and the angry Sounds that were turn'd to Rage in the Original, were made to express Pity in the Translation. It oftentimes happen'd likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word *And* pursu'd through the whole Gamut, have been entertain'd with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful Graces Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal Honour of our English Particles.[6]

[1] *Arsinoe* was produced at Drury Lane in 1705, with Mrs. Tofts in the chief character, and her Italian rival, Margarita de l'Epine, singing Italian songs before and after the Opera. The drama was an Italian opera translated into English, and set to new music by Thomas Clayton, formerly band master to William III. No. 20 of the Spectator and other numbers from time to time advertised 'The Passion of Sappho, and 'Feast of Alexander: Set to Musick by Mr. 'Thomas Clayton, as it is performed at his 'house in York Buildings.' It was the same Clayton who set to music Addison's unsuccessful opera of *Rosamond*, written as an experiment in substituting homegrown literature for the fashionable nonsense illustrated by Italian music. Thomas Clayton's music to *Rosamond* was described by 'a jargon of sounds.' *Camilla*, composed by Marco Antonio Buononcini, and said to contain beautiful music, was produced at Sir John Vanbrugh's Haymarket opera in 1705, and sung half in English, half in Italian; Mrs. Tofts singing the part of the Amazonian heroine in English, and Valentini that of the hero in Italian. [1] [that] [2] [very day] [3] [that] [4] [which they] [5] [that]

[6] It was fifty years after this that Churchill wrote of Mossop in the Rosciad,

In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.

The next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of Italian Actors into our Opera; who sung their Parts in their own Language, at the same Time that our Countrymen perform'd theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princess in a Language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carry'd on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Persons that convers'd together; but this was the State of the English Stage for about three Years.

At length the Audience grew tir'd of understanding Half the Opera, and therefore to ease themselves Entirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have so order'd it at Present that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our Faces, though they may do it with the same Safety as if it [were[1]] behind our Backs. In the mean Time I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian, who writes Two or Three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taste of his wise Fore-fathers, will make the following Reflection, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century, the Italian Tongue was so well understood in* England, *that Operas were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the Confutation of an Absurdity that shews itself at the first Sight. It does not want any great Measure of Sense to see the Ridicule of this monstrous Practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the Taste of the Rabble, but of Persons of the greatest Politeness, which has establish'd it.

If the Italians have a Genius for Musick above the English, the English have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*[2]) for a People to be so stupidly fond of the Italian Opera, as scarce to give a Third Days Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Possession of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of humane Nature: I must confess I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his Common-wealth.

At present, our Notions of Musick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like, only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so if it be of a foreign Growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English Musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and tho' it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several Hints that may be of Use to a good Architect. I shall take the same Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Musick, which I shall lay down only in a problematical Manner to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art.

C.

[1] [was]

[2] The Tragedy of *Phædra and Hippolitus*, acted without success in 1707, was the one play written by Mr. Edmund Smith, a merchant's son who had been educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, and who had ended a dissolute life at the age of 42 (in 1710), very shortly before this paper was written. Addison's regard for the play is warmed by friendship for the unhappy writer. He had, indeed, written the Prologue to it, and struck therein also his note of war against the follies of Italian Opera.

Had Valentini, *musically coy,*
Shunned Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd Joy,
It had not moved your Wonder to have seen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus *reply in* Greek!

The Epilogue to this play was by Prior. Edmund Smith's relation to Addison is shown by the fact that, in dedicating the printed edition of his *Phædra and Hippolitus* to Lord Halifax, he speaks of Addison's lines on the Peace of Ryswick as 'the best Latin Poem since the Æneid.'

No. 19.] *Thursday, March* 22, 1711. [*Steele.*

Dii benefecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.
Hor.

OBSERVING one Person behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Cast of his Eye which, methought, expressed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raised by an Object so agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret Sorrow, the Condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Fascination blasted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says,[1] Some have been so curious as to

[1] 'We see likewise, the Scripture calleth Envy 'an Evil Eye: And the Astrologers call the evil 'influences of the stars, Evil Aspects; so that 'still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the 'act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the 'eye. Nay some have been so curious as to note 'that the times when the stroke or percussion of

remark the Times and Seasons when the Stroke of an Envious Eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the Person envied has been in any Circumstance of Glory and Triumph. At such a time the Mind of the Prosperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the Malignity. But I shall not dwell upon Speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miserable Affection; but keeping in the road of common Life, consider the Envious Man with relation to these three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happiness.

The Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occasions which ought to give him Pleasure. The Relish of his Life is inverted, and the Objects which administer the highest Satisfaction to those who are exempt from this Passion, give the quickest Pangs to Persons who are subject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour and Wisdom are Provocations of their Displeasure. What a Wretched and Apostate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man because we Approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the most Emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Success, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot against his Quiet, by studying their own Happiness and Advantage. *Will. Prosper* is an honest Tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in Conversation with Envious Men. He points to such an handsom Young Fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a Great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Distress, by assuring 'em that to his knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him some Thousands. *Will.* has many Arts of this kind to torture this sort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly They wish such a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to speak some good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the Envious Man are those little Blemishes and Imperfections, that discover themselves in an Illustrious Character. It is matter of great Consolation to an Envious Person, when a Man of Known Honour does a thing Unworthy himself: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears so alter'd in its Circumstances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to One. This is a secret Satisfaction to these Malignants; for the Person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as soon as his Merit is shared among others. I remember some Years ago there came out an Excellent Poem, without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the supposed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to suppress the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to say it was overlook'd by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honest Fellow, who sate among a Cluster of them in debate on this Subject, cryed out, *Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the most usual Succour to the Envious, in cases of nameless Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns Pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any Uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Useful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Derision, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vainglory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest Ambition for the future.

Having throughly considered the Nature of this Passion, I have made it my Study how to avoid the Envy that may acrue to me from these my Speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a Genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would spring from that Applause; and therefore gave a Description of my Face the next Day;[1] being resolved as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to resign my Pretensions to Beauty. This, I hope, may give some Ease to those unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themselves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Case is very deplorable, and deserves Compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time administer Consolations to them by further Discoveries of my Person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the *Spectator* has Wit, it may be some Relief to them, to think that he does not show it in Company. And if any one praises his Morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his Face is none of the longest.

R.

'an envious eye doth most hurt, are, when the 'party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for 'that sets an edge upon Envy; And besides, at 'such times, the spirits of the persons envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so 'meet the blow.' Bacon's Essays, IX. *Of Envy.*

[1] In No. 17.

No. 20.] *Friday, March* 23, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Κύνος ὄμματ' ἔχων——.—Hom.

AMONG the other hardy Undertakings which I have proposed to my self, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that against such as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a Young Lady, who sets forth a Trespass of this Kind with that Command of herself as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with so much Spirit as sufficiently expresses her Indignation. The whole Transaction is performed with the Eyes; and the Crime is no less than employing them in such a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

'There never was (I believe) an acceptable 'Man, but had some awkward Imitators. Ever 'since the SPECTATOR appear'd, have I remarked 'a kind of Men, whom I choose to call *Starers*, 'that without any Regard to Time, Place, or 'Modesty, disturb a large Company with their 'impertinent Eyes. Spectators make up a proper 'Assembly for a Puppet-Show or a Bear-Garden; 'but devout Supplicants and attentive Hearers, 'are the Audience one ought to expect in Church-'es. I am, Sir, Member of a small pious congre-'gation near one of the North Gates of this City; 'much the greater Part of us indeed are Females, 'and used to behave our selves in a regular 'attentive Manner, till very lately one whole Isle 'has been disturbed with one of these monstrous '*Starers:* He's the Head taller than any one in 'the Church; but for the greater Advantage of 'exposing himself, stands upon a Hassock, and 'commands the whole Congregation, to the great 'Annoyance of the devoutest part of the Audit-'ory; for what with Blushing, Confusion, and 'Vexation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor 'Sermon. Your Animadversion upon this In-'solence would be a great favour to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

S. C.

I have frequently seen of this Sort of Fellows; and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected by the Sacredness of the Place which he violates. Many Reflections of this Sort might be very justly made upon this Kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the thing; and a Fellow that is capable of showing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick Spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correspondent does not inform me, that within Seven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at least stand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my friend WILL. PROSPER has promised to take an Hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the most exact Rules of Opticks, to place himself in such a Manner that he shall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them: I have Hopes that when WILL. confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whose Behalf he engages him, cast kind Looks and Wishes of Success at their Champion, he will have some Shame, and feel a little of the Pain he has so often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

It has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this Family of *Starers* have infested publick Assemblies: And I know no other Way to obviate so great an Evil, except, in the Case of fixing their Eyes upon Women, some Male Friend will take the Part of such as are under the Oppression of Impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the *Starers* wherever they meet them. While we suffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to cast yielding Glances at the *Starers:* And in this Case, a Man who has no Sense of Shame has the same Advantage over his Mistress, as he who has no Regard for his own Life has over his Adversary. While the Generality of the World are fetter'd by Rules, and move by proper and just *Methods*, he who has no Respect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a sort of Outlaw in Good-Breeding, and therefore what is said of him no Nation or Person can be concerned for: For this Reason one may be free upon him. I have put my self to great Pains in considering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken Notice that it exerts it self in a different Manner, according to the different Soils wherein such Subjects of these Dominions as are Masters of it were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent, in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious, in an Irishman absurd and fawning: As the Course of the World now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly Landlord, the Scot, like an ill-received Guest, and the Irishman, like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the Impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comick. A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the least Sense of it. The best and most successful *Starers* now in this Town are of that Nation: They have usually the Advantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correspondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own Breed, after four years at *Oxford* and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these People have usually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the sillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an English Coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the Design of pleasing is visible, an Absurdity in the Way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profess Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than saying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter.* No, no Man shall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conscious that he is such: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it: For nothing can attone for the want of Modesty, without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit detestable. R.

No. 21.] *Saturday, March* 24, 1711.[1] [*Addison.*

——*Locus est et pluribus Umbris.*—Hor.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with Multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy of Incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the Second Division, several Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; insomuch that within my Memory the price of Lutestring is raised above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Free-holds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England.*

The Body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous Members, that are like *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crouded,[1] many of them had not Room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Westminster-Hall* every Morning in Term-time. *Martial's* description of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what Strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of Mind that accomplish a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Dancing once a Year,[2] for the Honour of their Respective Societies.

Another numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-House more than *Westminster-Hall,* and are seen in all publick Assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those Silent and Busie Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater Numbers that palliate their want of

[1] At this time, and until the establishment of New Style, from 1752, the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, while legally in Scotland, and by common usage throughout the whole kingdom, the customary year began on the 1st of January. The *Spectator* dated its years, according to custom, from the 1st of January; and so wrote its first date March 1, 1711. But we have seen letters in it dated in a way often adopted to avoid confusion (1710-11) which gave both the legal and the customary reckoning. March 24 being the last day of the legal year 1710, in the following papers, until December 31, the year is 1711 both by law and custom. Then again until March 24, while usage will be recognizing a new year, 1712, it will be still for England (but not for Scotland) 1711 to the lawyers. The reform initiated by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, and not accepted for England and Ireland until 1751, had been adopted by Scotland from the 1st of January, 1600.

[1] [that]

[2] In Dugdale's 'Origines Juridiciales' we read how in the Middle Temple, on All Saints' Day, when the judges and serjeants who had belonged to the Inn were feasted, 'the music being begun, 'the Master of the Revels was twice called. 'At the second call, the Reader with the white 'staff advanced, and began to lead the measures, 'followed by the barristers and students in order; 'and when one measure was ended, the Reader 'at the cupboard called for another.'

Business with a Pretence to such Chamber-Practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the Profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable Body of Men: The Sight of them is enough to make a Man serious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find a Reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly;[1] but had that Excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physick among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty, than any of those he has made use of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be described like the *British* Army in *Cæsar's* time: Some of them slay in Chariots, and some on Foot. If the Infantry do less Execution than the Charioteers, it is, because they cannot be carried so soon into all Quarters of the Town, and dispatch so much Business in so short a Time. Besides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite Mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these Professions are crouded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and Good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London* by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Mony than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education? A sober, frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, tho' he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

It is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick or Divinity, to be overstocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchantmen are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks. C.

[1] See Sir W. Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue, Section 4. 'This part of Scythia, in its 'whole Northern extent, I take to have been the 'vast Hive out of which issued so many mighty 'swarms of barbarous nations,' &c. And again, 'Each of these countries was like a mighty hive, 'which, by the vigour of propagation and health 'of climate, growing too full of people, threw out 'some new swarm at certain periods of time, that 'took wing and sought out some new abode, ex-'pelling or subduing the old inhabitants, and seat-'ing themselves in their rooms, if they liked the 'conditions of place and commodities of life they 'met with; if not, going on till they found some 'other more agreeable to their present humours 'and dispositions.' He attributes their successes and their rapid propagation to the greater vigour of life in the northern climates; and the only reason he gives for the absence of like effects during the continued presence of like causes is, that Christianity abated their enthusiasm and allayed 'the restless humour of perpetual wars 'and actions.'

No. 22.] *Monday, March* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.
Hor.

THE word *Spectator* being most usually understood as one of the Audience at Publick Representations in our Theatres, I seldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But, indeed, there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human Life, or is a Picture of Nature, that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Understanding is dismissed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudest Applause and Approbation. But the Letters of my Correspondents will represent this Affair in a more lively Manner than any Discourse of my own; I [shall therefore [1]] give them to my Reader

[1] [therefore shall]

with only this Preparation, that they all come from Players, (and that the business of Playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say) one or two of [them [1]] are rational, others sensitive and vegetative Actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audiences.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your having been so humble as to take No-'tice of the Epistles of other Animals, emboldens 'me, who am the wild Boar that was killed by 'Mrs. *Tofts*,[2] to represent to you, That I think 'I was hardly used in not having the Part of the 'Lion in *Hydaspes* given to me. It would have 'been but a natural Step for me to have personated 'that noble Creature, after having behaved my 'self to Satisfaction in the Part above-mention'd: 'But that of a Lion, is too great a Character for 'one that never trod the Stage before but upon 'two Legs. As for the little Resistance which I 'made, I hope it may be excused, when it is con-'sidered that the Dart was thrown at me by so 'fair an Hand. I must confess I had but just put 'on my Brutality; and *Camilla's* charms were 'such, that beholding her erect Mien, hearing her 'charming Voice, and astonished with her grace-'ful Motion, I could not keep up to my assumed 'Fierceness, but died like a Man.

I am,
Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
Thomas Prone.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'This is to let you understand, that the Play-'House is a Representation of the World in 'nothing so much as in this Particular, That no 'one rises in it according to his Merit. I have 'acted séveral Parts of Household-stuff with 'great Applause for many Years: I am one of 'the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperour of 'the Moon*;[1] I have twice performed the third 'Chair in an English Opera; and have rehearsed 'the Pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*.[2] I am *now* 'grown old, and hope you will recommend me so 'effectually, as that I may say something before

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[1] [whom]

[2] In the opera of Camilla:—

Camilla. 'That *Dorinda's* my Name.
Linco. 'Well, I know't, I'll take care.
Camilla. 'And my Life scarce of late—
Linco. 'You need not repeat.
Prenesto. 'Help me! oh help me! [*A wild Boar struck by* Prenesto.
Huntsman. 'Let's try to assist him.
Linco. 'Ye Gods, what Alarm!
Huntsman. 'Quick run to his aid.

'*Enter* Prenesto: *The Boar pursuing him.*

Prenesto. 'O Heav'ns! who defends me?
Camilla. 'My Arm. [*She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.*
Linco. '*Dorinda* of nothing afraid,
'She's sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid,
'And as bright as the Day.
Camilla. 'Take Courage, Hunter, the Savage is dead.'

Katherine Tofts, the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, had great natural charms of voice, person, and manner. Playing with Nicolini, singing English to his Italian, she was the first of our *prime donne* in Italian Opera. Mrs. Tofts had made much money when in 1709 she quitted the stage with disordered intellect; her voice being then unbroken, and her beauty in the height of its bloom. Having recovered health, she married Mr. Joseph Smith, a rich patron of arts and collector of books and engravings, with whom she went to Venice, when he was sent thither as English Consul. Her madness afterwards returned, she lived, therefore, says Sir J. Hawkins, 'sequestered from the world in a re-'mote part of the house, and had a large garden to 'range in, in which she would frequently walk, 'singing and giving way to that innocent frenzy 'which had seized her in the earlier part of her 'life.' She identified herself with the great princesses whose loves and sorrows she had represented in her youth, and died about the year 1760.

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[1] The *Emperor of the Moon* is a farce, from the French, by Mrs. Aphra Behn, first acted in London in 1687. It was originally Italian, and had run 80 nights in Paris as *Harlequin l'Empereur dans le Monde de la Lune*. In Act II. sc. 3, 'The 'Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings 'to be drawn up at Pleasure.' Various gay masqueraders, interrupted by return of the Doctor, are carried by Scaramouch behind the curtain. The Doctor enters in wrath, vowing he has heard fiddles. Presently the curtain is drawn up and discovers where Scaramouch has 'plac'd them all 'in the Hanging, in which they make the Figures, 'where they stand without Motion in Postures.' Scaramouch professes that the noise was made by putting up this piece of Tapestry, 'the best in 'Italy for the Rareness of the Figures, sir.' While the Doctor is admiring the new tapestry, said to have been sent him as a gift, Harlequin, who is 'placed on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on 'the Head with his Trunchion.' The place of a particular figure in the picture, with a hand on a tree, is that supposed to be aspired to by the *Spectator's* next correspondent.

[2] 'The *Fortune Hunters, or Two Fools Well 'Met*,' a Comedy first produced in 1685, was the only work of James Carlile, a player who quitted the stage to serve King William III. in the Irish Wars, and was killed at the battle of Aghrim. The crowning joke of the second Act of *the Fortune Hunters* is the return at night of Mr. Spruce, an Exchange man, drunk and musical, to the garden-door of his house, when Mrs. Spruce is just taking leave of young Wealthy. Wealthy hides behind the pump. The drunken husband, who has been in a gutter, goes to the pump to clean himself, and seizes a man's arm instead of a pump-handle. He works it as a pump-handle, and complains that 'the pump's dry;' upon which Young Wealthy empties a bottle of orange-flower water into his face.

'I go off the Stage: In which you will do a great 'Act of Charity to

Your most humble servant,
William Screne.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Understanding that Mr. *Screne* has writ to 'you, and desired to be raised from dumb and 'still Parts; I desire, if you give him Motion or 'Speech, that you would advance me in my Way, 'and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I 'am a Master, to wit, in representing human and 'still Life together. I have several times acted 'one of the finest Flower-pots in the same Opera 'wherein Mr. *Screne* is a Chair; therefore, upon 'his promotion, request that I may succeed him 'in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-'Trees.

Your humble servant,
Ralph Simple.

Drury Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

SIR,

'I saw your Friend the Templar this Evening 'in the Pit, and thought he looked very little 'pleased with the Representation of the mad 'Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would 'do us the Favour to animadvert frequently upon 'the false Taste the Town is in, with Relation to 'Plays as well as Operas. It certainly requires a 'Degree of Understanding to play justly; but 'such is our Condition, that we are to suspend 'our Reason to perform our Parts. As to Scenes 'of Madness, you know, Sir, there are noble In-'stances of this Kind in *Shakespear;* but then it 'is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from gener-'ous and humane Resentments: It is like that 'Grief which we have for the decease of our 'Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recom-'mendation of humane Nature, that in such In-'cidents Passion gets the better of Reason; and 'all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent 'against half what we feel. I will not mention 'that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the 'Sense it is represented to have, is that of Lust. 'As for my self, who have long taken Pains in 'personating the Passions, I have to Night acted 'only an Appetite: The part I play'd is Thirst, 'but it is represented as written rather by a Dray-'man than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about 'me, that Tub hung with Quart-pots; with a full 'Gallon at my Mouth.[1] I am ashamed to tell 'you that I pleased very much, and this was 'introduced as a Madness; but sure it was not 'humane Madness, for a Mule or an [ass[1]] may 'have been as dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient
And humble servant.

From the Savoy *in the* Strand.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'If you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you 'this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the un-'fortunate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the 'first Prince that dated from this Palace since 'John of *Gaunt*. Such is the Uncertainty of all 'human Greatness, that I who lately never moved 'without a Guard, am now pressed as a common 'Soldier, and am to sail with the first fair Wind 'against my Brother *Lewis* of *France*. It is a 'very hard thing to put off a Character which one 'has appeared in with Applause: This I experi-'enced since the Loss of my Diadem; for, upon 'quarrelling with another Recruit, I spoke my 'Indignation out of my Part in *recitativo*:

——*Most audacious Slave,*
Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?[2]

'The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, 'when a Serjeant knock'd me down, and ask'd me 'if I had a Mind to Mutiny, in talking things no 'Body understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy 'Circumstances; and if by your Mediation you can 'procure a Subsidy for a Prince (who never failed 'to make all that beheld him merry at his Appear-'ance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,
The King of *Latium.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Publick.

Within two Doors of the Masquerade lives an eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arriv'd from the Carnaval at Venice, *of great Experience in private Cures. Accommodations are provided, and Persons admitted in their masquing Habits. He has cur'd since his coming thither, in less*

Those English are so malt-mad, there's no med-dling with 'em.
When they've a fruitful year of barley there,
All the whole Island's thus.

We read in the text how they had produced on the stage of Drury Lane that madman on the previous Saturday night; this Essay appearing on the breakfast tables upon Monday morning.

[1] [horse]

[2] King Latinus to Turnus in Act II., sc. 10, of the opera of *Camilla*. Posterity will never know in whose person 'Latinus, king of Latium and of 'the Volscians,' abdicated his crown at the opera to take the Queen of England's shilling. It is the only character to which, in the opera book, no name of a performer is attached. It is a part of sixty or seventy lines in tyrant's vein; but all recitative. The King of Latium was not once called upon for a song.

[1] In the third act of Fletcher's comedy of *the Pilgrim*, Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble gentleman, has shown to him the interior of a Spanish mad-house, and discovers in it his mistress Alinda, who, disguised in a boy's dress, was found in the town the night before a little crazed, distracted, and so sent thither. The scene here shows various shapes of madness,

Some of pity
That it would make ye melt to see their passions,
And some as light again.

One is an English madman who cries, 'Give me some drink,'

Fill me a thousand pots and froth 'em, froth 'em!

Upon which a keeper says:

than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish Bassas, Three Nuns, and a Morris Dancer.

Venienti occurrite morbo.

N. B. *Any Person may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.* R.

No. 23.] *Tuesday, March* 27, 1711.[1] [*Addison.*

Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
Vir.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base, ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poison'd Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being Witty and Ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praise-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other Excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only Imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the suffering Person. It must indeed be confess'd, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable Sum of Mony, or even Life it self, than be set up as a Mark of Infamy and Derision? And in this Case a Man should consider, that an Injury is not to be measured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best Countenance upon the Outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret Anguish. I have often observed a Passage in *Socrates's* Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have considered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends a little before he drank the Bowl of Poison with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most Comick Genius can censure him for talking upon such a Subject at such a Time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the Discourses of that Divine Philosopher:[1] It has been observed by many Writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least Resentment of it. But, with Submission, I think the Remark I have here made shows us, that *this* unworthy Treatment made an impression upon his Mind, though he had been *too* wise to discover it.

When *Julius Cæsar* was Lampoon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with such a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after.[2] Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of Treatment to the learned

[1] At the top of this paper in a 12mo copy of the *Spectator*, published in 1712, and annotated by a contemporary Spanish merchant, is written, 'The character of Dr Swift.' This proves that the writer of the note had an *ill* opinion of Dr Swift and a weak sense of the purport of what he read. Swift, of course, understood what he read. At this time he was fretting under the sense of a chill in friendship between himself and Addison, but was enjoying his *Spectators*. A week before this date, on the 16th of March, he wrote, 'Have 'you seen the *Spectators* yet, a paper that comes 'out every day? It is written by Mr Steele, who 'seems to have gathered new life and have a new 'fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tat-'lers*, and they have all of them had something 'pretty. I believe Addison and he club.' Then he adds a complaint of the chill in their friendship. A month after the date of this paper Swift wrote in his journal, 'The *Spectator* is 'written by Steele with Addison's help; 'tis often 'very pretty.' Later in the year, in June and September, he records dinner and supper with his friends of old time, and says of Addison, 'I yet 'know no man half so agreeable to me as he is.'

[1] *Plato's Phædon*, § 40. The ridicule of Socrates in *The Clouds* of Aristophanes includes the accusation that he displaced Zeus and put in his place Dinos,—Rotation. When Socrates, at the point of death, assents to the request that he should show grounds for his faith 'that when the 'man is dead, the soul exists and retains thought 'and power,' Plato represents him as suggesting: Not the sharpest censor 'could say that in now 'discussing such matters, I am dealing with what 'does not concern me.'

[2] The bitter attack upon Cæsar and his parasite Mamurra was not withdrawn, but remains to us as No. 29 of the Poems of Catullus. The doubtful authority for Cæsar's answer to it is the statement in the Life of Julius Cæsar by Suetonius that, on the day of its appearance, Catullus apologized and was invited to supper; Cæsar abiding also by his old familiar friendship with the poet's father. This is the attack said to be referred to in one of Cicero's letters to Atticus (the last of Bk. XIII.), in which he tells how Cæsar was 'after the eighth 'hour in the bath; then he heard *De Mamurrâ*; 'did not change countenance; was anointed; lay 'down; took an emetic.'

Quillet, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind Expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his Esteem, and dismissed him with a Promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferr'd upon him in a few Months after. This had so good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Passages which had given him Offence.[1]

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linnen, because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in those mean Circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a Considerable Sum of Mony to any Person that should discover the Author of it. The Author, relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Satyrist for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off.[2] *Aretine*[3] is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boasts that he had laid the Sophi of *Persia* under Contribution.

Though in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their Reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a Man that I thought was capable of giving these secret Wounds, and cannot but think that he would hurt the Person, whose Reputation he thus assaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the same Security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An Innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turn'd to Ridicule, for some domestick Calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her Life, for a misinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just Man, shall be put out of Countenance, by the Representation of those Qualities that should do him Honour. So pernicious a *thing* is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless, inconsiderate Writers, that without any Malice have sacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance to a certain Levity of Temper, and a silly Ambition of distinguishing themselves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good-natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which Reason I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiscreet

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[1] Claude Quillet published a Latin poem in four books, entitled '*Callipædia*, seu de pulchræ prolis habendâ ratione,' at Leyden, under the name of Calvidius Lætus, in 1655. In discussing unions harmonious and inharmonious he digressed into an invective against marriages of Powers, when not in accordance with certain conditions; and complained that France entered into such unions prolific only of ill, witness her gift of sovereign power to a Sicilian stranger.

'Trinacriis devectus ab oris advena.'

Mazarin, though born at Rome, was of Sicilian family. In the second edition, published at Paris in 1656, dedicated to the cardinal Mazarin, the passages complained of were omitted for the reason and with the result told in the text; the poet getting 'une jolie Abbaye de 400 pistoles,' which he enjoyed until his death (aged 59) in 1661.

[2] Pasquino is the name of a torso, perhaps of Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus, in the Piazza di Pasquino in Rome, at the corner of the Braschi Palace. To this modern Romans affixed their scoffs at persons or laws open to ridicule or censure. The name of the statue is accounted for by the tradition that there was in Rome, at the beginning of the 16th century, a cobbler or tailor named Pasquino, whose humour for sharp satire made his stall a place of common resort for the idle, who would jest together at the passers-by. After Pasquino's death his stall was removed, and in digging up its floor there was found the broken statue of a gladiator. In this, when it was set up, the gossips who still gathered there to exercise their wit, declared that Pasquino lived again. There was a statue opposite to it called Marforio — perhaps because it had been brought from the Forum of Mars—with which the statue of Pasquin used to hold witty conversation; questions affixed to one receiving soon afterwards salted answers on the other. It was in answer to Marforio's question, Why he wore a dirty shirt? that Pasquin's statue gave the answer cited in the text, when, in 1585, Pope Sixtus V. had brought to Rome, and lodged there in great state, his sister Camilla, who had been a laundress and was married to a carpenter. The Pope's bait for catching the offender was promise of life and a thousand doubloons if he declared himself, death on the gallows if his name were disclosed by another.

[3] The satirist Pietro d'Arezzo (Aretino), the most famous among twenty of the name, was in his youth banished from Arezzo for satire of the Indulgence trade of Leo XI. But he throve instead of suffering by his audacity of bitterness, and rose to honour as the Scourge of Princes, *il Flagello de' Principi*. Under Clement VII. he was at Rome in the Pope's service. Francis I. of France gave him a gold chain. Emperor Charles V. gave him a pension of 200 scudi. He died in 1557, aged 66, called by himself and his compatriots, though his wit often was beastly, Aretino 'the divine.'

Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the former will only attack his Enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Estrange*,[1] which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of Waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as 'any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. *Children* '(says one of the Frogs), *you never consider that 'though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death 'to us.*'

As this Week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to Serious Thoughts,[2] I shall indulge my self in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the Season; and in the mean time, as the settling in our selves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it. C.

No. 24.] *Wednesday, March* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?
Hor.

THERE are in this Town a great Number of insignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better sort of Conversation, and yet have an impertinent Ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly joyn with you, though you are in Company with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes [such Fellows[3]] the more burdensome is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken Notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this Reason that my Correspondents are willing by my Means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by Persons who suffer by such Impertinence. A worthy old Batchelour, who sets in for his Dose of Claret every Night at such an Hour, is teized by a Swarm of them; who because they are sure of Room and good Fire, have taken it in their Heads to keep a sort of Club in his Company; tho' the sober Gentleman himself is an utter Enemy to such Meetings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Aversion I for some Years have had to 'Clubs in general, gave me a perfect Relish for 'your Speculation on that Subject; but I have 'since been extremely mortified, by the malicious 'World's ranking me amongst the Supporters of 'such impertinent Assemblies. I beg Leave to 'state my Case fairly; and that done, I shall ex'pect Redress from your judicious Pen.

'I am, Sir, a Batchelour of some standing, and a 'Traveller; my Business, to consult my own Humour, which I gratify without controuling other 'People's; I have a Room and a whole Bed to 'myself; and I have a Dog, a Fiddle, and a Gun; 'they please me, and injure no Creature alive. 'My chief Meal is a Supper, which I always make 'at a Tavern. I am constant to an Hour, and 'not ill-humour'd; for which Reasons, tho' I in'vite no Body, I have no sooner supp'd, than I 'have a Crowd about me of that sort of good 'Company that know not whither else to go. It 'is true every Man pays his Share, yet as they are 'Intruders, I have an undoubted Right to be the 'only Speaker, or at least the loudest; which I 'maintain, and that to the great Emolument of 'my Audience. I sometimes tell them their own 'in pretty free Language; and sometimes divert 'them with merry Tales, according as I am in 'Humour. I am one of those who live in Taverns 'to a great Age, by a sort of regular Intemper'ance; I never go to Bed drunk, but always 'flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to 'be peevish, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, 'if you have kept various Company, you know 'there is in every Tavern in Town some old Humourist or other, who is Master of the House as 'much as he that keeps it. The Drawers are all 'in Awe of him; and all the Customers who fre'quent his Company, yield him a sort of comical 'Obedience. I do not know but I may be such a 'Fellow as this my self. But I appeal to you, 'whether this is to be called a Club, because so 'many Impertinents will break in upon me, and 'come without Appointment? *Clinch of Barnet*[1] 'has a nightly Meeting, and shows to every one 'that will come in and pay; but then he is the 'only Actor. Why should People miscall things? 'If his is allowed to be a Consort, why may n't 'mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I submit it 'to you, and am,

Sir,
Your most obedient, &c.
Tho. Kimbow.'

Good Sir,

'You and I were press'd against each other last 'Winter in a Crowd, in which uneasy Posture we 'suffer'd together for almost Half an Hour. I 'thank you for all your Civilities ever since, in

[1] From the 'Fables of Æsop and other eminent 'Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections. By 'Sir Roger l'Estrange.' The vol. contains Fables of Æsop, Barlandus, Anianus, Abstemius, Poggio the Florentine, Miscellany from a Common School Book, and a Supplement of Fables out of several authors, in which last section is that of the Boys and Frogs, which Addison has copied out verbatim. Sir R. l'Estrange had died in 1704, aged 88.

[2] Easter Day in 1711 fell on the 1st of April.

[3] [these People]

[1] Clinch of Barnet, whose place of performance was at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, imitated, according to his own advertisement, 'the Horses, the Huntsmen 'and a Pack of Hounds, a Sham Doctor, an old 'Woman, the Bells, the Flute, the Double Curtell (or bassoon) and the Organ,—all with his 'own Natural Voice, to the greatest perfection.' The price of admission was a shilling.

'being of my Acquaintance wherever you meet 'me. But the other Day you pulled off your Hat 'to me in the *Park*, when I was walking with my 'Mistress; She did not like your Air, and said 'she wonder'd what strange Fellows I was ac- 'quainted with. Dear Sir, consider it is as much as 'my Life is Worth, if she should think we were 'intimate; therefore I earnestly intreat you for 'the Future to take no Manner of Notice of,

Sir,
Your obliged humble Servant,
Will. Fashion.'

[A like[1]] Impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent Part of the fair Sex. It is, it seems, a great Inconvenience, that those of the meanest Capacities will pretend to make Visits, tho' indeed they are qualify'd rather to add to the Furniture of the House (by filling an empty Chair) than to the Conversation they come into when they visit. A Friend of mine hopes for Redress in this Case, by the Publication of her Letter in my Paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an Eye to one of those pert giddy unthinking Girls, who, upon the Recommendation only of an agreeable Person and a fashionable Air, take themselves to be upon a Level with Women of the greatest Merit.

Madam,

'I take this Way to acquaint you with what 'common Rules and Forms would never permit 'me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, 'tho' Equals in Quality and Fortune, are by no 'Means suitable Companions. You are, 'tis true, 'very pretty, can dance, and make a very good 'Figure in a publick Assembly; but alass, Ma- 'dam, you must go no further; Distance and 'Silence are your best Recommendations; there- 'fore let me beg of you never to make me any 'more Visits. You come in a literal Sense to see 'one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say 'this that I would by any Means lose your Ac- 'quaintance; but I would keep it up with the 'Strictest Forms of good Breeding. Let us pay 'Visits, but never see one another: If you will be 'so good as to deny your self always to me, I 'shall return the Obligation by giving the same 'Orders to my Servants. When Accident makes 'us meet at a third Place, we may mutually la- 'ment the Misfortune of never finding one another 'at home, go in the same Party to a Benefit-Play, 'and smile at each other and put down Glasses as 'we pass in our Coaches. Thus we may enjoy as 'much of each others Friendship as we are capa- 'ble: For there are some People who are to be 'known only by Sight, with which sort of Friend- 'ship I hope you will always honour,

Madam,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
Mary Tuesday.

P.S. I subscribe my self by the Name of the Day I keep, that my supernumerary Friends may know who I am.

[1] [This]

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all Mistakes that may happen among Gentlemen of the other End of the Town, who come but once a Week to St. James's *Coffee-house, either by miscalling the Servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective Provinces; this is to give Notice, that* Kidney, *Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outlying Customers, and Observer of those who go off without paying, having resign'd that Employment, is succeeded by* John Sowton; *to whose Place of Enterer of Messages and first Coffee-Grinder,* William Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Burdock *comes as Shooe-Cleaner in the Room of the said* Bird. R. *

No. 25.] *Thursday, March* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ægrescitque medendo.—Vir.

THE following Letter will explain it self, and needs no Apology.

SIR,

'I am one of that sickly Tribe who are com- 'monly known by the Name of *Valetudinarians*, 'and do confess to you, that I first contracted this 'ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the 'Study of Physick. I no sooner began to peruse 'Books of this Nature, but I found my Pulse was 'irregular, and scarce ever read the Account of 'any Disease that I did not fancy my self afflicted 'with. Dr. *Sydenham's* learned Treatise of 'Fevers[1] threw me into a lingring Hectick, which 'hung upon me all the while I was reading that 'excellent Piece. I then applied my self to the 'Study of several Authors, who have written upon 'Phthisical Distempers, and by that means fell 'into a Consumption, 'till at length, growing 'very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that 'Imagination. Not long after this I found in 'my self all the Symptoms of the Gout, except 'Pain, but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the 'Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, 'who (as it is usual for Physicians to convert one 'Distemper into another) eased me of the Gout 'by giving me the Stone. I at length studied my 'self into a Complication of Distempers; but ac- 'cidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious 'Discourse written by *Sanctorius*,[2] I was re-

[1] Dr. Thomas Sydenham died in 1689, aged 65. He was the friend of Boyle and Locke, and has sometimes been called the English Hippocrates; though brethren of an older school endeavoured, but in vain, to banish him as a heretic out of the College of Physicians. His Methodus Curandi Febres was first published in 1666.

[2] Sanctorius, a Professor of Medicine at Padua, who died in 1636, aged 75, was the first to discover the insensible perspiration, and he discriminated the amount of loss by it in experiments upon himself by means of his Statical Chair. His observations were published at Venice in 1614, in

'solved to direct my self by a Scheme of Rules, 'which I had collected from his Observations. 'The Learned World are very well acquainted 'with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the 'better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived 'a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so 'Artifically hung upon Springs, that it would 'weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. 'By this means he discovered how many Ounces 'of his Food pass'd by Perspiration, what quantity 'of it was turned into Nourishment, and how 'much went away by the other Channels and 'Distributions of Nature.

'Having provided myself with this Chair, I 'used to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; in-'somuch that I may be said, for these three last 'Years, to have lived in a Pair of Scales. I com-'pute my self, when I am in full Health, to be 'precisely Two Hundred Weight, falling short of 'it about a Pound after a Day's Fast, and exceed-'ing it as much after a very full Meal; so that it is 'my continual Employment, to trim the Ballance 'between these two Volatile Pounds in my Con-'stitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch my 'self up to two Hundred Weight and [a half 'pound[1]]; and if after having dined I find my self 'fall short of it, I drink just so much Small Beer, 'or eat such a quantity of Bread, as is sufficient 'to make me weight. In my greatest Excesses I 'do not transgress more than the other half 'Pound; which, for my Healths sake, I do the 'first *Monday* in every Month. As soon as I find 'my self duly poised after Dinner, I walk till I 'have perspired five Ounces and four Scruples; 'and when I discover, by my Chair, that I am so 'far reduced, I fall to my Books, and Study away 'three Ounces more. As for the remaining Parts 'of the Pound, I keep no account of them. I do 'not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my Chair, 'for when that informs me my Pound of Food is 'exhausted I conclude my self *to* be hungry, and 'lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days 'of Abstinence I lose a Pound and an half, and 'on solemn Fasts am two Pound lighter than on 'other Days in the Year.

'I allow my self, one Night with another, a 'Quarter of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains 'more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I 'have not consumed my whole quantity, I take 'out the rest in my Chair. Upon an exact Cal-'culation of what I expended and received the 'last Year, which I always register in a Book, I 'find the Medium to be two hundred weight, so 'that I cannot discover that I am impaired one 'Ounce in my Health during a whole Twelve-'month. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my 'great care to ballast my self equally every Day, 'and to keep my Body in its proper Poise, so it is 'that I find my self in a sick and languishing 'Condition. My Complexion is grown very sal-'low, my Pulse low, and my Body Hydropical. 'Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as 'your Patient, and to give me more certain Rules 'to walk by than those I have already observed, 'and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant.'

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the Monument of a Valetudinarian; *Stavo ben, ma per star Meglio, sto qui:* Which it is impossible to translate.[1] The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets People on Methods to save their Lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a Reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a Flight than in a Battel, and may be applied to those Multitudes of Imaginary Sick Persons that break their Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to escape it. This Method is not only dangerous, but below the Practice of a Reasonable Creature. To consult the Preservation of Life, as the only End of it, To make our Health our Business, To engage in no Action that is not part of a Regimen, or course of Physick, are Purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Relishes of it, and casts a Gloom over the whole Face of Nature; as it is impossible we should take Delight in any *thing* that we are every Moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulness of Mind, and Capacity for Business, are in a great measure the Effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a Man cannot be at too much Pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Sense, but by Duty and Instinct, should never engage us in groundless Fears, melancholly Apprehensions and imaginary Distempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the Preservation of Life should be only a secondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we shall take the best Means to preserve Life, without being over-sollicitous about the Event; and shall arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the Perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and instead of complying with those natural Sollicitations of Hunger and Thirst, Drowsiness or Love of Exercise, governs himself by the Prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short Fable. *Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the Piety of a certain Country-man, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The Country-man desired that he might have the Management of the

his *Ars de Staticâ Medicinâ*, and led to the increased use of Sudorifics. A translation of Sanctorius by Dr. John Quincy appeared in 1712, the year after the publication of this essay. The 'Art of Static Medicine' was also translated into French by M. Le Breton, in 1722. Dr. John Quincy became well known as the author of a Complete Dispensatory (1719, &c.).

[1] [an half]

[1] The old English reading is: 'I was well; I 'would be better; and here I am.'

Weather in his own Estate: He obtained his Request, and immediately distributed Rain, Snow, and Sunshine, among his several Fields, as he thought the Nature of the Soil required. At the end of the Year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary Crop, his Harvest fell infinitely short of that of his Neighbours: Upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself. C.

No. 26.] *Friday, March* 30, 1711. [*Addison.*

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia——.—Hor.

WHEN I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by my self in *Westminster* Abbey; where the Gloominess of the Place, and the Use to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I Yesterday pass'd a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tomb-stones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several Regions of the Dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried Person, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole History of his Life, being comprehended in those two Circumstances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of Existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Persons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several Persons mentioned in the Battles of Heroic Poems, who have sounding Names given them, for no other Reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

Γλαῦκον τε, Μεδόντα τε, Θερσιλοχόν τε. Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque. Virg.

The Life of these Men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow* which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertain'd my self with the digging of a Grave; and saw in every Shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering Earth that some time or other had a Place in the Composition of an humane Body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self, what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confus'd together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common Mass; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakness, and Deformity, lay undistinguish'd in the same promiscuous Heap of Matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump, I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on several of the Monuments [which [1]] are raised in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead Person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the Praises which his Friends [have [2]] bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the Character of the Person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that Means are not understood once in a Twelve-month. In the poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets [who [3]] had no Monuments, and Monuments [which [4]] had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War [5] had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Persons whose Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expression and Justness of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeness of a Nation from the Turn of their publick Monuments and Inscriptions, they should be submitted to the Perusal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudesly Shovel's* Monument has very often given me great Offence: Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing Character of that plain gallant Man, [6] he

[1] [that] [2] [had] [3] [that] [4] [that]

[5] At the close of the reign of William III. the exiled James II. died, and France proclaimed his son as King of England. William III. thus was enabled to take England with him into the European War of the Spanish Succession. The accession of Queen Anne did *not* check the movement, and, on the 4th of May, 1702, war was declared against France and Spain by England, the Empire, and Holland. The war then begun had lasted throughout the Queen's reign, and continued, after the writing of the *Spectator* Essays, until the signing of the Peace of Utrecht on the 11th of April, 1713, which was not a year and a half before the Queen's death, on the 1st of August, 1714. In this war Marlborough had among his victories, Blenheim, 1704, Ramilies, 1706, Oudenarde, 1708, Malplaquet, 1709. At sea Sir George Rooke had defeated the French fleet off Vigo, in October, 1702, and in a bloody battle off Malaga, in August, 1704, after his capture of Gibraltar.

[6] Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a brave man of humble birth, who, from a cabin boy, became, through merit, an admiral, died by the wreck of his fleet

is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dress'd in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater Taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Festoons of [Seaweed], Shells, and Coral.

But to return to our Subject. I have left the Repository of our English Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I shall find my Mind disposed for so serious an Amusement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature, are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own Part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a View of Nature in her deep and solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means I can improve my self with those Objects, which others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that dy'd Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together. C.

on the Scilly Islands as he was returning from an unsuccessful attack on Toulon. His body was cast on the shore, robbed of a ring by some fishermen, and buried in the sand. The ring discovering his quality, he was disinterred, and brought home for burial in Westminster Abbey.

No. 27.] *Saturday, March* 31, 1711. [*Steele.*

Ut nox longa, quibus Mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit Custodia matrum,
Sic mihi Tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi Gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, Locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.—Hor.

THERE is scarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the Business of it, but lives under a secret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he suffers, and has formed a Resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a State as is suitable to the End of his Being. You hear Men every Day in Conversation profess, that all the Honour, Power, and Riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give Satisfaction enough to reward them for half the Anxiety they undergo in the Pursuit, or Possession of them. While Men are in this Temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in their Hearts to relinquish it; Retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it: While they pant after Shade and Covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering Scenes of Life: But sure this is but just as reasonable as if a Man should call for more Lights, when he has a mind to go to Sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command our selves enough to resign it, tho' we every Day wish our selves disengaged from its Allurements; let us not stand upon a Formal taking of Leave, but wean our selves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part of Mankind to accomplish this Work, and live according to their own Approbation, as soon as they possibly can: But since the Duration of Life is so incertain, and that has been a common Topick of Discourse ever since there was such a thing as Life it self, how is it possible that we should defer a Moment the beginning to Live according to the Rules of Reason?

The Man of Business has ever some one Point to carry, and then he tells himself he'll bid adieu to all the Vanity of Ambition: The Man of Pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his Mistress: But the Ambitious Man is entangled every Moment in a fresh Pursuit, and the Lover sees new Charms in the Object he fancy'd he could abandon. It is, therefore, a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise our selves an Alteration in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference of Circumstances; the same Passions will attend us where-ever we are, till they are Conquered, and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepest Retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the Noise and Business of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known,

by what could be observed of them from a Perusal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend, the Clergyman,[1] the other Day, upon serious Discourse with him concerning the Danger of Procrastination, gave me the following Letters from Persons with whom he lives in great Friendship and Intimacy, according to the good Breeding and good Sense of his Character. The first is from a Man of Business, who is his Convert; The second from one of whom he conceives good Hopes; The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

SIR,

'I know not with what Words to express to you 'the Sense I have of the high Obligation you have 'laid upon me, in the Penance you enjoined me of 'doing some Good or other, to a Person of Worth, 'every Day I live. The Station I am in furnishes 'me with daily Opportunities of this kind: and 'the Noble Principle with which you have in-'spired me, of Benevolence to all I have to deal 'with, quickens my Application in every thing I 'undertake. When I relieve Merit from Dis-'countenance, when I assist a Friendless Person, 'when I produce conceal'd Worth, I am displeas'd 'with my self, for having design'd to leave the 'World in order to be Virtuous. I am sorry you 'decline the Occasions which the Condition I am 'in might afford me of enlarging your Fortunes; 'but know I contribute more to your Satisfaction, 'when I acknowledge I am the better Man, from 'the Influence and Authority you have over,

SIR,
Your most Oblig'd and
Most Humble Servant,
R. O.'

SIR,

'I am intirely convinced of the Truth of what 'you were pleas'd to say to me, when I was last 'with you alone. You told me then of the silly 'way I was in; but you told me so, as I saw you 'loved me, otherwise I could not obey your Com-'mands in letting you know my Thoughts so sin-'cerely as I do at present. I know *the Creature* '*for whom I resign so much of my Character* is 'all that you said of her; but then the Trifler has 'something in her so undesigning and harmless, 'that her Guilt in one kind disappears by the 'Comparison of her Innocence in another. Will 'you, Virtuous Men, allow no alteration of Of-'fences? Must Dear [Chloe[2]] be called by the 'hard Name you pious People give to common 'Women? I keep the solemn Promise I made 'you, in writing to you the State of my Mind, 'after your kind Admonition; and will endeavour 'to get the better of this Fondness, which makes 'me so much her humble Servant, that I am 'almost asham'd to Subscribe my self Yours,

'*T. D.*'

SIR,

'There is no State of Life so Anxious as that 'of a Man who does not live according to the Dic-'tates of his own Reason. It will seem odd to you, 'when I assure you that my Love of Retirement 'first of all brought me to Court; but this will be 'no Riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed 'my self here with a Design of getting so much 'Mony as might enable me to Purchase a hand-'some Retreat in the Country. At present my 'Circumstances enable me, and my Duty prompts 'me, to pass away the remaining Part of my Life 'in such a Retirement as I at first proposed to 'my self; but to my great Misfortune I have in-'tirely lost the Relish of it, and shou'd now re-'turn to the Country with greater Reluctance than 'I at first came to Court. I am so unhappy, as 'to know that what I am fond of are Trifles, and 'that what I neglect is of the greatest Importance: 'In short, I find a Contest in my own Mind be-'tween Reason and Fashion. I remember you 'once told me, that I might live in the World, and 'out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you 'to explain this Paradox more at large to me, that 'I may conform my Life, if possible, both to my 'Duty and my Inclination. *I am,*

Your most humble Servant,
R. B.'
R.

[1] See the close of No. 2. [2] [blank left]

No 28.] *Monday, April* 2, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Neque semper arcum*
Tendit Apollo.—Hor.

I SHALL here present my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embellishment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. [I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticism.[1]]

SIR,

'Observing that you have Thoughts of creating 'certain Officers under you for the Inspection of 'several petty Enormities which you your self 'cannot attend to; and finding daily Absurdities 'hung out upon the Sign-Posts of this City,[2] to 'the great Scandal of Foreigners, as well as those 'of our own Country, who are curious Spectators 'of the same: I do humbly propose, that you 'would be pleased to make me your Superin-'tendant of all such Figures and Devices, as are 'or shall be made use of on this Occasion; with 'full Powers to rectify or expunge whatever I 'shall find irregular or defective. For want of 'such an Officer, there is nothing like sound 'Literature and good Sense to be met with in 'those Objects, that are everywhere thrusting 'themselves out to the Eye, and endeavouring to 'become visible. Our streets are filled with blue 'Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to men-

[1] [It is as follows.]

[2] In the *Spectator's* time numbering of houses was so rare that in Hatton's *New View of London*, published in 1708, special mention is made of the fact that 'in Prescott Street, Goodman's 'Fields, instead of signs the houses are dis-'tinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the 'Inns of Court and Chancery.'

'tion flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many 'other Creatures more extraordinary than any in 'the desarts of *Africk*. Strange! that one who 'has all the Birds and Beasts in Nature to chuse 'out of, should live at the Sign of an *Ens 'Rationis!*

'My first Task, therefore, should be, like that 'of *Hercules*, to clear the City from Monsters. 'In the second Place, I would forbid, that Crea-'tures of jarring and incongruous Natures should 'be joined together in the same Sign; such as the 'Bell and the Neats-tongue, the Dog and Grid-'iron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to 'have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven 'Stars to do together? and when did the [Lamb[1]] 'and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Post? 'As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in 'it, and therefore, I do not intend that anything 'I have here said should affect it. I must how-'ever observe to you upon this Subject, that it is 'usual for a young Tradesman, at his first setting 'up, to add to his own Sign that of the Master 'whom he serv'd; as the Husband, after Mar-'riage, gives a Place to his Mistress's Arms in his 'own Coat. This I take to have given Rise to 'many of those Absurdities which are committed 'over our Heads, and, as I am inform'd, first 'occasioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which 'we see so frequently joined together. I would, 'therefore, establish certain Rules, for the de-'termining how far one Tradesman may *give* the 'Sign of another, and in what Cases he may be 'allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop 'to make use of a Sign which bears some Affinity 'to the Wares in which it deals. What can be 'more inconsistent, than to see a Bawd at the Sign 'of the Angel, or a Taylor at the Lion? A Cook 'should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoemaker at 'the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this Regu-'lation, I have seen a Goat set up before the Door 'of a Perfumer, and the French King's Head at a 'Sword-Cutler's.

'An ingenious Foreigner observes, that several 'of those Gentlemen who value themselves upon 'their Families, and overlook such as are bred to 'Trade, bear the Tools of their Fore-fathers in 'their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how 'true this is in Fact: But though it may not be 'necessary for Posterity thus to set up the Sign 'of their Fore-fathers; I think it highly proper for 'those who actually profess the Trade, to shew 'some such Marks of it before their Doors.

'When the Name gives an Occasion for an in-'genious Sign-post, I would likewise advise the 'Owner to take that Opportunity of letting the 'World know who he is. It would have been 'ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs *Salmon*[2] to 'have lived at the Sign of the Trout; for which 'Reason she has erected before her House the 'Figure of the Fish that is her Name-sake. Mr. *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a 'Device of the same Nature: And here, Sir, I 'must beg Leave to observe to you, that this par-'ticular Figure of a Bell has given Occasion to 'several Pieces of Wit in this Kind. A Man of 'your Reading must know, that *Abel Drugger* 'gained great Applause by it in the Time of *Ben 'Johnson*.[1] Our Apocryphal Heathen God[2] is 'also represented by this Figure; which, in con-'junction with the Dragon, make a very hand-'some picture in several of our Streets. As for 'the Bell-Savage, which is the Sign of a savage 'Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very 'much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I acci-'dentally fell into the reading of an old Romance 'translated out of the French; which gives an 'Account of a very beautiful Woman who was 'found in a Wilderness, and is called in the 'French *la belle Sauvage;* and is everywhere 'translated by our Countrymen the Bell-Savage. 'This Piece of Philology will, I hope, convince 'you that I have made Sign-posts my Study, and 'consequently qualified my self for the Employ-'ment which I sollicit at your Hands. But before 'I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to 'you another Remark, which I have made upon 'the Subject with which I am now entertaining 'you, namely, that I can give a shrewd Guess at 'the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that 'hangs before his Door. A surly cholerick Fellow 'generally makes Choice of a Bear; as Men of 'milder Dispositions, frequently live at the Lamb. 'Seeing a Punch-Bowl painted upon a Sign near '*Charing Cross*, and very curiously garnished, 'with a couple of Angels hovering over it and 'squeezing a Lemmon into it, I had the Curiosity 'to ask after the Master of the House, and 'found upon Inquiry, as I had guessed by 'the little *Agrémens* upon his Sign, that he was a 'Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for 'me to enlarge upon these Hints to a Gentleman 'of your great Abilities; so humbly recommend-'ing my self to your Favour and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the same Penny-Post.

From my own Apartment near Charing-Cross.

Honoured Sir,

'Having heard that this Nation is a great En-

[1] [sheep]

[2] The sign before her Waxwork Exhibition, in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, was 'the Golden 'Salmon.' She had very recently removed to this house from her old establishment in St. Martin's le Grand.

[1] Ben Jonson's Alchemist having taken gold from Abel Drugger, the Tobacco Man, for the device of a sign—'a good lucky one, a thriving 'sign'—will give him nothing so commonplace as a sign copied from the constellation he was born under, but says:

Subtle. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel;*
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*
In a *rug* grown, there's *D* and *rug*, that's *Drug:*
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*,
There's *Drugger*, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.

Face. Abel, thou art made.

Drugger. Sir, I do thank his worship.

[2] Bel, in the apocryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, called 'the History of the Destruction of 'Bel and the Dragon.'

'courager of Ingenuity, I have brought with me 'a Rope-dancer that was caught in one of the 'Woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is 'by Birth a Monkey; but swings upon a Rope, 'takes a pipe of Tobacco, and drinks a Glass of 'Ale, like any reasonable Creature. He gives 'great Satisfaction to the Quality; and if they 'will make a Subscription for him, I will send for 'a Brother of his out of *Holland*, that is a very 'good Tumbler, and also for another of the same 'Family, whom I design for my Merry-Andrew, 'as being an excellent mimick, and the greatest 'Drole in the Country where he now is. I hope 'to have this Entertainment in a Readiness for 'the next Winter; and doubt not but it will please 'more than the Opera or Puppet-Show. I will not 'say that a Monkey is a better Man than some 'of the Opera Heroes; but certainly he is a better 'Representative of a Man, than the most artificial 'Composition of Wood and Wire. If you will be 'pleased to give me a good Word in your paper, 'you shall be every Night a Spectator at my Show 'for nothing.

I am, &c.

C.

No. 29.] *Tuesday, April* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
Hor.

THERE is nothing that [has] more startled our *English* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its first Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals singing the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Messages in Musick. Our Country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superscription of a Letter set to a Tune. The Famous Blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers Solus*, was now no longer an Absurdity, when it was impossible for a Hero in a Desart, or a Princess in her Closet, to speak anything unaccompanied with Musical Instruments.

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our *English* Opera before this Innovation: The Transition from an Air to Recitative Musick being more natural than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *Purcell's* Operas.

The only Fault I find in our present Practice, is the making use of *Italian Recitativo* with *English* Words.

To go to the Bottom of this Matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People, as we may see even in the *Welsh* and *Scotch*, [who[1]] border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *English* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own Country-men, not considering that a Foreigner complains of the same Tone in an *English* Actor.

For this Reason, the Recitative Musick in every Language, should be as different as the Tone or Accent of each Language; for otherwise, what may properly express a Passion in one Language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote Affinity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Conversation, or to speak more properly, are only the Accents of their Language made more Musical and Tuneful.

Thus the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Musick (if one may so call them) which resemble their Accents in Discourse on such Occasions, are not unlike the ordinary Tones of an *English* Voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our Audiences extreamly mistaken as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to see the Hero knock down his Messenger, when he has been [asking[1]] him a Question, or fancying that he quarrels with his Friend, when he only bids him Good-morrow.

For this Reason the *Italian* Artists cannot agree with our *English* Musicians in admiring *Purcell's* Compositions,[2] and thinking his Tunes so wonderfully adapted to his Words, because both Nations do not always express the same Passions by the same Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *English* Composer should not follow the *Italian* Recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle Deviations from it, in Compliance with his own Native Language. He may Copy out of it all the lulling Softness and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakespear* calls them), but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an *English* Audience, and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in ordinary Conversation, have the same

[1] [that]

[1] [only asking]

[2] Henry Purcell died of consumption in 1695, aged 37. 'He was,' says Mr. Hullah, in his Lectures on the History of Modern Music, 'the 'first Englishman to demonstrate the possibility of 'a national opera. No Englishman of the last cen-'tury succeeded in following Purcell's lead into 'this domain of art; none, indeed, would seem to 'have understood in what his excellence consisted, 'or how his success was attained. His dramatic 'music exhibits the same qualities which had 'already made the success of Lulli. . . . For some 'years after Purcell's death his compositions, of 'whatever kind, were the chief, if not the only, 'music heard in England. His reign might have 'lasted longer, but for the advent of a musician 'who, though not perhaps more highly *gifted*, had 'enjoyed immeasurably greater opportunities of 'cultivating his gifts,' Handel, who had also the advantage of being born thirty years later.

Regard to the Accent of his own Language, as those Persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing Birds of our own Country learn to sweeten their Voices, and mellow the Harshness of their natural Notes, by practising under those that come from warmer Climates. In the same manner, I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the Infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the Subject Matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his Musick to the Genius of the People, and consider that the Delicacy of Hearing, and Taste of Harmony, has been formed upon those Sounds which every Country abounds with: In short, that Musick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Dissonance to another.

The same Observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of Musick may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully*[1] acted like a Man of Sense in this Particular. He found the *French* Musick extreamly defective, and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears [he[2]] had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Musick, and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Musick is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is [scarce[3]] a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a Preference. The Musick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of such a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Consort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to Sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a Celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the Musick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so Painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing-Masters. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Rushes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a Plume of Feathers; but with a Voice so full of Shakes and Quavers that I should have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Musick.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation was the Rape of *Proserpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himself in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offer'd, than that Musick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry, and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Sense and Taste of Mankind, and not from the Principles of those Arts themselves; or, in other Words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not design'd to please only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Passion is express'd in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of those Sounds be more or less pleasing.[1] C.

[1] John Baptist Lulli, a Florentine, died in 1687, aged 53. In his youth he was an under-scullion in the kitchen of Madame de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV. The discovery of his musical genius led to his becoming the King's Superintendent of Music, and one of the most influential composers that has ever lived. He composed the occasional music for Molière's comedies, besides about twenty lyric tragedies; which succeeded beyond all others in France, not only because of his dramatic genius, which enabled him to give to the persons of these operas a musical language fitted to their characters and expressive of the situations in which they were placed; but also, says Mr. Hullah, because 'Lulli being the first modern 'composer who caught the French ear, was the 'means, to a great extent, of forming the modern 'French taste.' His operas kept the stage for more than a century. [2] [that he] [3] [not]

No. 30.] *Wednesday, April* 4, 1711. [*Steele.*

Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore Jocisque
Nil est Jucundum; vivas in amore Jocisque.
Hor.

ONE common Calamity makes Men extremely affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Passion of Love is the most general Concern among Men; and I am glad to hear by my last Advices from *Oxford*, that there are a Set of Sighers in that University, who have erected themselves into a Society in honour of that tender Passion. These Gentlemen are of that Sort of Inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common Sense, but that they understand the Folly they are guilty of; and for that Reason separate themselves from all other Company, because they will enjoy the Pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any Introduction to his Discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his Chair, speaks in the Thread of his

[1] To this number of the *Spectator* was added in the original daily issue an announcement of six places at which were to be sold 'Compleat Setts of this Paper for the Month of March.'

own Thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging 'Glance, She Never look'd so well in her Life as 'this Evening,' or the like Reflection, without Regard to any other Members of the Society; for in this Assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Liberty of talking to himself. Instead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are the usual Helps to Discourse with other young Fellows, these have each some Piece of Ribbon, a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair Person remember'd by each respective Token. According to the Representation of the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear like so many Players rehearsing behind the Scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his Destiny in beseeching Terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb-Show, striving to express his Passion by his Gesture. It is very ordinary in the Assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a Discourse concerning his Passion in general, and describe the Temper of his Mind in such a Manner, as that the whole Company shall join in the Description, and feel the Force of it. In this Case, if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetick Terms, he is made President for that Night, out of respect to his superiour Passion.

We had some Years ago in this Town a Set of People who met and dressed like Lovers, and were distinguished by the Name of the *Fringe-Glove Club*; but they were Persons of such moderate Intellects even before they were impaired by their Passion, that their Irregularities could not furnish sufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new Impertinencies; by which Means that Institution dropp'd. These Fellows could express their Passion in nothing but their Dress; but the *Oxonians* are Fantastical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Understanding before they became such. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won to Day, by the same Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thousand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mention'd in the Society, under the colour of Laughing at the Passion and themselves: But at the same Time, tho' they are sensible of the Extravagancies of that unhappy Warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the Reading of the best and wisest Writings into Rhapsodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplish'd *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correspondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'Since I find you take Notice of Clubs, I beg 'Leave to give you an Account of one in *Oxford*, 'which you have no where mention'd, and perhaps 'never heard of. We distinguish our selves by 'the Title of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries 'of *Cupid*, and Admirers of the Fair Sex. The 'Reason that we are so little known in the World, 'is the Secrecy which we are obliged to live under 'in the University. Our Constitution runs counter 'to that of the Place wherein we live: For in 'Love there are no Doctors, and we all profess so 'high Passion, that we admit of no Graduates in 'it. Our Presidentship is bestow'd according to 'the Dignity of Passion; our Number is un-'limited; and our Statutes are like those of the 'Druids, recorded in our own Breasts only, and 'explained by the Majority of the Company. A 'Mistress, and a Poem in her Praise, will intro-'duce any Candidate: Without the latter no one 'can be admitted; for he that is not in love 'enough to rhime, is unqualified for our Society. 'To speak disrespectfully of any Woman, is Ex-'pulsion from our gentle Society. As we are at 'present all of us Gown-men, instead of duelling 'when we are Rivals, we drink together the 'Health of our Mistress. The Manner of doing 'this sometimes indeed creates Debates; on such 'Occasions we have Recourse to the Rules of 'Love among the Antients.

Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.

'This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her 'Name, occasioned the other Night a Dispute of 'some Warmth. A young Student, who is in 'Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth Dimple*, was so un-'reasonable as to begin her Health under the 'Name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the 'Club, that by common Consent we retrenched it 'to *Betty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, 'that does not sigh five times in a Quarter of an 'Hour; and look upon a Member as very absurd, 'that is so much himself as to make a direct 'Answer to a Question. In fine, the whole As-'sembly is made up of absent Men, that is, of 'such Persons as have lost their Locality, and 'whose Minds and Bodies never keep Company 'with one another. As I am an unfortunate 'Member of this distracted Society, you cannot 'expect a very regular Account of it; for which 'Reason, I hope you will pardon me that I so ab-'ruptly subscribe my self,

Sir,
Your most obedient,
humble Servant,
T. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six 'Votaries in this Club, is one of your Readers.'
R.

No. 31.] *Thursday, April* 5, 1711. [*Addison.*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui!——Vir.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-House not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my self for above half an Hour with overhearing the Discourse of one, who, by the Shabbiness of his Dress, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I discovered to be of that Species who are generally distinguished by the Title of *Projectors*. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by

his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Listners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He said, that he had observed the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkies are in one place; the Puppet-Show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great;* in which he had disposed of all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from several Performances which he had seen upon our Stage: In one of which there was a Rary-Show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many Curiosities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune; At the same time *Clench* of *Barnet* is represented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*,[1] where *Alexander* is to fall in Love with a Piece of Wax-Work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold, tho' they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a scene of *Hockley in the Hole*,[2] in which is to be represented all the Diversions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by Reason of the Lowness of the Roof. The several Woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkies dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleasantries of that ludicrous Species. At the same time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beasts, they may be either let loose among the Woods, or driven across the Stage by some of the Country People of *Asia*. In the last great Battel, *Pinkethman*[1] is to personate King *Porus* upon an *Elephant*, and is to be encountered by *Powell*,[2] representing *Alexander* the Great upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. *Powell* is desired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Close of this great decisive Battel, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual Friendship and good Correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell, junior*,[3] may have an Op-

[1] An advertisement of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work in the *Tatler* for Nov. 30, 1710, specifies among other attractions the Turkish Seraglio in wax-work, the Fatal Sisters that spin, reel, and cut the thread of man's life, 'an Old Woman flying 'from Time, who shakes his head and hour-glass 'with sorrow at seeing age so unwilling to die. 'Nothing but life can exceed the motions of the 'heads, hands, eyes, &c., of these figures, &c.'

[2] Hockley-in-the-Hole, memorable for its Bear Garden, was on the outskirt of the town, by Clerkenwell Green; with Mutton Lane on the East and the fields on the West. By Town's End Lane (called Coppice Row since the levelling of the coppice-crowned knoll over which it ran) through Pickled-Egg Walk (now Crawford's Passage) one came to Hockley-in-the-Hole or Hockley Hole, now Ray Street. The leveller has been at work upon the eminences that surrounded it. In Hockley Hole, dealers in rags and old iron congregated. This gave it the name of Rag Street, euphonized into Ray Street since 1774. In the *Spectator's* time its Bear Garden, upon the site of which there are now metal works, was a famous resort of the lowest classes. 'You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, child, to 'learn valour,' says Mrs. Peachum to Filch in the *Beggar's Opera*.

[1] William Penkethman was a low comedian dear to the gallery at Drury Lane as 'Pinkey,' very popular also as a Booth Manager at Bartholomew Fair. Though a sour critic described him as 'the Flower of Bartholomew Fair and the 'Idol of the Rabble; a Fellow that overdoes every-'thing, and spoils many a Part with his own 'Stuff,' the *Spectator* has in another paper given honourable fame to his skill as a comedian. Here there is but the whimsical suggestion of a favourite showman and low comedian mounted on an elephant to play King Porus.

[2] George Powell, who in 1711 and 1712 appeared in such characters as Falstaff, Lear, and Cortez in 'the Indian Emperor,' now and then also played the part of the favourite stage hero, Alexander the Great in Lee's *Rival Queens*. He was a good actor, spoilt by intemperance, who came on the stage sometimes warm with Nantz brandy, and courted his heroines so furiously that Sir John Vanbrugh said they were almost in danger of being conquered on the spot. His last new part of any note was in 1713, Portius in Addison's Cato. He lived on for a few wretched years, lost to the public, but much sought by sheriff's officers.

[3] 'Powell junior' of the Puppet Show (see note on p. 26) was a more prosperous man than his namesake of Drury Lane. In De Foe's 'Groans 'of Great Britain,' published in 1813, we read: 'I 'was the other Day at a Coffee-House when the 'following Advertisement was thrown in.—*At* 'Punch's *Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent-* '*Garden, this present Evening will be performed* '*an Entertainment, called,* The History of Sir

portunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged that a Puppet-Show was not a suitable Entertainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of these two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Guest with the *German* Artist, Mr. *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods,[1] or any of the like Diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This Project was receiv'd with very great Applause by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Design; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be [acceptable[1]] to the whole Audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was, how to get Performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the Stage; but this Objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furnish us every Year with a Colony of Musicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single Voice for any lower Part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus settled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himself before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over-hearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a Quarter of a Minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Musick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ sound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subscription of about Ten Thousand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Answer, when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* Compositions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Musick then to receive further Improvements from *Switzerland*![2] This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to answer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with some Precipitation. C.

'Richard Whittington, *shewing his Rise from a 'Scullion to be Lord-Mayor of London, with the 'Comical Humours of Old Madge, the jolly 'Chamber-maid, and the Representation of the 'Sea, and the Court of Great Britain, con-'cluding with the Court of Aldermen, and* 'Whittington *Lord-Mayor, honoured with the 'Presence of K. Hen. VIII. and his Queen Anna 'Bullen, with other diverting Decorations pro-'per to the Play, beginning at* 6 *o'clock.* Note, *'No money to be returned after the Entertain-'ment is begun.* Boxes, 2*s.* Pit, 1*s.* *Vivat Re-'gina.*'

'On enquiring into the Matter, I find this has 'long been a noble Diversion of our Quality and 'Gentry; and that Mr. Powell, by Subscriptions 'and full Houses, has gathered such Wealth as is 'ten times sufficient to buy all the Poets in Eng-'land; that he seldom goes out without his Chair, 'and thrives on this incredible Folly to that de-'gree, that, were he a Freeman, he might hope 'that some future Puppet-Show might celebrate 'his being Lord Mayor, as he has done Sir R. 'Whittington.'

[1] 'Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention 'call'd the Pantheon: or, the Temple of the 'Heathen Gods. The Work of several Years, 'and great Expense, is now perfected; being a 'most surprising and magnificent Machine, con-'sisting of 5 several curious Pictures, the Painting 'and contrivance whereof is beyond Expression 'Admirable. The Figures, which are above 100, 'and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fin-'gers, so exactly to what they perform, and set-'ting one Foot before another, like living Crea-'tures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the 'greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from '10 in the Morning till 10 at Night, in the Little 'Piazza, Covent Garden, in the same House 'where Punch's Opera is. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*, and 'the lowest, 6*d.*' This Advertisement was published in 46 and a few following numbers of the *Spectator*.

[1] [wonderfully acceptable]

[2] The satire is against Heidegger. See p. 25.

No. 32.] *Friday, April* 6, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nil illi larvæ aut tragicis opus esse Cothurnis.
Hor.

THE late Discourse concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly-Club*, having been so well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the strict Rules of the Society, they have been so partial as to take my own Testimonial, and admit me into that select Body; I could not restrain the Vanity of publishing to the World the Honour which is done me.

It is no small Satisfaction, that I have given Occasion for the President's shewing both his Invention and Reading to such Advantage as my Correspondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauses in his Harangue, which lose their Ugliness in the Narration, and which my Correspondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at representing. I very much approve of the Contempt the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned; therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your making publick the late Trouble I 'gave you, you will find to have been the Oc- 'casion of this: Who should I meet at the 'Coffee-house Door t'other Night, but my old 'Friend Mr. President? I saw somewhat had 'pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his Eye 'upon me, "Oho, Doctor, rare News from *Lon-* "*don*, (says he); the SPECTATOR has made hon- "ourable Mention of the Club (Man) and pub- "lished to the World his sincere Desire to be a "Member, with a recommendatory Description of "his Phiz: And tho' our Constitution has made "no particular Provision for short Faces, yet, his "being an extraordinary Case, I believe we shall "find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I assure "you he is not against the Canon; and if his "Sides are as compact as his Joles, he need not "disguise himself to make one of us." I presently 'called for the Paper to see how you looked in 'Print; and after we had regaled our selves a 'while upon the pleasant Image of *our Proselite*, 'Mr. President told me I should be his Stranger 'at the next Night's Club: Where we were no 'sooner come, and Pipes brought, but Mr. Presid- 'ent began an Harangue upon your Introduction 'to my Epistle; setting forth with no less Volubil- 'ity of Speech than Strength of Reason, "That a "Speculation of this Nature was what had been "long and much wanted; and that he doubted not "but it would be of inestimable Value to the Pub- "lick, in reconciling even of Bodies and Souls; in "composing and quieting the Minds of Men under "all corporal Redundancies, Deficiencies, and "Irregularities whatsoever; and making every "one sit down content in his own Carcase, "though it were not perhaps so mathematically "put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a due Consideration of "what you first advance, *viz.* that our Faces are "not of our own choosing, People had been trans- "ported beyond all good Breeding, and hurried "themselves into unaccountable and fatal Extrava- "gancies: As, how many impartial Looking- "Glasses had been censured and calumniated, "nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand "Splinters, only for a fair Representation of the "Truth? How many Headstrings and Garters "had been made accessory, and *actually* forfeited, "only because Folks must needs quarrel with "their own Shadows? And who (continues he) "but is deeply sensible, that one great Source of "the Uneasiness and Misery of human Life, "especially amongst those of Distinction, arises "from nothing in the World else, but too severe a "Contemplation of an indefeasible Contexture of "our external Parts, or certain natural and in- "vincible Disposition to be fat or lean? When a "little more of Mr. SPECTATOR's Philosophy "would take off all this; and in the mean time let "them observe, that there's not one of their "Grievances of this Sort, but perhaps in some "Ages of the World has been highly in vogue; "and may be so again, nay, in some Country or "other ten to one is so at this Day. My Lady "*Ample* is the most miserable Woman in the "World, purely of her own making: She even "grudges her self Meat and Drink, for fear she "should thrive by them; and is constantly crying "out, In a Quarter of a Year more I shall be "quite out of all manner of Shape! Now [the[1]] "Lady's Misfortune seems to be only this, that "she is planted in a wrong Soil; for, go but t'other "Side of the Water, it's a Jest at *Harlem* to talk "of a Shape under eighteen Stone. These wise "Traders regulate their Beauties as they do their "Butter, by the Pound; and Miss *Cross*, when "she first arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not "computed to be so handsom as Madam *Van* "*Brisket* by near half a Tun. On the other hand, "there's 'Squire *Lath*, a proper Gentleman of "Fifteen hundred Pound *per Annum*, as well as "of an unblameable Life and Conversation; yet "would not I be the Esquire for half his Estate; "for if it was as much more, he'd freely part with "it all for a pair of Legs to his Mind: Whereas in "the Reign of our first King *Edward* of glorious "Memory, nothing more modish than a Brace of "your *fine* taper Supporters; and his Majesty "without an Inch of Calf, managed Affairs in "Peace and War as laudably as the bravest and "most politick of his Ancestors; and was as ter- "rible to his Neighbours under the Royal Name "of *Long-shanks*, as *Cœur de Lion* to the *Sara-* "*cens* before him. If we look farther back into "History we shall find, that *Alexander* the Great "wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; "and then not a Soul stirred out 'till he had "adjusted his Neck-bone; the whole Nobility "addressed the Prince and each other obliquely, "and all Matters of Importance were concerted "and carried on in the *Macedonian* Court with "their Polls on one Side. For about the first "Century nothing made more Noise in the World "than *Roman* Noses, and then not a Word of "them till they revived again in Eighty eight[2] "Nor is it so very long since *Richard* the Third "set up half the Backs of the Nation; and high "Shoulders, as well as high Noses, were the Top "of the Fashion. But to come to our selves, "Gentlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial Ob- "servations that we shall never get Ladies enough "to make a Party in our own Country, yet might "we meet with better Success among some of "our Allies. And what think you if our Board "sate for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of Opinion, "that as odd as we appear in Flesh and Blood, "we should be no such strange Things in Metzo-

[1] [this] [2] At the coming of William III.

"Tinto. But this Project may rest 'till our "Number is compleat; and this being our Elec- "tion Night, give me leave to propose Mr. SPEC- "TATOR: You see his Inclinations, and perhaps "we may not have his Fellow.

'I found most of them (as it is usual in all such 'Cases) were prepared; but one of the Seniors '(whom by the by Mr President had taken all 'this Pains to bring over) sate still, and cocking 'his Chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his 'Nose, very gravely declared, "That in case he "had had sufficient Knowledge of you, no Man "should have been more willing to have served "you; but that he, for his part, had always had "regard to his own Conscience, as well as other "Peoples Merit; and he did not know but that "you might be a handsome Fellow; for as for "your own Certificate, it was every Body's Busi- "ness to speak for themselves." Mr. President "immediately retorted, "A handsome Fellow! "why he is a Wit (Sir) and you know the Proverb;" 'and to ease the old Gentleman of his Scruples, 'cried, "That for Matter of Merit it was all one, "you might wear a Mask." This threw him into 'a Pause, and he looked desirous of three Days to 'consider on it; but Mr. President improved the 'Thought, and followed him up with an old Story, "That Wits were privileged to wear what Masks "they pleased in all Ages; and that a Vizard had "been the constant Crown of their Labours, which "was generally presented them by the Hand of "some Satyr, and sometimes of *Apollo* himself:" 'For the Truth of which he appealed to the 'Frontispiece of several Books, and particularly to 'the *English Juvenal*,[1] to which he referred him; 'and only added, "That such Authors were the "*Larvati*,[2] or *Larvâ donati* of the Ancients." 'This cleared up all, and in the Conclusion you 'were chose Probationer; and Mr. President put 'round your Health as such, protesting, "That "tho' indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not "believe all the while you had any more Occasion "for it than the Cat-a-mountain;" so that all you 'have to do now is to pay your Fees, which here 'are very reasonable if you are not imposed upon; 'and you may stile your self *Informis Societatis* '*Socius:* Which I am desired to acquaint you 'with; and upon the same I beg you to accept of 'the Congratulation of,

SIR,

Oxford, March 21. *Your oblig'd humble Servant,*

R A. C.

[1] The third edition of Dryden's Satires of Juvenal and Persius, published in 1702, was the first 'adorn'd with Sculptures.' The Frontispiece represents at full length Juvenal receiving a mask of Satyr from Apollo's hand, and hovered over by a Cupid who will bind the Head to its Vizard with a Laurel Crown.

[2] Larvati were bewitched persons; from Larva, of which the original meaning is a ghost or spectre; the derived meanings are, a Mask and a Skeleton.

No. 33.] *Saturday, April* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.—Hor. ad Venerem.

A FRIEND of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne;* The Former is one of the Greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their Outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life seems to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably Vain and Insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne,* who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found her self obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sate in the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia,* confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne,* despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is sullen, grave and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open and unconcerned. A young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia;* while *Daphne* used him with the good Humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou but as Handsome as Lætitia!* ——She received such Language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still Sighed in vain for *Lætitia,* but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne.* At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia,* and charmed with repeated Instances of good Humour he had observed in *Daphne,* he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with. ——*Faith Daphne,* continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister*

sincerely. The Manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress occasion for a very hearty Laughter.——*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would Laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father.* He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprize, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance-Medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of our selves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value our selves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular; for which Reason, I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profess'd Beauties, who are a People almost as unsufferable as the Profess'd *Wits*.

'Monsieur St. *Evremont*[1] has concluded one of 'his Essays, with affirming that the last Sighs of 'a Handsome Woman are not so much for the loss 'of her Life, as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Rail-'lery is pursued too far, yet it is turn'd upon a 'very obvious Remark, that Woman's strongest 'Passion is for her own Beauty, and that she 'values it as her Favourite Distinction. From 'hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to im-'prove or preserve it, meet with so general a Re-'ception among the Sex. To say nothing of many 'False Helps, and Contraband Wares of Beauty, 'which are daily vended in this great Mart, there 'is not a Maiden-Gentlewoman, of a good Family 'in any County of *South-Britain*, who has not 'heard of the Virtues of *May*-Dew, or is un-'furnished with some Receipt or other in Favour 'of her Complexion; and I have known a Phy-'sician of Learning and Sense, after Eight Years 'Study in the University, and a Course of Travels 'into most Countries of *Europe*, owe the first 'raising of his Fortunes to a Cosmetick Wash.

'This has given me Occasion to consider how 'so Universal a Disposition in Womankind, which 'springs from a laudable Motive, the Desire of 'Pleasing, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not 'altogether groundless, that *Nature* may be 'help'd by Art, may be turn'd to their Advantage. 'And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Service 'to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and 'Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon 'themselves, by discovering to them the true 'Secret and Art of improving Beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, 'it will be necessary to lay down a few Prelimin-'ary Maxims, *viz.*

'That no Woman can be Handsome by the 'Force of Features alone, any more than she can 'be Witty only by the Help of Speech.

'That Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, 'and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine 'Faces than the Small-Pox.

'That no Woman is capable of being Beautiful, 'who is not incapable of being False.

'And, That what would be Odious in a Friend, 'is Deformity in a Mistress.

'From these few Principles, thus laid down, it 'will be easie to prove, that the true Art of assist-'ing Beauty consists in Embellishing the whole 'Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and 'commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it 'is that those who are the Favourite Work of 'Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Porce-'lain Clay of human Kind,[1] become animated, 'and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: 'And those who seem to have been neglected by 'her, like Models wrought in haste, are capable, in 'a great measure, of finishing what She has left 'imperfect.

'It is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of 'that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, 'and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most 'agreeable Participation, to consider them meerly 'as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of 'their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon 'a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller's*. How 'much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty 'heighten'd by Virtue, and commanding our 'Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observa-'tion? How faint and spiritless are the Charms 'of a Coquet, when compar'd with the real Love-'liness of *Sophronia's* Innocence, Piety, good 'Humour and Truth; Virtues which add a new 'Softness to her Sex, and even beautify her 'Beauty! That Agreeableness, which must other-'wise have appeared no longer in the modest 'Virgin, is now preserv'd in the tender Mother, 'the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. 'Colours, artfully spread upon Canvas, may enter-'tain the Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she, 'who takes *no* care to add to the natural Graces 'of her Person any excelling Qualities, may be 'allowed still to amuse, as a Picture, but not to 'triumph as a Beauty.

'When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* describ-'ing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel 'the Impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first

[1] Charles de St. Denis, Sieur de St. Evremond, died in 1703, aged 95, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His military and diplomatic career in France was closed in 1661, when his condemnations of Mazarin, although the Cardinal was then dead, obliged him to fly from the wrath of the French Court to Holland and afterwards to England, where Charles II. granted him a pension of £300 a-year. At Charles's death the pension lapsed, and St. Evremond declined the post of cabinet secretary to James II. After the Revolution he had William III. for friend, and when, at last, he was invited back, in his old age, to France, he chose to stay and die among his English friends. In a second volume of 'Mis-'cellany Essays by Monsieur de St. Evremont,' done into English by Mr. Brown (1694), an Essay 'Of the Pleasure that Women take in their 'Beauty' ends (p. 135) with the thought quoted by Steele.

[1] In 'Don Sebastian, King of Portugal,' act I., says Muley Moloch, Emperor of Barbary,

Ay; These look like the Workmanship of Heav'n: This is the Porcelain Clay of Human Kind.

'Creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian* '*Venus* by her Shape or Features, but by the 'Lustre of her Mind which shone in them, and 'gave them their Power of charming.

Grace was in all her Steps, Heaven in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love.

'Without this irradiating Power the proudest 'Fair One ought to know, whatever her Glass may 'tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect 'Features are Uninform'd and Dead.

'I cannot better close this Moral, than by a 'short Epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a 'Spirit which nothing could inspire but such an 'Object as I have been describing.

Underneath this Stone doth lie
As much Virtue as coú'd die,
Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as coú'd live.[1]

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
R. R. B.

No. 34.] *Monday, April* 9, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera——. Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such Persons as are engaged in different Ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous Classes of Mankind: By this Means I am furnished with the greatest Variety of Hints and Materials, and know every thing that passes in the different Quarters and Divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the Satisfaction to find, that there is no Rank or Degree among them who have not their Representative in this Club, and that there is always some Body present who will take Care of their respective Interests, that nothing may be written or published to the Prejudice or Infringement of their just Rights and Privileges.

I last Night sat very late in company with this select Body of Friends, who entertain'd me with several Remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various Success which they had met with among their several Ranks and Degrees of Readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the softest Manner he could, That there were some Ladies (but for your Comfort, says WILL., they are not those of the most Wit) that were offended at the Liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-Show: That some of them were likewise very much surpriz'd, that I should think such serious Points as the Dress and Equipage of Persons of Quality, proper Subjects for Raillery.

He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up short, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at had done great Good in the City, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them: And further added, That the whole City thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous Intentions to scourge Vice and Folly as they appear in a Multitude, without condescending to be a Publisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that foolish beaten Road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your Pen upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your Paper must needs be of general Use.

Upon this my Friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a Man of his Sense talk after that Manner; that the City had always been the Province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King *Charles's* Time jested upon nothing else during his whole Reign. He then shewed, by the Examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the best Writers of every Age, that the Follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too sacred for Ridicule, how great soever the Persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your Raillery has made too great an Excursion, in attacking several Persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any Precedent for your Behaviour in that Particular.

My good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERL[E]Y, who had said nothing all this while, began his Speech with a Pish! and told us, That he wondered to see so many Men of Sense so very serious upon Fooleries. Let our good Friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himself to me, to take Care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the Ornaments of the *English* Nation; Men of good Heads and sound Bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention Fox-hunters with so little Respect.

Captain SENTRY spoke very sparingly on this Occasion. What he said was only to commend my Prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that Point.

By this Time I found every subject of my Speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the Club; and began to think my self in the Condition of the good Man that had one Wife who took a Dislike to his grey Hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an Aversion to, they left his Head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with my self, my worthy Friend the Clergy-man, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that Night, undertook my Cause. He told us, That he wondered any

[1] The lines are in the Epitaph 'on Elizabeth L. H.'

'*One name was Elizabeth,*
'*The other, let it sleep in death.*'

But Steele, quoting from memory, altered the words to his purpose. Ben Jonson's lines were:

'*Underneath this stone doth lie,*
'*As much Beauty as could die,*
'*Which in Life did Harbour give*
'*To more Virtue than doth live.*'

Order of Persons should think themselves too considerable to be advis'd: That it was not Quality, but Innocence which exempted Men from Reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous Stations of Life. He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly expos'd those who are already depressed, and in some measure turn'd into Ridicule, by the Meanness of their Conditions and Circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take Notice of the great Use this Paper might be of to the Publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the Chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the Cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my Undertaking with Chearfulness; and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose Praises do Honour to the Persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular Deference to the Discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid and ingenuous Manner with which he delivers himself, as by the Strength of Argument and Force of Reason which he makes use of. WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his Part, he would not insist upon the Quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the same Frankness. The TEMPLAR would not stand out; and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: Who all agreed that I should be at Liberty to carry the War into what Quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with Criminals in a Body, and to assault the Vice without hurting the Person.

This Debate, which was held for the Good of Mankind, put me in Mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their Destruction. Every Man at first stood hard for his Friend, till they found that by this Means they should spoil their Proscription: And at length, making a Sacrifice of all their Acquaintance and Relations, furnished out a very decent Execution.

Having thus taken my Resolutions to march on boldly in the Cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their Adversaries in whatever Degree or Rank of Men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the Remonstrances that shall be made to me on this Account. If *Punch* grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nursery of Folly and Impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, If I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that shocks Modesty or good Manners, I shall use my utmost Endeavours to make an Example of it. I must however intreat every particular Person, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of this Paper, never to think himself, or any one of his Friends or Enemies, aimed at in what is said: For I promise him, never to draw a faulty Character which does not fit at least a Thousand People; or to publish a single Paper, that is not written in the Spirit of Benevolence and with a Love to Mankind.

C.

No. 35.] *Tuesday, April* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.—Mart.

AMONG all kings of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excell. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd, inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lye under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges it self in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain Regularity of Thought [which[1]] must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice: For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent, which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour;[2] and I question not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a Distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, ac-

[1] [that]

[2] Wit, in the town sense, is talked of to satiety in Shadwell's plays; and window-breaking by the street rioters called 'Scowrers,' who are the heroes of an entire play of his, named after them, is represented to the life by a street scene in the third act of his 'Woman Captain.'

cording to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this Illustrious Family, and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave Looks and a solemn Habit, sometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantastick in his Dress: Insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there [is an Impostor [1]] abroad, who [takes upon him [2]] the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by [Cheats [3]], I would desire my Readers, when they meet with [this Pretender [4]], to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For, as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, whilst every Body laughs [about him [5]]; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every Body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor, of whom I am speaking, descends Originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who Married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Geneaology of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.——MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of Reason, he pursues no Point either of Morality or Instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of any thing but Mock-Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the Vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of False Humourists; but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers it self in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the general Rule I have prescribed my self, of *attacking Multitudes*: Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a Natural State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.

[1] [are several Impostors]
[2] [take upon them]
[3] [Counterfeits]
[4] [any of these Pretenders]
[5] [that is about him]

No. 36.] *Wednesday, April* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

——— *Immania monstra*
Perferimus———.—Virg.

I Shall not put my self to any further Pains for this Day's Entertainment, than barely to publish the Letters and Titles of Petitions from the Play-house, with the Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Conduct in relation to them.

Drury-Lane, April[1] *the* 9*th.*

'Upon reading the Project which is set forth in 'one of your late Papers,[2] of making an Alliance 'between all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and 'Lions, which are separately exposed to publick 'View in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; 'together with the other Wonders, Shows, and 'Monsters, whereof you made respective Mention

[1] March was written by an oversight left in the first reprint uncorrected.
[2] No. 31.

'in the said Speculation; We, the chief Actors of 'this Playhouse, met and sat upon the said De- 'sign. It is with great Delight that We expect 'the Execution of this Work; and in order to con- 'tribute to it, We have given Warning to all our 'Ghosts to get their Livelihoods where they can, 'and not to appear among us after Day-break of 'the 16th Instant. We are resolved to take this 'Opportunity to part with every thing which does 'not contribute to the Representation of humane 'Life; and shall make a free Gift of all animated 'Utensils to your Projector. The Hangings you 'formerly mentioned are run away; as are like- 'wise a Set of Chairs, each of which was met upon 'two Legs going through the *Rose* Tavern at 'Two this Morning. We hope, Sir, you will give 'proper Notice to the Town that we are endea- 'vouring at these Regulations; and that we 'intend for the future to show no Monsters, but 'Men who are converted into such by their own 'Industry and Affectation. If you will please to 'be at the House to-night, you will see me do my 'Endeavour to show some unnatural Appearances 'which are in vogue among the Polite and Well- 'bred. I am to represent, in the Character of a 'fine Lady Dancing, all the Distortions which 'are frequently taken for Graces in Mien and 'Gesture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Method 'we shall take to expose the Monsters which 'come within the Notice of a regular Theatre; 'and we desire nothing more gross may be ad- 'mitted by you Spectators for the future. We 'have cashiered three Companies of Theatrical 'Guards, and design our Kings shall for the 'future make Love and sit in Council without an 'Army; and wait only your Direction, whether 'you will have them reinforce King *Porus* or 'join the Troops of *Macedon*. Mr. *Penkethman* 'resolves to consult his *Pantheon* of Heathen 'Gods in Opposition to the Oracle of *Delphos*, and 'doubts not but he shall turn the Fortunes of '*Porus* when he personates him. I am desired 'by the Company to inform you, that they sub- 'mit to your Censures; and shall have you in 'greater Veneration than *Hercules* was in of old, 'if you can drive Monsters from the Theatre; and 'think your Merit will be as much greater than 'his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am,
Sir,
Your most obedient Servant,
T. D.

SIR,

'When I acquaint you with the great and 'unexpected Vicissitudes of my Fortune, I doubt 'not but I shall obtain your Pity and Favour. 'I have for many Years last past been Thunderer 'to the Play-house; and have not only made as 'much Noise out of the Clouds as any Predecessor 'of mine in the Theatre that ever bore that Cha- 'racter, but also have descended and spoke on the 'Stage as the bold Thunder in *The Rehearsal*.[1] 'When they got me down thus low, they thought 'fit to degrade me further, and make me a Ghost. 'I was contented with this for these two last 'Winters; but they carry their Tyranny still 'further, and not satisfied that I am banished from 'above Ground, they have given me to understand 'that I am wholly to depart their Dominions, and 'taken from me even my subterraneous Employ- 'ment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if 'your Undertaker thinks fit to use Fire-Arms (as 'other Authors have done) in the Time of *Alex- 'ander*, I may be a Cannon against *Porus*, or else 'provide for me in the Burning of *Persepolis*, or 'what other Method you shall think fit.

Salmoneus of *Covent-Garden.*'

The Petition of all the Devils of the Play-house in behalf of themselves and Families, set- ting forth their Expulsion from thence, with Certi- ficates of their good Life and Conversation, and praying Relief.

The Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, *who made them Devils.*

The Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander.*

Granted.

The Petition of *William Bullock*, to be *Hephes- tion* to *Penkethman the Great.*[1]

Granted.

'Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

'*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder.*

'*Bayes.* Mr. Cartwright, prithee speak that a 'little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the 'bold Thunder: pshaw! Speak it me in a voice 'that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold '*Thunder.*

'*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder.*

'*Light.* The brisk Lightning, I.'

The caricature here, and in following lines, is of a passage in Sir Robert Stapylton's *Slighted Maid*: 'I am the Evening, dark as Night,' &c.

In the *Spectator's* time the Rehearsal was an acted play, in which Penkethman had the part of the gentleman Usher, and Bullock was one of the two Kings of Brentford; Thunder was Johnson, who played also the Grave-digger in Hamlet and other reputable parts.

[1] William Bullock was a good and popular come- dian, whom some preferred to Penkethman, because he spoke no more than was set down for him, and did not overact his parts. He was now with Penkethman, now with Cibber and others, joint- manager of a theatrical booth at Bartholomew Fair. When this essay was written Bullock and Penkethman were acting together in a play called *Injured Love*, produced at Drury Lane on the 7th of April, Bullock as 'Sir Bookish Outside,' Penkethman as 'Tipple,' a Servant. Penketh- man, Bullock and Dogget were in those days Macbeth's three witches. Bullock had a son on the stage capable of courtly parts, who really had played Hephestion in *the Rival Queens*, in a theatre opened by Penkethman at Greenwich in the preceding summer.

[1] Mr. Bayes, the poet, in the Duke of Buck- ingham's *Rehearsal*, after showing how he has planned a Thunder and Lightning Prologue for his play, says,

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Widow Gentlewoman, well born both by Father and Mother's Side, being the Daughter of Thomas Prater, *once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of* Letitia Tattle, *a Family well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been reduc'd by Misfortunes to wait on several great Persons, and for some time to be Teacher at a Boarding-School of young Ladies; giveth Notice to the Publick, That she hath lately taken a House near* Bloomsbury-Square, *commodiously situated next the Fields in a good Air; where she teaches all sorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Perfection than ever yet was practis'd. They are not only instructed to pronounce Words distinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to speak the Language with great Purity and Volubility of Tongue, together with all the fashionable Phrases and Compliments now in use either at Tea-Tables or visiting Days. Those that have good Voices may be taught to sing the newest Opera-Airs, and, if requir'd, to speak either* Italian *or* French, *paying something extraordinary above the common Rates. They whose Friends are not able to pay the full Prices may be taken as Half-boarders. She teaches such as are design'd for the Diversion of the Publick, and to act in enchanted Woods on the Theatres, by the Great. As she has often observ'd with much Concern how indecent an Education is usually given these innocent Creatures, which in some Measure is owing to their being plac'd in Rooms next the Street, where, to the great Offence of chaste and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obscene Songs, and immodest Expressions from Passengers and idle People, and also to cry Fish and Card-matches, with other useless Parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, she has fitted up proper and neat Apartments for them in the back Part of her said House; where she suffers none to approach them but her self, and a Servant Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their Food and cleanse their Cages; having found by long Experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep Silence who have the Use of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are expos'd to by the strong Impressions that are made by harsh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In short, if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplish'd in the Compass of a Twelve-month, that they shall be fit Conversation for such Ladies as love to chuse their Friends and Companions out of this Species.* R.

No. 37.] *Thursday, April* 12, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ*
Fœmineas assueta manus——.—Virg.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER, being in the Country, enclosed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the Morning, and was desired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a Readiness to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were separated from the *Octavos* by a Pile of smaller Vessels, which rose in a [delightful [1]] Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea Dishes of all Shapes Colours and Sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest Strokes of Sculpture, and stained with the greatest Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was designed for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose Papers, was enclosed in a kind of Square, consisting of one of the prettiest Grotesque Works that ever I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midst of the Room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the Shape of a little Book. I found there were several other Counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in Wood, and served only to fill up the Number, like Fagots in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of Furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy my self in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the Books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examin'd, I very well remember these that follow.[2]

[1] [very delightful]

[2] John Ogilby, or Ogilvy, who died in 1676, aged 76, was originally a dancing-master, then Deputy Master of the Revels in Dublin; then, after the outbreak of the Irish Rebellion, a student of Latin and Greek in Cambridge. Finally, he settled down as a cosmographer. He produced translations of both Virgil and Homer into English verse. His *Virgil*, published in 1649, was handsomely printed and the first which gave the entire works in English, nearly half a century before Dryden's which appeared in 1697.

The translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius* by Dryden, with help of his two sons, and of Congreve, Creech, Tate, and others, was first published in 1693. Dryden translated Satires 1, 3, 6, 10,

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.

and 16 of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius. His Essay on Satire was prefixed.

Cassandra and *Cleopatra* were romances from the French of Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède, who died in 1663. He published *Cassandra* in 10 volumes in 1642, *Cleopatra* in 12 volumes in 1656, besides other romances. The custom was to publish these romances a volume at a time. A pretty and rich widow smitten with the *Cleopatra* while it was appearing, married La Calprenède upon condition that he finished it, and his promise to do so was formally inserted in the marriage contract. The English translations of these French Romances were always in folio. *Cassandra*, translated by Sir Charles Cotterell, was published in 1652; *Cleopatra* in 1668, translated by Robert Loveday. *Astræa* was a pastoral Romance of the days of Henri IV. by Honoré D'Urfe, which had been translated by John Pyper in 1620, and was again 'translated by a 'Person of Quality' in 1657. It was of the same school as Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, first published after his death by his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in 1590, and from her, for whom, indeed, it had been written, called the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.

Sir Isaac Newton was living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1727, aged 85. John Locke had died in 1704. His *Essay on the Human Understanding* was first published in 1690. Sir William Temple had died in 1699, aged 71.

The *Grand Cyrus*, by Magdeleine de Scudéri, was the most famous of the French Romances of its day. The authoress, who died in 1701, aged 94, was called the Sappho of her time. Cardinal Mazarin left her a pension by his will, and she had a pension of two thousand livres from the king. Her *Grand Cyrus*, published in 10 volumes in 1650, was translated (in one volume, folio) in 1653. *Clelia*, presently afterwards included in the list of Leonora's books, was another very popular romance by the same authoress, published in 10 volumes, a few years later, immediately translated into English by John Davies, and printed in the usual folio form.

Dr. William Sherlock, who after some scruple about taking the oaths to King William, did so, and was made Dean of St. Paul's, published his very popular *Practical Discourse concerning Death*, in 1689. He died in 1707.

Father Nicolas Malebranche, in the *Spectator's* time, was living in enjoyment of his reputation as one of the best French writers and philosophers. The foundations of his fame had been laid by his *Recherche de la Vérité*, of which the first volume appeared in 1673. An English translation of it, by Thomas Taylor, was published (in folio) in 1694. He died in 1715, aged 77.

Thomas D'Urfey was a licentious writer of plays and songs, whose tunes Charles II. would hum as he leant on their writer's shoulder. His 'New Poems, with Songs' appeared in 1690. He died in 1723, aged 95.

The *New Atalantis* was a scandalous book by Mary de la Riviere Manley, a daughter of Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey. She began her career as the victim of a false marriage, deserted and left to support herself; became a busy writer and a woman of intrigue, who was living in the *Spectator's* time, and died in 1724, in the house of Alderman Barber, with whom she was then living. Her *New Atalantis*, published in 1709, was entitled 'Secret Memoirs and Manners 'of several Persons of Quality of both sexes, from 'the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediter-'ranean.' Under feigned names it especially attacked members of Whig families, and led to proceedings for libel.

La Ferte was a dancing master of the days of the *Spectator*, who in Nos. 52 and 54 advertised his School 'in Compton Street, Soho, over against 'St. Ann's Church Back-door,' adding that, 'at 'the desire of several gentlemen in the City,' he taught dancing on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange.

Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's Works.
The *Grand Cyrus:* With a Pin stuck in one of the middle Leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke of Human Understanding: With a Paper of Patches in it.
A Spelling-Book.
A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple's* Essays.
Father *Malbranche's* Search after Truth, translated into *English.*
A Book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifry.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verse by Mr. *Durfey:* Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in several Places.
All the Classick Authors in Wood.
A set of *Elzevers* by the same Hand.
Clelia: Which opened of it self in the Place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.
Mr. *Steel's* Christian Heroe.
A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the side of it.
Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech.
Fielding's Tryal.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's holy Living and Dying.
La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable Grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is still a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her first Marriage, has taken a Resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Estate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some Favourite Pleasures and Pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the Passions of her Sex into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converses chiefly with Men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Visitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great Pleasure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and discovers it self even in her House, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an Hour together with a Description of her Country-Seat, which is situated in a kind of Wilderness, about an hundred Miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jessamines. The Woods are cut into shady Walks, twisted into Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to Murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a Beautiful Lake, that is Inhabited by a Couple of Swans, and empties it self by a little Rivulet which runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a Value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every Bird which is killed in her Ground, will spoil a Consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next Year.

When I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a Mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidst these Innocent Entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more Valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, [who [1]] employ themselves in Diversions that are less Reasonable, tho' more in Fashion? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is so Susceptible of Impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such Books as have a Tendency to enlighten the Understanding and rectify the Passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the Imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's Employing her self usefully in Reading shall be the Subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I shall desire my Correspondents to give me their Thoughts upon it.

C.

[1] [that]

No. 38.] *Friday, April* 13, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*—Mart.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the meer Force of Affectation. The Fair One had something in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed her self into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Teeth: Her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, that in the Reach she may discover the Roundness of her Arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

The learned Dr. *Burnet*,[1] in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occasion to observe, That every Thought is attended with Consciousness and Representativeness; the Mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind discovers it self in the Gesture, by a proper Behaviour in those whose Consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just Progress of their present Thought or Action; but betrays an Interruption in every second Thought, when the Consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions; which sort of Consciousness is what we call Affectation.

[1] Dr. Thomas Burnet, who produced in 1681 the 'Telluris Theoria Sacra,' translated in 1690 as 'the Sacred Theory of the Earth,' was living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1715, aged 80. He was for 30 years Master of the Charterhouse, and set himself against James II. in refusing to admit a Roman Catholic as a Poor Brother. Burnet's Theory, a romance that passed for science in its day, was opposed in 1696 by Whiston in his 'New Theory of the Earth' (one all for Fire, the other all for Water), and the new Romance was Science even in the eyes of Locke. Addison, from Oxford in 1699, addressed a Latin ode to Burnet.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in our Bosoms as a strong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasure they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Sense of their Beauty. The dressing Part of our Sex, whose Minds are the same with the sillyer Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an unusual Briskness, a very well-chosen Coat, or other Instances of Merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent Affectation, arising from an ill-governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wonder'd at in such loose and trivial Minds as these: But when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you see a Man of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an itching Inclination to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour; Who is safe against this Weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best Way to get clear of such a light Fondness for Applause, is to take all possible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occasions that are not in themselves laudable; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praise from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Mens Persons, Dress and bodily Deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their Force in proportion to our Endeavour to make them such.

When our Consciousness turns upon the main Design of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our Pleasure in little Perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their Way of speaking and acting; instead of having their Thought bent upon what they should do or say, and by that Means bury a Capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called *Affectation*; but it has some Tincture of it, at least so far, as that their Fear of erring in a thing of no Consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it,

It is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in view; and he commits no Errors, because he thinks nothing an Error but what deviates from that Intention.

The wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part of the World which should be most polite, is visible where-ever we turn our Eyes: It pushes Men not only into Impertinencies in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose Business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little Pieces of Injustice which arise from the Law it self. I have seen it make a Man run from the Purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much.[1]

It might be born even here, but it often ascends the Pulpit it self; and the Declaimer, in that sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last Day it self with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well turned Phrase, and mention his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved, under the Lowliness of the Preacher.

I shall end this with a short Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am speaking of.

Dear SIR,

'I Spent some Time with you the other Day, 'and must take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you 'of the unsufferable Affectation you are guilty of 'in all you say and do. When I gave you an 'Hint of it, you asked me whether a Man is to be 'cold to what his Friends think of him? No; 'but Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every 'Moment: He that hopes for it must be able to 'suspend the Possession of it till proper Periods of 'Life, or Death it self. If you would not rather 'be commended than be Praiseworthy, contemn 'little Merits; and allow no Man to be so free 'with you, as to praise you to your Face. Your 'Vanity by this Means will want its Food. At 'the same time your Passion for Esteem will be 'more fully gratified; Men will praise you in their 'Actions: Where you now receive one Compliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till 'then you will never have of either, further than

SIR,'

R. *Your humble Servant.*'

No. 39.] *Saturday, April* 14, 1711. [*Addison*

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo ———.—Hor.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the Noblest Production of Human Nature, so it is capable of giving the Mind one of the most delightful and most improving Entertainments. A virtuous Man (says *Seneca*) struggling with Misfortunes, is such a Spectacle as Gods might look upon with

[1] Lord Cowper.

Pleasure:[1] And such a Pleasure it is which one meets with in the Representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our Thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature. They soften Insolence, sooth Affliction, and subdue the Mind to the Dispensations of Providence.

It is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with publick Encouragement.

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the Intricacy and Disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian Writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the Moral Part of the Performance.

This I [may[2]] shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the Improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of some particular Parts in it that seem liable to Exception.

Aristotle[3] observes, that the *Iambick* Verse in the *Greek* Tongue was the most proper for Tragedy: Because at the same time that it lifted up the Discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that Men in Ordinary Discourse very often speak *Iambicks*, without taking notice of it. We may make the same Observation of our *English* Blank Verse, which often enters into our Common Discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due Medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme, which is as absurd in *English*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Solæcism is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank Verse, which are to be looked upon as two several Languages; or where we see some particular Similies dignifyed with Rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lyes in Blank Verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Besides that we see a Diversity of Numbers in some Parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from being tired with the same continued Modulation of Voice. For the same Reason I do not dislike the Speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *Hemistick*, or half Verse, notwithstanding the Person who speaks after it begins a new Verse, without filling up the preceding one; Nor with abrupt Pauses and Breakings-off in the middle of a Verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this Subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the Style, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Language is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Corneille* and *Racine*,[1] tho' the Expressions are very great, it is the Thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depressed with homely Language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Expression. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may arise from Want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the Writers, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taste of their Readers, who are better Judges of the Language than of the Sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the Conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of his Dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into Blank Verse; and if the Reader, after the Perusal of a Scene, would consider the naked Thought of every Speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick Ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by Words, we may judge impartially of the Thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the Person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a Blaze of Eloquence, or shew it self in such a Variety of Lights as are generally made use of by the Writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our Thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding Phrases, hard Metaphors, and forced Expressions in which they are cloathed. *Shakespear* is often very Faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The Expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive Parts of the Fable, as in Descriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in which the Opinions, Manners and Passions of Men are not represented; for these (namely the Opinions, Manners and Passions) are apt to be obscured by Pompous Phrases, and Elaborate Expressions.[2] *Horace*, who copied most of his Criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule in the following Verses:

[1] From Seneca on Providence,—'*De Provi-*
'*dentiâ*, sive Quare Bonis Viris Mala Accidant
'cum sit Providentia.' § 2. 'Ecce spectaculum dig-
'num, ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo Deus:
'ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ
'compositus, utique si et provocavit.' So also Minutius Felix, *Adversus Gentes:* 'Quam pul-
'chrum spectaculum Deo, cum Christianus cum
'dolore congreditur? cum adversus minas, et sup-
'plicia, et tormenta componitur? cum libertatem
'suam adversus reges ac Principes erigit.' Epictetus also bids the endangered man remember that he has been sent by God as an athlete into the arena.

[2] [shall]

[3] Poetics, Part I. § 7. Also in the Rhetoric, bk III. ch. 1.

[1] These chiefs of the French tragic drama died, Corneille in 1684, and his brother Thomas in 1708; Racine in 1699.

[2] It is the last sentence in Part III. of the Poetics.

Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri,
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

Tragedians too lay by their State, to grieve.
Peleus *and* Telephus, *Exil'd and Poor,*
Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words.
Ld. Roscommon.

Among our Modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*;[1] if instead of favouring the Impetuosity of his Genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. His Thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a Cloud of Words, that it is hard to see the Beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in his Works, but so involved in Smoak, that it does not appear in half its Lustre. He frequently succeeds in the Passionate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his Efforts, and eases the Style of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Passionate, than that Line in *Statira's* Speech, where she describes the Charms of *Alexander's* Conversation?

Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected Break in the Line, and turning the Description of his Manner of Talking into an Admiration of it, is inexpressibly Beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond Character of the Person that speaks it. There is a Simplicity in the Words, that outshines the utmost Pride of Expression.

Otway[2] has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the Passionate Parts, more than any of our *English* Poets. As there is something Familiar and Domestick in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little Pomp, but great Force in his Expressions. For which Reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting Part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a Familiarity of Phrase in those Parts, which, by *Aristotle's* Rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the Dignity of Expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest Characters in it are those of Rebels and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play discovered the same good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that he showed for its Ruin and Subversion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been Glorious (*si pro Patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the Service of his Country. C.

[1] Nathaniel Lee died in 1692 of injury received during a drunken frolic. Disappointed of a fellowship at Cambridge, he turned actor; failed upon the stage, but prospered as a writer for it. His career as a dramatist began with *Nero*, in 1675, and he wrote in all eleven plays. His most successful play was the *Rival Queens*, or the Death of Alexander the Great, produced in 1677. Next to it in success, and superior in merit, was his *Theodosius*, or the Force of Love, produced in 1680. He took part with Dryden in writing the very successful adaptation of *Œdipus*, produced in 1679, as an English Tragedy based upon Sophocles and Seneca. During two years of his life Lee was a lunatic in Bedlam.

[2] Thomas Otway died of want in 1685, at the age of 34. Like Lee, he left college for the stage, attempted as an actor, then turned dramatist, and produced his first tragedy, *Alcibiades*, in 1675, the year in which Lee produced also his first tragedy, *Nero*. Otway's second play, *Don Carlos*, was very successful, but his best were, the *Orphan*, produced in 1680, remarkable for its departure from the kings and queens of tragedy for pathos founded upon incidents in middle life, and *Venice Preserved*, produced in 1682.

No. 40.] *Monday, April* 16, 1711. [*Addison*

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.—Hor.

THE *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent Person in Distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his Troubles, or made him triumph over his Enemies. This Error they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in modern Criticism, that they are obliged to an equal Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Execution of poetical Justice. Who were the first that established this Rule I know not; but I am sure it has no Foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the Practice of the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happen alike to all Men on this side the Grave; and as the principal Design of Tragedy is to raise Commiseration and Terror in the Minds of the Audience, we shall defeat this great End, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful. Whatever Crosses and Disappointments a good Man suffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make but small Impression on our Minds, when we know that in the last Act he is to arrive at the End of his Wishes and Desires. When we see him engaged in the Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his Way out of them: and that his Grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in Gladness. For this Reason the ancient Writers of Tragedy treated Men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue sometimes happy and sometimes

miserable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the most agreeable Manner. *Aristotle* considers the Tragedies that were written in either of these Kinds, and observes, That those which ended unhappily had always pleased the People, and carried away the Prize in the publick Disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily.[1] Terror and Commiseration leave a pleasing Anguish in the Mind; and fix the Audience in such a serious Composure of Thought as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient Starts of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our *English* Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience sink under their Calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this Kind are *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*,[2] &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the same Kind, as *Shakespear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chymerical Notion of Poetical Justice, in my humble Opinion it has lost half its Beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken this Turn: As *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with most of Mr. *Dryden's*.[3] I must also allow, that many of *Shakespear's*, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are cast in the same Form. I do not therefore dispute against this Way of writing Tragedies, but against the Criticism that would establish this as the only Method; and by that Means would very much cramp the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to the Genius of our Writers.

The Tragi-Comedy, which is the Product of the *English* Theatre, is one of the most monstrous Inventions that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the Adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing such a motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the Absurdity of these Performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same Objections which are made to Tragi-Comedy, may in some Measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the *English* Stage, than upon any other: For though the Grief of the Audience, in such Performances, be not changed into another Passion, as in Tragi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another Object, which weakens their Concern for the principal Action, and breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into different Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may in a great Measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear such a near Relation to the principal Design, as to contribute towards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another Particular, which may be reckoned among the Blemishes, or rather the false Beauties, of our *English* Tragedy: I mean those particular Speeches, which are commonly known by the Name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate Parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the Audience: for which Reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the Violence of Action, several Parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great Temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud Clap by this Artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this Secret, have given frequent Occasion for such Emotions in the Actor, by adding Vehemence to Words where there was no Passion, or inflaming a real Passion into Fustian. This hath filled the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombast; and given them such Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling than a Greatness of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Curses, Vows, Blasphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the Audience for tow'ring Thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite Applause.

I shall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tragick Writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their Swelling and Blustring upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair Part of their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a Man insulting Kings, or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the Feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and it is ten to one but he proves a Favourite of the Boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this Secret with good Success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural Thought that is not pronounced with Vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the End of the third Act, after having pronounced the

[1] Here Aristotle is not quite accurately quoted. What he says of the tragedies which end unhappily is, that Euripides was right in preferring them, 'and as the strongest proof of it we find 'that upon the stage, and in the dramatic contests, 'such tragedies, if they succeed, have always the 'most tragic effect.' Poetics, Part II. § 12.

[2] Of the two plays in this list, besides *Othello*, which have not been mentioned in the preceding notes, *All for Love*, produced in 1678, was Dryden's Antony and Cleopatra, *Oroonoko*, first acted in 1699, was a tragedy by Thomas Southerne, which included comic scenes. Southerne, who held a commission in the army, was living in the *Spectator's* time, and died in 1746, aged 86. It was in his best play, *Isabella*, or the Fatal Marriage, that Mrs. Siddons, in 1782, made her first appearance on the London stage.

[3] Congreve's *Mourning Bride* was first acted in 1697; Rowe's *Tamerlane* (with a hero planned in complement to William III.) in 1702; Rowe's *Ulysses* in 1706; Edmund Smith's *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* in 1707.

following Lines, in which the Thought is very natural, and apt to move Compassion;

To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal.
If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward trod those Paths I sought to shun;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree:
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

Let us then observe with what Thunder-claps of Applause he leaves the Stage, after the Impieties and Execrations at the End of the fourth Act;[1] and you will wonder to see an Audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time;

O that as oft I have at Athens *seen,*
[Where, by the Way, there was no Stage till many Years after *Oedipus*.]
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now, in very Deed, I might behold
This pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of Jove, *and crush Mankind.*
For all the Elements, &c.

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Having spoken of Mr. Powell, *as sometimes raising himself Applause from the ill Taste of an Audience; I must do him the Justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the Admiration of the best Judges; as I doubt not but he will in the* Conquest of Mexico, *which is acted for his own Benefit To-morrow Night.* C.

No. 41.] *Tuesday, April* 17, 1711. [*Steele.*

——— *Tu non inventa reperta es.*—Ovid.

COMPASSION for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently Fairer than they ought to be. Such Impostures are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and I think his Misfortune ought to be made publick, as a Warning for other Men always to Examine into what they Admire.

SIR,

'Supposing you to be a Person of general 'Knowledge, I make my Application to you on a 'very particular Occasion. I have a great Mind 'to be rid of my Wife, and hope, when you con-'sider my Case, you will be of Opinion I have 'very just Pretensions to a Divorce. I am a 'mere Man of the Town, and have very little 'Improvement, but what I have got from Plays. 'I remember in *The Silent Woman* the Learned 'Dr. *Cutberd*, or Dr. *Otter* (I forget which) makes 'one of the Causes of Separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a Man marries a Woman, and 'finds her not to be the same Woman whom he 'intended to marry, but another.[1] If that be Law, 'it is, I presume, exactly my Case. For you are 'to know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are Women 'who do not let their Husbands see their Faces 'till they are married.

'Not to keep you in suspence, I mean plainly, 'that Part of the Sex who paint. They are some 'of them so Exquisitely skilful this Way, that 'give them but a Tolerable Pair of Eyes to set up 'with, and they will make Bosoms, Lips, Cheeks, 'and Eye-brows, by their own Industry. As for 'my Dear, never Man was so Enamour'd as I was 'of her fair Forehead, Neck, and Arms, as well as 'the bright Jett of her Hair; but to my great 'Astonishment, I find they were all the Effects of 'Art: Her Skin is so Tarnished with this Practice, 'that when she first wakes in a Morning, she 'scarce seems young enough to be the Mother 'of her whom I carried to Bed the Night before. 'I shall take the Liberty to part with her by the 'first Opportunity, unless her Father will make 'her Portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, 'Countenance. This I thought fit to let him and 'her know by your Means.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient,
humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady, will do for this Injured Gentleman, but must allow he has very much Justice on his Side. I have indeed very long observed this Evil, and distinguished those of our Women who wear their own, from those in borrowed Complexions, by the *Picts* and the *British*. There does not need any great Discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively, animated Aspect; The *Picts*, tho' never so Beautiful, have dead, uninformed Countenances. The Muscles of a real Face sometimes swell with soft Passion, sudden Surprize, and are flushed with agreeable Confusions, according as the Objects before them, or the Ideas presented to them, affect their Imagination. But the *Picts* behold all things with the

[1] The third Act of *Œdipus* was by Dryden, the fourth by Lee. Dryden wrote also the first Act, the rest was Lee's.

[1] Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, or the Silent Woman, kept the stage in the Spectator's time, and was altered by G. Colman for Drury Lane, in 1776. Cutbeard in the play is a barber, and Thomas Otter a Land and Sea Captain. 'Tom Otter's bull, bear, 'and horse is known all over England, *in rerum 'naturâ*.' In the fifth act Morose, who has married a Silent Woman and discovered her tongue after marriage, is played upon by the introduction of Otter, disguised as a Divine, and Cutbeard, as a Canon Lawyer, to explain to him 'for how many causes a man may have *divortium 'legitimum*, a lawful divorce.' Cutbeard, in opening with burlesque pedantry a budget of twelve impediments which make the bond null, is thus supported by Otter:

'*Cutb.* The first is *impedimentum erroris*.
'*Otter.* Of which there are several species.
'*Cutb.* Ay, as *error personæ*.
'*Otter.* If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.'

same Air, whether they are Joyful or Sad; the same fixed Insensibility appears upon all Occasions. A *Pict*, tho' she takes all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain Distance; a Sigh in a Languishing Lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a Feature; and a Kiss snatched by a Forward one, might transfer the Complexion of the Mistress to the Admirer. It is hard to speak of these false Fair Ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a Room new Painted; they may assure themselves, the near Approach of a Lady who uses this Practice is much more offensive.

WILL. HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had Wit, as well as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Business to gain Hearts, for no other Reason, but to rally the Torments of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to insnare Men, but without any manner of Scruple break off when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Vanity made my Friend very easily Proof against the Charms of her Wit and Conversation; but her beauteous Form, instead of being blemished by her Falshood and Inconstancy, every Day increased upon him, and she had new Attractions every time he saw her. When she observed WILL. irrevocably her Slave, she began to use him as such, and after many Steps towards such a Cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy Lover strove in vain, by servile Epistles, to revoke his Doom; till at length he was forced to the last Refuge, a round Sum of Money to her Maid. This corrupt Attendant placed him early in the Morning behind the Hangings in her Mistress's Dressing-Room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The *Pict* begins the Face she designed to wear that Day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half Hour before he knew her to be the same Woman. As soon as he saw the Dawn of that Complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

Th' adorning Thee, with so much Art,
Is but a barbarous Skill;
'Tis like the Poi'ning of a Dart,
Too apt before to kill.[x]

The *Pict* stood before him in the utmost Confusion, with the prettiest Smirk imaginable on the finished side of her Face, pale as Ashes on the other. HONEYCOMB seized all her Gally-pots and Washes, and carried off his Hankerchief full of Brushes, Scraps of *Spanish* Wool, and Phials of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the Lover was cured.

It is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it self void. I would therefore exhort all the *British* Ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira*, who should be Exempt from Discovery; for her own Complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint, as a Punishment for choosing to be the worst Piece of Art extant, instead of the Masterpiece of Nature. As for my part, who have no Expectations from Women, and consider them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not half so much fear offending a Beauty, as a Woman of Sense; I shall therefore produce several Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Play-house (when I have abolished this Custom) to see so many Ladies, when they first lay it down, *incog.* in their own Faces.

In the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their Charms, let the Sex study the agreeable *Statira*. Her Features are enlivened with the Chearfulness of her Mind, and good Humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without appearing Careless. Her having no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Person.

How like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict*, to that Description Dr. *Donne* gives of his Mistress?

——Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her Body thought.[1]

ADVERTISEMENT.

'*A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Person of Quality lately deceased,) who Paints the finest Flesh-colour, wants a Place, and is to be heard of at the House of Minheer* Grotesque *a* Dutch *Painter in* Barbican.

N.B. *She is also well-skilled in the Drapery-part, and puts on Hoods and mixes Ribbons so as to suit the Colours of the Face with great Art and Success.* R.

[x] This is fourth of five stanzas to 'The Waiting-'Maid,' in the collection of poems called 'The 'Mistress.'

[1] Donne's Funeral Elegies, on occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury. 'Of the Progress of the Soul,' Second Anniversary. It is the strain not of a mourning lover, but of a mourning friend. Sir Robert Drury was so cordial a friend that he gave to Donne and his wife a lodging rent free in his own large house in Drury Lane, 'and was also,' says Isaac Walton, 'a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as 'sympathized with him and his, in all their joys 'and sorrows.' The lines quoted by Steele show that the sympathy was mutual; but the poetry in them is a flash out of the clouds of a dull context. It is hardly worth noticing that Steele, quoting from memory, puts 'would' for 'might' in the last line. Sir Robert's daughter Elizabeth, who, it is said, was to have been the wife of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., died at the age of fifteen in 1610.

No. 42.] *Wednesday, April* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum,
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitiaque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—Hor.

ARISTOTLE[1] has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country, or his Friends, one may see by his Action, that his greatest Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a Man uttering his Complaints under such a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princess generally receives her Grandeur from those additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail: I mean the broad sweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds constant Employment for a Boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but, I must confess, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her Train, lest it should chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Persons act on the Stage at the same Time, are very different: The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the Displeasure of the King her Father, or lose the Hero her Lover, whilst her Attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

[1] Poetics, Part II. § 13.

We are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in Dresses and Cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This Artifice for moving Pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great Idea of the Persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our Conceptions raised by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expression, rather than by a Train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

Another mechanical Method of making great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-snuffers, make up a compleat Body of Guards upon the *English* Stage; and by the Addition of a few Porters dressed in Red Coats, can represent above a Dozen Legions. I have sometimes seen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do Honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the Reader's Imagination to multiply twenty Men into such prodigious Multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or fifty Yards in Compass. Incidents of such a Nature should be told, not represented.

———*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Hor.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgment only will relate.
L. Roscom.

I should therefore, in this Particular, recommend to my Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the *French* in banishing from our Stage the Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a Battle in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it as far as *Charing-Cross*.

I have here only touched upon those Particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize Persons in Tragedy; and shall shew in another Paper the several Expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in their Hearers.

The Tailor and the Painter often contribute to the Success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed Play has sometimes brought them as full Audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good Phrase to express this Art of imposing upon the Spectators by Appearances: They call it the *Fourberia della Scena, The Knavery or trickish Part of the Drama.* But however the Show and Outside of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more understanding Part of the Audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of an Army or a Battle in a Description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confusion of a Fight. Our Minds should be opened to great Conceptions and inflamed with glorious Sentiments by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero give *Brutus* half that Pomp and Majesty which he receives from a few Lines in *Shakespear*? C.

No. 43.] *Thursday, April* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere Subjectis, et debellare Superbos.—Virg.

THERE are Crowds of Men, whose great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanick Arts or Trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual Task or Employment. These are such as we commonly call dull Fellows; Persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain Vacancy of Thought, rather than Curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a Notion of them better than by presenting you with a Letter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Society of this Order of Men, residing at *Oxford*.

Oxford, April 13, 1711.

SIR, Four a Clock in the Morning.

'In some of your late Speculations, I find some 'Sketches towards an History of Clubs: But 'you seem to me to shew them in somewhat too 'ludicrous a Light. I have well weighed that 'Matter, and think, that the most important Negotiations may best be carried on in such Assemblies. I shall therefore, for the Good of Mankind, (which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned for) propose an Institution of that Nature 'for Example sake.

'I must confess, the Design and Transactions 'of too many Clubs are trifling, and manifestly of 'no consequence to the Nation or Publick Weal: 'Those I'll give you up. But you must do me 'then the Justice to own, that nothing can be more 'useful or laudable than the Scheme we go upon. 'To avoid Nicknames and Witticisms, we call 'ourselves *The Hebdomadal Meeting*: Our President continues for a Year at least, and sometimes four or five: We are all Grave, Serious, 'Designing Men, in our Way: We think it our 'Duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the Constitution receives no Harm,——*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica*——To censure Doctrines or Facts, Persons or Things, which we 'don't like; To settle the Nation at home, and 'to carry on the War abroad, where and in what 'manner we see fit: If other People are *not* of 'our Opinion, we can't help that. 'Twere better 'they were. Moreover, we now and then condescend to direct, in some measure, the little 'Affairs of our own University.

'Verily, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, we are much offended 'at the Act for importing *French* Wines:[1] A Bottle or two of good solid Edifying Port, at honest '*George's*, made a Night chearful, and threw off 'Reserve. But this plaguy *French* Claret will 'not only cost us more Mony, but do us less 'Good: Had we been aware of it, before it had 'gone too far, I must tell you, we would have 'petitioned to be heard upon that Subject. But 'let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that 'we look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, 'in Conjunction with Infidels,[2] to be palpably

[1] Like the chopping in two of the *Respublica* in the quotation just above of the well-known Roman formula by which consuls were to see *ne quid Respublica detrimenti capiat*, this is a jest on the ignorance of the political wiseacres. Port wine had been forced on England in 1703 in place of Claret, and the drinking of it made an act of patriotism,—which then meant hostility to France,—by the Methuen treaty, so named from its negotiator, Paul Methuen, the English Minister at Lisbon. It is the shortest treaty upon record, having only two clauses, one providing that Portugal should admit British cloths; the other that England should admit Portuguese wines at one-third less duty than those of France. This lasted until 1831, and so the English were made Port wine drinkers. Abraham Froth and his friends of the *Hebdomadal Meeting*, all 'Grave, Serious, Designing Men in their Way' have a confused notion in 1711 of the Methuen Treaty of 1703 as 'the Act for importing French wines,' with which they are much offended. The slowness and confusion of their ideas upon a piece of policy then so familiar, gives point to the whimsical solemnity of their 'Had we been aware,' &c.

[2] The subject of Mr. Froth's profound comment is now the memorable March of Charles XII. of Sweden to the Ukraine, ending on the 8th of July, 1709, in the decisive battle of Pultowa, that established the fortune of Czar Peter the Great, and put an end to the preponderance of Sweden in northern Europe. Charles had seemed to be on his way to Moscow, when he turned south and marched through desolation to the Ukraine, whither he was tempted by Ivan Mazeppa, a Hetman of the Cossacks, who, though 80 years old, was ambitious of independence to be won for him by the prowess of Charles XII. Instead of 30,000 men Mazeppa brought to the King of Sweden only himself as a fugitive with 40 or 50 attendants; but in the spring of 1809 he procured for the wayworn and part shoeless army of Charles the alliance of the Saporogue Cossacks. Although doubled by these and by Wallachians, the army was in all but 20,000 strong with which he then determined to besiege Pultowa; and there, after two months' siege, he ventured to give battle to a relieving army of 60,000 Russians. Of his 20,000 men, 9000 were left on that battle-field, and 3000 made prisoners. Of the rest—all that survived of 54,000 Swedes with whom he had quitted Saxony to cross the steppes of Russia, and of 16,000 sent to him as reinforcement afterwards—part perished, and they who were left surrendered on capitulation, Charles himself having taken re-

'against our Goodwill and Liking; and, for all 'Monsieur *Palmquist*,[1] a most dangerous Inno- 'vation: and we are by no means yet sure, that 'some People are not at the Bottom on't. At 'least, my own private Letters leave room for a 'Politician well versed in matters of this Nature, 'to suspect as much, as a penetrating Friend of 'mine tells me.

'We think we have at last done the Business 'with the Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall 'clap up a Peace there.[2]

'What the Neutrality Army[3] is to do, or what 'the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three 'other Princes, is not yet fully determined among 'us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in 'of the next *Dyer's*,[4] who, you must know, is our 'Authentick Intelligence, our *Aristotle* in Politics. 'And 'tis indeed but fit there should be some 'Dernier Resort, the Absolute Decider of all 'Controversies.

'We were lately informed, that the Gallant 'Train'd Bands had patroll'd all Night long about 'the Streets of *London:* We indeed could not 'imagine any Occasion for it, we guessed not a 'Tittle on't aforehand, we were in nothing of the 'Secret; and that City Tradesmen, or their Ap- 'prentices, should do Duty, or work, during the 'Holidays, we thought absolutely impossible: 'But *Dyer* being positive in it, and some Letters 'from other People, who had talked with some 'who had it from those who should know, giving 'some Countenance to it, the Chairman reported 'from the Committee, appointed to examine into 'that Affair, That 'twas Possible there might be 'something in't. I have much more to say to you, 'but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Do-* '*minick* and *Slyboots*, are just come in, and the 'Coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr. SPECTATOR,
Your Admirer, and
Humble Servant,
Abraham Froth.

You may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be Disappointment to them, to come to Certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very good Men of Business. Business relieves them from their own natural Heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas Business to Mercurial Men, is an Interruption from their real Existence and Happiness. Tho' the dull Part of Mankind are harmless in their Amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant Time, because they usually undertake something that makes their Wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, but (if he happens to have any Leisure upon his Hands,) will turn his Head to one of those two Amusements, for all Fools of Eminence, Politicks or Poetry. The former of these Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general; but when Dulness is lodged in a Person of a quick Animal Life, it generally exerts it self in Poetry. One might here mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entertainment to the Age, by reason that the Stupidity of their Heads is quickened by the Alacrity of their Hearts. This Constitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonsense, and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *British Prince*, that Celebrated Poem, which was written in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deservedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomparable*,[1] was the Effect of such an happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among

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fuge at Bender in Bessarabia with the Turks, Mr. Froth's Infidels.

[1] Perhaps Monsieur Palmquist is the form in which these 'Grave, Serious, Designing Men in 'their Way' have picked up the name of Charles's brave general, Count Poniatowski, to whom he owed his escape after the battle of Pultowa, and who won over Turkey to support his failing fortunes. The Turks, his subsequent friends, are the 'Infidels' before-mentioned, the wise politicians being apparently under the impression that they had marched with the Swedes out of Saxony.

[2] Here Mr. Froth and his friends were truer prophets than any one knew when this number of the *Spectator* appeared, on the 19th of April. The news had not reached England of the death of the Emperor Joseph I. on the 17th of April. During his reign, and throughout the war, the Hungarians, desiring independence, had been fighting on the side of France. The Archduke Charles, now become Emperor, was ready to give the Hungarians such privileges, especially in matters of religion, as restored their friendship.

[3] After Pultowa, Frederick IV. of Denmark, Augustus II. of Poland, and Czar Peter, formed an alliance against Sweden; and in the course of 1710 the Emperor of Germany, Great Britain, and the States-General concluded two treaties guaranteeing the neutrality of all the States of the Empire. This suggests to Mr. Froth and his friends the idea that there is a 'Neutrality Army' operating somewhere.

[4] Dyer was a Jacobite printer, whose News-letter was twice in trouble for 'misrepresenting the proceedings of the House,' and who, in 1703, had given occasion for a proclamation against 'print- 'ing and spreading false news.'

[1] '*The British Princes*, an Heroick Poem,' by the Hon. Edward Howard, was published in 1669. The author produced also five plays, and a volume of Poems and Essays, with a Paraphrase on Cicero's Lælius in Heroic Verse. The Earls of Rochester and Dorset devoted some verses to jest both on *The British Princes* and on Edward Howard's Plays. Even Dr. Sprat had his rhymed joke with the rest, in lines to a Person of Honour 'upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, 'intitled *The 'British Princes*.' Edward Howard did not print the nonsense here ascribed to him. It was a burlesque of his lines:

'*A vest as admir'd Vortiger had on,*
'*Which from this Island's foes his Grandsire won.*'

many other Disticks no less to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the two following Lines.

A painted Vest Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a Naked Pict *his Grandsire won.*

Here if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could [not,] in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonsense, [have] been capable of forgetting that neither Prince *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could strip a Naked Man of his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Constitution, would have staid to have Flea'd the *Pict*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

To bring these Observations to some useful Purpose of Life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise Nations, wherein every Man learns some Handycraft-Work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a Snuff-box, he spent some part of his Time in making one? Such a Method as this, would very much conduce to the Publick Emolument, by making every Man living good for something; for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but would have some little Pretension for some Degree in it; like him who came to *Will's* Coffee-house, upon the Merit of having writ a Posie of a Ring. R.

No. 44.] *Friday, April* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Hor.

AMONG the several Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of [an][1] Audience with Terror, the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the Descending of a God, or the Rising of a Ghost, at the Vanishing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good Effect; and have seen the whole Assembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the Stage, or rose through a Cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one Word. There may be a proper Season for these several Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the Clock in *Venice Preserved*,[2] makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; and conveys a stronger Terror to the Mind than it is possible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a Master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance, strikes the Imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
Ham. *Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!*
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell;
Be thy Events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane; *Oh! Oh! Answer me,*
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonis'd Bones, hearsed in Death,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices above-mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the Persons are in Distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this Instrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: All that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue sympathize with his Eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compassion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the Distress, and melt his Audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet, being resolved to out-write all his Predecessors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Success: And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage, is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

[1] [the]

[2] In Act V. The toll of the passing bell for Pierre in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera.

But among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poysoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Criticks, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a People that delight in Blood.[1] It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the Ward-robe of a Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover,) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid *publick Blood-shed*, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murder'd her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment with a Resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking to the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some Time in his present Bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him; and [by] ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murther he would revenge in the very same Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*

Let not Medea *draw her murth'ring Knife,*
And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage.

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick Executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted Persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but also as an Improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur*, Cadmus *in anguem,*
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Hor.

Medea *must not draw her murth'ring Knife,*
Nor Atreus *there his horrid Feast prepare.*
Cadmus *and* Progne's *Metamorphosis,*
(*She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake*)

[1] Thus René Rapin,—whom Dryden declared alone 'sufficient, were all other critics lost, to 'teach anew the rules of writing,'—said in his 'Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry,' translated by Rymer in 1694, 'The English, our 'Neighbours, love Blood in their Sports, by the 'quality of their Temperament: These are *Insulaires*, separated from the rest of men; we are 'more humane. . . . The English have more of 'Genius for Tragedy than other People, as well 'by the Spirit of their Nation, which delights in 'Cruelty, as also by the Character of their Language, which is proper for Great Expressions.'

And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Ld. ROSCOMMON.[1]

I have now gone through the several Dramatick Inventions which are made use of by [the] Ignorant Poets to supply the Place of Tragedy, and by [the] Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with Caution. It would be an endless Task to consider Comedy in the same Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that small Wits put in practice to raise a Laugh. *Bullock* in a short Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this Effect.[2] In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt, and Sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jest in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age.[3] But because Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion, and [because][4] the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Consequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

C.

No. 45.] *Saturday, April* 21, 1711. [*Addison.*

Natio Comœda est ———.—Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace,[5] tho' at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French* Fopperies.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Abigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of these her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds.[1] It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Looks, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair

[1] The Earl of Roscommon, who died in 1684, aged about 50, besides his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' produced, in 1680, a Translation of *Horace's Art of Poet* into English Blank Verse, with Remarks. Of his 'Essay,' Dryden said:

'The Muse's Empire is restored again
'In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.'

[2] Of Bullock see note on p. 60. Norris had at one time, by his acting of Dicky in Farquhar's 'Trip to the Jubilee,' acquired the name of Jubilee Dicky.

[3] Sir George Etherege. It was his first play, *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, produced in 1664, which introduced him to the society of Rochester, Buckingham, &c.

[4] [as]

[5] At this date the news would just have reached England of the death of the Emperor Joseph and accession of Archduke Charles to the German crown. The Archduke's claim to the crown of Spain had been supported as that of a younger brother of the House of Austria, in whose person the two crowns of Germany and Spain were not likely to be united. When, therefore, Charles became head of the German empire, the war of the Spanish succession changed its aspect altogether, and the English looked for peace. That of 1711 was, in fact, Marlborough's last campaign; peace negotiations were at the same time going on between France and England, and preliminaries were signed in London in October of this year, 1711. England was accused of betraying the allied cause; but the changed political conditions led to her withdrawal from it, and her withdrawal compelled the assent of the allies to the general peace made by the Treaty of Utrecht, which, after tedious negotiations, was not signed until the 11th of April, 1713, the continuous issue of the *Spectator* having ended, with Vol. VII., in December, 1712.

[1] The custom was copied from the French *Précieuses*, at a time when *courir les ruelles* (to take the run of the bedsides) was a Parisian phrase for fashionable morning calls upon the ladies. The *ruelle* is the little path between the bedside and the wall.

Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she stired a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers, than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper, which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be therefore the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it,) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that should only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation, and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead; who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to-night.[1] Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author[1] tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled several Thousand of Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, [who][2] have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of St. *James's*, [betray][3] as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as she could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*. C.

[1] *Balloon* was a game like tennis played with a foot-ball; but the word may be applied here to a person. It had not the sense which now first occurs to the mind of a modern reader. Air balloons are not older than 1783.

No. 46.] *Monday, April* 23, 1711. [*Addison.*

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
Ovid.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheetful of Hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any Body but myself: There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and

[1] Describing perhaps one form of reaction against the verbal pedantry and *Phébus* of the *Précieuses*.
[2] [that] [3] [with]

Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Distinction, and Order.

About a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's*[1] Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Cluster of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee-house: It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir *Roger de Coverly's* Country Seat—Yes, for I hate long Speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjurer—*Childermas-day*, Saltseller, House-Dog, Screech-owl, Cricket—Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good Ship called *The Achilles*. *Yarico*—*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by Trade a Taylor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of[2]—Short Face a Relief to Envy—Redundancies in the three Professions—King *Latinus* a Recruit—Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon—*Westminster Abbey*—*Grand Cairo*—Procrastination—*April* Fools—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in Armour—Enter a King and two Fidlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's School-Mistress—Face half *Pict* half *British*—no Man to be an Hero of Tragedy under Six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-Pots, Elbow-Chairs, Tapestry-Figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show—Old-Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next Coat to be turned up with Blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally-Pot—*Pactolus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgels, Drumsticks—Slip of my Landlady's eldest Daughter—The black Mare with a Star in her Forehead—The Barber's Pole—WILL. HONEYCOMB's Coat-pocket—*Cæsar's* Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle Master.

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some Body that had been taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had the Appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us, with several politick Winks and Nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those Words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandish Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young [*Oxford* Scholar'], who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discover'd to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their several Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reach'd out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having cast a cursory Glance over it, and shook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of Match, and lit my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadiness of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Transaction, raised a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had escaped all Suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to

[1] *Lloyd's Coffee House* was first established in Lombard Street, at the corner of Abchurch Lane. Pains were taken to get early Ship news at Lloyd's, and the house was used by underwriters and insurers of Ships' cargoes. It was found also to be a convenient place for sales. A poem called *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, printed in 1700, says of him,

> Now to Lloyd's Coffee-house he never fails,
> To read the Letters, and attend the Sales.

It was afterwards removed to Pope's Head Alley, as 'the New Lloyd's Coffee House;' again removed in 1774 to a corner of the Old Royal Exchange; and in the building of the new Exchange was provided with the rooms now known as 'Lloyd's Subscription Rooms,' an institution which forms part of our commercial system.

[2] Charles Lillie, the perfumer in the Strand, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings—where the business of a perfumer is at this day carried on—appears in the 16th, 18th, and subsequent numbers of the *Spectator*, together with Mrs. Baldwin of Warwick Lane, as a chief agent for the sale of the Paper. To the line which had run 'LONDON: 'Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in '*Little Britain*;' and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in '*Warwick-Lane*;' where Advertisements are 'taken in;' there was then appended: 'as also by '*Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of '*Beaufort-Buildings* in the *Strand*.' Nine other agents, of whom complete sets could be had, were occasionally set forth together with these two in an advertisement; but only these are in the colophon.

['Oxonian]

my Pipe, and the *Post-man*, took no [further] Notice of any thing that passed about me.

My Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will easily Suppose, that those Subjects which are yet untouched were such Provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last Hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a Husband who suffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels;[1] *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

SIR,

'I am one of those unhappy Men that are 'plagued with a Gospel-Gossip, so common among 'Dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the 'Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Pre-'paration Sermons at Night, take up so much of 'her Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have 'for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at 'it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and 'Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are 'deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her 'Company alone, she is a meer Sermon Popgun, 'repeating and discharging Texts, Proofs, and 'Applications so perpetually, that however weary 'I may go to bed, the Noise in my Head will not 'let me sleep till towards Morning. The Misery 'of my Case, and great Numbers of such Suffer-'ers, plead your Pity and speedy Relief, other-'wise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, 'preached, and prayed into Want, unless the 'Happiness of being sooner talked to Death pre-'vent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

[1] Gilbert Burnet, author of the 'History of the 'Reformation,' and 'History of his own Time,' was Bishop of Salisbury from 1689 to his death in 1715. Addison here quotes—'Some Letters con-'taining an Account of what seemed most remark-'able in Travelling through Switzerland, Italy, 'some parts of Germany, &c., in the Years 1685 'and 1686. Written by G. Burnet, D.D., to the 'Honourable R. B.' In the first letter, which is from Zurich, Dr. Burnet speaks of many Inscriptions at Lyons of the late and barbarous ages, as *Bonum Memoriam*, and *Epitaphium hunc*. Of 23 Inscriptions in the Garden of the Fathers of Mercy, he quotes one which 'must be towards 'the barbarous age, as appears by the false Latin 'in *Nimia*.' He quotes it because he has 'made 'a little reflection on it,' which is, that its subject, Sutia Anthis, to whose memory her husband Cecalius Calistis dedicates the inscription which says 'quædum Nimia pia fuit, facta est Impia' (who while she was too pious, was made impious), must have been publicly accused of Impiety, or her husband would not have recorded it in such a manner; that to the Pagans Christianity was Atheism and Impiety; and that here, therefore, is a Pagan husband's testimony to the better faith, that the Piety of his wife made her a Christian.

The second Letter relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled 'many Years for my Improvement; during which 'time I have accomplished myself in the whole 'Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all 'the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus quali-'fied, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to 'set up for an Ogling-Master. I teach the Church 'Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-house Ogle 'by Candle-light. I have also brought over with 'me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I 'teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any 'Hour of the Day by darkning one of my Win-'dows. I have a Manuscript by me called *The 'Compleat Ogler*, which I shall be ready to show 'you upon any Occasion. In the mean time, I 'beg you will publish the Substance of this Let-'ter in an Advertisement, and you will very much 'oblige,

Yours, &c.

No. 47.] *Tuesday, April* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ride si sapis——.—Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his Discourse of Human Nature,[1] which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but 'sudden Glory arising from some sudden Con-'ception of some Eminency in ourselves by Com-'parison with the Infirmity of others, or with our 'own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of 'themselves past, when they come suddenly to 'Remembrance, except they bring with them any 'present Dishonour.

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jests upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they

[1] Chap. ix. § 13. Thomas Hobbes's 'Human Nature' was published in 1650. He died in 1679, aged 91.

call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humourous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur Boileau.[1]

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr. *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter among Men of a gross Taste: But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Risibility affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocatives of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and seem to love so well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed, *Pickled Herrings;* in *France*, *Jean Pottages;* in *Italy*, *Maccaronies;* and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldest Daughter was dispatch'd half a Mile to see a Monster; and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters;* a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind: or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, That secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmity in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even [at] an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life: I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.*[1]

C.

[1] Boileau's 4th satire. John Dennis was at this time a leading critic of the French school, to whom Pope afterwards attached lasting ridicule. He died in 1734, aged 77.

[1] Henry IV. Part II. Act I. § 2.

No. 48.] *Wednesday, April 25, 1711.* [*Steele.*

——Per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit——.—Ovid.

MY Correspondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time let them know I have received their Letters. The most effectual Way will be to publish some of them that are upon important Subjects; which I shall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To the President and Fellows of the *Ugly Club.*

May it please your Deformities,

'I Have received the Notification of the Honour 'you have done me, in admitting me into your 'Society. I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and 'for that Reason shall endeavour at all Times to 'make up my own Failures, by introducing and 'recommending to the Club Persons of more un-'doubted Qualifications than I can pretend to. I 'shall next Week come down in the Stage-Coach, 'in order to take my Seat at the Board; and shall 'bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The 'Persons I shall present to you, are an old Beau 'and a modern *Pict.* If they are not so eminently 'gifted by Nature as our Assembly expects, give 'me Leave to say their acquired Ugliness is 'greater than any that has ever appeared before 'you. The Beau has varied his Dress every Day 'of his Life for these thirty Years last past, and 'still added to the Deformity he was born with. 'The *Pict* has still greater Merit towards us; and 'has, ever since she came to Years of Discretion, 'deserted the handsome Party, and taken all pos-'sible Pains to acquire the Face in which I shall 'present her to your Consideration and Favour.

I am,
'I desire to know *Gentlemen,*
'whether you admit *Your most obliged*
'People of Quality. *Humble Servant,*
The SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April 17.*

'TO shew you there are among us of the vain 'weak Sex, some that have Honesty and 'Fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing 'to be thought so; I apply my self to you, to beg 'your Interest and Recommendation to the *Ugly 'Club.* If my own Word will not be taken, (tho' 'in this Case a Woman's may) I can bring credible 'Witness of my Qualifications for their Company, 'whether they insist upon Hair, Forehead, Eyes, 'Cheeks, or Chin; to which I must add, that I 'find it easier to lean to my left Side than my 'right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable: 'And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the 'President himself. All the Favour I'll pretend 'to is, that as I am the first Woman has appeared 'desirous of good Company and agreeable Con-'versation, I may take and keep the upper End 'of the Table. And indeed I think they want a 'Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner 'as they can wish. I desire your Thoughts of my 'Claim as soon as you can. Add to my Features 'the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard; 'tho' I never knew the Reason of it till you gave 'one for the Shortness of yours. If I knew a 'Name ugly enough to belong to the above-de-'scribed Face, I would feign one; but, to my 'unspeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only 'disagreeable Prettiness about me; so prithee 'make one for me that signifies all the Deformity 'in the World: You understand *Latin*, but be sure 'bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my 'Heart,

Your most frightful Admirer,
and Servant,
Hecatissa.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Read your Discourse upon Affectation, and 'from the Remarks made in it examined my own 'Heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out 'its most secret Avenues, with a Resolution to be 'aware of you for the future. But alas! to my 'Sorrow I now understand, that I have several 'Follies which I do not know the Root of. I am 'an old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the 'Gout; but having always a strong Vanity to-'wards being pleasing in the Eyes of Women, I 'never have a Moment's Ease, but I am mounted 'in high-heel'd Shoes with a glased Wax-leather 'Instep. Two Days after a severe Fit I was in-'vited to a Friend's House in the City, where I 'believed I should see Ladies; and with my usual 'Complaisance crippled my self to wait upon 'them: A very sumptuous Table, agreeable Com-'pany, and kind Reception, were but so many 'importunate Additions to the Torment I was in. 'A Gentleman of the Family observed my Con-'dition; and soon after the Queen's Health, he, 'in the Prssence of the whole Company, with his 'own Hand degraded me into an old Pair of his 'own Shoes. This operation, before fine Ladies, 'to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) was suf-'fered with the same Reluctance as they admit 'the Help of Men in their greatest Extremity. 'The Return of Ease made me forgive the rough 'Obligation laid upon me, which at that time re-'lieved my Body from a Distemper, and will my 'Mind for ever from a Folly. For the Charity 'received I return my Thanks this Way.

Your most humble Servant.

SIR, Epping, April 18.

'We have your Papers here the Morning they 'come out, and we have been very well enter-'tained with your last, upon the false Ornaments 'of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. 'What made your Speculation come very seasoni-'ably amongst us is, that we have now at this 'Place a Company of Strolers, who are very far 'from offending in the impertinent Splendor of 'the Drama. They are so far from falling into 'these false Gallantries, that the Stage is here in 'its Original Situation of a Cart. *Alexander* the 'Great was acted by a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. 'The next Day, the Earl of *Essex*[1] seemed to 'have no Distress but his Poverty: And my Lord

[1] In *The Unhappy Favourite*, or the Earl of Essex, a Tragedy by John Banks, first acted in 1682.

'*Foppington*[1] the same Morning wanted any 'better means to shew himself a Fop, than by 'wearing Stockings of different Colours. In a 'Word, tho' they have had a full Barn for many 'Days together, our Itinerants are still so wretch-'edly poor, that without you can prevail to send 'us the Furniture you forbid at the Play-house, 'the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, 'and the Heroines Gipsies. We have had but 'one Part which was performed and dressed with 'Propriety, and that was Justice *Clodpate*;[2] 'This was so well done that it offended Mr. Jus-'tice *Overdo*,[3] who, in the midst of our whole 'Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet-'Show) so highly provok'd, that he told them, If 'they would move Compassion, it should be in 'their own Persons, and not in the Characters of 'distressed Princes and Potentates: He told 'them, If they were so good at finding the way 'to People's Hearts, they should do it at the End 'of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their proper 'Vocation of Beggars. This, the Justice says, 'they must expect, since they could not be con-'tented to act Heathen Warriors, and such Fel-'lows as *Alexander*, but must presume to make a 'Mockery of one of the *Quorum*.

R. *Your Servant.*

No. 49.] *Thursday, April* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*—Mart.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able Flatterers that never speak a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but still practise a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdasher has a Levy of more undissembled Friends and Admirers, than most of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House; some of whom are ready dress'd for *Westminster*, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as busie as if they were retained in every Cause there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to saunter away their Time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter so effectually, as these young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Searle's*,[1] and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *Virtuoso's* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which shews they regard one another for their Vestments. I have observed, that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busie for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *Deshabillé*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the

[1] Lord Foppington is in Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*, first acted in 1704.

[2] Justice Clodpate is in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, first acted in 1676.

[3] Adam Overdo is the Justice of the Peace, who in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* goes 'disguised 'for the good of the Republic in the Fair and the weeding out of enormity.'

[1] The *Grecian* (see note, p. 4) was by the Temple; *Squire's*, by Gray's Inn; *Serle's*, by Lincoln's Inn. *Squire's*, a roomy, red-brick house, adjoined the gate of Gray's Inn, in Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, then leading to Gray's Inn Walks, which lay open to the country. Squire, the establisher of this coffee-house, died in 1717. *Serle's* was near Will's, which stood at the corner of Serle Street and Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

worthier Part of Mankind; of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination: Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion, or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

The Coffee-house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launching into Expence; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He does not consider in whose Hands his Mony will improve most, but where it will do most Good.

Eubulus has so great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him; are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee-house. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turned.

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as first Minister of the Coffee-house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders. R.

No. 50.] *Friday, April* 27, 1711.[1] [*Addison.*

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.
Juv.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago,[2] I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St. *Paul*.

'On the most rising Part of the Town there 'stands a huge House, big enough to contain the 'whole Nation of which I am King. Our good 'Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is 'of opinion it was made by the Hands of that great 'God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of '*Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it 'was created with the Earth, and produced on 'the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for 'my own Part, by the best Information that I

[1] Swift writes to Stella, in his Journal, 28th April, 1711—'The SPECTATOR is written by 'Steele, with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. 'Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him 'long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian, sup-'posed to write his travels into England. I repent 'he ever had it. I intended to have written a book 'on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in 'one paper, and all the under hints there are mine 'too; but I never see him or Addison.' The paper, it will be noticed, was not written by Steele.

[2] The four kings Te Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, E Tow O Koam, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow, were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by adjacent British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the untruth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and all other nations were vassals to the French king. They were said also to have been told that the Saviour was born in France and crucified in England.

'could get of this Matter, I am apt to think that 'this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape 'it now bears by several Tools and Instruments 'of which they have a wonderful Variety in this 'Country. It was probably at first an huge mis-'shapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, 'which the Natives of the Country (after having 'cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and 'hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry, 'till they had wrought in it all those beautiful 'Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at 'this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus 'curiously scooped to their Liking, a prodigious 'Number of Hands must have been employed in 'chipping the Outside of it, which is now as 'smooth as [the Surface of a Pebble;[1]] and is in 'several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand 'like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about 'the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is pro-'bable that when this great Work was begun, 'which must have been many Hundred Years 'ago, there was some Religion among this People; 'for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have 'a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay 'their Devotions in. And indeed, there are 'several Reasons which make us think that the 'Natives of this Country had formerly among 'them some sort of Worship; for they set apart 'every seventh Day as sacred: But upon my 'going into one of [these[2]] holy Houses on that 'Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of 'Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed 'a Man in Black who was mounted above the 'rest, and seemed to utter something with a great 'deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath 'him, instead of paying their Worship to the 'Deity of the Place, they were most of them bow-'ing and curtisying to one another, and a con-'siderable Number of them fast asleep.

'The Queen of the Country appointed two Men 'to attend us, that had enough of our Language 'to make themselves understood in some few 'Particulars. But we soon perceived these two 'were great Enemies to one another, and did not 'always agree in the same Story. We could 'make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that 'this Island was very much infested with a mon-'strous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, 'called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he 'hoped we should meet with none of them in our 'Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to 'knock us down for being Kings.

'Our other Interpreter used to talk very much 'of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as 'great a Monster as the *Whig*, and would treat 'us as ill for being Foreigners. These two Crea-'tures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy 'to one another, and engage when they meet as 'naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. 'But as we saw none of either of these Species, 'we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us 'with Misrepresentations and Fictions, and amused 'us with an Account of such Monsters as are not 'really in their Country.

'These Particulars we made a shift to pick out 'from the Discourse of our Interpreters; which 'we put together as well as we could, being able 'to understand but here and there a Word of 'what they said, and afterwards making up the 'Meaning of it among ourselves. The Men of 'the Country are very cunning and ingenious in 'handicraft Works; but withal so very idle, that 'we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows 'carried up and down the Streets in little covered 'Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for 'that Service. Their Dress is likewise very bar-'barous, for they almost strangle themselves 'about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with 'many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are the 'Occasion of several Distempers among them 'which our Country is entirely free from. Instead 'of those beautiful Feathers with which we adorn 'our Heads, they often buy up a monstrous Bush 'of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls 'down in a large Fleece below the Middle of 'their Backs; with which they walk up and down 'the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of 'their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their publick Diver-'sions, where we hoped to have seen the great 'Men of their Country running down a Stag or 'pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered 'who were the [Persons of the greatest Abilities 'among them;[1]] but instead of that, they con-'veyed us into a huge Room lighted up with 'abundance of Candles, where this lazy People 'sat still above three Hours to see several Feats 'of Ingenuity performed by others, who it seems 'were paid for it.

'As for the Women of the Country, not being 'able to talk with them, we could only make our 'Remarks upon them at a Distance. They let the 'Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length; 'but as the Men make a great Show with Heads 'of Hair that are not of their own, the Women, 'who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie 'it up in a Knot, and cover it from being seen. 'The Women look like Angels, and would be 'more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little 'black Spots that are apt to break out in their 'Faces, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures. 'I have observed that those little Blemishes wear 'off very soon; but when they disappear in one 'Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out 'in another, insomuch that I have seen a Spot 'upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was 'upon the Chin in the Morning.[2]

The Author then proceeds to shew the Absurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious Observations, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild Remarks there now and then appears

[1] [polished Marble]
[2] [those]

[1] [Men of the greatest Perfections in their Country]

[2] There was, among other fancies, a patch cut to the pattern of a coach and horses. Suckling, in verses 'upon the Black Spots worn by my Lady D. E.,' had called them her

—— Mourning weeds for Hearts forlorn,
Which, though you must not love, you could not scorn.

something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, That we are all guilty in some Measure of the same narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian* Journal; when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own. C.

No. 51.] *Saturday, April* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Torquet ab Obscenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Fortune, Quality, and Person are such as render me as Conspicuous as any Young 'Woman in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it 'in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very care-'ful Education, contracted a great Aversion to 'the forward Air and Fashion which is practised 'in all Publick Places and Assemblies. I attribute 'this very much to the Stile and Manners of our 'Plays: I was last Night at the *Funeral*, where 'a Confident Lover in the Play, speaking of his 'Mistress, cries out —— *Oh that* Harriot! *to 'fold these Arms about the Waste of that 'Beauteous strugling, and at last yielding 'Fair!*[1] Such an Image as this ought, by no 'means, to be presented to a Chaste and Regular 'Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sen-'tence, and recommend to your Consideration, as 'a SPECTATOR, the conduct of the Stage at pre-'sent with Relation to Chastity and Modesty.

I am, SIR,
Your Constant Reader
and Well-wisher.

The Complaint of this Young Lady is so just, that the Offence is [great[2]] enough to have displeased Persons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modesty, of which she is Mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in Behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but consider the Difficulty of keeping up a sprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't please any otherwise, to help it out with a little Smuttiness. I will answer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdy for any other Reason but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a Description which gratifies a sensual Appetite will please, when the Author has nothing [about him to delight[1]] a refined Imagination. It is to such a Poverty we must impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this Kind, and which are commonly termed Luscious Expressions.

This Expedient, to supply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been used more or less, by most of the Authors who have succeeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has professedly writ a Play upon the Basis of the Desire of Multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir *George Etherege;* if I understand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could.* Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Design, under all the Disguises and Affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made sure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpose, from the Beginning to the End of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to guess only what *She would if She could,* the Play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious Gesture of Body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius,* never fail of keeping this Secret in reserve, to create a Laugh, or raise a Clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from seeing Plays, can give great Guesses at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers; the Advantages of whose pretty Persons are a great Help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing Lusciously, a pretty Girl can move Lasciviously, and have the same good Consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Case use their Audiences, as dull Parasites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert [them[2]] with their Wit or Humour, they bait [their[3]] Ears with something which is agreeable to [their[4]] Temper, though below [their[5]] Understanding. *Apicius* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius,* if you describe a Wanton Beauty: Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in Conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the Man, than to the Man of Sense.

[1] The Play is by Steele himself, the writer of this Essay. Steele's Plays were as pure as his *Spectator* Essays, absolutely discarding the customary way of enforcing feeble dialogues by the spurious force of oaths, and aiming at a wholesome influence upon his audience. The passage here recanted was a climax of passion in one of the lovers of two sisters, Act II., sc. 1, and was thus retrenched in subsequent editions:

Campley. 'Oh that Harriot! to embrace that 'beauteous——

Lord Hardy. 'Ay, *Tom;* but methinks your 'Head runs too much on the Wedding Night only, 'to make your Happiness lasting; mine is fixt on 'the married State; I expect my Felicity from 'Lady Charlot, in her Friendship, her Constancy, 'her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal 'Tenderness—You think not of any excellence of 'your Mistress that is more than skin deep.'

[2] [gross]

[1] [else to gratifie] [2] [him]
[3] [his] [4] [his] [5] [his]

It is remarkable, that the Writers of least Learning are best skilled in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*,[1] for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired Part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish* Majesty went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same Sex,[2] who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The Pleasantry of stripping almost Naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned Female Compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same Errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the same Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a [good] Fortune, the Female gives her Heroin a great Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ our selves as we please. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays would have a very respectful Notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a Pimp to ravishing Tyrants, or successful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occasion, the Ladies are sure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Composure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as these make some Ladies wholly absent themselves from the Play-House; and others never miss the first Day of a Play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the second.

If Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raising it from good natural Impulses as are in the Audience, but are choaked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best Character in it; I say, upon giving the Comedy another Cast, might not such a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Catastrophe he were found out for a Traitor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is seldom a Person devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at Men's Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it *with the Honesty* which becomes their Characters.

There is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave to either of those Pursuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaste, Faithful and Honest, may, at the same time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Good-breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts these latter Qualities, twenty Occasions might be invented to shew he is Master of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would smite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Sense, when he is given up to his Pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound Constitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taste would call a Man of Wit, who should turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loss what Name they would give him, who makes use of his Capacity for contrary Purposes. R.

[1] Mary Pix, whose Tragedy of *Ibrahim XII., Emperor of the Turks*, was first acted in 1696.

[2] Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose *Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers*, is a Comedy in two Parts; first acted, Part I. in 1677, Part II. in 1681.

No. 52.] *Monday, April* 30, 1711. [*Steele.*

Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat Te prole parentem.
Virg.

AN ingenious Correspondent, like a sprightly Wife, will always have the last Word. I did not think my last Letter to the deformed Fraternity would have occasioned any Answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a Visit: But as they think they cannot shew too great a Veneration for my Person, they have already sent me up an Answer. As to the Proposal of a Marriage between my self and the matchless *Hecatissa*, I have but one Objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where she may have so much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the Lady seems particularly smitten with Men of their Make.

I believe I shall set my Heart upon her; and think never the worse of my Mistress for an Epigram a smart Fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his Malice is stolen from *Martial.*

Tacta places, Audita places, si non videare
Tota places, neutro, si videare, places.

Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren *in thy Tongue,*

What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.

'Your Letter to us we have received, as a sig-
'nal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affec-
'tion. We shall be heartily glad to see your short
'Face in *Oxford:* And since the Wisdom of our
'Legislature has been immortalized in your Specu-
'lations, and our personal Deformities in some
'sort by you recorded to all Posterity; we hold
'ourselves in Gratitude bound to receive with the
'highest Respect, all such Persons as for their
'extraordinary Merit you shall think fit, from
'Time to Time, to recommend unto the Board.
'As for the Pictish Damsel, we have an easy
'Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table;
'which we doubt not but she will grace with a
'very hideous Aspect, and much better become
'the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomeli-
'ness of her Person, than with all the superficial
'Airs of the Pencil, which (as you have very in-
'geniously observed) vanish with a Breath, and
'the most innocent Adorer may deface the Shrine
'with a Salutation, and in the literal Sense of our
'Poets, snatch and imprint his balmy Kisses, and
'devour her melting Lips: In short, the only
'Faces of the Pictish Kind that will endure the
'Weather, must be of Dr. *Carbuncle's* Die; tho'
'his, in truth, has cost him a World the Painting;
'but then he boasts with *Zeuxes, In eternitatem*
'*pingo;* and oft jocosely tells the Fair Ones,
'would they acquire Colours that would stand
'kissing, they must no longer Paint but Drink for
'a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age
'has been pursued with no ill Success; and has
'been as admirable in its Effects, as the famous
'Cosmetick mentioned in the *Post-man,* and in-
'vented by the renowned *British Hippocrates*
'of the Pestle and Mortar; making the Party,
'after a due Course, rosy, hale and airy; and the
'best and most approved Receipt now extant for
'the Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our
'Female Candidate, who, I understand, is re-
'turned to herself, and will no longer hang out
'false Colours; as she is the first of her Sex that
'has done us so great an Honour, she will cer-
'tainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose and
'Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated De-
'formity now living; and meet with Admirers
'here as frightful as herself. But being a long-
'headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she
'has some further Design than you have yet
'penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the
'SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as the
'Person of all the World she could like for a Par-
'amour: And if so, really I cannot but applaud
'her Choice; and should be glad, if it might lie
'in my Power, to effect an amicable Accommoda-
'tion betwixt two Faces of such different Ex-
'tremes, as the only possible Expedient to mend
'the Breed, and rectify the Physiognomy of the
'Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a
'Lady of very fluent Elocution, you need not fear
'that your first Child will be born dumb, which
'otherwise you might have some Reason to be
'apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can
'see nothing shocking in it; for tho' she has not
'a Face like a *John-Apple,* yet as a late Friend
'of mine, who at Sixty-five ventured on a Lass of
'Fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five
'Years of his Life, gave me to understand, That,
'as old as he then seemed, when they were first
'married he and his Spouse [could[1]] make but
'Fourscore; so may Madam *Hecatissa* very justly
'allege hereafter, That, as long-visaged as she may
'then be thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr.
'SPECTATOR and she had but Half an Ell of Face
'betwixt them: And this my very worthy Prede-
'cessor, Mr. Sergeant *Chin,* always maintained
'to be no more than the true oval Proportion be-
'tween Man and Wife. But as this may be a
'new thing to you, who have hitherto had no Ex-
'pectations from Women, I shall allow you what
'Time you think fit to consider on't; not without
'some Hope of seeing at last your Thoughts here-
'upon subjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour
'much desired by,

Sir,
Your assured Friend,
and most humble Servant,
Hugh-[Gobling,[2]] Præses.

The following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot for my Heart suppress it.

SIR,

'You proposed, in your SPECTATOR of last
'*Tuesday,* Mr. *Hobbs's* Hypothesis for solving
'that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You
'have made the Hypothesis valuable by espousing
'it your self; for had it continued Mr. *Hobbs's,* no
'Body would have minded it. Now here this
'perplexed Case arises. A certain Company
'laughed very heartily upon the Reading of that
'very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he
'must be a Man of more than ordinary Constancy
'that could stand it out against so much Comedy,
'and not do as we did. Now there are few Men
'in the World so far lost to all good Sense, as to
'look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly
'*inferior to himself.* Pray then how do you
'justify your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, *the 26th of the Month of* Fools. *Your most humble,* Q. R.

SIR,

'In answer to your Letter, I must desire you to
'recollect yourself; and you will find, that when
'you did me the Honour to be so merry over my
'Paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the *German*
'Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the
'Haberdasher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

[1] [could both]
[2] [Goblin]

No. 53.] *Tuesday, May* 1, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*
Hor.

MY Correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their Applications to me.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours to adorn that Sex, which is the fairest Part 'of the visible Creation, are well received, and 'like to prove not unsuccessful. The Triumph 'of *Daphne* over her Sister *Letitia* has been the 'Subject of Conversation at Several Tea-Tables 'where I have been present; and I have observed 'the fair Circle not a little pleased to find you 'considering them as reasonable Creatures, and 'endeavouring to banish that *Mahometan* Custom which had too much prevailed even in this 'Island, of treating Women as if they had no 'Souls. I must do them the Justice to say, that 'there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely Pieces of Human Nature, 'besides the turning and applying their Ambition 'properly, and the keeping them up to a Sense 'of what is their true Merit. *Epictetus*, that 'plain honest Philosopher, as little as he had of 'Gallantry, appears to have understood them, as 'well as the polite St. *Evremont*, and has hit this 'Point very luckily.[1] *When young Women*, says he, *arrive at a certain Age, they hear themselves 'called* Mistresses, *and are made to believe that 'their only Business is to please the Men: they 'immediately begin to dress, and place all their 'Hopes in the adorning of their Persons; it is 'therefore*, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible 'that the Honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with Virtue, Modesty, and Discretion.*

'Now to pursue the Matter yet further, and to 'render your Cares for the Improvement of the 'Fair Ones more effectual, I would propose a 'new method, like those Applications which are 'said to convey their virtues by Sympathy; and 'that is, in order to embellish the Mistress, you 'should give a new Education to the Lover, and 'teach the Men not to be any longer dazzled by 'false Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but 'think that if our Sex knew always how to place 'their Esteem justly, the other would not be so 'often wanting to themselves in deserving it. 'For as the being enamoured with a Woman of 'Sense and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's 'Understanding and Morals, and the Passion is 'ennobled by the Object which inspires it; so on 'the other side, the appearing amiable to a Man 'of a wise and elegant Mind, carries in it self no 'small Degree of Merit and Accomplishment. I 'conclude therefore, that one way to make the 'Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men 'more virtuous.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
R. B.

SIR, *April* 26.

'Yours of *Saturday* last I read, not without 'some Resentment; but I will suppose when you 'say you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and 'Brocades, and to see many new Vanities which 'the Women will fall into upon a Peace with '*France*, that you intend only the unthinking 'Part of our Sex: And what Methods can reduce 'them to Reason is hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet, that your Instructions might be of great Use to, who, after 'their best Endeavours, are sometimes at a loss 'to acquit themselves to a Censorious World: I 'am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Honour and 'Prudence; and have thought it an Observation 'not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, 'the Women lost their Wit, and the Men their 'Good-manners. 'Tis sure, from those improper 'Liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing People shall banish from their Drawing-Rooms the best-bred Men in the World, and 'condemn those that do not. Your stating this 'Point might, I think, be of good use, as well as 'much oblige,

SIR,
Your Admirer, and
most Humble Servant,
ANNA BELLA.

No Answer to this, till Anna Bella *sends a Description of those she calls the Best-bred Men in the World.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman who for many Years last 'past have been well known to be truly Splenatick, 'and that my Spleen arises from having contracted 'so great a Delicacy, by reading the best Authors, 'and keeping the most refined Company, that I 'cannot bear the least Impropriety of Language, 'or Rusticity of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have 'ever looked upon this as a wise Distemper; but 'by late Observations find that every heavy 'Wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his 'Dulness by complaining of the Spleen. Nay, I 'saw, the other Day, two Fellows in a Tavern 'Kitchen set up for it, call for a Pint and Pipes, 'and only by Guzling Liquor to each other's 'Health, and wafting Smoke in each other's Face, 'pretend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to 'you, whether these Dishonours are to be done 'to the Distemper of the Great and the Polite. I 'beseech you, Sir, to inform these Fellows that 'they have not the Spleen, because they cannot 'talk without the help of a Glass at their Mouths, 'or convey their Meaning to each other without 'the Interposition of Clouds. If you will not do 'this with all Speed, I assure you, for my part, I 'will wholly quit the Disease, and for the future 'be merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant.

[1] 'Epictetus his Morals, with Simplicius his 'Comment,' was translated by George Stanhope in 1694. The citation above is a free rendering of the sense of cap. 62 of the Morals.

SIR,

'This is to let you understand, that I am a re-'formed Starer, and conceived a Detestation for 'that Practice from what you have writ upon the 'Subject. But as you have been very severe 'upon the Behaviour of us Men at Divine Service, 'I hope you will not be so apparently partial to 'the Women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. 'If they do everything that is possible to attract 'our Eyes, are we more culpable than they for 'looking at them? I happened last *Sunday* to 'be shut into a Pew, which was full of young 'Ladies in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty. When 'the Service began, I had not Room to kneel at 'the Confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from 'wandring as well as I was able, till one of the 'young Ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to 'bring down my Looks, and fix my Devotion on 'her self. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper 'works with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan; one of 'which is continually in Motion, while she thinks 'she is not actually the Admiration of some Ogler 'or Starer in the Congregation. As I stood utterly 'at a loss how to behave my self, surrounded as 'I was, this Peeper so placed her self as to be 'kneeling just before me. She displayed the most 'beautiful Bosom imaginable, which heaved and 'fell with some Fervour, while a delicate well-'shaped Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was 'not in Nature to command ones Eyes from this 'Object; I could not avoid taking notice also of 'her Fan, which had on it various Figures, very 'improper to behold on that Occasion. There 'lay in the Body of the Piece a *Venus*, under a 'Purple Canopy furled with curious Wreaths of 'Drapery, half naked, attended with a Train of '*Cupids*, who were busied in Fanning her as she 'slept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping 'over the silken Fence, and threatening to break 'through it. I frequently offered to turn my 'Sight another way, but was still detained by the 'Fascination of the Peeper's Eyes, who had long 'practised a Skill in them, to recal the parting 'Glances of her Beholders. You see my Com-'plaint, and hope you will take these mischievous 'People, the Peepers, into your Consideration: I 'doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much 'more pernicious than a Starer, as an Ambuscade 'is more to be feared than an open Assault.

I am, SIR,
Your most Obedient Servant.

This Peeper using both Fan and Eyes to be considered as a Pict, *and proceed accordingly.*

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

'Tho' some may think we descend from our 'Imperial Dignity, in holding Correspondence 'with a private [*Litterato*;[1]] yet as we have great 'Respect to all good Intentions for our Service, 'we do not esteem it beneath us to return you 'our Royal Thanks for what you published in 'our Behalf, while under Confinement in the In-'chanted Castle of the *Savoy*, and for your Men-'tion of a Subsidy for a Prince in Misfortune. 'This your timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of 'divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose 'the Means. We have taken their Good-will 'into Consideration, and have contrived a Method 'which will be easy to those who shall give the 'Aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. 'A Consort of Musick shall be prepared at *Haber-'dashers-Hall* for *Wednesday* the Second of *May*, 'and we will honour the said Entertainment with 'our own Presence, where each Person shall be 'assessed but at two Shillings and six Pence. 'What we expect from you is, that you publish 'these our Royal Intentions, with Injunction that 'they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities 'of *London* and *Westminster*; and so we bid you 'heartily Farewell.

Latinus, *King of the* Volscians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, *Story the Third from the Earth.* April 28, 1711. R.

[1] [*Litterati*]

No. 54.] *Wednesday, May* 2, 1711. [*Steele.*

———*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—Hor.

THE following Letter being the first that I have received from the learned University of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my self the Honour of publishing it. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philosophers which has arose in that famous Residence of Learning; and is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge, April* 26.

'Believing you to be an universal Encourager 'of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any In-'formation from the learned World, I thought an 'Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent 'among us, but not taken Notice of, as far as I 'can remember, by any Writers either ancient or 'modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The 'Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of 'our University called *Lowngers*. I am of 'Opinion, that, as in many other things, so like-'wise in this, the Ancients have been defective; '*viz.* in mentioning no Philosophers of this Sort. 'Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of 'Peripateticks, because we see them continually 'walking about. But I would have these Gentle-'men consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks 'walked much, yet they wrote much also; (wit-'ness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and 'others): Whereas it is notorious that most of our 'Professors never lay out a Farthing either in 'Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving 'them from *Diogenes*, because several of the 'leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the 'cynical Humour in them, and delight much in 'Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was con-'tent to have his constant Habitation in a narrow 'Tub; whilst our Philosophers are so far from 'being of his Opinion, that it's Death to them to 'be confined within the Limits of a good hand-'some convenient Chamber but for half an Hour. 'Others there are, who from the Clearness of 'their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Lowngers*

'from that great Man (I think it was either *Plato* 'or *Socrates*[1]) who after all his Study and Learn-'ing professed, That all he then knew was, that 'he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a 'shallow Argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great Pains and Industry made 'my Observations from time to time upon these 'Sages; and having now all Materials ready, am 'compiling a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth 'the Rise and Progress of this famous Sect, to-'gether with their Maxims, Austerities, Manner 'of living, &c. Having prevailed with a Friend 'who designs shortly to publish a new Edition of '*Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatise of mine 'by way of Supplement; I shall now, to let the 'World see what may be expected from me (first 'begging Mr. SPECTATOR's Leave that the World 'may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief 'Observations, and then subscribe my self your 'humble Servant. In the first Place I shall give 'you two or three of their Maxims: The funda-'mental one, upon which their whole System is 'built, is this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable 'Enemy to and Destroyer of all things, ought to 'be paid in his own Coin, and be destroyed and 'murdered without Mercy by all the Ways that 'can be invented. Another favourite Saying of 'theirs is, That Business was designed only for 'Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A third 'seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great 'Effect upon their Lives; and is this, That the 'Devil is at Home. Now for their Manner of 'Living: And here I have a large Field to ex-'patiate in; but I shall reserve Particulars for my 'intended Discourse, and now only mention one 'or two of their principal Exercises. The elder 'Proficients employ themselves in inspecting '*mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted 'with all the Signs and Windows in the Town. 'Some are arrived at so great Knowledge, that 'they can tell every time any Butcher kills a Calf, 'every time any old Woman's Cat is in the Straw; 'and a thousand other Matters as important. One 'ancient Philosopher contemplates two or three 'Hours every Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true 'to the Dial,

> ——— *As the Dial to the Sun,*
> *Although it be not shone upon.*[2]

'Our younger Students are content to carry their 'Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-'greens, Billiard-Tables, and such like Places. 'This may serve for a Sketch of my Design; in 'which I hope I shall have your Encouragement.

'I am,

SIR,
Yours.[1]

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this Sect at our other University; tho' not distinguished by the Appellation which the learned Historian, my Correspondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themselves more by their strict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak Eyes and sometimes Head Aches; but these Philosophers are seized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Weariness, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heaviness in removing to another.

The *Loungers* are satisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their Time to pass, than to spend it, without Regard to the past, or Prospect of the future. All they know of Life is only the present Instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferr'd to his Coach and Horses, and his Life is to be measured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of these Philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a Relish of Dress: This, methinks, might diversifie the Person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two Amusements make one of these Philosophers make a tolerable Figure in the World; with a variety of Dresses in publick Assemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horses out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *Newmarket*, and then to *London*, he has in Process of Time brought it to pass, that his Coach and his Horses have been mentioned in all those Places. When the *Loungers* leave an Academick Life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Ancestors, they usually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noise in the World; but I shall enquire into such about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Loungers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever seen an University; and send my Correspondent, for the Embellishment of his Book, the Names and History of those who pass their Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable Labour of doing nothing. R.

[1] Socrates in his Apology, or Defence before his Judges, as reported by Plato. The oracle having said that there was none wiser than he, he had sought to confute the oracle, and found the wise man of the world foolish through belief in his own wisdom. 'When I left him I reasoned thus with 'myself, I am wiser than this man, for neither of 'us appears to know anything great and good; but 'he fancies he knows something, although he 'knows nothing, whereas I, as I do not know 'anything, do not fancy that I do.'

[2] *True as Dial to the Sun,*
Although it be not shined upon.
Hudibras. Part III. c. 2.

[1] This Letter may be by Laurence Eusden. See Note to No. 78.

No. 55.] *Thursday, May* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Intus, et in jecore agro
Nascuntur Domini——.—Pers.

MOST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Persius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young Fellow who was rouzed out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleadings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of them.

Mane, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia: eja
Surge. Negas, Instat, surge inquit. Non queo.
Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum
aptas;
Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vasta
Ægeum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante
Seductum moneat; quo deinde, insane ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
Cœna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc sequeris?——

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go streight Aboard:
With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper and *Sabean* Incense, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.
Be sure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,
'Tis wholsome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear.
Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma's* even:
A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each saddled with his Burden on his Back.
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He,
That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil Question; Friend,
What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what End?
Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble College free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid,
On a brown *George*, with lousy Swobbers fed;
Dead Wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasy Maple Cup!
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise the Store,
From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at Ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all,
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak, wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* choose
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in Conquests, and is secure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into all the Pleasures of Luxury; and as these Pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh Supplies of Mony, by all the Methods of Rapaciousness and Corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated Principle of Action, in those whose Hearts are wholly set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure. The most Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the World were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice:[1] And accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth of other Men, at the same time that he squander'd away his own. This Observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a State of Ease and Prosperity. At such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleasures they can get into their Possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate Pursuit after Wealth and Riches.

As I was humouring my self in the Speculation of these two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my Reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War against each other: The Name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second

[1] Alieni appetens, sui profusus. *Sallust.*

Avarice. The Aim of each of them was no less than Universal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp* and *Fashion. Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger, Industry, Care* and *Watchfulness:* He had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his Elbow, and whispering something or other in his Ear: The Name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty.* As *Avarice* conducted himself by the Counsels of *Poverty*, his Antagonist was entirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his Measures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got Possession of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himself under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury.* The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different Parties; nay, the same Person would very often side with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wise Men of the World stood *Neuter;* but alas! their Numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the Parley, and after having represented the endless State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankness of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good Friends, were it not for the Instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his Ear, and filled him with groundless Apprehensions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his Antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggesting Pleasures, banishing all the necessary Cautions against Want, and consequently undermining those Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to share between them whatever Conquests were made on either side. For this Reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Possession of the same Heart, and dividing the same Person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors abovementioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty.* C.

No. 56.] *Friday, May* 4, 1711. [*Addison.*

Felices errore suo—— Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this Reason they always place by the Corpse of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial Forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing that Fire will destroy its magnetick Vertues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* Phrase, the *Soul* of the Loadstone.[1]

There is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian* Kings,[2] to inquire of them, if possible, what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by those many Questions which he asked them at several times, was in Substance as follows.

The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw an huge

[1] Albertus Magnus, a learned Dominican who resigned, for love of study, his bishopric of Ratisbon, died at Cologne in 1280. In alchemy a distinction was made between stone and spirit, as between body and soul, substance and accident. The evaporable parts were called, in alchemy, spirit and soul and accident.

[2] See No. 50.

Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having surveyed it for some Time, endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a kind of Fence or quick-set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft Substances might be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions in Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the Thorns and Briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those ragged Scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listned long before he saw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftness. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Vertues, was at that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with such a Landskip of flowry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be [represented [1]] by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of [a [1]] Horse; and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utensils;* for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself stood upon the Banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the Fisherman when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the River was unpassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda?* He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such

[1] [described]

[1] [an]

a Manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, [who[1]] put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it. C.

No. 57.] *Saturday, May* 5, 1711. [*Addison.*

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu?— Juv.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning:[2] by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-Posset better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest Whig; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Trades-man a Lousy Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not think of the Name of a Person, she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

[1] [that]

[2] Hector's parting from Andromache, at the close of Book VI.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern my self about them: but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea-Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

[1] For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a Party: but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Re-

[1] Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

servedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous [Souls [1]] set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates*[2] was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. [HONEYCOMB [3]] in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL., who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) she should be made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, *Mr.* [HONEYCOMB,4] *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL., instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hang'd if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C.

[1] [Souls (I mean those of ordinary Women)]. This, however, was cancelled by an Erratum in the next number.

[2] Addison was six years old when Titus Oates began his 'Popish Plot' disclosures. Under a name which called up recollections of the vilest trading upon theological intolerance, he here glances at Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose trial (Feb. 27—March 20, 1710) for his sermons in praise of the divine right of kings and contempt of the Whigs, and his sentence of suspension for three years, had caused him to be admired enthusiastically by all party politicians who were of his own way of thinking. The change of person pleasantly puts 'Tory' for 'Whig,' and avoids party heat by implying a suggestion that excesses are not all on one side. Sacheverell had been a College friend of Addison's. He is the 'dearest 'Harry' for whom, at the age of 22, Addison wrote his metrical 'Account of the greatest English Poets,' which omitted Shakespeare from the list.

[3] [4] [Honycombe]

No. 58.] *Monday, May* 7, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ut pictura poesis erit—— Hor.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little short Reflections, or in general declamatory Flourishes, without entering into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a Manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the Censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Stile. I intend to lay aside a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise my self, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in some Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only End of these my Speculations is to banish Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great-Britain*, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a Taste of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several Points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookseller that these Papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such Subjects; for which Reason I shall enter upon my present Undertaking with greater Chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the several Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were Attempts on foot last Winter to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant undisputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many Arts of false Wit, in which a Writer does not show himself a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Industry.

The first Species of false Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has

produced several Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it self: I meau those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

[1] As for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to translate it into *English*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Sense of it.

The Pair of Wings consist of twelve Verses, or rather Feathers, every Verse decreasing gradually in its Measure according to its Situation in the Wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote Affinity with the Figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it consisted of the most satyrical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing else but the Posy of an Ax which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a Hint I shall leave to the Consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Posy was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Posy still remains in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax it self is lost.

The Shepherd's Pipe may be said to be full of Musick, for it is composed of nine different Kinds of Verses, which by their several Lengths resemble the nine Stops of the old musical Instrument, [that[2]] is likewise the Subject of the Poem.[3]

The Altar is inscribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be perswaded, that so fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any such simple Works.

It was impossible for a Man to succeed in these Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: He was first of all to draw the Out-line of the Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Description to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the Mould in which it was cast. In a word, the Verses were to be cramped or extended to the Dimensions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the Fate of those Persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obsolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verses, [in his *Mac Flecno*;] which an *English* Reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

——— Chuse for thy Command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land;
There may'st thou Wings *display, and* Altars *raise,*
And torture one poor Word a thousand Ways.

This Fashion of false Wit was revived by several Poets of the last Age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert's* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the Translation of *Du Bartas*.[1] I do not remember any other kind of Work among the Moderns which more resembles the Performances I have mentioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the First, which has the whole Book of *Psalms* written in the Lines of the Face and the Hair of the Head. When I was last at *Oxford* I perused one of the Whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a Piece of Curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-Master in Town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed Periwig; and if the Fashion should introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in Vogue some few Years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary Locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before

[1] Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

[2] [which]

[3] The 'Syrinx' of Theocritus consists of twenty verses, so arranged that the length of each pair is less than that of the pair before, and the whole resembles the ten reeds of the mouth organ or Pan pipes (σύριγξ). The Egg is, by tradition, called Anacreon's. Simmias of Rhodes, who lived about B.C. 324, is said to have been the inventor of shaped verses. Butler in his 'Character of a 'Small Poet' said of Edward Benlowes: 'As for 'Altars and Pyramids in poetry, he has outdone 'all men that way; for he has made a gridiron 'and a frying-pan in verse, that besides the like-'ness in shape, the very tone and sound of the 'words did perfectly represent the noise that is 'made by those utensils.'

[1] But a devout earnestness gave elevation to George Herbert's ingenious conceits. Joshua Sylvester's dedication to King James the First of his translation of the Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas has not this divine soul in its oddly-fashioned frame. It begins with a sonnet on the Royal Anagram 'James Stuart: A just Master;' celebrates his Majesty in French and Italian, and then fills six pages with verse built in his Majesty's honour, in the form of bases and capitals of columns, inscribed each with the name of one of the Muses. Puttenham's Art of Poetry, published in 1589, book II., ch. ii. contains the fullest account of the mysteries and varieties of this sort of versification.

the Wig was finished, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose, for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a Copy of Verses made in the Shape of her Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first Sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage-Finger, with a Design to make a Posy in the Fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other Particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female Ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindarick Writers,[1] that they would apply themselves to this kind of Wit without Loss of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions. C.

No. 59.] *Tuesday, May* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

Operose Nihil agunt.—Seneca.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon Occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the Character of those whom they seem to despise. For this Reason we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which cost them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by those Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of such Authors as were often Masters of great Learning but no Genius.

In my last Paper I mentioned some of these false Wits among the Ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flourished in the same early Ages of the World. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists*[2] or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity, that would take an Exception, without any Reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this kind of Writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty Books, having entirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non Lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same Reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty Letters in their Turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his Business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from it through the several *Greek* Dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular Syllable. For the most apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong Letter. I shall only observe upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual Barbarisms and Rusticities, absurd Spellings and complicated Dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasuries of the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewise among the Ancients that ingenious kind of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Name of a *Rebus*,[1] that does not sink a Letter but a whole Word, by substituting a Picture in its Place. When *Cæsar* was one of the Masters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the Publick Mony; the Word *Cæsar* signifying an Elephant in the *Punick* Language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæsar*, because it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Nose with a little Wen like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, order'd the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the Figure of a Vetch at the End of them to be inscribed on a publick Monument.[2]

[1] When the tyranny of French criticism had imprisoned nearly all our poetry in the heroic couplet, outside exercise was allowed only to those who undertook to serve under Pindar.

[2] From λείπω, I omit, γράμμα, a letter. In modern literature there is a Pugna Porcorum (pig-fight) of which every word begins with a p, and there are Spanish odes from which all vowels but one are omitted. The earliest writer of Lipogrammatic verse is said to have been the Greek poet Lasus, born in Achaia 538 B.C. Lope de Vega wrote five novels, each with one of the five vowels excluded from it.

[1] This French name for an enigmatical device is said to be derived from the custom of the priests of Picardy at carnival time to set up ingenious jests upon current affairs, 'de *rebus* quæ 'geruntur.'

[2] Addison takes these illustrations from the chapter on 'Rebus or Name devises,' in that pleasant old book, Camden's Remains, which he presently cites. The next chapter in the 'Remains' is upon Anagrams.

This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his Name or Family, notwithstanding the Envy of his Competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous Building that was marked in several Parts of it with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Those Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, who by the Laws of their Country were never permitted to inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For the same Reason it is thought, that the Forelock of the Horse in the Antique Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, represents at a Distance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Country-men about an Age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique Reason, as the Ancients abovementioned, but purely for the sake of being Witty. Among innumerable Instances that may be given of this Nature, I shall produce the Device of one Mr *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his Remains. Mr *Newberry*, to represent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-Tree, that had several Berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which by the Help of a little false Spelling made up the Word *N-ew-berry*.

I shall conclude this Topick with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-stone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* House, being the Figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better understanding of which Device, I must acquaint my *English* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same Word that signifies a *Frenchman*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *English* Nation. Such a Device in so noble a Pile of Building looks like a Punn in an Heroick Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious Architect would suffer the Statuary to blemish his excellent Plan with so poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewise in ancient Times the Conceit of making an Eccho talk sensibly, and give rational Answers. If this could be excusable in any Writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Eccho as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Erasmus*, tho' a Man of Wit and *Genius*, has composed a Dialogue[1] upon this silly kind of Device, and made use of an Eccho who seems to have been a very extraordinary Linguist, for she answers the Person she talks with in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, according as she found the Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned Languages. *Hudibras*,[2] in Ridicule of this false kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary Eccho, who is of great use to the Poet in several Disticks, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules *for loss of* Hylas;
Forcing the Valleys to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret;
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For Loss of his dear Crony Bear,
That Eccho from the hollow Ground
His Doleful Wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in her rueful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which She nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my——Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step
For Fear. (*Quoth Eccho*) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?
Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake. (*Quoth she*) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish,
Thou turn'dst thy Back? *Quoth Eccho,* Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? *Quoth Eccho,* Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hadst not Thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for Thee,
Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who will grudge to spend his Blood in
His Honour's Cause? *Quoth she,* A Pudding. C.

[1] *Colloquia Familiaria*, under the title Echo. The dialogue is ingeniously contrived between a youth and Echo.

[2] Hudibras, Bk i. canto 3.

No. 60.] *Wednesday, May* 9, 1711. [*Addison.*

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est?—Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of false Wit that vanished in the refined Ages of the World, discovered themselves again in the Times of Monkish Ignorance.

As the Monks were the Masters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives entirely disengaged from Business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Composition of such Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* Rhymes by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark Age; who says in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the Sweets of Rhyme to make it the most perfect Work in its Kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following Words.

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, Cœlo.

Thou hast as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the [changes [1]] upon these eight several Words, and by that Means made his Verses almost as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had so much Time upon their Hands did not only restore all the antiquated Pieces of false Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production of Anagrams,[2] which is nothing else but a Transmutation of one Word into another, or the turning of the same Set of Letters into different Words; which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these Sorts of Composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in Allusion to this kind of Writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in Places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man.*

When the Anagrammatist takes a Name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the Treasure it contains till he shall have spent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is his Business to find out one Word that conceals it self in another, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's Heart by it. She was one of the finest Women of her Age, and [known [3]] by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon.* The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it into *Moll;* and after having shut himself up for half a Year, with indefatigable Industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her Heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite Surprise, that he had mistaken her Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun.*

——Ibi omnis
Effusus labor.——

The lover was thunder-struck with his Misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his Senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick [4] was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, tho' it is impossible to decide whether the Inventor of the one or the other [were [1]] the greater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostick is nothing but the Name or Title of a Person or Thing made out of the initial Letters of several Verses, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *Chinese*, in a perpendicular Line. But besides these there are *Compound* Acrosticks, where the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the same Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

There is another near Relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly [called [2]] a Chronogram. This kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *Germany*,[3] when they represent in the Inscription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus* the following Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the Figures out of the several Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was stamped: For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be considered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were searching after an apt classical Term, but instead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, and M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez* [4] were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a List of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same Order that they were placed upon the List: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verses to them. I do not know any greater Instance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish Kind of Wit. If the Reader

[1] [chymes]

[2] This is an error. Ἀνάγραμμα meant in old Greek what it now means. Lycophron, who lived B.C. 280, and wrote a Greek poem on Cassandra, was famous for his Anagrams, of which two survive. The Cabalists had a branch of their study called Themuru, changing, which made mystical anagrams of sacred names.

[3] [was called]

[4] The invention of Acrostics is attributed to Porphyrius Optatianus, a writer of the 4th century. But the arguments of the Comedies of Plautus are in form of acrostics, and acrostics occur in the original Hebrew of the Book of Psalms.

[1] [was]

[2] [known by the name of]

[3] The Chronogram was popular also, especially among the Germans, for inscriptions upon marble or in books. More than once, also, in Germany and Belgium a poem was written in a hundred hexameters, each yielding a chronogram of the date it was to celebrate.

[4] Bouts rimés are said to have been suggested to the wits of Paris by the complaint of a verse turner named Dulot, who grieved one day over the loss of three hundred sonnets; and when surprise was expressed at the large number, said they were the 'rhymed ends,' that only wanted filling up.

will be at the trouble to see Examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the Author every Month gives a List of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *Mercure* for the succeeding Month. That for the Month of *November* [last], which now lies before me, is as follows.

- *Lauriers*
- *Guerriers*
- *Musette*
- *Lisette*

- *Cesars*
- *Etendars*
- *Houlette*
- *Folette*

One would be amazed to see so learned a Man as *Menage* talking seriously on this Kind of Trifle in the following Passage.

Monsieur de la Chambre *has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making Verses. In the first place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day shewed Monsieur* Gombaud *a Composition of this Nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following Rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, *desiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my Verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reason, he said, Because the Rhymes are too common; and for that Reason easy to be put into Verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monsieur* Gombaud's *Leave, notwithstanding the Severity of the Criticism, the Verses were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *Menage*, whom I have translated Word for Word.[1]

The first Occasion of these *Bouts Rimes* made them in some manner excusable, as they were Tasks which the *French* Ladies used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be anything more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played [booty[2]], and did not make his List of Rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this Piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur *Sarasin*, in a Poem intituled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, *The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.*[1]

I must subjoin to this last kind of Wit the double Rhymes, which are used in Doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of the Couplet in such Compositions is good, the Rhyme adds [little[2]] to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these Doggerel Rhymes than of the Parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick,

and

There was an ancient sage Philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross *over,*

more frequently quoted, than the finest Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem. C.

No. 61.] *Thursday, May* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Pers.

THERE is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which consists in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Disposition to produce. The Seeds of Punning are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be subdued by Reason, Reflection and good Sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest Genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Musick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Punns and Quibbles.

Aristotle, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetorick, describes two or three kinds of Punns, which he calls Paragrams, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his Works with Punns, and in his Book where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which also upon Examination prove arrant Punns. But the Age in which *the Punn* chiefly flourished, was the Reign of King *James* the First. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punnster, and made very few Bishops or Privy-Counsellors that had not

[1] Menagiana, vol. I. p. 174, ed. Amst. 1713. The Menagiana were published in 4 volumes, in 1695 and 1696. Gilles Menage died at Paris in 1692, aged 79. He was a scholar and man of the world, who had a retentive memory, and, says Bayle, 'could say a thousand good things in a 'thousand pleasing ways.' The repertory here quoted from is the best of the numerous collections of 'ana.'

[2] [double]

[1] Jean François Sarasin, whose works were first collected by Menage, and published in 1656, two years after his death. His defeat of the Bouts-Rimés, has for first title 'Dulot Vaincu,' is in four cantos, and was written in four or five days.

[2] [nothing]

some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council-Table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Punns. The Sermons of Bishop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakespear*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of false Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great Respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Discourse. I remember a Country School-master of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the Moderns. Upon Inquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punnster; and desiring him to give me some Account of Mr. *Swan's* Conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble Opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this Land was formerly very much infested with Punns: but whether or no this might not arise from the Fens and Marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the Determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short History of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the Learned World, as it is at present, especially since it had found a Place in the Writings of the most ancient Polite Authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were destitute of all Rules and Arts of Criticism; and for that Reason, though they excel later Writers in Greatness of Genius, they fall short of them in Accuracy and Correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furnished with these Authors of the first Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who gained themselves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of those who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of these Secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little Blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written since those several Blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between Punns and [true[1]] Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all Men of Sense to agree in it. As for the Revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one Age and rose in another, it will again recover it self in some distant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance shall prevail upon Wit and Sense. And, to speak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Posterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punnsters: At least, a Man may be very excusable for any Apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrosticks* handed about the Town with great Secrecy and Applause; to which I must also add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Cursed one way and Blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such Pains-takers among our *British* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must Lash one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philosopher's Opinion, That if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a most crying Dulness on both Sides. I have seen Tory *Acrosticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the History of a Punn, from its Original to its Downfal, I shall here define it to be a Conceit arising from the use of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Sense. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to translate it into a different Language: If it bears the Test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the Experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may say of a Punn, as the Countryman described his Nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the Description which *Aristinetus* makes of a fine Woman; when she is *dressed* she is Beautiful, when she is *undressed* she is Beautiful; or as *Mercerus* has translated it [more Emphatically] *Induitur, formosa est: Exuitur, ipsa forma est.* C.

No. 62.] *Friday, May* 11, 1711. [*Addison.*

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons. Hor.

MR. *Lock* has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment,

[1] [fine]

whereby he endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given some Reason of that common Observation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason. For Wit lying most in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, In separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People.*[1]

This is, I think, the best and most Philosophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader: These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of things; for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprize. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprize. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr *Lock's* Account of Wit, with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, dramatick Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing Description) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally consists in this Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: Sometimes of Syllables, as in Ecchos and Doggerel Rhymes: Sometimes of Words, as in Punns and Quibbles: and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the Figures of *Eggs, Axes*, or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the Notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words: which for Distinction Sake I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed himself upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musæus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it self to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *Virgil, Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall choose one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble Fire; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same Time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoak; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes

[1] Essay concerning Human Understanding, Bk II. ch. 11 (p. 68 of ed. 1690; the first).

that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* Shop incloses *Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same Sentence speaking of it both as a Passion and as real Fire, surprizes the Reader with those seeming Resemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a Composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden's* Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a 'Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the 'Subject.'[1] If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* [was [2]] the greatest Wit that ever set Pen to Paper: It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-work.[1] *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same Notions in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse.[2] This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients; and which no Body deviates from, but those who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought shine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majestick Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation, on *Ovid's* writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words.[3] '*Ovid*,' says he, (speaking of *Virgil's* Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*) 'takes it up after him, even

[1] 'If Wit has truly been defined as a Propriety 'of Thoughts and Words, then that definition will 'extend to all sorts of Poetry... Propriety of 'Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally 'from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. 'Propriety of Words is the cloathing of these 'Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally 'proper to them.'—Dryden's Preface to *Albion and Albanius*.

[2] [is]

[1] Dominique Bouhours, a learned and accomplished Jesuit, who died in 1702, aged 75, was a Professor of the Humanities, in Paris, till the headaches by which he was tormented until death compelled him to resign his chair. He was afterwards tutor to the two young Princes of Longueville, and to the son of the minister Colbert. His best book was translated into English in 1705, as 'The Art of Criticism: or the Method of making 'a Right Judgment upon Subjects of Wit and 'Learning. Translated from the best Edition of 'the *French*, of the Famous Father Bouhours, by 'a Person of Quality. In Four Dialogues.' Here he says: 'Truth is the first Quality, and, as it 'were, the foundation of Thought; the fairest is 'the faultiest, or, rather, those which pass for the 'fairest, are not really so, if they want this Found-'ation... I do not understand your Doctrine, 'replies Philanthus, and I can scarce persuade 'myself that a witty Thought should be always 'founded on Truth: On the contrary, I am of the 'opinion of a famous Critic (i. e. Vavassor in his 'book on Epigrams) that Falsehood gives it often 'all its Grace, and is, as it were, the Soul of it,' &c., pp. 6, 7, and the following.

[2] As in the lines

Tout doit tendre au Bon Sens: mais pour y parvenir
Le chemin est glissant et penible a tenir.
Art. Poétique, chant 1.

And again,

Aux dépens du Bon Sens gardez de plaisanter.
Art. Poétique, chant 3.

[3] Dedication of his translation of the Æneid to Lord Normanby, near the middle; when speaking of the anachronism that made Dido and Æneas contemporaries.

'in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine 'of *Virgil's* new-created *Dido;* dictates a Letter 'for her just before her Death to the ungrateful 'Fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for 'measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him on the same Subject. I 'think I may be Judge of this, because I have 'translated both. The famous Author of the Art 'of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all 'from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, 'which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: 'Nature fails him, and being forced to his old 'Shift, he has Recourse to Witticism. This passes 'indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the 'Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.

Were not I supported by so great an Authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais*[1] for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow: '*Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, 'according to their Capacity of judging, into 'three Classes. [He might have said the same of 'Writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest 'Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits 'Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery 'Audience in a Play-house; who like nothing but 'the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a 'Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression: These are Mob Readers. If '*Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men, 'we know already who would carry it. But 'though they make the greatest Appearance in 'the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is 'they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or '*Dutch* Boors, brought over in Herds, but not 'Naturalized; who have not Lands of two 'Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their Authors 'are of the same Level, fit to represent them on a 'Mountebank's Stage, or to be Masters of the 'Ceremonies in a Bear-garden: Yet these are 'they who have the most Admirers. But it often 'happens, to their Mortification, that as their 'Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they 'may by reading better Books, and by Conversation with Men of Judgment) they soon forsake 'them.'

I [must not dismiss this Subject without[1]] observing that as Mr. *Lock* in the Passage abovementioned has discovered the most fruitful Source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance*, but the *Opposition* of Ideas, does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little Points, Turns and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation. C.

[1] Jean Regnauld de Segrais, b. 1624, d. 1701, was of Caen, where he was trained by Jesuits for the Church, but took to Literature, and sought thereby to support four brothers and two sisters, reduced to want by the dissipations of his father. He wrote, as a youth, odes, songs, a tragedy, and part of a romance. Attracting, at the age of 20, the attention of a noble patron, he became, in 1647, and remained for the next 24 years, attached to the household of Mlle. de Montpensier. He was a favoured guest among the *Précieuses* of the *Hotel Rambouillet*, and was styled, for his acquired air of *bon ton*, the Voiture of Caen. In 1671 he was received by Mlle. de La Fayette. In 1676 he married a rich wife, at Caen, his native town, where he settled and revived the local 'Academy.' Among his works were translations into French verse of the Æneid and Georgics. In the dedication of his own translation of the Æneid by an elaborate essay to Lord Normanby, Dryden refers much, and with high respect, to the dissertation prefixed by Segrais to his French version, and towards the end (on p. 80 where the essay occupies 100 pages), writes as above quoted. The first parenthesis is part of the quotation.

No. 63.] *Saturday, May* 12, 1711. [*Addison.*

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species—— Hor.

IT is very hard for the Mind to disengage it self from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the Tossings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue several Hours after the Winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last Night's Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued Allegory the several Schemes of Wit, whether False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, governed by the Goddess of FALSEHOOD, entitled *the Region of False Wit.* There is nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees blossomed in Leaf-Gold, some of them produced Bone-Lace, and some of them precious Stones. The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the Waters; at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of Fish played upon the Banks or took their Pastime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air

[1] [would not break the thread of this discourse without]; and an ERRATUM appended to the next Number says 'for *without* read *with*.'

with Smells of Incense, Amber-greese, and Pulvillios;[1] and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were filled with Sighs and Messages of distant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the several Wonders which lay before me, when, to my great Surprize, I found there were artificial Ecchoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my Conversation with these invisible Companions, I discovered in the Centre of a very dark Grove a monstrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple consecrated to the God of *Dullness*. Upon my Entrance I saw the Deity of the Place dressed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *Industry*, with a Lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey sitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the Inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inscribed with Verses. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themselves to different Diversions, as their Fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, shifting their Stations, and throwing themselves into all the Figures and Countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed Exercise.

Not far from these was a Body of *Acrosticks*, made up of very disproportioned Persons. It was disposed into three Columns, the Officers planting themselves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at least Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were such Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrosticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glass in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Posts promiscuously among the private Men whom they commanded.

In the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methought I saw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatist*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Persons, who pursued him by Turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

[1] Scent bags. Ital. Polviglio; from Pulvillus, a little cushion.

Observing several to be very busie at the Western End of the *Temple*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus's*. These were several Things of the most different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horse bound up together. One of the Workmen seeing me very much surprized, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one Corner of it a Cluster of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard several *Double Rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of Mirth.

Not far from these was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diversion, in which the whole Jest was to mistake one Person for another. To give Occasion for these ludicrous Mistakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the same kind of Dress, though perhaps there was not the least Resemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was sometimes mistaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. These I guessed to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very desirous to get out of this World of Magick, which had almost turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which seemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Distance a very shining Light, and, in the midst of it, a Person of a most beautiful Aspect; her Name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore several Quivers on his Shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of these two Enemies filled all the Territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable Consternation, insomuch that the Goddess of those Regions appeared in Person upon her Frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Design to stand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Issue of the Combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were mustered together in an Army. There were Men whose Bodies were stuck full of Darts, and Women whose Eyes were Burning-glasses: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and

Women that had Breasts of Snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like Nature, that composed this great Army; which immediately fell asunder and divided itself into two Parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The Goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced some Paces before the Front of her Army: but as the dazling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little Space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Substance. At length, as the Goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the Brightness of her Presence; so that there did not remain the least Trace or Impression of her Figure in the Place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddess: And not only of the Goddess her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their Leader, and shrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the Fish betook themselves to the Streams, and the wild Beasts to the Woods: The Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I still continued asleep, I fancied my self as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I saw this Region of Prodigies restored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much disturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Persons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been posted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his Looks, as inspired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Present of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a Chair, and by that means awaked. C.

No. 64.] *Monday, May* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Hic vivimus Ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes—— Juv.

THE most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing Custom makes us act against the Rules of Nature, Law and common Sense: but at present I shall confine my Consideration of the Effect it has upon Men's Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning. The Custom of representing the Grief we have for the Loss of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Rise from the real Sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dress. By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward Oppression upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary Diversions, by a Dress suited to their Condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real Distress; to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of Time this laudable Distinction of the Sorrowful was lost, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You see nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air [of [1]] Release from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy Father. This Fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Disaster to their Prince; so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Usher, what Degree of Friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these Occasions: He deals much in Whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best Intelligence.

The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You see the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in their Equipage, not on those only whose Incomes demand the Wantonness of new Appearances; but on such also who have just enough to cloath them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Fashion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it

[1] [of a]

to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor.[1] He is a good Oeconomist in his Extravagance, and makes only a fresh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentate of small Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whose Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on these Occasions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of merciful and royal Disposition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Prospect of his Death, if he considered what Numbers would be reduced to Misery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrained to those of the Houshold of the Prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loss for many Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflection, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health.* If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from *Vienna*? he answered, *Make us thankful, the* German *Princes are all well:* What does he say from *Barcelona*? *He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.*' After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, 'That all this shall 'be well and truly performed, provided no foreign 'Potentate shall depart this Life within the Time 'above-mentioned.' It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor: but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the Loss of his Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generality of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family; and after some Preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her self, That we have lost one of the House of *Austria!* Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous Distinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner, to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an Occasion the Sense of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by assuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty. R.

[1] The death of Charles II. of Spain, which gave occasion for the general war of the Spanish succession, took place in 1700. John V., King of Portugal, died in 1706, and the Emperor Joseph I. died on the 17th of April, 1711, less than a month before this paper was written. The black suit that was now 'scouring for the Emperor' was, therefore, more than ten years old, and had been turned five years ago.

No. 65.] *Tuesday, May* 15, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Demetri teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor.

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false Appearances of it, all that Labour seems but an useless Enquiry, without some Time be spent in considering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play-house; I shall therefore fill this Paper with Reflections upon the Use of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taste of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous Work, though not Foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of such as have long had the general Applause of a Nation; But I shall always make Reason, Truth, and Nature the Measures of Praise and Dispraise; if those are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Consequence against me; if they are against me, the general Opinion cannot long support me.

Without further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the Figure they at present bear in the Imagination of Men, or not.

In reflecting upon these Works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present Paper shall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*.[1] The received Character of this Play is, That it is the

[1] *The Man of Mode*, or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, by Sir George Etherege, produced in 1676. Etherege painted accurately the life and morals of the Restoration, and is said to have represented himself in Bellair; Beau Hewit, the son of a Herefordshire Baronet, in Sir Fopling; and to have formed Dorimart upon the model of the Earl of Rochester.

Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greatest Consequence, and if these are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead of this, our Hero in this Piece is a direct Knave in his Designs, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater Wit than his said Friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young Lady, whose Virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a Wife, and then she cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irresistible fine Gentleman. The Falshood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of Triumphing over her Anguish for losing him, is another Instance of his Honesty, as well as his Good-nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her;* and salutes her with a pretty Phrase of *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life she is some awkward ill-fashioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldness with a large white Frux, that she may look Sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box at an old Play.* Unnatural Mixture of senseless Common-Place!

As to the Generosity of his Temper, he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better*—he would turn him away, in the insolent Phrase of, *I'll uncase you.*

Now for Mrs. *Harriot:* She laughs at Obedience to an absent Mother, whose Tenderness *Busie* describes to be very exquisite, for *that she is so pleased with finding* Harriot *again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way.* This Witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has so little Respect for this good Woman, that she Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, see, her Head tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, because *she has more Wit than is usual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' she is as Wild as you would wish her, and has a Demureness in her Looks that makes it so surprising!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouse for his Hero, the Poet makes her speak her Sense of Marriage very ingeniously: *I think*, says she, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in an Husband.* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old Mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so Polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the sober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece: But it is denied, that it is necessary to the Character of a Fine Gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Fopling*. He says of one of his Companions, that a good Correspondence between them is their mutual Interest. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a Man of very good Sense, and me upon others for a very civil Person.*

This whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Sense, and common Honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her self far from being the lowest in the Play. She says of a Fine Man who is *Dorimant's* Companion, There *is not such another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His Pretension to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears still more in his own Description of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is*, says he, *never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; she never enquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily: and because it is Vulgar to Lye and Soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-Bed.* That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts Human Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumstances will bear, and is a staunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune bestowed in the last Act.

To speak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of Innocence and Virtue can make any one see this Comedy, without observing more frequent Occasion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the same time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmost Corruption and Degeneracy.[1] R.

No. 66.] *Wednesday, May* 16, 1711. [*Steele.*

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De Tenero meditatur Ungui.—Hor.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without an Air of Gravity.

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[1] To this number of the Spectator is appended the first advertisement of Pope's *Essay on Criticism.*

This Day is publish'd
An ESSAY on CRITICISM. Printed for W. Lewis in Russell street Covent-Garden; and Sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater Noster Row; T. Osborn, in Gray's Inn near the Walks; T. Graves, in St. James's Street; and T. Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. Price 1s.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in 'behalf of a Young Country Kinswoman of mine 'who is lately come to Town, and under my Care 'for her Education. She is very pretty, but you 'can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is. 'She comes to my Hands just as Nature left her, 'half finished, and without any acquired Improve-'ments. When I look on her I often think of the '*Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers. 'Dear *Mr.* SPECTATOR, help me to make her 'comprehend the visible Graces of Speech, and 'the dumb Eloquence of Motion; for she is at 'present a perfect Stranger to both. She knows 'no Way to express her self but by her Tongue, 'and that always to signify her Meaning. Her 'Eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is 'utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks 'and Glances. In this I fancy you could help her 'better than any Body. I have bestowed two 'Months in teaching her to Sigh when she is not 'concerned, and to Smile when she is not pleased; 'and am ashamed to own she makes little or no 'Improvement. Then she is no more able now 'to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. By 'Walking you will easily know I mean that regu-'lar but easy Motion, which gives our Persons so 'irresistible a Grace as if we moved to Musick, 'and is a kind of disengaged Figure, or, if I may 'so speak, recitative Dancing. But the want of 'this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no 'Ear, and means nothing by Walking but to change 'her Place. I could pardon too her Blushing, if 'she knew how to carry her self in it, and if it did 'not manifestly injure her Complexion.

'They tell me you are a Person who have seen 'the World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; 'which makes me ambitious of some Instructions 'from you for her Improvement: Which when 'you have favoured me with, I shall further ad-'vise with you about the Disposal of this fair 'Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no 'Secret to you, that her Person and Education 'are to be her Fortune.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
CELIMENE.

SIR,

'Being employed by *Celimene* to make up and 'send to you her Letter, I make bold to recom-'mend the Case therein mentioned to your Con-'sideration, because she and I happen to differ a 'little in our Notions. I, who am a rough Man, 'am afraid the young Girl is in a fair Way to be 'spoiled: Therefore pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let 'us have your Opinion of this fine thing called '*Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too 'much from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*.

Your most humble Servant.[1]

The general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their Persons and neglect their Minds: in our Sons we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Assemblies about Town, when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it arises, That we frequently observe a Man's Life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Fashion and neglected. The Boy I shall consider upon some other Occasion, and at present stick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, because I have several Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not understood me for some Days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present Turn of my Writings. When a Girl is safely brought from her Nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple Notion of any thing in Life, she is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Master; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantastical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breast, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of Imagination, what is to pass between her and this Husband that she is every Moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Person, as what must determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her Parents; to that is all their Cost, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our present numerous Race of Coquets. These Reflections puzzle me, when I

[1] John Hughes is the author of these two letters, and, Chalmers thinks, also of the letters signed R. B. in Nos. 33 and 53. He was in 1711 thirty-two years old. John Hughes, the son of a citizen of London, was born at Marlborough, educated at the private school of a Dissenting minister, where he had Isaac Watts for schoolfellow, delicate of health, zealous for poetry and music, and provided for by having obtained, early in life, a situation in the Ordnance Office. He died of consumption at the age of 40, February 17, 1719-20, on the night of the first production of his Tragedy of *The Siege of Damascus*. Verse of his was in his lifetime set to music by Purcell and Handel. In 1712 an opera of *Calypso and Telemachus*, to which Hughes wrote the words, was produced with success at the Haymarket. In translations, in original verse, and especially in prose, he merited the pleasant little reputation that he earned; but his means were small until, not two years before his death, Lord Cowper gave him the well-paid office of Secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Steele has drawn the character of his friend Hughes as that of a religious man exempt from every sensual vice, an invalid who could take pleasure in seeing the innocent happiness of the healthy, who was never peevish or sour, and who employed his intervals of ease in drawing and designing, or in music and poetry.

think of giving my advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body express the Virtues of the Mind.

Cleomira dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and good Will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture.

R.

No. 67.] *Thursday, May* 17, 1711. [*Budgell.*[1]

Saltare elegantiùs quam necesse est probæ. Sal.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philosopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lover of Dancing,[1] and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the Goddess *Rhea*, and preserved the Life of *Jupiter* himself, from the Cruelty of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to shew, that it had been Approved by the greatest Men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer;* and says, That the graceful Mien and great Agility which he had acquired by that Exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

He adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by Inventing the Dance which is called after his Name, than by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the bravest People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diversion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much resembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Asia*: That there were still extant some *Thessalian* Statues erected to the Honour of their best Dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philosopher could declare himself against the Opinions of those two Persons, whom he professed so much to admire, *Homer* and *Hesiod;* the latter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and says, That *the Gods have bestowed Fortitude on some Men, and on others a Disposition for Dancing.*

Lastly, he puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wisest of Men) was not only a professed Admirer of this Exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old Man.

The Morose Philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to his Friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next Ball.

I love to shelter my self under the Examples of Great Men; and, I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the Dignity of these my Speculations to take notice of the following

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[1] Eustace Budgell, the contributor of this and of about three dozen other papers to the *Spectator*, was, in 1711, twenty-six years old, and by the death of his father, Gilbert Budgell, D.D., obtained, in this year, encumbered by some debt, an income of £950. He was first cousin to Addison, their mothers being two daughters of Dr Nathaniel Gulstone, and sisters to Dr Gulstone, bishop of Bristol. He had been sent in 1700 to Christ Church, Oxford, where he spent several years. When, in 1709, Addison went to Dublin as secretary to Lord Wharton, in his Irish administration, he took with him his cousin Budgell as a private secretary. During Addison's first stay in Ireland Budgell lived with him, and paid careful attention to his duties. To this relationship and friendship Budgell was indebted for the insertion of papers of his in the *Spectator*. Addison not only gratified his literary ambition, but helped him to advancement in his service of the government. On the accession of George I. Budgell was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland and Deputy Clerk of the Council; was chosen also Honorary Bencher of the Dublin Inns of Court and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. In 1717, when Addison became Secretary of State for Ireland, he appointed Eustace Budgell to the post of Accountant and Comptroller-General of the Irish Revenue, which was worth nearly £400 a-year. In 1718, anger at being passed over in an appointment caused Budgell to charge the Duke of Bolton, the newly-arrived Lord-Lieutenant, with folly and imbecility. For this he was removed from his Irish appointments. He then ruined his hope of patronage in England, lost three-fourths of his fortune in the South Sea Bubble, and spent the other fourth in a fruitless attempt to get into Parliament. While struggling to earn bread as a writer, he took part in the publication of Dr Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation*, and when, in 1733, Tindal died, a Will was found which, to the exclusion of a favourite nephew, left £2100 (nearly all the property) to Budgell. The authenticity of the Will was successfully contested, and thereby Budgell disgraced. He retorted on Pope for some criticism upon this which he attributed to him, and Pope wrote in the prologue to his Satires,

Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please,—except my Will.

At last, in May, 1737, Eustace Budgell filled his pockets with stones, hired a boat, and drowned himself by jumping from it as it passed under London Bridge. There was left on his writing-table at home a slip of paper upon which he had written, 'What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.'

[1] The Dialogue 'Of Dancing' between Lucian and Crato is here quoted from a translation then just published in four volumes, 'of the Works of 'Lucian, translated from the Greek by several 'Eminent Hands, 1711.' The dialogue is in Vol. III., pp. 402—432, translated 'by Mr Savage of 'the Middle Temple.'

Letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial Tradesman about *Change*.

SIR,

'I am a Man in Years, and by an honest Industry in the World have acquired enough to give 'my Children a liberal Education, tho' I was an 'utter Stranger to it my self. My eldest Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, has for some time been 'under the Tuition of Monsieur *Rigadoon*, a 'Dancing-Master in the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go last 'Night to one of his Balls. I must own to you, 'Sir, that having never been at any such Place 'before, I was very much pleased and surprized 'with that Part of his Entertainment which he 'called *French Dancing*. There were several 'young Men and Women, whose Limbs seemed 'to have no other Motion, but purely what the 'Musick gave them. After this Part was over, 'they began a Diversion which they call *Country 'Dancing*, and wherein there were also some 'things not disagreeable, and divers *Emblematical 'Figures*, Compos'd, as I guess, by Wise Men, 'for the Instruction of Youth.

'Among the rest, I observed one, which, I 'think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which 'while the Woman flies the Man pursues her; but 'as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is 'obliged to follow.

'The Moral of this Dance does, I think, very 'aptly recommend Modesty and Discretion to the 'Female Sex.

'But as the best Institutions are liable to Cor'ruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very 'great Abuses are crept into this Entertainment. 'I was amazed to see my Girl handed by, and 'handing young Fellows with so much Familiar'ity; and I could not have thought it had been 'in the Child. They very often made use of a 'most impudent and lascivious Step called *Setting*, 'which I know not how to describe to you, but by 'telling you that it is the very reverse of *Back to 'Back*. At last an impudent young Dog bid the 'Fidlers play a Dance called *Mol Patley*,[1] and 'after having made two or three Capers, ran to 'his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whisked 'her round cleverly above Ground in such man'ner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest 'Benches, saw further above her Shoe than I can 'think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer 'endure these Enormities; wherefore just as my 'Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I ran in, 'seized on the Child, and carried her home.

'Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I 'suppose this Diversion might be at first invented 'to keep up a good Understanding between young 'Men and Women, and so far I am not against 'it; but I shall never allow of these things. I 'know not what you will say to this Case at 'present, but am sure that had you been with me 'you would have seen matter of great Speculation.

I am

Yours, &c.

I must confess I am afraid that my Correspondent had too much Reason to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing Dances* in which WILL. HONEYCOMB assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Musick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence against this Diversion; and am of Mr *Cowley's* Opinion,[1] that so much of Dancing at least as belongs to the Behaviour and an handsome Carriage of the Body, is extreamly useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such Ideas of People at first Sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: For this Reason, a Man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good-breeding gives a Man some Assurance, and makes him easie in all Companies. For want of this, I have seen a Professor of a Liberal Science at a Loss to salute a Lady; and a most excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or *sit* while my Lord drank to him.

It is the proper Business of a Dancing-Master to regulate these Matters; tho' I take it to be a just Observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well-bred Man.

As for *Country Dancing*, it must indeed be confessed, that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous Consequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Musick, the Force of Motion, and an handsome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Use of all his Limbs.

But as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or less a Proficient in it, I would not Discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldest Daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Exposed to Sale on *Friday* next; and concluding from the following Letter, that the Person who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant Taste, I will be so much his

[1] *Moll Peatley* was a popular and vigorous ance, dating, at least, from 1622.

[1] In his scheme of a College and School, published in 1661, as 'a Proposition for the Advance'ment of Experimental Philosophy,' among the ideas for training boys in the school is this, that 'in foul weather it would not be amiss for 'them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn just so 'much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) 'as may give them a graceful comportment of 'their bodies.'

Friend as to Publish it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place of an Advertisement.

From *the three Chairs in the Piazza*, Covent-Garden.

SIR, *May* 16, 1711.

'As you are SPECTATOR, I think we, who make 'it our Business to exhibit any thing to publick 'View, ought to apply our selves to you for your 'Approbation. I have travelled *Europe* to fur-'nish out a Show for you, and have brought with 'me what has been admired in every Country 'through which I passed. You have declared in 'many Papers, that your greatest Delights are 'those of the Eye, which I do not doubt but I 'shall gratifie with as Beautiful Objects as yours 'ever beheld. If Castles, Forests, Ruins, Fine 'Women, and Graceful Men, can please you, I 'dare promise you much Satisfaction, if you will 'Appear at my Auction on *Friday* next. A Sight 'is, I suppose, as grateful to a SPECTATOR, as a 'Treat to another Person, and therefore I hope 'you will pardon this Invitation from,

SIR,

Your most Obedient
Humble Servant,
J. GRAHAM.

No. 68.] *Friday, May* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

Nos duo turba sumus—— Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is, in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be started in Discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation is never so much straightened and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Discourse, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Fashions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion as Conversation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it descends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the most open, instructive, and unreserved Discourse, is that which passes between two Persons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On these Occasions, a Man gives a Loose to every Passion and every Thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired Opinions of Persons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that Friendship improves Happiness and abates Misery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Essayers upon Friendship, that have written since his Time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely described other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendship; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the most shining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he described the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many Well-wishers, but 'few Friends.' *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-speaking Tongue will increase kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheless have but one Counsellor of a thousand.*[1] With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almost say of Humour) has he described the Behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested Friend? *If thou wouldst get a Friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: For some Man is a Friend for his own Occasion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will discover thy Reproach.* Again, *Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Prosperity he will be as thy self, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy Face.*[2] What can be more strong and pointed than the following Verse? *Separate thy self from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of those Fruits of Friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. *A faithful Friend is a strong Defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a Treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his Neighbour* (that is, his Friend) *be also.*[3] I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleased me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to express the Efficacy of Friendship in healing the Pains and Anguish which naturally cleave to our Existence in this World; and am wonderfully pleased with the Turn in the last Sentence, That a virtuous Man shall as a Blessing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another Saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forsake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; When it is old thou shalt drink it*

[1] Ecclesiasticus vii. 5, 6.
[2] Ecclus. vi. 7, and following verses.
[3] Ecclus. vi. 15—18.

with Pleasure.[1] With what Strength of Allusion and Force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship? *Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendship. Tho' thou drawest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for these things every Friend will depart.*[2] We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations which are so much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful Instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the same Subject: *Whoso discovereth Secrets, loseth his Credit, and shall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath destroyed his Enemy, so hast thou lost the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, so hast thou let thy Friend go, and shalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe escaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*[3]

Among the several Qualifications of a good Friend, this wise Man has very justly singled out Constancy and Faithfulness as the principal: To these, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Discretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleasantness of Temper.[4] If I were to give my Opinion upon such an exhausted Subject, I should join to these other Qualifications a certain Æquability or Evenness of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an Intimacy with him. There are several Persons who in some certain Periods of their Lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow;
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendship with one, who by these Changes and Vicissitudes of Humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: And as most Men are at some Times in an admirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, it should be one of the greatest Tasks of Wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C.

[1] Ecclus. ix. 10. [2] Ecclus. ix. 20—22.
[3] Ecclus. xxvii. 16, &c.
[4] Cicero *de Amicitiâ*, and in the *De Officiis* he says (Bk. II.), 'difficile dictu est, quantopere 'conciliet animos hominum comitas, affabilitasque 'sermonis.'

No. 69.] *Saturday, May* 19, 1711. [*Addison.*

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit Natura locis—— Virg.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am justled among a Body of *Armenians:* Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *Jews;* and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane, Swede,* or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd, but at the same time connives at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Mony to *Grand Cairo;*[1] but as I am not versed

[1] A reference to the Spectator's voyage to Grand Cairo mentioned in No. 1.

in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, insomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raising Estates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicates of the like Nature; That our Climate of itself, and without the Assistances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That [our[1]] Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan:* Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands our Hot-beds; the *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Extremities of Weather [which[1]] give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the *'Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Mony than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves.

C.

[1] [these Fruits, in their present State, as well as our]

No. 70.] *Monday, May* 21, 1711. [*Addison.*

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it some peculiar Aptness to please and gratify the Mind of

[1] [that]

Man. Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures; and whatever fails in with it, will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Molière*, as we are told by Monsieur *Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to [an'] old Woman [who[2]] was his Housekeeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretel the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-side: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place.[3]

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleases all Kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial Taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common Sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance; and the Reason is plain, because the same Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevey Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*; and *Ben Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Discourse of Poetry[4] speaks of it in the following Words; *I never heard the old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile; which being so evil apparelled in the Dust and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of* Pindar? For my own part I am so professed an Admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for so doing.

The greatest Modern Criticks have laid it down as a Rule, that an Heroick Poem should be founded upon some important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Constitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealousies and Animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an Union, which was so necessary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon the Discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several Advantages which the Enemy gained by such their Discords. At the Time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Dissentions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their Neighbours, and produced unspeakable Calamities to the Country:[1] The Poet, to deter Men from such unnatural Contentions, describes a bloody Battle and dreadful Scene of Death, occasioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he designed this for the Instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last Lines, in which, after the Example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.

The next Point observed by the greatest Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Persons and Actions which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes* for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

The Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raises the Reputation of it by several beautiful Incidents. The *English* are the first [who[2]] take the Field, and the last [who[3]] quit it. The *English* bring only Fifteen hundred to the Battle, the *Scotch* Two thousand. The *English* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty five: All the rest on each side being slain in Battle. But the most remarkable Circumstance of this kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings [receive[4]] the News of this Fight, and of the great Men's Deaths who commanded in it.

This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's *King did reign,*
That brave Earl Douglas *suddenly*
Was with an Arrow slain.

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[1] [a little] [2] [that]

[3] Besides the old woman, Molière is said to have relied on the children of the Comedians, read his pieces to them, and corrected passages at which they did not show themselves to be amused.

[4] Defence of Poesy.

[1] The author of Chevy Chase was not contemporary with the dissensions of the Barons, even if the ballad of the Hunting of the Cheviot was a celebration of the Battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, some 30 miles from Newcastle. The battle of Chevy Chase, between the Percy and the Douglas, was fought in Teviotdale, and the ballad which moved Philip Sidney's heart was written in the fifteenth century. It may have referred to a Battle of Pepperden, fought near the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland and Earl William Douglas of Angus, in 1436. The ballad quoted by Addison is not that of which Sidney spoke, but a version of it, written after Sidney's death, and after the best plays of Shakespeare had been written.

[2] [that] [3] [that] [4] [received]

O heavy News, King James *did say,*
Scotland *can Witness be,*
I have not any Captain more
Of such Account as he.

Like Tydings to King Henry *came*
Within as short a Space,
That Piercy *of* Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot *nor* Scotland *say*
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's *Sake.*

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one Day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the rest of small Account
Did many Thousands dye, &c.

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable Partiality to his Countrymen, he represents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a People.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no Pretence for refusing the Combat: However, says he, 'tis Pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that so many innocent Men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel [in single Fight.[1]]

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *so am I.*

But trust me, Piercy, *Pity it were,*
And great Offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy *said,*
By whom this is deny'd.

When these brave Men had distinguished themselves in the Battle and a single Combat with each other, in the Midst of a generous Parly, full of heroic Sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, representing to them, as the most bitter Circumstance of it, that his Rival saw him fall.

[1] [by a single Combat.]

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English *Bow,*
Which struck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on, my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy *sees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of those Times, is no more than a cheerful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Passage in the Eleventh Book of *Virgil's Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last Agonies instead of weeping over the Wound she had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, considers only (like the Hero of whom we are now speaking) how the Battle should be continued after her Death.

Tum sic exspirans, &c.

A gathering Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the rosie Colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain.
Acca, *'tis past! He swims before my Sight,*
Inexorable Death; *and claims his Right.*
Bear my last Words to Turnus, *fly with Speed,*
And bid him timely to my Charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, *and the Town relieve:*
Farewel.———

Turnus did not die in so heroic a Manner; tho' our Poet seems to have had his Eye upon *Turnus's* Speech in the last Verse,

Lord Piercy *sees my Fall.*

——Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre——

Earl *Piercy's* Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the Greatness of the Thought.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead Man by the Hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, *for thy Life*
Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.

That beautiful Line, *Taking the dead Man by the Hand,* will put the Reader in mind of *Æneas's* Behaviour towards *Lausus,* whom he himself had slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades, pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.

The pious Prince beheld young Lausus *dead;*
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his Hand, and said,
Poor hapless Youth! What Praises can be paid
To worth so great——!

I shall take another Opportunity to consider the other Part of this old Song. C.

No. 71.] *Tuesday, May* 22, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Scribere jussit Amor. Ovid.

THE entire Conquest of our Passions is so difficult a Work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Ease, but also to the Pleasure of our Life; and that is refining our Passions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Passion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Respect in the Beholders, and at once Inflame and Chastise the Imagination. Such an Impression as this gives an immediate Ambition to deserve, in order to please. This Cause and Effect are beautifully described by Mr. *Dryden* in the Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has represented *Cymon* so stupid, that

He Whistled as he went, for want of Thought,

he makes him fall into the following Scene, and shews its Influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his Way;
His Quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Grass a Crystal Flood,
By which an Alabaster Fountain stood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid,
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid,
Like Dian, *and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport,*
To rest by cool Eurotas *they resort:*
The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a superior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;
Her Bosom to the View was only bare:[1]
The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repose.
The Fool of Nature stood with stupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprize,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Idiot Laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering Sense
First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country Tone.

But lest this fine Description should be excepted against, as the Creation of that great Master, Mr. *Dryden*, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I shall give you, *verbatim*, the Epistle of an enamoured Footman in the Country to his Mistress.[1] Their Sirnames shall not be inserted, because their Passion demands a greater Respect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and Elizabeth waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, some Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wrestler, and quarrelsome Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a publick Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, she playing among the Peasants: He a Country Bully, she a Country Coquet. But Love has made her constantly in her Mistress's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a secret Passion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a constant Waiter near his Master's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it seems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Message, which gave Occasion to what follows.

To *ELIZABETH* ——

My Dear Betty, *May* 14, 1711.

'Remember your bleeding Lover, who lies 'bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with 'the Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, 'which is your sweet Person.

'Nay more, with the Token you sent me for 'my Love and Service offered to your sweet Per'son; which was your base Respects to my ill 'Conditions; when alas! there is no ill Con'ditions in me, but quite contrary; all Love and 'Purity, especially to your sweet Person; but all 'this I take as a Jest.

'But the sad and dismal News which *Molly* 'brought me, struck me to the Heart, which was, 'it seems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love 'and Respects to you.

'For she told me, if I came Forty times to you, 'you would not speak with me, which Words I 'am sure is a great Grief to me.

[1] The next couplet Steele omits:

Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their Places were but signify'd.

[1] James Hirst, a servant to the Hon. Edward Wortley (who was familiar with Steele, and a close friend of Addison's), by mistake gave to his master, with a parcel of letters, one that he had himself written to his sweetheart. Mr. Wortley opened it, read it, and would not return it. 'No, 'James,' he said, 'you shall be a great man. 'This letter must appear in the Spectator.' And so it did. The end of the love story is that Betty died when on the point of marriage to James, who, out of love to her, married her sister.

'Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to 'your sweet Company, and to have the Happiness 'of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the 'Favour of you to accept of this my secret Mind 'and Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my 'Breast; the which if you do not accept, I be-'lieve will go nigh to break my Heart.

'For indeed, my Dear, I Love you above all 'the Beauties I ever saw in all my Life.

'The young Gentleman, and my Master's 'Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to 'marry her, sat in the Arbour most part of last 'Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingales 'sing to those who marry for Mony, and not to us 'true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we 'could meet this Night where we used to do in 'the Wood!

'Now, my Dear, if I may not have the Blessing 'of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have 'the Happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a 'few Lines from your dear self, presented by 'whom you please or think fit. I believe, if Time 'would permit me, I could write all Day; but the 'Time being short, and Paper little, no more 'from your never-failing Lover till Death,

James ——

Poor *James!* Since his Time and Paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter (the Stile of which seems to be confused with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

Dear Creature,

Can you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the most beautiful Description that ever was made of her. All this Kindness you return with an Accusation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your Message by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She says you will not see me: If you can have so much Cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the Impression made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the most exquisite Pleasure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Fashion-sake they courted those Solitudes, because they have heard Lovers do so. Oh *Betty!* could I hear these Rivulets murmur, and Birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both Servants, that there is any thing on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death it self. *JAMES.*

N. B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES means in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconstancy*. R.

No. 72.] Wednesday, May 23, 1711. [Addison.

—— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos*
Stat fortuna Domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an Account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more Narratives of this Nature; but I have lately received Information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to my self; for which Reason I shall communicate it to the Publick as one of the greatest Curiosities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless Fellow, who neglected his Family, and spent most of his Time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a Member of the *Everlasting Club*. So very odd a Title raised my Curiosity to enquire into the Nature of a Club that had such a sounding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following Account.

The *Everlasting Club* consists of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty four Hours among them in such a Manner, that the Club sits Day and Night from one end of the Year to [another[1]] no Party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a Member of the *Everlasting Club* never wants Company: for tho' he is not upon Duty himself, he is sure to find some [who[2]] are; so that if he be disposed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

It is a Maxim in this Club That the Steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great Elbow-chair [which[3]] stands at the upper End of the Table, 'till his Successor is in a Readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

This Club was instituted towards the End (or, as some of them say, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *Great Fire*,[4] which burnt them out and dispersed them for several Weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring-House, (which was demolished in order to stop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at last, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man, than the famous Captain [mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who[5]] was burnt in his Ship because he

[1] [the other] [2] [that] [3] [that]
[4] Of London in 1666. [5] [that]

would not quit it without Orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Consideration whether they should break up or continue their Session; but after many Speeches and Debates it was at length agreed to sit out the other Century. This Resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

Having given this short Account of the Institution and Continuation of the *Everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the Manners and Characters of its several Members, which I shall do according to the best Lights I have received in this Matter.

It appears by their Books in general, that, since their first Institution, they have smoked fifty Tun of Tobacco; drank thirty thousand Butts of Ale, One thousand Hogsheads of Red Port, Two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of small Beer. There has been likewise a great Consumption of Cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben. Johnson's* Club, which orders the Fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampness of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose Business it is to cherish and perpetuate the Fire [which [1]] burns from Generation to Generation, and has seen the Glass-house Fires in and out above an Hundred Times.

The *Everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of Upstarts. Their ordinary Discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such Adventures as have passed in their own Assembly; of Members who have taken the Glass in their Turns for a Week together, without stirring out of their Club; of others [who [2]] have smoaked an Hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others [who[3]] have not missed their Morning's Draught for Twenty Years together: Sometimes they speak in Raptures of a Run of Ale in King *Charles's* Reign; and sometimes reflect with Astonishment upon Games at Whisk, [which [4]] have been miraculously recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probability the Case was desperate.

They delight in several old Catches, which they sing at all Hours to encourage one another to moisten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like Nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker or elect a new one, settle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Necessaries.

The Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of some of the present sitting Members. C.

[1] [that] [2] [that]
[3] [that] [4] [that]

No. 73.] *Thursday, May* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*O Dea certè!* Virg.

IT is very strange to consider, that a Creature like Man, who is sensible of so many Weaknesses and Imperfections, should be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Misery should contend for Praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves Objects of Admiration.

But notwithstanding Man's Essential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted Light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to in others, he may find Occasion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues at least in the Absence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wise Man and the Fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the Sense of his own Infirmities, the last is lifted up by the Discovery of those which he observes in other men. The Wise Man considers what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wise Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himself to the Applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this Passion for Admiration may appear in such a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good Effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing [which [1]] is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to Actions [which [2]] are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Consequences it produces are so good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by *Cicero*,[3] that men of the greatest and the most shining Parts are the most actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we shall find this Principle of Action stronger in Women than in Men.

The Passion for Praise, which is so very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves Admiration: And I think we may observe, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Course of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carrying on of Traffic, the Administration of Justice, are those by which Men grow famous, and get themselves a Name.

[1] [that] [2] [that]
[3] Tuscul. Quæst. Lib. v. § 243.

But as this Passion for Admiration, when it works according to Reason, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; so nothing is more Destructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Person. You see in every Posture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Business and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reason your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Assemblies, in order to seduce Men to their Worship. The Play-house is very frequently filled with *Idols;* several of them are carried in Procession every Evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their Worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Disposal: Paradise is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are present with them. Raptures, Transports, and Ecstacies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Despair. I shall only add under this Head, that *Ovid's* Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a Task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was[1] to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their Votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed Worshippers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuse to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they Worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they Worship the same.

The Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to confine the Idol to himself, the whole Business and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer:* He represents one of them sitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.[1]

The Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is Worshipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midst of a large Congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themselves in her Eye, whilst she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an Occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same Canonical Hour that Day Sevennight.

An *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a Woman.

Old Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol:* The Truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other Cases the *Woman* generally outlives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Passion for being admired; In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the Objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

[1] The story is in 'The Remedy of Love' [lines 5—14.

[2] [that]

No. 74.] *Friday, May* 25, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg.

IN my last *Monday's* Paper I gave some general Instances of those beautiful Strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Chevey-Chase*; I shall here, according to my Promise, be more particular, and shew that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of [the[2]] majestick Simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: For which Reason I shall quote several Passages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several Passages of the *Æneid;* not that I would infer

from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any Imitation of those Passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same Kind of Poetical Genius, and by the same Copyings after Nature.

Had this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong Taste of some Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and please those Tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgment which he has passed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majestick, and the Numbers [sonorous;[1]] at least, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, as the Reader will see in several of the following Quotations.

What can be greater than either the Thought or the Expression in that Stanza,

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy *took his Way;*
The Child may rue that was unborn
The Hunting of that Day!

This way of considering the Misfortunes which this Battle would bring upon Posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the Battle and lost their Fathers in it, but on those also who [perished[2]] in future Battles which [took their rise[3]] from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.—Hor.

What can be more sounding and poetical, resemble more the majestic Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the Scotish *Woods*
Three Summers Days to take.

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho shrill did make.

——Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Dowglas *come,*
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty Hundred Scottish *Spears,*
All marching in our Sight.

All Men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the River Tweed, *etc.*

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, described in these two last Verses, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a couple of smooth Words for Verse. If the Reader compares the forgoing six Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verses, he will see how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil*.

Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant;
Quique altum Preneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:——qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tericæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——

But to proceed.

Earl Dowglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus ——

Our English *Archers bent their Bows,*
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots *they slew.*

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No Slackness there was found.
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English *Bow,*
Which struck Earl Dowglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same Manner by an unknown Hand in the midst of a Parly.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu——

But of all the descriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumstances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

So thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain:
An English *Archer then perceived*
The noble Earl was slain.

[1] [very sonorous;]
[2] [should perish]
[3] [should arise]

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he set,
The Gray-goose Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from Break of Day
Till setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell
The Battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long List of the Dead, but by diversifying it with little Characters of particular Persons.

And with Earl Dowglas *there was slain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the Field*
One Foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His Sister's Son was he;
Sir David Lamb, *so well esteem'd,*
Yet saved could not be.

The familiar Sound in these Names destroys the Majesty of the Description; for this Reason I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to shew the natural Cast of Thought which appears in it, as the two last Verses look almost like a Translation of *Virgil.*

——Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est——

Catalogue of the *English* [who[1]] fell, ...gton's Behaviour is in the same manner ...very artfully, as the Reader is pre... Account which is given of him ... the Battle: though I am ...ffoon Readers (who have ...ed in *Hudibras*) will not ...eauty of it: For which ...ch as quote it].

... Squire forth,
... his Name,
... not have it told
... King for Shame,
That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same Heroic Sentiments in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus——?

What can be more natural or more moving than the Circumstances in which he describes the Behaviour of those Women who had lost their Husbands on this fatal Day?

Next Day did many Widows come
Their Husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.

Thus we see how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the Subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the Language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many Ages, and have pleased the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I shall only beg Pardon for such a Profusion of *Latin* Quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too singular on such a Subject, had not I supported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil.* C.

[1] [that]

No. 75.] *Saturday, May* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.
Hor.

IT was with some Mortification that I suffered the Raillery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was so unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great Freedom to consider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the Ignorant, for Persons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her Hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, she began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to Read, by way of Triumph over me, some of his Speeches. *'Tis she, that lovely Hair, that easy Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which* Medley *spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend* Bellair.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye.

Then turning over the Leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

And you and Loveit *to her Cost shall find.*
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues she, is the Passage I admire most, where he begins to Teize *Loveit*, and mimick Sir *Fopling:* Oh the pretty Satyr, in his resolving to be a Coxcomb to please, since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms!

I, that I may Successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.

Then how like a Man of the Town, so Wild and Gay is that!

The Wife will find a Diff'rence in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

It would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Opposition to so nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Discourse gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some Attention, the false Impressions the generality (the Fair Sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *Fine Gentleman*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and settling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

No Man ought to have the Esteem of the rest of the World, for any Actions which are disagreeable to those Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal Rules of Reason and good Sense, must be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well-bred Man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Instance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench, Double Tripe*: I should have shewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reproach, may possibly have in Common with the most Virtuous and Worthy amongst us. When a Gentleman speaks Coarsly, he has dressed himself Clean to no purpose: The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence against the Conversation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence of Dress imaginable. But this Sense of the Matter is so far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vacifer* passes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obsequious by turns, just as a little Understanding and great Impudence prompt him at the present Moment. He passes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, because he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in professing such and such a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed Deluder of Women; and because the empty Coxcomb has no Regard to any thing that is of it self Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune say, It is pity so fine a Gentleman as *Vacifer* is so great an Atheist. The Crowds of such inconsiderable Creatures that infest all Places of Assembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of Figure a Man who formed himself upon those Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the under Parts of his Behaviour and such as are exposed to common Observation, have their Rise in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unshaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this; Humanity and Good-nature, fortified by the Sense of Virtue, has the same Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Men's Actions look easie appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Master of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no Necessity of Studying his Air, and he has this peculiar Distinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a Pleasure in considering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Ease. Such a one does not behold his Life as a short, transient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleasures, and great Anxieties; but sees it in quite another Light; his Griefs are Momentary, and his Joys Immortal. Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and sad Thought of Resigning every Thing that he Delights in, but it is a short Night followed by an endless Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whose Fortune is Plentiful, shews an Ease in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlasting Rules of Reason and Sense, must have something so inexpressibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that Circumstance must become him. The Persons or Things around him do not his Situation, but he looks disp Occurrences with which others cause the greatest Purpose tain an Indifference both ments. In a word, to be be a Generous and a Bra a Man so much in co Shine, as we call it, than can never fail him, and t happens to him was the be sibly befal him, or else he would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R.

No. 76.] Monday, May 28, 1711. [Steele.

Ut tu Fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus. Hor.

THERE is nothing so common as to find a Man whom in the general Observations of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, subject to such unaccountable Starts of Humour and Passion, that he is as much unlike himself and differs as much from the Man you at first thought him, as any two distinct Persons can

differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming some Law of Life to our selves, or fixing some Notion of things in general, which may affect us in such Manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our usual Conversation, but also to the same Instability in our Friendships, Interests, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Consideration, is but an ill Judge of the secret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make such visible Alterations in the same Person: But at the same Time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effects of such Inconsistences in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation must be in the utmost Degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such Observations in the highest Relish, he ought to be placed in a Post of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some Pieces of secret History, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curiosity. They are memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond of France*.[1] '*Pharamond*, says my Author, was a Prince of 'infinite Humanity and Generosity, and at the 'same time the most pleasant and facetious Com-'panion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taste in 'him (which would have been unlucky in any 'Prince but himself,) he thought there could be 'no exquisite Pleasure in Conversation but among 'Equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself 'that he always lived in a Crowd, but was the 'only man in *France* that never could get into 'Company. This Turn of Mind made him delight 'in Midnight Rambles, attended only with one 'Person of his Bed-chamber: He would in these 'Excursions get acquainted with Men (whose 'Temper he had a Mind to try) and recommend 'them privately to the particular Observation of 'his first Minister. He generally found himself 'neglected by his new Acquaintance as soon as 'they had Hopes of growing great; and used on 'such Occasions to remark, That it was a great 'Injustice to tax Princes of forgetting themselves 'in their high Fortunes, when there were so few 'that could with Constancy bear the Favour of 'their very Creatures.' My Author in these loose Hints has one Passage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the usual Proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his Purpose: In Discourse with him one Day, he gave him Opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his Wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the Sum, and spoke to him in this manner. 'Sir, *You have twice what you* '*desired, by the Favour of* Pharamond; *but look* '*to it, that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the* '*last you shall ever receive. I from this Mo-*'*ment consider you as mine; and to make you* '*truly so, I give you my Royal Word you shall* '*never be greater or less than you are at present.* '*Answer me not,* (concluded the Prince smiling) '*but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, which* '*is above my own Condition; for you have here-*'*after nothing to hope or to fear.*

His Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleasures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himself, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he punished his Courtiers for their Insolence and Folly, not by any Act of Publick Disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their Imaginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take some favourable Notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend Monsieur *Eucrate* (for so he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Use would be made of that Freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had passed in publick.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whisper make him despise all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Observation, that he would profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some Tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful Cast of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Neck with as much Eagerness, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exercise the Passions of his whole Court. He was pleased to see an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man she had long despised, from Observation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court where Men speak Affection in the strongest Terms, and Dislike in the faintest, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to see Disguises thrown aside in one Case and encreased on the other, according as Favour or Disgrace attended the respective Objects of Men's Approbation or Disesteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanness of Mankind used to say, 'As 'he could take away a Man's Five Senses, he 'could give him an Hundred. The Man in Dis-'grace shall immediately lose all his natural En-'dowments, and he that finds Favour have the 'Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the 'Opinion of the lower Part of his Court, but the 'Men themselves shall think thus meanly or

[1] Pharamond, or *Faramond*, was the subject of one of the romances of M. de Costes de la Calprenède, published at Paris (12 vols.) in 1661. It was translated into English (folio) by J. Phillips in 1677.

'greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the 'good Graces of a Court.'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, must have Pleasures which no Man else can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without Transport: He made a noble and generous Use of his Observations; and did not regard his Ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his Kingdom: By this means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*. R.

No. 77.] *Tuesday, May* 29, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.
Mart.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB is one of those Sort of Men who are very often absent in Conversation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a distrait*. A little before our Club-time last Night we were walking together in *Somerset* Garden, where WILL. had picked up a small Pebble of so odd a Make, that he said he would present it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my Face towards the West, which WILL. knowing to be my usual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had seven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprize, I saw him squirr away his Watch a considerable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateness in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Aversion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Messenger of ill News, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his Mistake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on these little Absences and Distractions in Mankind, and resolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Design, when I considered that they were very often Blemishes in the Characters of Men of excellent Sense; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb,[1] which Mr. *Dryden* has Translated in the following Lines:

Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

My Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a Man who is *Absent*, because he thinks of something else, from one who is *Absent*, because he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these Reasons.

Either their Minds are wholly fixed on some particular Science, which is often the Case of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with some Violent Passion, such as Anger, Fear, or Love, which ties the Mind to some distant Object; or, lastly, these Distractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Fickleness in a Man's Temper, which while it raises up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of such a Man, which are seldom occasioned either by the Company he is in, or any of those Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is solving a Proposition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris* Gazette, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this Weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same Infirmity myself. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of Thinking if a Man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those Starts of good Sense and Struggles of unimproved Reason in the Conversation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the most shining Periods of the most finished Orator; and can make a shift to command my Attention at a *Puppet-Show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I say little myself, my Attention to others, and those Nods of Approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas WILL. HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Sense, is every Day doing and saying an hundred Things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred Frankness, were somewhat *mal a propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-house, where WILL. was standing in the midst of several Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Person and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprize of his Audience, he broke off his first Harangue, and proceeded thus,— 'Why now there's my Friend (mentioning me by 'my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great 'deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you 'he is now thrusting his short Face into some 'Coffee-house about *Change*. I was his Bail in 'the time of the *Popish-Plot*, when he was taken 'up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole Company must necessarily have found me out; for which Reason, remembering

[1] Seneca de Tranquill. Anim. cap. xv. 'Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ.' Dryden's lines are in Part I. of Absalom and Achitophel.

the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of Good-humour, in what Part of the World I had lived, that he had not seen me these three Days.

Monsieur *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an absent Man*,[1] with a great deal of Humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I shall conclude my present Paper.

'*Menalcas* (says that excellent Author) comes 'down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, 'but shuts it again, because he perceives that he 'has his Night-cap on; and examining himself fur-'ther finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has 'stuck his Sword on his right Side, that his Stock-'ings are about his Heels, and that his Shirt is 'over his Breeches. When he is dressed he goes 'to Court, comes into the Drawing-room, and 'walking bolt-upright under a Branch of Candle-'sticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and 'hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall 'a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any 'of them, and looks about for the Person that is 'the Jest of the Company. Coming down to the 'Court-gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his 'own, he whips into it; and the Coachman drives 'off, not doubting but he carries his Master. As 'soon as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of 'the Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the Stair-'case, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the 'greatest Familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch, 'and fancies himself at home. The Master of the 'House at last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive 'him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, 'muses, and then talks again. The Gentleman of 'the House is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no 'less so, but is every Moment in Hopes that his 'impertinent Guest will at last end his tedious 'Visit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is 'hardly undeceived.

'When he is playing at Backgammon, he calls 'for a full Glass of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn 'to throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his 'Glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and 'unwilling to lose Time, he swallows down both 'the Dice, and at the same times throws his Wine 'into the Tables. He writes a Letter, and flings 'the Sand into the Ink-bottle; he writes a second, 'and mistakes the Superscription: A Nobleman 'receives one of them, and upon opening it reads 'as follows: *I would have you, honest* Jack, *im-'mediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay 'enough to serve me the Winter.* His Farmer 'receives the other and is amazed to see in it, *My 'Lord, I received your Grace's Commands with 'an entire Submission to*—If he is at an Enter-'tainment, you may see the Pieces of Bread con-'tinually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true 'the rest of the Company want it, as well as their 'Knives and Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let 'them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he 'puts his whole Family in an hurry, and at last 'goes out without being able to stay for his Coach 'or Dinner, and for that Day you may see him in 'every Part of the Town, except the very Place 'where he had appointed to be upon a Business of 'Importance. You would often take him for 'every thing that he is not; for a Fellow quite 'stupid, for he hears nothing; for a Fool, for he 'talks to himself, and has an hundred Grimaces 'and Motions with his Head, which are altogether 'involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full 'upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting 'him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but 'he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, 'nor any Man, nor any thing else: He came once 'from his Country-house, and his own Footman 'undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held 'a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid him deliver 'his Purse; he did so, and coming home told his 'Friends he had been robbed; they desired to 'know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, says '*Menalcas, for they were with me.* X.

[1] Caractères, Chap. xi. de l'Homme. La Bruyère's Menalque was identified with a M. de Brancas, brother of the Duke de Villars. The adventure of the wig is said really to have happened to him at a reception by the Queen-Mother. He was said also on his wedding-day to have forgotten that he had been married. He went abroad as usual, and only remembered the ceremony of the morning upon finding the changed state of his household when, as usual, he came home in the evening.

No. 78.] *Wednesday, May* 30, 1711. [*Steele.*

Cum Talis sis, Utinam noster esses!

THE following Letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to shew the Author I wish him my Companion with as much Earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I Send you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you 'think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; 'in which so surprizing a Genius appears, that it 'is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get 'somewhat into a Paper which will always live.

'As to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was 'really carried on in the Way I described it. 'However, you have a full Commission to put out 'or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. 'I have already had the Satisfaction of seeing you 'take that Liberty with some things I have before 'sent you.[1]

[1] This letter is probably by Laurence Eusden, and the preceding letter by the same hand would be the account of the Loungers in No. 54. Laurence Eusden, son of Dr. Eusden, Rector of Spalsworth, in Yorkshire, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took orders, and became Chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke. He obtained the patronage of Lord Halifax by a Latin version of his Lordship's poem on the Battle of the

'Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best 'Wishes of,

SIR, Your very Affectionate, and Obliged Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'You well know it is of great Consequence to 'clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it be 'done in the proper Season; On which Account 'this is to assure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY 'FACES was instituted originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of King *Charles* 'II. As in great Bodies of Men it is not difficult 'to find Members enough for such a Club, so (I 'remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention of dining together, that the Hall belonging 'to *CLARE-HALL*, (the ugliest *then* in the 'Town, tho' *now* the neatest) would not be large 'enough HANDSOMELY to hold the Company. 'Invitations were made to great Numbers, but 'very few accepted them without much Difficulty. 'ONE pleaded that being at *London* in a Book-'seller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great 'Belly longed to kiss him. HE had certainly been 'excused, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend she longed to 'kiss him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, who 'during his kissing her stole away all his Money. 'ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his 'Chin; but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, 'by coming into a Room, made a Woman mis-'carry, and frightened two Children into Fits. A 'THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady 'for another Gentleman, who was one of the 'handsomest in the University; But upon En-'quiry it was found that the Lady had actually 'lost one Eye, and the other was very much upon 'the Decline. A FOURTH produced Letters out 'of the Country in his Vindication, in which a 'Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who had 'lately fallen in Love with him, with a good 'Fortune: But it was made appear that the young 'Lady was amorous, and had like to have run 'away with her Father's Coachman, so that it was 'supposed, that her Pretence of falling in Love 'with him was only in order to be well married. 'It was pleasant to hear the several Excuses which 'were made, insomuch that some made as much 'Interest to be excused as they would from serving Sheriff; however at last the Society was 'formed, and proper Officers were appointed; 'and the Day was fix'd for the Entertainment, 'which was in *Venison Season*. A pleasant *Fellow of King's College* (commonly called CRAB 'from his sour Look, and the only Man who did 'not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to 'sit in the Elbow-Chair, by way of PRESIDENT, 'at the upper end of the Table; and there the 'Business stuck, for there was no Contention for 'Superiority *there*. This Affair made so great a 'Noise, that the King, who was then at *Newmarket*, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and 'graciously to say, HE COULD NOT BE THERE 'HIMSELF, BUT HE WOULD SEND THEM A 'BRACE OF BUCKS.

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this Affair in a 'true Light, that Posterity may not be misled in 'so important a Point: For when *the wise Man* 'who shall write your true History shall acquaint the World, That you had a DIPLOMA 'sent from the *Ugly Club at OXFORD*, and 'that by vertue of it you were admitted into it, 'what a learned Work will there be among *future* 'Criticks about the Original of that Club, which 'both Universities will contend so warmly for? 'And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* Author 'may then boldly affirm, that the Word *OXFORD* was an interpolation of some *Oxonian* 'instead of *CAMBRIDGE*. This Affair will be 'best adjusted in your Life-time; but I hope 'your Affection to your MOTHER will not make 'you partial to your AUNT.

'To tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I 'cannot find any ancient Records of any Acts of 'the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, considered 'in a *publick* Capacity; yet in a *private* one they 'have certainly Antiquity on their Side. I am 'perswaded they will hardly give Place to the 'LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the same 'Standing with the University itself.

'Tho' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives 'to do Justice, yet I am commission'd to tell you, 'that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* 'at *CAMBRIDGE*; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the Wish of our 'whole University.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and 'destitute Condition, know not to whom we 'should apply ourselves for Relief, because there 'is hardly any Man alive who hath not injured 'us. Nay, we speak it with Sorrow, even YOU 'your self, whom we should suspect of such a 'Practice the last of all Mankind, can hardly 'acquit your self of having given us some Cause 'of Complaint. We are descended of ancient 'Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honour 'many Years, till the Jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves 'slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the 'Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we 'heard in one of the most polite and august Assemblies in the Universe, to our great Mortification, these Words, *That THAT that noble Lord 'urged*; which if one of us had had Justice done, 'would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH 'that noble Lord urged.*' Senates themselves, 'the Guardians of *British* Liberty, have degraded 'us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no Decree was ever given against us. In the very 'Acts of Parliament, in which the utmost Right

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Boyne, in 1718. By the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, he was made Poet-laureate, upon the death of Rowe. Eusden died, rector of Coningtoun, Lincolnshire, in 1730, and his death was hastened by intemperance. Of the laurel left for Cibber Pope wrote in the Dunciad,

Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise; He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.

'should be done to every *Body*, *WORD* and '*Thing*, we find our selves often either not used, 'or used one instead of another. In the first and 'best Prayer Children are taught, they learn to 'misuse us: *Our Father WHICH art in 'Heaven*, should be, *Our Father WHO art in 'Heaven;* and even a CONVOCATION after long 'Debates, refused to consent to an Alteration of 'it. In our *general Confession* we say,—*Spare 'thou them, O God, WHICH confess their 'Faults*, which ought to be, *WHO confess their 'Faults*. What Hopes then have we of having 'Justice done us, when the Makers of our very 'Prayers and Laws, and the most learned in all 'Faculties, seem to be in a Confederacy against 'us, and our Enemies themselves must be our 'Judges.

'The *Spanish* Proverb says, *Il sabio muda con-'sejo, il necio no;* i. e. *A wise Man changes his 'Mind, a Fool never will.* So that we think YOU, 'Sir, a very proper Person to address to, since we 'know you to be capable of being convinced, and 'changing your Judgment. You are well able to 'settle this Affair, and to you we submit our 'Cause. We desire you to assign the Butts and 'Bounds of each of us; and that for the future 'we may both enjoy our own. We would desire 'to be heard by our Counsel, but that we fear in 'their very Pleadings they would betray our 'Cause: Besides, we have been oppressed so 'many Years, that we can appear no other way, 'but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, 'we hope you will be pleased to do that which to 'Right and Justice shall appertain.

R. *And your Petitioners*, &c.

No. 79.] *Thursday, May* 31, 1711. [*Steele.*

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.—Hor.

I HAVE received very many Letters of late from my Female Correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleasures, and looking severely upon Things, in themselves, indifferent. But I think they are extremely Unjust to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that those Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second Place, should not precede more weighty Considerations. The Heart of Man deceives him in spite of the Lectures of half a Life spent in Discourses on the Subjection of Passion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman as Unfaithful to itself. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are less cultivated with Precepts, and consequently may, without Disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to Illusion in Cases wherein natural Inclination is out of the Interests of Virtue. I shall take up my present Time in commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible Fine Women may be mistaken.

The following Address seems to have no other Design in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what she pleases for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am Young, and very much inclin'd to follow 'the Paths of Innocence: but at the same time, 'as I have a plentiful Fortune, and of Quality, I 'am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinc-'tion, some little Satisfaction in being Admired 'in general, and much greater in being beloved 'by a Gentleman, whom I design to make my 'Husband. But I have a mind to put off enter-'ing into Matrimony till another Winter is over 'my Head, which, (whatever, musty Sir, you may 'think of the Matter) I design to pass away in 'hearing Music, going to Plays, Visiting, and all 'other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, 'protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure 'for,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
M. T.

'My Lover does not know I like him, there-'fore having no Engagements upon me, I think to 'stay and know whether I may not like any one 'else better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB say, *A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript.* I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will Like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst Man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfie those Eyes with seeing, as controul any Passion received by them only. It is from loving by Sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is bestowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her as Innocence itself, tho' she has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

How far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudosia! Eudosia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudosia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be for *Flavia* the fine Dancer to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

But the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my charming mistress *Hecatissa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the best Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many 'Ladies, as well as myself, spend many Hours 'more than we used at the Glass, for want of the 'Female Library of which you promised us a 'Catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors 'for us, you will have a particular Regard to 'Books of Devotion. What they are, and how 'many, must be your chief Care; for upon the 'Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. 'I have known those among us who think, if they 'every Morning and Evening spend an Hour in 'their Closet, and read over so many Prayers in 'six or seven Books of Devotion, all equally non-'sensical, with a sort of Warmth, (that might as 'well be raised by a Glass of Wine, or a Drachm 'of Citron) they may all the rest of their time go 'on in whatever their particular Passion leads 'them to. The beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in 'your Language) an *Idol*, is one of these Vo-'taries: she has a very pretty furnished Closet, 'to which she retires at her appointed Hours: 'This is her Dressing-room, as well as Chapel; 'she has constantly before her a large Looking-'glass, and upon the Table, according to a very 'witty Author,

Together lye her Prayer-book and Paint,
At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

'It must be a good Scene, if one could be pre-'sent at it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her 'Eyes to Heaven, and steal Glances at her own 'dear Person. It cannot but be a pleasing Con-'flict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you 'are upon this Subject, choose Books which ele-'vate the Mind above the World, and give a 'pleasing Indifference to little things in it. For 'want of such Instructions, I am apt to believe so 'many People take it in their Heads to be sullen, 'cross and angry, under pretence of being ab-'stracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at 'the same time they betray their Fondness for 'them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pout-'ing and reading good Books for a Week together. 'Much of this I take to proceed from the Indis-'cretion of the Books themselves, whose very 'Titles of Weekly Preparations, and such limited 'Godliness, lead People of ordinary Capacities 'into great Errors, and raise in them a Mechan-'ical Religion, entirely distinct from Morality. I 'know a Lady so given up to this sort of Devo-'tion, that tho' she employs six or eight Hours of 'the twenty-four at Cards, she never misses one 'constant Hour of Prayer, for which time another 'holds her Cards, to which she returns with no 'little Anxiousness till two or three in the Morn-'ing. All these Acts are but empty Shows, and, 'as it were, Compliments made to Virtue; the 'Mind is all the while untouched with any true 'Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. From hence I pre-'sume it arises that so many People call them-'selves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but 'an Absence of Ill. There is *Dulcianara* is the 'most insolent of all Creatures to her Friends and 'Domesticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature 'but that (as her silly Phrase is) no one can say 'Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forsooth, 'which should make her afraid to speak her Mind, 'and therefore she is impertinently Blunt to all 'her Acquaintance, and unseasonably Imperious 'to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put 'such Books in our Hands, as may make our Vir-'tue more inward, and convince some of us that 'in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is 'always accompanied with the Pity of it. This 'and other things are impatiently expected from 'you by our whole Sex; among the rest by,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
B.'

No. 80.] *Friday, June* 1, 1711. [*Steele.*

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.—Hor.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recal Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins

stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

During this constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at public Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appear'd in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Island Suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only addressed to in a Manner that shewed she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes: Brunetta* had the Illnature to inquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by successive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her Design, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcileable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Island consigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did so, and *Phillis* was dressed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languished at the Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public Places where she was sure to meet *Brunetta; Brunetta* was now prepared for the Insult, and came to a public Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swooned away, and was immediately convey'd to her House. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconsolable Despair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruse the following Expostulation.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The just Remonstrance of affronted THAT.

'Tho' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and '*Which*, yet You should not suffer them to be 'rude and call honest People Names: For that 'bears very hard on some of those Rules of De'cency, which You are justly famous for establish'ing. They may find fault, and correct Speeches 'in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them try 'to get *themselves* so *often* and with so much '*Eloquence* repeated in a Sentence, as a great 'Orator doth frequently introduce me.

'My Lords! (says he) with humble Submission, '*That* that I say is this; that, *That* that that 'Gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he 'should have proved to your Lordships. Let 'those two questionary Petitioners try to do thus 'with their *Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. *Dry'den* in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me still to answer You in That,

'to furnish out a Rhyme to *Morat?* And what a 'poor Figure would Mr. *Bayes* have made with'out his *Egad and all That?* How can a ju'dicious Man distinguish one thing from another, 'without saying *This here*, or *That there?* And 'how can a sober Man without using the *Exple'tives* of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and 'Bullies have a great advantage over others) make 'a Discourse of any tolerable Length, without '*That is;* and if he be a very grave Man indeed, 'without *That is to say?* And how instructive as 'well as entertaining are those usual Expressions 'in the Mouths of great Men, *Such Things as* '*That* and *The like of That*.

'I am not against reforming the Corruptions of 'Speech You mention, and own there are proper 'Seasons for the Introduction of other Words be'sides *That;* but I scorn as much to supply the 'Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every Turn, as 'they are *unequal* always to fill mine; And I ex'pect good Language and civil Treatment, and 'hope to receive it for the future: *That*, that I 'shall only add is, that I am,

Yours,
R. *THAT.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD *HALLIFAX*.[1]

My LORD,

SIMILITUDE of Manners and Studies is usually *mentioned* as one of the strongest motives to Affection and Esteem; but the passionate Veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which, in the whole course of these Papers I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker-on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite world, both in the World of Men, and that of Letters; While I am silent and unobserv'd in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit: When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection; and it is to such as Your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the Esteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluse Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such, that it will not be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am, with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favours,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Obliged,
Most Obedient, and
Most Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

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[1] When the Spectators were reissued in volumes, Vol. I. ended with No. 80, and to the second volume, containing the next 89 numbers, this Dedication was prefixed.

Charles Montague, at the time of the dedication fifty years old, and within four years of the end of his life, was born, in 1661, at Horton, in Northamptonshire. His father was a younger son of the first Earl of Manchester. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Apt for wit and verse, he joined with his friend Prior in writing a burlesque on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, 'Transversed to the Story of 'the Country and the City Mouse.' In Parliament in James the Second's reign, he joined in the invitation of William of Orange, and rose rapidly, a self-made man, after the Revolution. In 1691 he was a Lord of the Treasury; in April, 1694, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in May, 1697, First Lord of the Treasury, retaining the Chancellorship and holding both offices till near the close of 1699. Of his dealing with the currency, see note on p. 9. In 1700 he was made Baron Halifax, and had secured the office of Auditor of the Exchequer, which was worth at least £4000 a year, and in war time twice as much. The Tories, on coming to power, made two unsuccessful attempts to fix on him charges of fraud. In October, 1714, George I. made him Earl of Halifax and Viscount Sunbury. Then also he again became Prime Minister. He was married, but died childless, in May, 1715. In 1699, when Somers and Halifax were the great chiefs of the Whig ministry, they joined in befriending Addison, then 27 years old, who had pleased Somers with a piece of English verse and Montague with Latin lines upon the Peace of Ryswick.

Now, therefore, having dedicated the First volume of the *Spectator* to Somers, it is to Halifax that Steele and he inscribe the Second.

Of the defect in Charles Montague's character, Lord Macaulay writes that, when at the height of his fortune, 'He became proud even to insolence. 'Old companions . . . hardly knew their friend 'Charles in the great man who could not forget 'for one moment that he was First Lord of the 'Treasury, that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he had been a Regent of the king-'dom, that he had founded the Bank of England, 'and the new East India Company, that he had 'restored the Currency, that he had invented the 'Exchequer Bills, that he had planned the General 'Mortgage, and that he had been pronounced, by 'a solemn vote of the Commons, to have deserved 'all the favours which he had received from the 'Crown. It was said that admiration of him-'self and contempt of others were indicated by all 'his gestures, and written in all the lines of his 'face.'

No. 81.] *Saturday, June* 2, 1711. [*Addison.*

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas —— Statius.

ABOUT the Middle of last Winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *Haymarket*, where I could not but take notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themselves in the opposite Side-Boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one against another. After a short Survey of them, I found they were Patch'd differently; the Faces on one Hand, being spotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and those upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different Situations, as Party-Signals to distinguish Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between these two opposite Bodies, were several Ladies who Patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and seem'd to sit there with no other Intention but to see the Opera. Upon Inquiry I found, that the Body of *Amazons* on my Right Hand, were Whigs, and those on my Left, Tories: And that those who had placed themselves in the Middle Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men, whose Hearts are aimed at, are very often the Occasions that one Part of the Face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much Set off and Adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left, according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the Publick Good so much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain, that there are several Women of Honour who patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their Party, and are so far from sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, she shall be at liberty to Patch on which Side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had Revolted from the Whig Interest. But, whatever *this natural* Patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole, however, has mis-led several Coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to Patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cause, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tigress, that several Spots rise in her Skin when she is angry, or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verses that stand as the Motto on this Paper,

——*She swells with angry Pride,*
And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry Side.[1]

When I was in the Theatre the Time abovementioned, I had the Curiosity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-Show filled with Faces spotted after the Whiggish Manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in so great a Body to the Opera, that they out-number'd the Enemy.

This Account of Party Patches, will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a Distance from the fashionable World: but as it is a Distinction of a very singular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-Rage in Women, as it only serves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animosities that reign among Men, and in a great measure deprive the Fair Sex of those peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and just upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *British* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with so many unnatural Divisions, that if they continue, it will be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for Women to interest themselves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reason, among others, they forbad them, under Pain of Death, to be present at the *Olympick* Games, notwithstanding these were the publick Diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to out-

[1] Davideis, Bk III. But Cowley's Tiger is a Male.

shine them in all other Accomplishments [proper[1]] to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers, and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domestick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to shine in. If they must be shewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty and Country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared so laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her Necklace against the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in Favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*,[2] which he made in Honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedæmonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall 'advise you in very few Words: Aspire only to 'those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex; fol-'low your natural Modesty, and think it your 'greatest Commendation not to be talked of one 'way or other. C.

No. 82.] *Monday, June* 4, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Caput domina venale sub hasta.*—Juv.

PASSING under *Ludgate*[3] the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Prisoner called me by my Name, and desired I would throw something into the Box: I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a Crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange Constitution of some Men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Person who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty; I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty-five; at which Time a good Estate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken Disputes, broke Drawers Heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same Baseness of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The same little Mind was insolent in Riches, and shameless in Poverty. This Accident made me muse upon the Circumstances of being in Debt in general, and solve in my Mind what Tempers were most apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it must needs be to languish under such Pressures. As for my self, my natural Aversion to that sort of Conversation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expence; and all my Business lies within a very narrow Compass, which is only to give an honest Man, who takes care of my Estate, proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and observe what Linnen my Laundress brings and takes away with her once a Week: My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing; and I have a pretty Implement with the respective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Laundress. This being almost all the Business I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

When I walk the Street, and observe the Hurry about me in this Town,

Where with like Haste, tho' diff'rent Ways they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone;[1]

I say, when I behold this vast Variety of Persons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accomplishment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verse of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain, but am extremely astonished that Men can be so insensible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impossible a Man who is given to contract Debts should know, that his Creditor has, from that Moment in which he transgresses Payment,

[1] [that are proper]
[2] Thucydides, Bk II.
[3] Ludgate was originally built in 1215, by the Barons who entered London, destroyed houses of Jews and erected this gate with their ruins. It was first used as a prison in 1373, being then a free prison, but soon losing that privilege. Sir Stephen Forster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, had been a prisoner at Ludgate and begged at the grate, where he was seen by a rich widow who bought his liberty, took him into her service, and eventually married him. To commemorate this he enlarged the accommodation for the prisoners and added a chapel. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1586. That second gate was destroyed in the Fire of London. The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.
[1] Sir John Denham's 'Cooper's Hill.'

so much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty, and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without Defamation; and can seize his Person, without being guilty of an Assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned Turn of some Men's Minds, that they can live under these constant Apprehensions, and still go on to encrease the Cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile Condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumstances wherein Men of honest Natures may become liable to Debts, by some unadvised Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honesty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but these Instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general Considerations: For one such Case as one of these, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own House, shall shrink at the Expectation of surly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make so great a Figure, are no other than so many Persons in Authority to make good his Charge against him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

Our Gentry are, generally speaking, in Debt; and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being so from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when his Son is very young: and the Boy is to marry as soon as he is at Age, to redeem it, and find Portions for his Sisters. This, forsooth, is no great Inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick Table or feed Dogs, like a worthy *English* Gentleman, till he has out-run half his Estate, and leave the same Incumbrance upon his First-born, and so on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Estate, or some Man of Sense comes into it, and scorns to have an Estate in Partnership, that is to say, liable to the Demand or Insult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Business, and the Iniquity of Mankind at present: No one had any Colour for the least Complaint against his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a Disadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and my self from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting Good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as a Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*.' *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

SIR,

'Your Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I 'have done you, shall not make me unthankful for 'the Good you have done me, in letting me see 'there is such a Man as you in the World. I am 'obliged to you for the Diffidence I shall have all 'the rest of my Life: *I shall hereafter trust no 'Man so far as to be in his Debt.* R.

No. 83.] *Tuesday, June* 5, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Animum pictura pascit inani.*—Virg.

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diversions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three select Friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, insomuch that when I have found the Weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to see a Gallery that is furnished by the Hands of great Masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowering Countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable Scenes into the visionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with shining Landskips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all those other Objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that Gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate Seasons.

I was some Weeks ago in a Course of these Diversions; which had taken such an entire Possession of my Imagination, that they formed in it a short Morning's Dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first Sketch and Outlines of a Vision, than as a finished Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the Famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greatest Masters that are dead.

On the side of the *Living*, I saw several Persons busy in Drawing, Colouring, and Designing; on the side of the *Dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one Person at Work, who was

exceeding slow in his Motions, and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

I was resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the side of the *Living*. The first I observed at Work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain smirking Air which he bestowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-Counsellors: In a word all his Men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extreamly well-suited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dress was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left Hand of VANITY stood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name, that sounded something like STUPIDITY.

The third Artist that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dressed like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent Hand at a *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Distortions and Grimaces: He would sometimes affright himself with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his Pieces was at best but a terrifying Dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest Figures, than that they were agreeable Monsters.

The fourth Person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty Hand, which left his Pictures so unfinished, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to Posterity) faded sooner than in the Person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his Business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his Pencils, [nor [1]] mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different Nature, who was dressed in the Habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured; If he drew the Portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the Candles which were lighted up in several Parts of them; and were so inflamed by the Sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busie in retouching the finest Pieces, tho' he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that was before over-charged, loaded every Defect and poisoned every Colour it touched. Though this workman did so much Mischief on the Side of the Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned my self to that which was filled by the Works of those great Masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my self standing before a Multitude of Spectators, and thousands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like Men and Women, that I almost forgot they were Pictures. *Raphael's* Figures stood in one Row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One Part of the Wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great Master among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embellishment of this Side of the Gallery. The Persons that owed their Being to these several Masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; so that they looked like different Nations of the same Species.

Observing an old Man (who was the same Person I before mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture to another, and retouching all the fine Pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand Touches, scarce produced any visible Effect in the Picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Rest or Intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable Gloss that hung upon a Figure. He also added such a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowness to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from [the[1]] Master's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately, by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the Thread of my Dream was at an End I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man, my Sleep left me. C.

[1] [or]

No. 84.] *Wednesday, June* 6, 1711. [*Steele.*

——— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssei
Temperet a Lachrymis?—Virg.

LOOKING over the old Manuscript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond*[2] are set

[1] [its]

[2] See No. 76. Steele uses the suggestion of the Romance of *Pharamond* whose 'whole Person,' says the romancer, 'was of so excellent a 'composition, and his words so Great and so 'Noble that it was very difficult to deny him re-

down by way of Table-Book, I found many things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the same Principles and Passions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what passed in that Age, for the Instruction of this. The Antiquary, who lent me these Papers, gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who lived in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have Occasion to mention many of their Conversations, into which these Memorials of them may give Light.

'*Pharamond*, when he had a Mind to retire for 'an Hour or two from the Hurry of Business and 'Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, 'by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm 'negligently on a Window, or some such Action 'as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the Com-'pany. Upon such Notice, unobserved by others, '(for their entire Intimacy was always a Secret) '*Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to re-'ceive the King. There was a secret Access to 'this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* used to 'admit many whose mean Appearance in the Eyes 'of the ordinary Waiters and Door-keepers made 'them be repulsed from other Parts of the Palace. 'Such as these were let in here by Order of *Eu-'crate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This 'Entrance *Pharamond* called *The Gate of the 'Unhappy*, and the Tears of the Afflicted who 'came before him, he would say were Bribes re-'ceived by *Eucrate*; for *Eucrate* had the most 'compassionate Spirit of all Men living, except 'his generous Master, who was always kindled at 'the least Affliction which was communicated to 'him. In the Regard for the Miserable, *Eucrate* 'took particular Care, that the common Forms of 'Distress, and the idle Pretenders to Sorrow, 'about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to 'Luxury, should never obtain Favour by his 'Means: But the Distresses which arise from the 'many inexplicable Occurrences that happen 'among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of 'Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Hus-'bands to Wives, Poverty occasioned from Ship-'wreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or such 'other terrible Disasters, to which the Life of Man 'is exposed; In Cases of this Nature, *Eucrate* 'was the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the 'Royal Favour so much without being envied, 'that it was never inquired into by whose Means, 'what no one else cared for doing, was brought 'about.

'One Evening when *Pharamond* came into the 'Apartment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely 'dejected; upon which he asked (with a Smile 'which was natural to him) "What, is there any "one too miserable to be relieved by *Pharamond*, "that *Eucrate* is melancholy? I fear there is, "answered the Favourite; a Person without, of a "good Air, well Dressed, and tho' a Man in the "Strength of his Life, seems to faint under some "inconsolable Calamity: All his Features seem "suffused with Agony of Mind; but I can ob-"serve in him, that it is more inclined to break "away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what "he would have; he said he would speak to "*Pharamond*. I desired his Business; he could "hardly say to me, *Eucrate*, carry me to the "King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I "shall not be able to speak it at all." *Pharamond* 'commanded *Eucrate* to let him enter; he did so, 'and the Gentleman approached the King with an 'Air which spoke [him under the greatest Con-'cern in what Manner to demean himself.[1]] The 'King, who had a quick Discerning, relieved him 'from the Oppression he was under; and with the 'most beautiful Complacency said to him, "Sir, "do not add to that Load of Sorrow I see in your "Countenance, the Awe of my Presence: Think "you are speaking to your Friend; if the Circum-"stances of your Distress will admit of it, you "shall find me so." To whom the Stranger: "Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a Friend "to the unfortunate *Spinamont*. I had one, but "he is dead by my own Hand;[2] but, oh *Phara-"mond*, tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, "it was by the Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come "not, oh excellent Prince, to implore your Par-"don; I come to relate my Sorrow, a Sorrow too "great for human Life to support: From hence-"forth shall all Occurrences appear Dreams or "short Intervals of Amusement, from this one "Affliction which has seiz'd my very Being: Par-"don me, oh *Pharamond*, if my Griefs give me "Leave, that I lay before you, in the Anguish of "a wounded Mind, that you, good as you are, are "guilty of the generous Blood spilt this Day by "this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had perished "before that Instant!" Here the Stranger

'verence,' to connect with a remote king his ideas of the duty of a Court. Pharamond's friend Eucrate, whose name means Power well used, is an invention of the Essayist, as well as the incident and dialogue here given, for an immediate good purpose of his own, which he pleasantly contrives in imitation of the style of the romance. In the original, Pharamond is said to be 'truly and wholly charming, as well for the 'vivacity and delicateness of his spirit, accom-'panied with a perfect knowledge of all Sciences, 'as for a sweetness which is wholly particular to 'him, and a complacence which &c. . . . All his 'inclinations are in such manner fixed upon virtue, 'that no consideration nor passion can disturb 'him; and in those extremities into which his 'ill fortune hath cast him, he hath never let pass 'any occasion to do good.' That is why Steele chose Pharamond for his king in this and a preceding paper.

[1] [the utmost sense of his Majesty without the ability to express it.]

[2] Spinamont is Mr. Thornhill, who, on the 9th of May, 1711, killed in a duel Sir Cholmondeley Dering, Baronet, of Kent. Mr. Thornhill was tried and acquitted, but two months afterwards, assassinated by two men, who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmondeley Dering. Steele wrote often and well against duelling, condemning it in the *Tatler* several times, in the *Spectator* several times, in the *Guardian* several times, and even in one of his plays.

'paused, and recollecting his Mind, after some 'little Meditation, he went on in a calmer Tone 'and Gesture as follows.

"There is an Authority due to Distress; and as "none of human Race is above the Reach of "Sorrow, none should be above the Hearing the "Voice of it: I am sure *Pharamond* is not. "Know then, that I have this Morning unfortun- "ately killed in a Duel, the Man whom of all "Men living I most loved. I command my self "too much in your royal Presence, to say, *Phara-* "*mond*, give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has "taken him from me! I will not say, shall the "merciful *Pharamond* destroy his own Subjects? "Will the Father of his Country murder his Peo- "ple? But, the merciful *Pharamond* does de- "stroy his Subjects, the Father of his Country "does murder his People. Fortune is so much the "Pursuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Honour is "in the Power of a Prince, because he has the "Distribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore "the Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of "Princes, to let any thing grow into Custom "which is against their Laws. A Court can make "Fashion and Duty walk together; it can never, "without the Guilt of a Court, happen, that it "shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlaw- "ful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Phara-* "*mond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Custom, which "is mis-named a Point of Honour, the Duellist "kills his Friend whom he loves; and the Judge "condemns the Duellist, while he approves his "Behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all Evils; "what avail Laws, when Death only attends the "Breach of them, and Shame Obedience to them? "As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were it possible to "describe the nameless Kinds of Compunctions "and Tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon "the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, "my Mind swells into Sorrow which cannot be "resisted enough to be silent in the Presence of "*Pharamond*." With that he fell into a Flood 'of Tears, and wept aloud: "Why should not "*Pharamond* hear the Anguish he only can re- "lieve others from in Time to come? Let him "hear from me, what they feel who have given "Death by the false Mercy of his Administration, "and form to himself the Vengeance call'd for by "those who have perished by his Negligence. R

No. 85.] *Thursday, June* 7, 1711. [*Addison.*

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et Arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.
Hor.

IT is the Custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground. to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some Piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, That I cannot forbear looking into every printed Paper which comes in my Way, under whatsoever despicable Circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Vicissitude of Things, knows to what Use his Works may, some time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine, who, for these several Years, has converted the Essays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an Eminent Author on a Victory, I met with several Fragments of it upon the next rejoicing Day, which had been employ'd in Squibs and Crackers, and by that means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Christmas* Pye. Whether or no the Pastry-Cook had made use of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the Perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by these accidental Readings, and have sometimes found very Curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our *London* Booksellers. For this Reason, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-Boxes standing upright among my Books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abstruse Literature. I might likewise mention a Paper-Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Case, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquisitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all Sorts of Writing, with my natural Aversion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any House in the Country; for I cannot for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last Piece that I met with upon this Occasion gave me a most exquisite Pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of most *Englishmen* in some Part of their Age.

This Song is a plain simple Copy of Nature, destitute of the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty Tragical Story, and pleases for no other Reason but because it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a despicable Simplicity in the Verse; and yet because the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the most polite Reader with Inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are such as [are the most proper to excite Pity; for [1]] which Reason the whole Narra-

[1] [*Virgil* himself would have touched upon, had the like Story been told by that Divine Poet. For]

tion has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in such an abject Phrase and Poorness of Expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a Design of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts [,as I have before said,] from one end to the other are [natural,[1]] and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who, notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a [true[2]] and unprejudiced Taste of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Distress of the Children, are set forth in such tender Circumstances, that it is impossible for a [Reader of common Humanity[3]] not to be affected with them. As for the Circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little Poetical Ornament; and to shew [the Genius of the Author[4]] amidst all his Simplicity, it is just the same kind of Fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin* Poets has made use of upon a parallel Occasion; I mean that Passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a Child, fallen asleep in a desart Wood, and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabulosa Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere ——

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorset*, who had the greatest Wit temper'd with the greatest [Candour,[5]] and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets of his Age, had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. *Dryden*, and know several of the most refined Writers of our present Age who are of the same Humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *Moliere's* Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expressed them in the Character of the *Misanthrope;* but those only who are endowed with a true Greatness of Soul and Genius can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only shew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these Productions [which[6]] have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to relish even those Compositions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have also the additional Advantages of Art.[7]

[1] [wonderfully natural] [2] [genuine]
[3] [goodnatured Reader]
[4] [what a Genius the Author was Master of]
[5] [Humanity] [6] [that]
[7] Addison had incurred much ridicule from the bad taste of the time by his papers upon Chevy Chase, though he had gone some way to meet it by endeavouring to satisfy the Dennises of 'that 'polite age,' with authorities from Virgil. Among the jests was a burlesque criticism of Tom Thumb.

No. 86.] *Friday, June* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!—Ovid.

THERE are several Arts which [all Men are[1]] in some measure [Masters[2]] of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man: and upon our first going into a Company of [Strangers,[3]] our Benevolence or Aversion, Awe or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb Show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee:*[4] But, with Submission, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words; and that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case, however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject:

What Addison thought of the 'little images of Ridicule' set up against him, the last paragraph of this Essay shows, but the collation of texts shows that he did flinch a little. We now see how he modified many expressions in the reprint of this Essay upon the *Babes in the Wood.* [1] [every Man is]
[2] [Master] [3] [unknown Persons]
[4] Socrates. In Apul. *Flor.*

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.
Epig. 54. l. 12.

Thy Beard and Head are of a diff'rent Dye;
Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye:
With all these Tokens of a Knave compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, [who[1]] founds his Speculations on the Supposition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the same Resemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is subject to those Passions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance.[2] Accordingly he gives the Prints of several Faces that are of a different Mould, and by [a little] overcharging the Likeness, discovers the Figures of these several Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember, in the Life of the famous Prince of *Conde*[3] the Writer observes, [the[4]] Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this Case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his Mind some general implicit Notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his Looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal Descent. Whether or no the different Motions of the Animal Spirits, in different Passions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of Souls require the same kind of Habitations, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured Man, in spite of all those Marks and Signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have observed a certain Chearfulness in as bad a System of Features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming Charms of an insolent Beauty. There is a double Praise due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that seems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice; in many such Cases the Soul and the Body do not seem to be Fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary Instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his Time at *Athens*,[1] who had made strange Discoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates's* Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know [he was then in company with him.[2]] After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever [met with[3]] in his [whole] Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art. But *Socrates* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his Face;[4] which we find to have been very rightly observed from the Statues and Busts of both, [that[5]] are still extant; as well as on several antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice [we[6]] are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. *Moore*,[7] in his admirable System of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice against a Man for his Looks, among the smaller Vices in Morality, and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Prosopolepsia*.

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[1] [that]

[2] The idea is as old as Aristotle who, in treating of arguing from signs in general, speaks under the head of Physiognomy of conclusions drawn from natural signs, such as indications of the temper proper to each class of animals in forms resembling them. The book Addison refers to is Baptista della Porta '*De Humanâ Physiognomiâ*.'

[3] 'Histoire du Louis de Bourbon II. du Nom Prince de Condé,' Englished by Nahum Tate in 1693.

[4] [that the]

[1] Cicero, *Tusc. Quæst.* Bk. IV. near the close. Again *de Fato*, c. 5, he says that the physiognomist Zopyrus pronounced Socrates stupid and dull, because the outline of his throat was not concave, but full and obtuse.

[2] [who he was.]

[3] [seen]

[4] Plato in the *Symposium*; where Alcibiades is made to draw the parallel under the influence of wine and revelry. He compares the person of Socrates to the sculptured figures of the Sileni and the Mercuries in the streets of Athens, but owns the spell by which he was held, in presence of Socrates, as by the flute of the Satyr Marsyas.

[5] [which]

[6] [that we]

[7] Dr. Henry More.

No. 87.] *Saturday, June* 9, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Nimum ne crede colori.*—Virg.

IT has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some noble Spirits in the Age, who are not at all displeased with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in: so the Discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages, and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female, they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a Man with a better Person than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the Fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with chearful Ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are Graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and Presumption, upon account of our Persons, are equally Faults; and both arise from the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coquetries could have the ill Consequences as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Account, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *June* 4.

'After I have assured you I am in every respect 'one of the Handsomest young Girls about 'Town—I need be particular in nothing but the 'make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to 'be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a 'Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak 'and hear.

'With this Account you may wonder how I can 'have the Vanity to offer my self as a Candidate, 'which I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatissa* have been admitted with 'so much Applause. I don't want to be put in 'mind how very Defective I am in every thing 'that is Ugly: I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I 'only propose my self as a Foil to the Club.

'You see how honest I have been to confess all 'my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come 'from a Woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest.

'There can be no Objection made on the Side 'of the matchless *Hecatissa*, since it is certain I 'shall be in no Danger of giving her the least occasion of Jealousy: And then a Joint-Stool in 'the very lowest Place at the Table, is all the 'Honour that is coveted by

Your most Humble
and Obedient Servant,
ROSALINDA.

'*P.S.* I have sacrificed my Necklace to put 'into the Publick Lottery against the Common 'Enemy. And last *Saturday*, about Three 'a Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my Face.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June* 7, 1711.

'Upon reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that 'there are, in six or seven Places of this City, 'Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the 'adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts: I know, in particular, Goods are not entered 'as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of 'one Beauty who detains the young Merchants 'too long near *Change*, and another Fair One 'who keeps the Students at her House when they 'should be at Study. It would be worth your 'while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer 'Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-burnings 'arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive 'kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which 'all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. 'I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes, because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish 'for his Rival, and carelessly called the Boy to 'serve him, with a *Sirrah! Why don't you give 'the Gentleman the Box to please himself?* 'Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was 'taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, 'where he intended to drown himself, because his '*Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had [but 'just[1]] drank Tea, before she would let him use 'it.

'I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and 'do not give this Information out of Envy or 'Jealousy, but I am a real Sufferer by it. These 'Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw 'one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and 'all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the 'Commendation of Liquors that went against 'every body in the Room that was not in Love. 'While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs, 'with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this 'manner, we who come to do Business, or talk 'Politicks, are utterly poisoned: They have also 'Drams for those who are more enamoured than 'ordinary; and it is very common for such as 'are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon 'the Strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with 'warmer Liquors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as 'fast as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I 'must repeat to you, that I do not look with an

[1] [just before]

'evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Di-
'version of the Lovers; what I hope from this
'Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may
'not be served as if we were Idolaters; but that
'from the time of publishing this in your Paper,
'the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their
'Admirers, and take more care of us who don't
'love them. I am,

SIR, Yours,

R. T. T.[1]

ADVERTISEMENT.

This to give Notice, That the three Criticks who last Sunday *settled the Characters of my Lord* Rochester *and* Boileau, *in the Yard of a Coffee House in* Fuller's Rents, *will meet this next* Sunday *at the same Time and Place, to finish the Merits of several Dramatick Writers: And will also make an End of* the Nature of True Sublime.

No. 88.] *Monday, June* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures?
Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 30, 1711.

'I HAVE no small Value for your Endeavours to
'lay before the World what may escape their
'Observation, and yet highly conduces to their
'Service. You have, I think, succeeded very
'well on many Subjects; and seem to have been
'conversant in very different Scenes of Life. But
'in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTA-
'TOR, you should not omit Circumstances which
'relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more
'than those which concern the greater. There is
'one thing in particular which I wonder you have
'not touched upon, and that is the general Cor-
'ruption of Manners in the Servants of *Great*
'*Britain*. I am a Man that have travelled and
'seen many Nations, but have for seven Years last
'past resided constantly in *London*, or within
'twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have con-
'tracted a numerous Acquaintance among the
'best Sort of People, and have hardly found one
'of them happy in their Servants. This is mat-
'ter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all
'such as have visited Foreign Countries; espe-
'cially since we cannot but observe, That there is
'no Part of the World where Servants have those
'Privileges and Advantages as in *England:* They
'have no where else such plentiful Diet, large
'Wages, or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place
'wherein they labour less, and yet where they are
'so little respectful, more wasteful, more negli-
'gent, or where they so frequently change their
'Masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure,
'the frequent Robberies and Losses which we
'suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses.
'That indeed which gives me the present Thought
'of this kind, is, that a cereless Groom of mine has
'spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World with
'only riding him ten Miles, and I assure you, if I
'were to make a Register of all the Horses I have
'known thus abused by Negligence of Servants,
'the Number would mount a Regiment. I wish
'you would give us your Observations, that we
'may know how to treat these Rogues, or that
'we Masters may enter into Measures to reform
'them. Pray give us a Speculation in general
'about Servants, and you make me

'Pray do not omit the Mention *Yours,*
'of Grooms in particular. Philo-Britannicus.

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reason for his Resentment; and I know no Evil which touches all Mankind so much as this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentious-ness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, The Custom of giving Board-Wages: This one Instance of false Oeconomy is sufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Serv-ants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their Time in that Quality. They are either attending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or else, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after their Masters, and reserve their Wages for other Occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower Degree what their Masters themselves are; and usually affect an Imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when they are in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Masters Sight, to assume in a humourous Way the Names and Titles of those whose Liveries they wear. By which means Characters and Distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Causes, one may impute a certain Insolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentleman though they know him ever so well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Master's.

My Obscurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty, without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous House of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-House near the House of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out [at[1]] Window, if she did not bring up more Mild Beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprize was encreased, in hearing loud and rustick Voices speak and answer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the most Illustrious of our Nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cry'd the House was rising. Down came all the Company together, and away! The Alehouse was immediately filled with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Mar-quis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an

[1] This letter is ascribed to Laurence Eusden.

[1] [*of the*]

Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and so forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Insolence, near the Courts of Justice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Assembly, where there is an universal Mockery of all Order, such riotous Clamour and licentious Confusion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jest, and there were no such thing as Rule and Distinction among us.

The next Place of Resort, wherein the servile World are let loose, is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they say at their Tables, and act in their Houses, is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with these People at their Diversions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Insolence and Pride exposed, (allowing for their want of Education) with as much Humour and good Sense, as in the politest Companies. It is a general Observation, That all Dependants run in some measure into the Manners and Behaviour of those whom they serve: You shall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys, as well as at *White's*[1] or in the Side-Boxes. I remember some Years ago an Instance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard used frequently, when his Master was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Assignations in his Master's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Person, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outside of a Gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a Man as the Colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the Fellow could scrawl *Billets-doux* so well, and furnish a Conversation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Business on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern-Stairs in his Master's fine Guard-Coat, with a well-dress'd Woman masked, he met the Colonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Assurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and said, *Sir, I know you have too much Respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable Habit: But you see there is a Lady in the Case, and I hope on that Score also you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another time.* After a little Pause the Colonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whispered his Man apart, *Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you;* then aloud, *Look to it*, Will, *I'll never forgive you else.* The Fellow went back to his Mistress, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honestest Fellow in the World, convey'd her to an Hackney-Coach.

But the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres, of which Masters are generally the Occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another Occasion. R.

[1] *White's*, established as a chocolate-house in 1698, had a polite character for gambling, and was a haunt of sharpers and gay noblemen before it became a Club.

No. 89.] *Tuesday, June* 12, 1711. [*Addison.*

—— Petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum
Nempe diem donas? sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.—Per.

As my Correspondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Design, if possible, to range them under several Heads, and address my self to them at different Times. The first Branch of them, to whose Service I shall Dedicate these Papers, are those that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for spinning out the Time of Courtship to an immoderate Length, without being able either to close with their Lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints against this sort of Women. In one of them no less a Man than a Brother of the Coif tells me, that he began his Suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a Twelvemonth at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Sergeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that Matters would have been long since brought to an Issue, the Fair One still *demurrs*. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one that calls himself *Thirsis*, that his Mistress has been Demurring above these seven Years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this Nature, I most pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a Man of a constant Passion and plentiful Fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Silvia* has demurred till she is past Child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very cholerick Lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurrs out of Self-Interest. He tells me with great Passion that she has bubbled him out of his Youth; that she drilled him on to Five and Fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old Age, if she can find her Account in another. I shall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from honest SAM HOPEWELL, a very pleasant Fellow, who it seems has at last married a *Demurrer*: I must only premise, that SAM, who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diversion of his Friends, upon account of his Passion, ever since the Year One thousand Six hundred and Eighty one.

Dear SIR,

'You know very well my Passion for Mrs. 'Martha, and what a Dance she has led me: 'She took me at the Age of Two and Twenty, 'and dodged with me above Thirty Years. I 'have loved her till she is grown as Grey as a 'Cat, and am with much ado become the Master

'of her Person, such as it is at present. She is 'however in my Eye a very charming old Woman. 'We often lament that we did not marry sooner, 'but she has no Body to blame for it but her self; 'You know very well that she would never think 'of me whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I 'have put the Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris 'Trigesimo primo*) instead of a Posy, on my 'Wedding-Ring. I expect you should send me a 'Congratulatory Letter, or, if you please, an *Epi-'thalamium*, upon this Occasion.

Mrs. Martha's and
Yours Eternally,
SAM HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneasiness to private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence on the Publick, I shall endeavour to shew the Folly of *Demurrage* from two or three Reflections which I earnestly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the *Jews* before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her Part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

In the second Place, I would desire my Female Readers to consider, that as the Term of Life is short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loses the Strength of its Colourings so soon, that we have scarce Time to admire it. I might embellish this Subject with Roses and Rain-bows, and several other ingenious Conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when she is about Threescore, if she cannot satisfie her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that sometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman and turns her into a very odd sort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange Figure she will make, if she chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Resolution, in that unseasonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the first Approaches of a Lover both fashionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by Reason and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and so far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman should reject the first Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this Particular propose the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following Passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing intire, tho' only the twelve last Lines are to my present Purpose.

The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his Hands;
Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Man-like, but diff'rent Sex; so lovely fair!
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her Loss, and other Pleasures [all[1]] *abjure;*
When out of Hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my Dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: On she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.
This Turn hath made Amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy Gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self ...
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,
Her Virtue, and the Conscience of her Worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature her self, tho' pure of sinful Thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she [turn'd.[2]]
I follow'd her: she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majesty approved
My pleaded Reason. To the Nuptial Bower
I led her blushing like the Morn[3]— L.

No. 90.] *Wednesday, June* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Magnus sine viribus Ignis*
Incassum furit ——— Virg.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate Desires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and his Followers[4] upon that Subject.

[1] [to] [2] [fled;] [3] P. L. Bk. VIII.

[4] Plato's doctrine of the soul and of its destiny is to be found at the close of his *Republic*; also near the close of the *Phædon*, in a passage of the *Philebus*, and in another of the *Gorgias*. In § 131 of the *Phædon* is the passage here especially

They tell us, that every Passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Residence in the Body, remains with her in a separate State; and that the Soul in the Body or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himself when he is in his House, or in open Air. When therefore the obscene Passions in particular have once taken Root and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the Body is cast off and thrown aside. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they observe, that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Course of Voluptuousness, advances by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the Passion survives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in the Body; nay, that the Desire grows more violent, and (like all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the same time that it has no Power of executing its own Purposes. If, say they, the Soul is the most subject to these Passions at a time when it has the least Instigations from the Body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very Substance of the Soul is festered with them, the Gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all Eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the Punishment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a Passion that has neither Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Desire and Impotence, and always burns in the Pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this Reason (says *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Cœmiteries, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal Pleasures, and desiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent Divines have made use of this *Platonick* Notion, so far as it regards the Subsistence of our Passions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reason. *Plato* indeed carries the Thought very far, when he grafts upon it his Opinion of Ghosts appearing in Places of Burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down these lower Regions, and entertained themselves with the Sight of their Species, one could not devise a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients seem to have drawn such a State of Torments in the Description of *Tantalus*, who was punished with the Rage of an eternal Thirst, and set up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole System of *Platonick* Philosophy, so far as it relates to the Soul of Man, in beautiful Allegories, in the sixth Book of his *Æneid* gives us the Punishment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

——— Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on Golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made:
The Queen of Furies by their Side is set,
And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,
Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Dryd.

That I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite Readers) I shall translate a Story [that [1]] has been quoted upon another Occasion by one of the most learned Men of the present Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will see it is not foreign to my present Subject, and I dare say will think it a lively Representation of a Person lying under the Torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Consideration. Monsieur *Pontignan* speaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it.[2]

'When I was in the Country last Summer, I 'was often in Company with a Couple of charm-'ing Women, who had all the Wit and Beauty 'one could desire in Female Companions, with a 'Dash of Coquetry, that from time to time gave 'me a great many agreeable Torments. I was, 'after my Way, in Love with both of them, and 'had such frequent opportunities of pleading my 'Passion to them when they were asunder, that I 'had Reason to hope for particular Favours from 'each of them. As I was walking one Evening 'in my Chamber with nothing about me but my 'Night-gown, they both came into my Room and 'told me, They had a very pleasant Trick to put 'upon a Gentleman that was in the same House, 'provided I would bear a Part in it. Upon this 'they told me such a plausible Story, that I 'laughed at their Contrivance, and agreed to do 'whatever they should require of me: They im-'mediately began to swaddle me up in my Night-'Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they 'folded about me till they had wrapt me in above 'an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were 'pressed to my Sides, and my Legs closed toge-'ther by so many Wrappers one over another, 'that I looked like an *Ægyptian* Mummy. As I 'stood bolt upright upon one End in this antique 'Figure, one of the Ladies burst out a laughing, "And now, *Pontignan*, says she, we intend to "perform the Promise that we find you have ex-

referred to; which was the basis also of lines 461—475 of Milton's *Comus*. The last of our own Platonists was Henry More, one of whose books Addison quoted four essays back (in No. 86), and who died only four and twenty years before these essays were written, after a long contest in prose and verse, against besotting or obnubilating the soul with 'the foul steam of earthly life.'

[1] [which]

[2] Paraphrased from the 'Academie Galante' (Ed. 1708, p. 160).

"torted from each of us. You have often asked "the Favour of us, and I dare say you are a bet- "ter bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to Bed to "two Ladies, that desire it of you. After hav- 'ing stood a Fit of Laughter, I begged them to 'uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. 'No, no, said they, we like you very well as you 'are; and upon that ordered me to be carried to 'one of their Houses, and put to Bed in all my 'Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all 'Sides: and I was laid very decently between a '[Pair[1]] of Sheets, with my Head (which was in- 'deed the only Part I could move) upon a very 'high Pillow: This was no sooner done, but my 'two Female Friends came into Bed to me in 'their finest Night-Clothes. You may easily guess 'at the Condition of a Man that saw a Couple of 'the most beautiful Women in the World undrest 'and abed with him, without being able to stir 'Hand or Foot. I begged them to release me, 'and struggled all I could to get loose, which I 'did with so much Violence, that about Midnight 'they both leaped out of the Bed, crying out they 'were undone. But seeing me safe, they took 'their Posts again, and renewed their Raillery. 'Finding all my Prayers and Endeavours were lost, 'I composed my self as well as I could, and told 'them, that if they would not unbind me, I would 'fall asleep between them, and by that means dis- 'grace them for ever: But alas! this was impossi- 'ble; could I have been disposed to it, they 'would have prevented me by several little ill- 'natured Caresses and Endearments which they 'bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am 'to Womankind, I would not pass such another 'Night to be Master of the whole Sex. My 'Reader will doubtless be curious to know what 'became of me the next Morning: Why truly my 'Bed-fellows left me about an Hour before Day, 'and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they 'would send somebody to take me up as soon as 'it was time for me to rise: Accordingly about 'Nine a Clock in the Morning an old Woman 'came to unswathe me. I bore all this very pa- 'tiently, being resolved to take my Revenge of my 'Tormentors, and to keep no Measures with them 'as soon as I was at Liberty; but upon asking my 'old Woman what was become of the two Ladies, 'she told me she believed they were by that Time 'within Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away 'in a Coach and six before five a clock in the 'Morning. L.

[1] [couple]

No. 91.] *Thursday, June* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem.
Virg.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circumstances which pleased me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which shall be nameless; or rather for the better Sound and Elevation of the History, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such-a-one, I shall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know, that within the Liberties of the City of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honoria*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution, gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a little too much like a Girl, affects a childish Fondness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty Sullenness in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-cast of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that she is turned of Twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers so much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Presence, and every Charm of *Honoria* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what she is not, as well as her Mother *Honoria*; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependent on her Mother with relation to her Fortune, for which Reason they live almost upon an Equality in Conversation; and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleased never to be called Child. It happens by this means, that these Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and Daughter never pass between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play observing *Honoria* draw the Eyes of several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beseeching the Favour to kiss her Hand, *Flavia* rushing into the Room, kneeled down by him and asked Blessing. Several of these contradictory Acts of Duty have raised between them such a Coldness that they generally converse when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who assume to themselves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Possessors of the Esteem of Mankind, and all, who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceased. *Flavia*, upon such a Provocation, is sure to observe, that there are People who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow Youth their Follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These Beauties Rival each other on all Occasions, not that they have always had the same Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to shew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Crastin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the

only surviving Beau of the last Age, and *Tom* almost the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Conversation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a Visit where I had the Honour to be present; but it seems *Dick Crastin*, the admirer of *Honoria*, and *Tom Tulip*, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature whom the sillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the sinewy Force of his Make; while *Crastin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a restless Ravisher, *Crastin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip* the other Day seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in soft Battles pass the Night,
Yet rise next Morning vigorous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.

Upon hearing this, *Crastin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoria's* Fan, and repeated,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle Art,*
That can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart:
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.[1]

When *Crastin* had uttered these Verses with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect, *Honoria* cast a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Crastin's* Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick* Love; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Crastin's* thin Legs, meagre Looks, and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, After-Love, and unseasonable Youth. *Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, hummed

Celia *the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen;*

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

'I understand very well what you meant by 'your Mention of *Platonick* Love. I shall be 'glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or 'behind *Montague-House*, or attend you to *Barn-'Elms*,[1] or any other fashionable Place that's fit 'for a Gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint 'for,

Sir, Your most Humble Servant,
Richard Crastin.

Tulip's Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle; for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief: but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Crastin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Crastin:* Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*. R.

No. 92.] *Friday, June* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—Hor.

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.[2]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; 'and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that 'calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being 'past my usual Hour) she answer'd, the SPECTA-'TOR was not yet come in; but that the Tea-'Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Mo-'ment. Having thus in part signified to you the 'Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I 'must put you in mind of the Catalogue of Books 'which you have promised to recommend to our 'Sex; for I have deferred furnishing my Closet 'with Authors, 'till I receive your Advice in this 'Particular, being your daily Disciple and hum-'ble Servant,

LEONORA.

In Answer to my fair Disciple, whom I am very

[1] Rochester's Imitations of Horace, Sat. I. 10.

[1] A famous duelling place under elm trees, in a meadow half surrounded by the Thames.

[2] By Mrs. Perry, whose sister, Miss Shepheard, has letters in two later numbers, 140 and 163. These ladies were descended from Sir Fleetwood Shepheard.

proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, some of which I shall give an Account of.

In the first Class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed, and consequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dalton's Country Justice:* Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr.* Mede *upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal* D'Estrades. Mr. *Jacob Tonson Jun.* is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another whose Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child should read *Mr.* Wall's *History of Infant Baptism:* As another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finishing Stroke: Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of* Susanna. *Rules to keep* Lent. *The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-house. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A Letter dated from *Cheapside* desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of* Kent's *Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy-Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra*. *Cœquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifry. *Florella* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their several Advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of; *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same Number of Voices; but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.[1]

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and must here take Occasion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the several Books they offer to me; being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste; not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus. I could name some of them who could talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's;* and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies* and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the Female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my Business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of these their Discoveries. L.

[1] Michael Dalton's 'Country Justice' was first published in 1618. Joseph Mede's 'Clavis Apocalyptica,' published in 1627, and translated by Richard More in 1643, was as popular in the Pulpit as 'The Country Justice' on the Bench. The negotiations of Count d'Estrades were from 1637 to 1662. The translation of Bayle's Dictionary had been published by Tonson in 1610. Dr. William Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,' published in 1705, was in its third edition. 'Aurungzebe' was by Dryden. 'Mithridates' and 'Theodosius' were by Lee.

No. 93.] *Saturday, June* 16, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Spatio brevi*
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit Invida
Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula postero.—Hor.

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca*,[1] and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with our selves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years: and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softning the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Chearfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are meerly innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for it self, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game

[1] Epist. 49, and in his *De Brevitate Vitæ.*

Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolution, sooths and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are Qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste of Musick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense when compared with such as have no Relish of these Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining Authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some Measure interferes with the third Method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the Pursuit of Knowledge.

No. 94.] *Monday, June* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—Mart.

THE last Method which I proposed in my *Saturday's* Paper, for filling up those empty Spaces of Life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle People, is the employing our selves in the Pursuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*,[1] speaking of a certain Mineral, tells us, That a Man may consume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten Subjects of the Usefulness of Knowledge, nor of the Pleasure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topicks of many other Writers; but shall indulge my self in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those Parts of Life which are exercised in Study, Reading, and the Pursuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Lock* observes,[2] 'That we get the Idea of 'Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train 'of Ideas which succeed one another in our 'Minds: That for this Reason, when we sleep 'soundly without dreaming, we have no Perception 'of Time, or the Length of it whilst we sleep; and 'that the Moment wherein we leave off to think, 'till the Moment we begin to think again, seems 'to have no distance.' To which the Author adds, 'And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking 'Man, if it were possible for him to keep only one '*Idea* in his Mind, without Variation, and the 'Succession of others: And we see, that one who 'fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so 'as to take but little notice of the Succession of '*Ideas* that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up 'with that earnest Contemplation, lets slip out of 'his Account a good Part of that Duration, and 'thinks that Time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this Thought further, and consider a Man as, on one Side, shortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. Accordingly Monsieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after Truth*,[2] (which was published several Years before Mr. *Lock's Essay on Human Understanding*) tells us, That it is possible some Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole Age.

This Notion of Monsieur *Mallebranche* is capable of some little Explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Lock*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succession of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the same Parts of *Duration*, according as their

[1] Not of himself, but in 'The Usefulness of Na-'tural Philosophy' (Works, ed. 1772, vol. ii. p. 11), Boyle quotes from the old Alchemist, Basil Valentine, who said in his *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii* 'That the shortness of life makes it impossi-'ble for one man thoroughly to learn Antimony, in 'which every day something of new is discovered.'

[1] Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk II. ch. 14.

[2] Two English Translations of Malebranche's 'Search after Truth' were published in 1694, one by T. Taylor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Malebranche sets out with the argument that man has no innate perception of Duration.

Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said,[1] That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a Neighbouring Wood: these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Clothes with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that *He*, with whom a Thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying our selves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions: The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thought; or in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower. L.

[1] The Night Journey of Mahomet gives its Title to the 17th Sura of the Koran, which assumes the believer's knowledge of the Visions of Gabriel seen at the outset of the prophet's career, when he was carried by night from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence through the seven heavens to the throne of God on the back of Borak, accompanied by Gabriel according to some traditions, and according to some in a vision. Details of the origin of this story will be found in Muir, ii. 219, Nöld, p. 102. Addison took it from the 'Turkish Tales.'

No. 95.] *Tuesday, June* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*

Curæ Leves loquuntur, Ingentes Stupent.[1]

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topicks they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly

[1] Seneca, Citation omitted also in the early reprints.

Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer till another Occasion.

The second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is perhaps something in the Beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus scrupulous at the Price of being Ridiculous.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was very well pleased with your Discourse 'upon General Mourning, and should be obliged 'to you if you would enter into the Matter more 'deeply, and give us your Thoughts upon the 'common Sense the ordinary People have of the 'Demonstrations of Grief, who prescribe Rules 'and Fashions to the most solemn Affliction; such 'as the Loss of the nearest Relations and dearest 'Friends. You cannot go to visit a sick Friend, 'but some impertinent Waiter about him observes 'the Muscles of your Face, as strictly as if they 'were Prognosticks of his Death or Recovery. If 'he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with Numbers of these 'Spectators, who expect a melancholy Shrug of 'your Shoulders, a Pathetical shake of your Head, 'and an Expressive Distortion of your Face, to 'measure your Affection and Value for the De'ceased: But there is nothing, on these Occasions, 'so much in their Favour as immoderate Weeping. 'As all their passions are superficial, they imagine 'the Seat of Love and Friendship to be placed 'visibly in the Eyes: They judge what Stock of 'Kindness you had for the Living, by the Quan'tity of Tears you pour out for the Dead; so that 'if one Body wants that Quantity of Salt-water 'another abounds with, he is in great Danger of 'being thought insensible or ill-natured: They 'are Strangers to Friendship, whose Grief happens 'not to be moist enough to wet such a Parcel of 'Handkerchiefs. But Experience has told us, 'nothing is so fallacious as this outward Sign of 'Sorrow; and the natural History of our Bodies 'will teach us that this Flux of the Eyes, this 'Faculty of Weeping, is peculiar only to some 'Constitutions. We observe in the tender Bodies 'of Children, when crossed in their little Wills and 'Expectations, how dissolvable they are into 'Tears. If this were what Grief is in Men, Na'ture would not be able to support them in the 'Excess of it for one Moment. Add to this Ob'servation, how quick is their Transition from this 'Passion to that of their Joy. I won't say we see 'often, in the next tender Things to Children, 'Tears shed without much Grieving. Thus it is 'common to shed Tears without much Sorrow, 'and as common to suffer much Sorrow without 'shedding Tears. Grief and Weeping are indeed 'frequent Companions, but, I believe, never in 'their highest Excesses. As Laughter does not 'proceed from profound Joy, so neither does 'Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow 'which appears so easily at the Eyes, cannot have 'pierced deeply into the Heart. The Heart dis'tended with Grief, stops all the Passages for Tears 'or Lamentations.

'Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all 'this, is, that you would inform the shallow Cri'ticks and Observers upon Sorrow, that true 'Affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a 'Stranger to Ceremony, and that it bears in its 'own Nature a Dignity much above the little 'Circumstances which are affected under the 'Notion of Decency. You must know, Sir, I 'have lately lost a dear Friend, for whom I have 'not yet shed a Tear, and for that Reason your 'Animadversions on that Subject would be the 'more acceptable to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

B. D.

Mr. SPECTATOR, June *the 15th.*

'As I hope there are but few who have so little 'Gratitude as not to acknowledge the Usefulness 'of your Pen, and to esteem it a Publick Benefit; 'so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must 'nevertheless find the Secret and Incomparable 'Pleasure of doing Good, and be a great Sharer 'in the Entertainment you give. I acknowledge 'our Sex to be much obliged, and I hope im'proved, by your Labours, and even your Inten'tions more particularly for our Service. If it be 'true, as 'tis sometimes said, that our Sex have 'an Influence on the other, your Paper may be a 'yet more general Good. Your directing us to 'Reading is certainly the best Means to our 'Instruction; but I think, with you, Caution in 'that Particular very useful, since the Improve'ment of our Understandings may, or may not, be 'of Service to us, according as it is managed. It 'has been thought we are not generally so Ignor'ant as Ill-taught, or that our Sex does so often 'want Wit, Judgment, or Knowledge, as the right 'Application of them: You are so well-bred, as to 'say your fair Readers are already deeper 'Scholars than the Beaus, and that you could 'name some of them that talk much better than 'several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's:* 'This may possibly be, and no great Compliment, 'in my Opinion, even supposing your Comparison 'to reach *Tom's* and the *Grecian:* Surely you are 'too wise to think That a Real Commendation of 'a Woman. Were it not rather to be wished we im'proved in our own Sphere, and approved our selves 'better Daughters, Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

'I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in '*Cheapside* (though I am not at all prejudiced in 'his Favour) in recommending the Study of 'Arithmetick; and must dissent even from the 'Authority which you mention, when it advises 'the making our Sex Scholars. Indeed a *little* 'more Philosophy, in order to the Subduing our 'Passions to our Reason, might be sometimes 'serviceable, and a Treatise of that Nature I 'should approve of, even in exchange for *Theodo'sius*, or *The Force of Love;* but as I well know 'you want not Hints, I will proceed no further 'than to recommend the Bishop of *Cambray's* 'Education of a Daughter, as 'tis translated into 'the only Language I have any Knowledge of,[1]

[1] Fenelon was then living. He died in 1715, aged 63.

'tho' perhaps very much to its Disadvantage. I 'have heard it objected against that Piece, that 'its Instructions are not of general Use, but only 'fitted for a great Lady; but I confess I am not 'of that Opinion; for I don't remember that there 'are any Rules laid down for the Expences of a 'Woman, in which Particular only I think a 'Gentlewoman ought to differ from a Lady of the 'best Fortune, or highest Quality, and not in their 'Principles of Justice, Gratitude, Sincerity, Pru-'dence, or Modesty. I ought perhaps to make 'an Apology for this long Epistle; but as I rather 'believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Cere-'mony, shall only assure you I am,

T. *SIR,*

Your most humble Servant,

Annabella.

No. 96.] *Wednesday, June* 20, 1711. [*Steele.*

Amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have frequently read your Discourse upon 'Servants, and, as I am one my self, have 'been much offended that in that Variety of 'Forms wherein you considered the Bad, you 'found no Place to mention the Good. There is 'however one Observation of yours I approve, 'which is, That there are Men of Wit and good 'Sense among all Orders of Men; and that Serv-'ants report most of the Good or Ill which is 'spoken of their Masters. That there are Men of 'Sense who live in Servitude, I have the Vanity 'to say I have felt to my woful Experience. You 'attribute very justly the Source of our general 'Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Manner of 'living out of a domestick Way: But I cannot 'give you my Thoughts on this Subject any way 'so well, as by a short account of my own Life to 'this the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to 'say, from my being first a Foot-boy at Fourteen, 'to my present Station of a Nobleman's Porter in 'the Year of my Age above-mentioned.

'Know then, that my Father was a poor Tenant 'to the Family of Sir *Stephen Rackrent*: Sir '*Stephen* put me to School, or rather made me 'follow his Son *Harry* to School, from my Ninth 'Year; and there, tho' Sir *Stephen* paid some-'thing for my Learning, I was used like a Servant, 'and was forced to get what Scraps of Learning I 'could by my own Industry, for the Schoolmaster 'took very little Notice of me. My young Master 'was a Lad of very sprightly Parts; and my be-'ing constantly about him, and loving him, was 'no small Advantage to me. My Master loved 'me extreamly, and has often been whipped for 'not keeping me at a Distance. He used always 'to say, That when he came to his Estate I 'should have a Lease of my Father's Tenement 'for nothing. I came up to Town with him to '*Westminster* School; at which time he taught 'me at Night all he learnt; and put me to find out 'Words in the Dictionary when he was about his 'Exercise. It was the Will of Providence that 'Master *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever, of 'which he died within Ten Days after his first 'falling sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever 'knew; and I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I 'remember the beautiful Action of the sweet 'Youth in his Fever, as fresh as if it were Yester-'day. If he wanted any thing, it must be given 'him by *Tom*: When I let any thing fall through 'the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do not 'beat the poor Boy: Give him some more Julep 'for me, no Body else shall give it me. He would 'strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I 'could not bear his being in so much Danger, and 'comforted me, saying, *Tom, Tom*, have a good 'Heart. When I was holding a Cup at his Mouth, 'he fell into Convulsions; and at this very Time I 'hear my dear Master's last Groan. I was quickly 'turned out of the Room, and left to sob and beat 'my Head against the Wall at my Leisure. The 'Grief I was in was inexpressible; and every 'Body thought it would have cost me my Life. 'In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of the 'Housewives of the World, thought of turning 'me out of Doors, because I put her in mind of 'her Son. Sir *Stephen* proposed putting me to 'Prentice; but my Lady being an excellent Man-'ager, would not let her Husband throw away 'his Money in Acts of Charity. I had sense 'enough to be under the utmost Indignation, to 'see her discard with so little Concern, one her 'Son had loved so much; and went out of the 'House to ramble wherever my Feet would carry 'me.

'The third Day after I left Sir *Stephen's* Family, 'I was strolling up and down the Walks in the '*Temple*. A young Gentleman of the House, 'who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me 'half-starved and well-dressed, thought me an 'Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little 'Inquiry more than *Did I want a Master?* bid 'me follow him; I did so, and in a very little 'while thought myself the happiest Creature in 'this World. My Time was taken up in carrying 'Letters to Wenches, or Messages to young 'Ladies of my Master's Acquaintance. We 'rambled from Tavern to Tavern, to the Play-'house, the Mulberry-Garden,[1] and all places of 'Resort; where my Master engaged every Night 'in some new Amour, in which and Drinking he 'spent all his Time when he had Money. During 'these Extravagancies I had the Pleasure of lying 'on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing 'at Dice with other Servants, and the like Idle-'ness. When my Master was moneyless, I was 'generally employ'd in transcribing amorous 'Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. 'This Life held till my Master married, and he 'had then the Prudence to turn me off, because I 'was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

'I was utterly at a loss what Course to take 'next; when at last I applied my self to a Fellow-'sufferer, one of his Mistresses, a Woman of the 'Town. She happening at that time to be pretty

[1] A place of open-air entertainment near Buckingham House. Sir Charles Sedley named one of his plays after it.

'full of Money, cloathed me from Head to Foot 'and knowing me to be a sharp Fellow, employed 'me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad 'with her, and when she had pitched upon a 'young Fellow she thought for her Turn, I was 'to be dropped as one she could not trust. She 'would often cheapen Goods at the *New Exchange*,[1] and when she had a mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an Errand. 'When an humble Servant and she were beginning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her 'Sir *John* was come home; then she would order 'another Coach to prevent being dogged. The 'Lover makes Signs to me as I get behind the 'Coach, I shake my Head it was impossible: I 'leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow 'the Cully to know how to fall in his Way on 'another Occasion. Besides good Offices of this 'Nature, I writ all my Mistress's Love-Letters; 'some from a Lady that saw such a Gentleman at 'such a Place in such a coloured Coat, some 'shewing the Terrour she was in of a jealous old 'Husband, others explaining that the Severity of 'her Parents was such (tho' her Fortune was 'settled) that she was willing to run away with 'such a one, tho' she knew he was but a younger 'Brother. In a Word, my half Education and 'Love of idle Books, made me outwrite all that 'made Love to her by way of Epistle; and as she 'was extremely cunning, she did well enough in 'Company by a skilful Affectation of the greatest 'Modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound 'Note.

Honest Tom,

"You will never see me more. I am married "to a very cunning Country Gentleman, who "might possibly guess something if I kept you "still; therefore farewell.

'When this Place was lost also in Marriage, I 'was resolved to go among quite another People, 'for the future; and got in Butler to one of those 'Families where there is a Coach kept, three or 'four Servants, a clean House, and a good general 'Outside upon a small Estate. Here I lived very 'comfortably for some Time, 'till I unfortunately 'found my Master, the very gravest Man alive, 'in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I knew 'the World too well to think of staying there; 'and the next Day pretended to have received a 'Letter out of the Country that my Father was 'dying, and got my Discharge with a Bounty for 'my Discretion.

'The next I lived with was a peevish single 'Man, whom I stayed with for a Year and 'a Half. Most part of the Time I passed very 'easily; for when I began to know him, I minded 'no more than he meant what he said; so that 'one Day in a good Humour he said *I was the 'best Man he ever had, by my want of Respect to 'him.*

'There, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my 'Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other 'Places I have been in, where I have been the 'strangest Fellow in the World, where no Body 'in the World had such Servants as they, where 'sure they were the unluckiest People in the 'World in Servants; and so forth. All I mean by this Representation, is, to shew you that we 'poor Servants are not (what you called us too 'generally) all Rogues; but that we are what we 'are, according to the Example of our Superiors. 'In the Family I am now in, I am guilty of no 'one Sin but Lying; which I do with a grave 'Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I live, 'and almost all Day long, in denying my Lord to 'impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome 'Visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know that I 'am, when I get abroad, a Leader of the Servants: I am he that keep Time with beating my 'Cudgel against the Boards in the Gallery at an 'Opera; I am he that am touched so properly at 'a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are 'staring at one another during the most important 'Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in 'the right Place, an Humm where the Point is 'touched in a Speech, or an Hussa set up where 'it is the Voice of the People; you may conclude 'it is begun or joined by,

T. *SIR,*

Your more than Humble Servant,

Thomas Trusty.

[1] In the Strand, between Durham Yard and York Buildings; in the *Spectator's* time the fashionable mart for milliners. It was taken down in 1737.

No. 97.] *Thursday, June* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Projecere animas—— Virg.

AMONG the loose Papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a Conversation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict issued in Consequence of that Discourse.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive Punishments, such as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the most exquisite Torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a Crime which had so long prevailed and was so firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable; but the King answered, That indeed Instances of Ignominy were necessary in the Cure of this Evil; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a Nicety in their Sense of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to save Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was evident that turning the Mode another way would effectually put a Stop to what had Being only as a Mode. That to such Persons, Poverty and Shame were Torments sufficient, That he would not go further in punishing in others Crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most Guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his Displeasure sooner. Besides which the King said, he was in general averse to Tortures, which was putting Human Nature it self, rather than the

Criminal, to Disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect arising from a laudable Cause, the Fear of Shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy: and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aspect in the doing, but dreadful Consequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he observed, was Cruelty in the General: That though a Prince could not revive a Dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him, neither could he make Reparation to the next that should die by the evil Example; or answer to himself for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender. 'As for me, says *Pharamond*, I have conquer'd '*France*, and yet have given Laws to my People: 'The Laws are my Methods of Life; they are 'not a Diminution but a Direction to my Power. 'I am still absolute to distinguish the Innocent 'and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave 'and Generous: I am absolute in my Good-will; 'none can oppose my Bounty, or prescribe Rules 'for my Favour. While I can, as I please, re-'ward the Good, I am under no Pain that I can-'not pardon the Wicked: For which Reason, 'continued *Pharamond*, I will effectually put a 'stop to this Evil, by exposing no more the Ten-'derness of my Nature to the Importunity of hav-'ing the same Respect to those who are miserable 'by their Fault, and those who are so by their 'Misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King 'smiling) repeat to us Princes, that we are 'Heaven's Vice-gerents; Let us be so, and let the 'only thing out of our Power be *to do Ill*.

'Soon after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* 'and *Eucrate* had this Conversation, the follow-'ing Edict was Published.

Pharamond's Edict against Duels.

Pharamond, *King of the* Gauls, *to all his loving Subjects sendeth Greeting.*

'Whereas it has come to our Royal Notice and 'Observation, that in contempt of all Laws Di-'vine and Human, it is of late become a Custom 'among the Nobility and Gentry of this our 'Kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as 'great and urgent Provocations, to invite each 'other into the Field, there by their own Hands, 'and of their own Authority, to decide their Con-'troversies by Combat; We have thought fit to 'take the said Custom into our Royal Considera-'tion, and find, upon Enquiry into the usual 'Causes whereon such fatal Decisions have arisen, 'that by this wicked Custom, maugre all the Pre-'cepts of our Holy Religion, and the Rules of 'right Reason, the greatest Act of the human 'Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile 'and shameful: that the Rules of Good Society 'and Virtuous Conversation are hereby inverted; 'that the Loose, the Vain, and the Impudent, 'insult the Careful, the Discreet, and the Modest; 'that all Virtue is suppressed, and all Vice sup-'ported, in the one Act of being capable to dare 'to the Death. We have also further, with great 'Sorrow of Mind, observed that this Dreadful 'Action, by long Impunity, (our Royal Attention 'being employed upon Matters of more general 'Concern) is become Honourable, and the Refusal 'to engage in it Ignominious. In these our 'Royal Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther 'made to understand, that the Persons of most 'Eminent Worth, and most hopeful Abilities, ac-'companied with the strongest Passion for true 'Glory, are such as are most liable to be involved 'in the Dangers arising from this Licence. Now 'taking the said Premises into our serious Consider-'ation, and well weighing that all such Emerg-'encies (wherein the Mind is incapable of com-'manding it self, and where the Injury is too 'sudden or too exquisite to be born) are par-'ticularly provided for by Laws heretofore en-'acted; and that the Qualities of less Injuries, 'like those of Ingratitude, are too nice and 'delicate to come under General Rules; We do 'resolve to blot this Fashion, or Wantonness of 'Anger, out of the Minds of Our Subjects, by 'Our Royal Resolutions declared in this Edict, as 'follow.

'No Person who either Sends or Accepts a 'Challenge, or the Posterity of either, tho' no 'Death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the Pub-'lication of this our Edict, capable of bearing 'Office in these our Dominions.

'The Person who shall prove the sending or re-'ceiving a Challenge, shall receive to his own Use 'and Property, the whole Personal Estate of both 'Parties: and their Real Estate shall be imme-'diately vested in the next Heir of the Offenders 'in as ample Manner as if the said Offenders 'were actually Deceased.

'In Cases where the Laws (which we have 'already granted to our Subjects) admit of an 'Appeal for Blood; when the Criminal is con-'demned by the said Appeal, He shall not only 'suffer Death, but his whole Estate, Real, Mixed, 'and Personal, shall from the Hour of his Death 'be vested in the next Heir of the Person whose 'Blood he spilt.

'That it shall not hereafter be in our Royal 'Power, or that of our Successors, to pardon the 'said Offences, or restore [the Offenders [1]] in their 'Estates, Honour, or Blood for ever.

Given at our Court at Blois, *the 8th of* February, 420. *In the Second Year of our Reign.*

T.

No. 98.] *Friday, June* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

—— *Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.*—Juv.

THERE is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress: Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height,[2] insomuch that the Female

[1] [them]

[2] The Commode, called by the French *Fontange*, worn on their heads by ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, was a structure of wire, which bore up the hair and the forepart of the lace cap to a great height. The *Spectator* tells how com-

Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Grasshoppers before them:*[1] At present the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprize us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure now in Fashion, and think it shews the good Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects, who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in these Kinds of Building, as in those which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid, sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal's* time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Post minor est: Altam credas.—— Juv.

But I do not remember in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dress aspired to so great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman, who was but a *Pigmie* without her Head-dress, appear'd like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur *Paradin*[2] says, 'That these old-fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell 'above the Head; that they were pointed like 'Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crape 'fastened to the Tops of them, which were curi-'ously fringed and hung down their Backs like 'Streamers.'

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte*[1] by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Resolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magicians sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching that he had often a Congregation of twenty thousand People; the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other, that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and animated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished, while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or to tell it in Monsieur *Paradin's* own Words, 'The Women that, like Snails, in a 'Fright, had drawn in their Horns, shot them out 'again as soon as the Danger was over.' This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur *d'Argentré*[2] in the History of *Bretagne*, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good Reign is the only proper Time for making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power; in the same manner an excessive Head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my Female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master-piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face; she has touched it with Vermilion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory,

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pletely and suddenly the fashion was abandoned in his time.

[1] Numbers xiii. 33.

[2] Guillaume Paradin, a laborious writer of the 16th century, born at Cuizeau, in the Bresse Châlonnoise, and still living in 1581, wrote a great many books. The passages quoted by the *Spectator* are from his *Annales de Bourgoigne*, published in 1566.

[1] Thomas Conecte, of Bretagne, was a Carmelite monk, who became famous as a preacher in 1428. After reproving the vices of the age in several parts of Europe, he came to Rome, where he reproved the vices he saw at the Pope's court, and was, therefore, burnt as a heretic in 1434.

[2] Bertrand d'Argentré was a French lawyer, who died, aged 71, in 1590. His *Histoire de Bretagne* was printed at Rennes in 1582.

made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Airs and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Shade of Hair as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light: In short, she seems to have designed the Head as the Cupola to the most glorious of her Works; and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childish Gewgaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace. L.

No. 99.] *Saturday, June* 23, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Turpi secernis Honestum.*—Hor.

THE Club, of which I have often declared my self a Member, were last Night engaged in a Discourse upon that which passes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women; and started a great many Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entirely new: I shall therefore methodize the several Reflections that arose upon this Occasion, and present my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any Passage of last *Thursday's*, the Reader will consider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather those of *Pharamond*.

The great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a Man loses his Honour in one Rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverable. I can give no Reason for fixing the Point of Honour to these two Qualities, unless it be that each Sex sets the greatest Value on the Qualification which renders them the most amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. Had Men chosen for themselves, without Regard to the Opinions of the Fair Sex, I should believe the Choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue; or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-Nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a Man more to the Female Sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet, or that this Quality supplies their own principal Defect, in guarding them from Insults and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a strong and sprightly Constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a Woman more esteemed by the opposite Sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Constancy, gives the Man a Property in the Person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a Passage in the Inscription on a Monument erected in *Westminster Abbey* to the late Duke and Dutchess of *Newcastle*: 'Her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, 'youngest Sister to the Lord *Lucas* of *Colchester*; 'a noble Family, for all the Brothers were 'valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.

In Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is strained to Madness, the whole Story runs on Chastity and Courage. The Damsel is mounted on a white Palfrey, as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid Scandal, must have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, 'till some Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude restrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at her Feet by her Disdain. However he must wait some Years in the Desart, before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all Opportunities of being knock'd on the Head, and after seven Years Rambling returns to his Mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Tryals as her Lover's Valour.

In *Spain*, where there are still great Remains of this Romantick Humour, it is a transporting Favour for a Lady to cast an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high; as it is usual for the Lover to assert his Passion for his Mistress, in single Combat with a mad Bull.

The great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another he Whores, Drinks, Blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he Lies, tho' but in Jest, is an Affront that nothing but Blood can expiate. The Reason perhaps may be, because no other Vice implies a want of Courage so much as the making of a Lie; and therefore telling a man he Lies, is touching him in the most sensible Part of Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. [I cannot omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Persians*, That from the Age of five Years to twenty they instruct their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horse, to make use of the Bow, and to speak Truth.]

The placing the Point of Honour in this false kind of Courage, has given Occasion to the very Refuse of Mankind, who have neither Virtue nor common Sense, to set up for Men of Honour. An *English* Peer,[1] who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant Story of a *French* Gentleman that visited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after great Professions of Respect, let him know that he had it in his Power to oblige him; which in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordship the Person's Name who justled him as he came out from the Opera, but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordship that he would not deny him the Honour of making him his Second. The *English*

[1] Percy said he had been told that this was William Cavendish, first Duke of *Devonshire*, who died in 1707.

Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish Affair, told him, that he was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a Couple of particular Friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordship would not take it ill if he medled no farther in an Affair from whence he himself was to receive no Advantage.

The beating down this false Notion of Honour, in so vain and lively a People as those of *France*, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious Parts of their present King's Reign. It is pity but the Punishment of these mischievous Notions should have in it some particular Circumstances of Shame and Infamy, that those who are Slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their Reputations they lead them to Ignominy and Dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter Men who make it their Glory to despise it, but if every one that fought a Duel were to stand in the Pillory, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of Honour, and put an end to so absurd a Practice.

When Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest Depravations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and false Ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of Human Society.

L.

No. 100.] *Monday, June* 25, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—Hor.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill-humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfactions of his Being. Instead of this, you hardly see a Man who is not uneasy in proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleasures themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into Company than a sick Man should come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution in other Places are the Chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches; and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all other the meanest Help to Discourse, and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach answer'd by another's asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns our selves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoyce: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and one would think should make Existence it self a Burthen. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational merely Vegetative: His Life consists only in the meer Encrease and Decay of a Body, which, with relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Tersett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Understanding; Mrs. *Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms; and Passion being sated, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is necessary we should always be in Jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are described; but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to shew that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in our selves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of good Humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no Moments lost; but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Chearfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever said that deserves Repetition;

but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate; because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence: and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy. T.

No. 101.] *Tuesday, June* 26, 1711. [*Addison.*

Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in tempia recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Plorayere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis:—— Hor.

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, *is the Tax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent.*[1] It is a Folly for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach, but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a *Roman* Triumph.

If Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done them. When Writers have the least Opportunities of knowing the Truth they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of illustrious Persons, and to set Matters right between those Antagonists, who by their Rivalry for Greatness divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Cæsar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from those of *Cæsar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his Friends were too profuse and his Enemies too sparing.

According to Sir *Isaac Newton's* Calculations, the last Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbib'd so much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same Distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand Years in cooling, before it recover'd its natural Temper.[1] In the like manner, if an *Englishman* considers the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred Years. In such a Tract of Time it is possible that the Heats of the present Age may be extinguished, and our several Classes of great Men represented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expresses it) with the Passions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Distribution of Fame among the Great Men of the present Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my self very often with the Idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the Reign of *ANNE* the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader, that he is now entring upon the most shining Part of the *English* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will then be distinguished according to their respective Merits, and shine in their proper Points of Light. Such [an [2]] one (says the Historian) tho' variously represented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application and uncommon Integrity: Nor was such an one (tho' of an opposite Party and Interest) inferior to him in any of these Respects. The several Antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the same Body of Admirers, and appear Illustrious in the Opinion of the whole *British* Nation. The deserving Man, who can now recommend himself to the Esteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauses of a whole Age.

Among the several Persons that flourish in this Glorious Reign, there is no question but such a future Historian as the Person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius

[1] Swift.

[1] In his *Principia*, published 1687, Newton says this to show that the nuclei of Comets must consist of solid matter.

[2] [a]

and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *British* Nation. For my own part, I often flatter my self with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some Page or other of this imaginary Historian.

It was under this Reign, says he, that the SPECTATOR publish'd those little Diurnal Essays which are still extant. We know very little of the Name or Person of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very short Face, extreamly addicted to Silence, and so great a Lover of Knowledge, that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reason, but to take the Measure of a Pyramid. His chief Friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, a whimsical Country Knight, and a *Templar* whose Name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the House of a Widow-Woman, and was a great Humourist in all Parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Person and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete Words and obscure Phrases of the Age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the Diversions and Characters of the *English* Nation in his Time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtless strained many Representations of Things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in their literal Meaning, we must suppose that Women of the first Quality used to pass away whole Mornings at a Puppet-Show: That they attested their Principles by their *Patches*: That an Audience would sit out [an [1]] Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance written in a Language which they did not understand: That Chairs and Flower-pots were introduced as Actors upon the *British* Stage: That a promiscuous Assembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Masques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We must therefore, in these and the like Cases, suppose that these remote Hints and Allusions aimed at some certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at present we have not any Notion of. We may guess by several Passages in the *Speculations*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his Style with that Indulgence which we must shew to old *English* Writers, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with those several Critical Dissertations, Moral Reflections, * * *

'Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, 'that display themselves to View, whilst every 'one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her 'Hand.

'Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their* '*Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be 'heard at a considerable distance when the Wind 'sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts 'of the *Exercise*; but I have several Ladies with 'me, who at their first Entrance could not give a 'Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end 'of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in 'such a manner, that it shall make a Report like 'a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in 'order to hinder young Women from letting off 'their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Oc-'casions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of 'a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise 'invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, 'by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed 'about one of the largest Sticks, can make as 'loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordin-'ary Fan.

'When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word 'of Command in course is to *ground their Fans*. 'This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully 'when she throws it aside in order to take up a 'Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a 'falling Pin, or apply her self to any other Matter 'of Importance. This Part of the *Exercise*, as it 'only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a 'long Table (which stands by for that Purpose) 'may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a 'Twelvemonth.

'When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, 'I generally let them walk about the Room for 'some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that 'look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they 'all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up 'in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper 'Stations upon my calling out *Recover your Fans*. 'This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, pro-'vided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

'The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and in-'deed the Master-piece of the whole *Exercise*; 'but if a Lady does not mis-spend her Time, she 'may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. 'I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot 'Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of 'the *Exercise*; for as soon as ever I pronounce '*Flutter your Fans*, the Place is fill'd with so 'many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very re-'freshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they 'might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Con-'stitution in any other.

'There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be 'made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*. There is 'the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timor-'ous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry 'Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be 'tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind '[which[1]] does not produce a suitable Agitation in 'the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of 'a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether 'she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a 'Fan so very angry, that it would have been dan-'gerous for the absent Lover [who[1]] provoked it 'to have come within the Wind of it; and at other 'times so very languishing, that I have been glad 'for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient 'Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan 'is either a Prude or Coquet according to the 'Nature of the Person [who[2]] bears it. To con-'clude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I 'have from my own Observations compiled a little 'Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entitled *The* '*Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate 'to you, if you think it may be of use to the Pub-'lick. I shall have a general Review on *Thurs-'day* next; to which you shall be very welcome if 'you will honour it with your Presence.

I am, &c.

P. S. 'I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art 'of Gallanting a Fan.

N. B. 'I have several little plain Fans made 'for this Use, to avoid Expence. L.

[1] [that]

[2] [that]

No. 103.] *Thursday, June* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Sibi quivis
Speret idem frusta sudet frustraque laboret
Ausus idem——— Hor.

MY Friend the Divine having been used with Words of Complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his Absence) was so extreamly offended with the excessive way of speaking Civilities among us, that he made a Discourse against it at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, That he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society since its Commencement. Every one was pleased with his Conclusion; and as each knew his good Will to the rest, he was convinced that the many Professions of Kindness and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well inclined; but are a Prostitution of Speech, seldom intended to mean Any Part of what they express, never to mean All they express. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the first Sermon of the first Volume of the late Arch-Bishop's Posthumous Works.[3] I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the Praise of *Longinus*, that he Speaks of the Sublime in a Style suitable to it, so one may say of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himself does he

[3] This sermon 'on Sincerity,' from John i. 47, is the last Tillotson preached. He preached it in 1694, on the 29th of July, and died, in that year, on the 24th of November, at the age of 64. John Tillotson was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, and was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691, on the deprivation of William Sancroft for his refusal to take the oaths to William and Mary.

lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profession, a Fault, which by the least Liberty and Warmth of Expression would be the most lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better disposed, and the good Man chastised the great Wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

'—Amongst too many other Instances of the 'great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age 'wherein we live, the great and general Want of 'Sincerity in Conversation is none of the least. 'The World is grown so full of Dissimulation and 'Compliment, that Mens Words are hardly any 'Signification of their Thoughts; and if any Man 'measure his Words by his Heart, and speak as 'he thinks, and do not express more Kindness to 'every Man, than Men usually have for any Man, 'he can hardly escape the Censure of want of 'Breeding. The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and 'Honesty of Disposition, which always argues 'true Greatness of Mind and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, 'is in a great measure lost amongst us: There 'hath been a long Endeavour to transform us into 'Foreign Manners and Fashions, and to bring us 'to a servile Imitation of none of the best of our 'Neighbours in some of the worst of their Qualities. The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days 'so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so 'surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an 'Age or two ago should return into the World 'again he would really want a Dictionary to help 'him to understand his own Language, and to 'know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in 'Fashion, and would hardly at first believe at 'what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly 'pass in current Payment; and when he should 'come to understand it, it would be a great while 'before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience to converse with 'Men upon equal Terms, and in their own way.

'And in truth it is hard to say, whether it 'should more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, 'to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and 'Kindness will pass between Men, almost upon no 'Occasion; how great Honour and Esteem they 'will declare for one whom perhaps they never 'saw before, and how entirely they are all on the 'sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for 'no Reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged 'to him, for no Benefit; and how extreamly they 'will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, 'for no Cause. I know it is said, in Justification 'of this hollow kind of Conversation, that there is 'no Harm, no real Deceit in Compliment, but the 'Matter is well enough, so long as we understand 'one another; *et Verba valent ut Nummi, Words 'are like Money;* and when the current Value of 'them is generally understood, no Man is cheated 'by them. This is something, if such Words were 'any thing; but being brought into the Account, 'they are meer Cyphers. However, it is still a 'just Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and 'Plainness are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running into a Lie; that Men have 'almost quite perverted the use of Speech, and 'made Words to signifie nothing, that the greatest 'part of the Conversation of Mankind is little else 'but driving a Trade of Dissimulation; insomuch 'that it would make a Man heartily sick and 'weary of the World, to see the little Sincerity 'that is in Use and Practice among Men.

When the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanswerably against it, in Words and Thoughts so natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the Author of them.

'If the Show of any thing be good for any 'thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: for why 'does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that 'which he is not, but because he thinks it good to 'have such a Quality as he pretends to? For to 'counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the 'best way in the World to seem to be any thing, 'is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to 'make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as 'to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to 'one but he is discovered to want it; and then all 'his Pains and Labour to seem to have it, is lost.

In another Part of the same Discourse he goes on to shew, that all Artifice must naturally tend to the Disappointment of him that practises it.

'Whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be 'in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; 'but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because 'it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie 'and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he 'speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means 'honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the 'Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, 'and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither 'Truth nor Falshood. R.

No. 104.] *Friday, June* 29, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce—— Virg.

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion, as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does

Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another; As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In this last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this purpose that excellent Moralist above-mentioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her self as a Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves, with regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses. Nothing can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration; In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal.[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Going lately to take the Air in one of the most 'beautiful Evenings this Season has produced, 'as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the 'lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety 'of the Landskip every Way around me, my Eyes 'were suddenly called off from these inanimate 'Objects by a little party of Horsemen I saw 'passing the Road. The greater Part of them 'escaped my particular Observation, by reason 'that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair 'Youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed 'to have been dressed by some Description in 'a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and 'Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a cer'tain languishing Vanity appeared in his Air: His 'Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a con'siderable Length on his Shoulders, and was wan'tonly ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in 'a Scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer 'behind him: He had a Coat and Wastecoat of 'blue Camlet trimm'd and embroidered with 'Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore, 'in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with 'Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. 'His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorned 'after the same airy Manner, and seemed to 'share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was 'pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who 'appeared to me to have been educated only as 'an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer 'Approach, and as I turned my Eyes down'ward, a Part of the Equipage I had not ob'served before, which was a Petticoat of the 'same with the Coat and Wastecoat. After this 'Discovery, I looked again on the Face of the 'fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and 'thought those Features which had before of'fended me by their Softness, were now strength'ened into as improper a Boldness; and tho' 'her Eyes Nose and Mouth seemed to be formed 'with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether 'she, who in Appearance was a very handsome 'Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent 'Woman.

'There is an Objection which naturally presents 'it self against these occasional Perplexities and 'Mixtures of Dress, which is, that they seem to 'break in upon that Propriety and Distinction 'of Appearance in which the Beauty of different 'Characters is preserved; and if they should be 'more frequent than they are at present, would 'look like turning our publick Assemblies into a 'general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting-Habit for Ladies, was, as I 'take it, first imported from *France*, and well 'enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who 'are taught to do any thing so it be with an 'Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits 'awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The 'Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and 'if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this 'Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought 'to add to their Spoils, and compleat their Triumph 'over us, by wearing the Breeches.

'If it be natural to contract insensibly the Man'ners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are 'pleased with assuming our Dresses will do us 'more Honour than we deserve, but they will 'do it at their own Expence. Why should the 'lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than 'her own, and affect to be represented in her 'Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel, while her 'elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is 'drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and 'Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and 'those who would not be content with the Lat'ter, ought never to think of assuming the For'mer. There is so large a portion of natural 'Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, 'that they seem betrayed into these romantick 'Habits without having the same Occasion for 'them with their Inventors: All that needs to be 'desired of them is, that they would *be them'selves*, that is, what Nature designed them; 'and to see their Mistake when they depart 'from this, let them look upon a Man who affects 'the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to 'learn how their Sex must appear to us, when 'approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

[1] The letter is by John Hughes.

No. 105.] *Saturday, June* 30, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.
Ter. And.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this Nature WILL. calls the studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuously confesses, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL. shines in mixt Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL. often insults us with the Knowledge of the Town, we sometimes take our Revenge upon him by our Knowledge [of[1]] Books.

He was last Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL. laught this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *Templar*, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL. had recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow-Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man [who[2]] has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession and particular way of Life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Bar him the Play-houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the principal Favourites, repeat the shrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger that ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men [who[1]] value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Lodgments and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law-Pedant, that is perpetually putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *Westminster-Hall*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Place, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and lost in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably: but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have [mentioned[2]], the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confused, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little Use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upon Examination you

[1] [in] [2] [that]

[1] [that] [2] [above mentioned]

find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man wise, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant. L.

No. 106.] *Monday, July* 2, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Hinc tibi Copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a Distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir ROGER's Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him; by this means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and good Nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmity of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.[1]

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem, so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more

[1] Thomas Tyers in his *Historical Essay on Mr. Addison* (1783) first named Sir John Pakington, of Westwood, Worcestershire, as the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. But there is no real parallel. Sir John, as Mr. W. H. Wills has pointed out in his delightful annotated collection of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, was twice married, a barrister, Recorder of the City of Worcester, and M.P. for his native county, in every Parliament but one, from his majority till his death.

The name of Roger of Coverley applied to a *contre-danse* (i.e. a dance in which partners stand in opposite rows) Anglicised Country-Dance, was ascribed to the house of Calverley in Yorkshire, by an ingenious member thereof, Ralph Thoresby, who has left a MS. account of the family written in 1717. Mr. Thoresby has it that Sir Roger of Calverley in the time of Richard I. had a harper who was the composer of this tune; his evidence being, apparently, that persons of the name of Harper had lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley. Mr. W. Chappell, who repeats this statement in his 'Popular Music of 'the Olden Time,' says that in a MS. of the beginning of the last century, this tune is called 'Old Roger of Coverlay for evermore. A Lan-'cashire Hornpipe.' In the *Dancing Master* of 1696, it is called 'Roger of Coverly.' Mr. 'Chappell quotes also, in illustration of the fa-'miliar knowledge of this tune and its name in 'Addison's time, from 'the History of Robert 'Powell, the Puppet Showman (1715),' that 'upon 'the Preludis being ended, each party fell to 'bawling and calling for particular tunes. The 'hobnail'd fellows, whose breeches and lungs 'seem'd to be of the same leather, cried out for '*Cheshire Rounds, Roger of Coverly*,' &c.

delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. My Friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments [required [1]] of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho' he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and tho' he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, tho' he is every Day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-suit in the Parish since he has liv'd among them: If any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons [which [2]] have been printed in *English*, and only begg'd of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to morrow (for it was *Saturday* Night) told us, the Bishop of St. *Asaph* in the Morning, and Dr. *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*,[3] with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People. L.

[1] [I required]

[2] [that]

[3] Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons appeared in 14 volumes, small 8vo, published at intervals; the first in 1671; the second in 1678; the third in 1682; the fourth in 1694; and the others after his death in that year. Robert Sanderson, who died in 1663, was a friend of Laud and chaplain to Charles I., who made him Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lincoln. His fame was high for piety and learning. The best edition of his Sermons was the eighth, published in 1687: Thirty-six Sermons, with Life by Izaak Walton. Isaac Barrow, Theologian and Mathematician, Cambridge Professor and Master of Trinity, died in 1677. His Works were edited by Archbishop Tillotson, and include Sermons that must have been very much to the mind of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Against Evil Speaking.' Edmund Calamy, who died in 1666, was a Nonconformist, and one of the writers of the Treatise against Episcopacy called, from the Initials of its authors, Smectymnuus, which Bishop Hall attacked and John Milton defended. Calamy opposed the execution of Charles I. and aided in bringing about the Restoration. He became chaplain to Charles II., but the Act of Uniformity again made him a seceder. His name, added to the other three, gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy.

No. 107.] *Tuesday, July* 3, 1711. [*Steele.*

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocárunt Æterna in Basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut Cuncti viam.—Phæd.

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undisturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirm'd me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGER'S; it is usual in all other Places, that Servants fly from the Parts of the House through which their Master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood as a Visit, when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their

Duty is the particular Distinction of the lower Part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Master, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial Fault, threatned to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came so readily back according to Order; whether he passed by such a Ground, if the old Man who rents it is in good Health: or whether he gave Sir ROGER's Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approaching him is Part of the Reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another Circumstance in which my Friend excells in his Management, which is the Manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his cast Cloaths to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a Silly Sense of Equality between the Parties, in Persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Occasion, and describe a young Gentleman abusing his Man in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the most pleasing Distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his Discourse still more pleasantly upon the Ladies Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine Woman, who distributed Rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dresses to her Maids.

But my good Friend is above these little Instances of Good-will, in bestowing only Trifles on his Servants; a good Servant to him is sure of having it in his Choice very soon of being no Servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an Husband, and knows so thoroughly that the Skill of the Purse is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; I say, he knows so well that Frugality is the Support of Generosity, that he can often spare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a Mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he stays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generosity considers, it would be miserable to himself to have no Will but that of another, tho' it were of the best Person breathing, and for that Reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greatest Part of Sir ROGER's Estate is tenanted by Persons who have served himself or his Ancestors. It was to me extreamly pleasant to observe the Visitants from several Parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country: and all the Difference that I could take notice of between the late Servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the Family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer Gentleman and better Courtiers.

This Manumission and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make his Successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this Occasion, recount the Sense that Great Persons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; and shewn to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them; but as I design this my Speculation only [as a[1]] gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of Common Life, but assert it as a general Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER's Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER's Kindness extends to their Children's Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome Structure I saw the Portraiture of two young Men standing in a River, the one naked, the other in a Livery. The Person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER's, who stood on the Shore while his Master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remember'd indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfy'd at some Part of the Picture my Attendant informed me that it was against Sir ROGER's Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master. R.

No. 108.] *Wednesday, July* 4, 1711. [*Addison.*

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
Phæd.

AS I was Yesterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his House, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fish, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he presented it, with his Service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the

[1] [a]

same Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him.

Sir ROGER,

'I Desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the 'best I have caught this Season. I intend to 'come and stay with you a Week, and see how 'the Perch bite in the *Black River*. I observed 'with some Concern, the last time I saw you upon 'the Bowling-Green, that your Whip wanted a 'Lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me 'that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve 'you all the Time you are in the Country. I have 'not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, 'having been at *Eaton* with Sir *John's* eldest Son. 'He takes to his Learning hugely. I am,

SIR, Your Humble Servant,
Will Wimble.[1]

This extraordinary Letter, and Message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will. Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extreamly well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious Fellow, and very much esteem'd upon account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the County. *Will.* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himself: He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear?* These Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will.* the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three Hazle-Twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to observe on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret Joy which his Guest discover'd at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over, *Will.* desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promis'd such a Present for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's Back was no sooner turned but honest *Will.* [began[1]] to tell me of a large Cock-Pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in; for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

In the midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the Pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first Dish in a most sumptuous Manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of *Will's* for improving the Quail-Pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles; that so much Humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a Trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to

[1] Will Wimble has been identified with Mr. Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet. Mr. Morecraft in his early life became known to Steele, by whom he was introduced to Addison. He received help from Addison, and, after his death, went to Dublin, where he died in 1741 at the house of his friend, the Bishop of Kildare. There is no ground for this or any other attempt to find living persons in the creations of the *Spectator*, although, because lifelike, they were, in the usual way, attributed by readers to this or that individual, and so gave occasion for the statement of Budgell in the Preface to his *Theophrastus* that 'most of the characters in the Spectator were conspicuously known.' The only original of Will Wimble, as Mr. Wills has pointed out, is Mr. Thomas Gules of No. 256 in the *Tatler*.

[1] [begun]

greater Estates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but *Will.* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think this is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my Twenty first Speculation. L.

No. 109.] *Thursday, July* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

Abnormis sapiens—— Hor.

I WAS this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the End opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said, he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient Descent, I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictuses, and as we stood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of saying Things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

'It is, said he, worth while to consider the 'Force of Dress; and how the Persons of one Age 'differ from those of another, merely by that only. 'One may observe also, that the general Fashion 'of one Age has been followed by one particular 'Set of People in another, and by them preserved 'from one Generation to another. Thus the vast 'jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the 'Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's Time, is kept on 'in the Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good 'and politick View, because they look a Foot 'taller, and a Foot and an half broader: Besides 'that the Cap leaves the Face expanded, and con-'sequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the 'Entrance of Palaces.

'This Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed 'after this manner, and his Cheeks would be no 'larger than mine, were he in a Hat as I am. He 'was the last Man that won a Prize in the Tilt-'Yard (which is now a Common Street before '*Whitehall.*[1]) You see the broken Lance that 'lies there by his right Foot; He shivered that 'Lance of his Adversary all to Pieces; and bear-'ing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the 'same time he came within the Target of the 'Gentleman who rode against him, and taking him 'with incredible Force before him on the Pom-'mel of his Saddle, he in that manner rid the 'Turnament over, with an Air that shewed he did 'it rather to perform the Rule of the Lists, than 'expose his Enemy; however, it appeared he 'knew how to make use of a Victory, and with a 'gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where 'their Mistress sat (for they were Rivals) and let 'him down with laudable Courtesy and pardon-'able Insolence. I don't know but it might be 'exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

'You are to know this my Ancestor was not 'only of a military Genius, but fit also for the Arts 'of Peace, for he played on the Base-Viol as well 'as any Gentlemen at Court; you see where his 'Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action 'at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair 'Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the 'greatest Beauty of her Time; here she stands, 'the next Picture. You see, Sir, my Great Great 'Great Grandmother has on the new-fashioned Pet-'ticoat, except that the Modern is gather'd at the 'Waste; my Grandmother appears as if she stood 'in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk 'as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady 'was bred at Court, she became an Excellent 'Country-Wife, she brought ten Children, and 'when I shew you the Library, you shall see in 'her own Hand (allowing for the Difference of the 'Language) the best Receipt now in *England* 'both for an Hasty-pudding and a White-pot.[2]

'If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis 'necessary to look at the three next Pictures at 'one View; these are three Sisters. She on the 'right Hand, who is so very beautiful, died a 'Maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the 'same Fate, against her Will; this homely thing 'in the middle had both their Portions added to 'her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring 'Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Resolution, 'for he poisoned three Mastiffs to come at her, 'and knocked down two Deer-stealers in carrying 'her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: 'The Theft of this Romp and so much Mony, was 'no great matter to our Estate. But the next 'Heir that possessed it was this soft Gentleman, 'whom you see there: Observe the small Buttons, 'the little Boots, the Laces, the Slashes about his 'Cloaths, and above all the Posture he is drawn 'in, (which to be sure was his own choosing;) you 'see he sits with one Hand on a Desk writing, 'and looking as it were another way, like an easy 'Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of those 'that had too much Wit to know how to live in 'the World; he was a Man of no Justice, but 'great good Manners; he ruined every Body that 'had any thing to do with him, but never said a 'rude thing in his Life: the most indolent Per-'son in the World, he would sign a Deed that 'passed away half his Estate with his Gloves on, 'but would not put on his Hat before a Lady if it

[1] When Henry VIII. drained the site of St. James's Park he formed, close to the Palace of Whitehall, a large Tilt-yard for noblemen and others to exercise themselves in jousting, tourneying, and fighting at the barriers. Houses afterwards were built on its ground, and one of them became Jenny Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee House." The Paymaster-General's office now stands on the site of it.

[2] A kind of Custard.

'were to save his Country. He is said to be the 'first that made Love by squeezing the Hand. He 'left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt 'upon it, but however by all Hands I have been 'informed that he was every way the finest 'Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay heavy 'on our House for one Generation, but it was re-'trieved by a Gift from that honest Man you see 'there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all 'a-kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has 'said behind my Back, that this Man was descend-'ed from one of the ten Children of the Maid of 'Honour I shewed you above; but it was never 'made out. We winked at the thing indeed, 'because Mony was wanting at that time.

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

Sir ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following Manner. 'This Man (point-'ing to him I looked at) I take to be the Honour 'of our House. Sir HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY; 'he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Trades-'man, and as generous as a Gentleman. He 'would have thought himself as much undone by 'breaking his Word as if it were to be followed by 'Bankruptcy. He served his Country as Knight 'of this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no 'easy matter to maintain an Integrity in his 'Words and Actions, even in things that regarded 'the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in 'the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of 'Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great 'Talents) to go into Employments of State, where 'he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition. 'Innocence of Life and great Ability were the dis-'tinguishing Parts of his Character; the latter, 'he had often observed, had led to the Destruc-'tion of the former, and used frequently to lament 'that Great and Good had not the same Signi-'fication. He was an excellent Husbandman, 'but had resolved not to exceed such a Degree 'of Wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret 'Bounties many Years after the Sum he aimed 'at for his own Use was attained. 'Yet he did 'not slacken his Industry, but to a decent old 'Age spent the Life and Fortune which was 'superfluous to himself, in the Service of his 'Friends and Neighbours.

Here we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the Field upon a pri-'vate Message, the Day before the Battel of '*Worcester*.' The Whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a Loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity.

R.

No. 110.] *Friday, July* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—Virg.

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER's House, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this sort of Noise, which I consider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and [who], in the beautiful Language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this [Retirement[1]] the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture my self in it after Sun-set, for that one of the Footmen had been almost frighted out of his Wits by a Spirit that appear'd to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying-Places. There is such an Eccho among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the Sound repeated. At the same time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These Objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her supernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to shew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance. *The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkness than Light: Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together,*

[1] [Walk]

possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.[1]

As I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Terrour, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me, which an Imagination that is apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head: And I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

My Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a Servant to enter it after eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hang'd himself in it; and that his Mother, who lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced [to[2]] so small a Compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered [all the Apartments[3]] to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrours, did I not find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same time I think a Person who is thus terrify'd with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give myself up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himself, though by the Course of his Philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not exist separate from the Body, makes no Doubt of the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical Notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective Bodies, one after another; and that these Surfaces or thin Cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Persons who are either dead or absent.[1]

I shall dismiss this Paper with a Story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the sake of the Story it self as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own Words. '*Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *Archelaus*, after the Death of her 'two first Husbands (being married to a third, 'who was Brother to her first Husband, and so 'passionately in love with her that he turned off 'his former Wife to make room for this Marriage) 'had a very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that 'she saw her first Husband coming towards her, 'and that she embraced him with great Tenderness; when in the midst of the Pleasure which 'she expressed at the Sight of him, he reproached 'her after the following manner: *Glaphyra*, says 'he, thou hast made good the old Saying, That 'Women are not to be trusted. Was not I the 'Husband of thy Virginity? Have I not Children by thee? How couldst thou forget our 'Loves so far as to enter into a second Marriage, 'and after that into a third, nay to take for thy 'Husband a Man who has so shamelessly crept 'into the Bed of his Brother? However, for the 'sake of our passed Loves, I shall free thee from 'thy present Reproach, and make thee mine for 'ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several 'Women of her Acquaintance, and died soon 'after.[2] I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I speak of those 'Kings: Besides that, the Example deserves to 'be taken notice of as it contains a most certain 'Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of 'Divine Providence. If any Man thinks these 'Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion 'to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb 'the Belief of others, who by Instances of this 'Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue.' L.

No. 111.] *Saturday, July* 7, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum.
Hor.

THE Course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost my self in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish this great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable

[1] Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk. II., ch. 33.

[2] [into] [3] [the Rooms]

[1] Lucret. iv. 34, &c.

[2] Josephus, Antiq. Jud. lib. xvii. cap. 15, § 415.

Creature. I considered those several Proofs, drawn;

First, From the Nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its Immateriality; which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

Secondly, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horrour of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a stand in her Accomplishments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind[. He provides [1] himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make room for him.

——Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge, has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wisdom which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: Nay, when she shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Possibility of touching it:[1] And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness! L.

[1] [, and provide]

[1] The Asymptotes of the Hyperbola.

No. 112.] *Monday, July* 9, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ἀθανάτους μεν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται.
Τιμᾶ—— Pyth.

I AM always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday*; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day [were [1]] only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest [Habits,[2]] to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discussed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir ROGER, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing: He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found [his Parishioners [3]] very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was Yesterday very much surprised to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are

[1] [had been] [2] [Dress] [3] [the Parish]

several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it. L.

No. 113.] *Tuesday, July* 10, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Hærent infixi pectore vultus.*—Virg.

IN my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth; which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House: As soon as we came into it, 'It is, quoth 'the good Old Man, looking round him with a 'Smile, very hard, that any Part of my Land 'should be settled upon one who has used me so 'ill as the perverse Widow[1] did; and yet I am 'sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this 'whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon 'her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest 'Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to 'know this was the Place wherein I used to muse 'upon her; and by that Custom I can never come 'into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in 'my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that 'Beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have 'been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark 'of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Con-'dition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing 'of their Passion by the Methods which serve only 'to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the 'finest Hand of any Woman in the World.

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeased to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raised my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty Second 'Year, and resolved to follow the Steps of the 'most Worthy of my Ancestors who have in-'habited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the 'Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbour-'hood, for the sake of my Fame; and in Country 'Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my 'Health. In my Twenty Third Year I was 'obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in 'my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, in-'dulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did 'not think ill of his own Person) in taking that 'publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and 'Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily ima-'gine to yourself what Appearance I made, who 'am pretty tall, [rid[1]] well, and was very well 'dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with 'Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my 'Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not 'a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances 'I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I 'rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. 'But when I came there, a Beautiful Creature in 'a Widow's Habit sat in Court to hear the Event 'of a Cause concerning her Dower. This com-'manding Creature (who was born for Destruction 'of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation 'in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of 'all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasi-'ness, I warrant you, and then recovered her self 'from one Eye to another, 'till she was perfectly 'confused by meeting something so wistful in all 'she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to 'her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no 'sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprized 'Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first 'which came on, I cried, like a Captivated Calf as 'I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. 'This sudden Partiality made all the County im-'mediately see the Sheriff also was become a 'Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her 'Cause was upon Tryal, she behaved herself, I 'warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her 'Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets 'handed to her Council, then would be in such a 'pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, 'by acting before so much Company, that not 'only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her 'Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Hus-'band had to urge, was thought so groundless and 'frivolous, that when it came to her Council to 'reply, there was not half so much said as every 'one besides in the Court thought he could have 'urged to her Advantage. You must understand, 'Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unac-'countable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the 'Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no 'further Consequences. Hence it is that she has 'ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes 'from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, 'according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a 'reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of 'Friendship; She is always accompanied by a 'Confident, who is Witness to her daily Protesta-'tions against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to 'her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength 'of her own Maxims and Declarations.

'However, I must needs say this accomplished 'Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the 'rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER 'DE COVERLEY was the Tamest and most Human 'of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she 'said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but 'upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement,

[1] Mrs Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., who was left a widow at the age of 22, and died in January, 1726, has one of the three volumes of the Lady's Library dedicated to her by Steele in terms that have been supposed to imply resemblance between her and the 'perverse widow;' as being both readers, &c. Mrs Boevey is said also to have had a Confidant (Mary Pope) established in her household. But there is time misspent in all these endeavours to reduce to tittle-tattle the creations of a man of genius.

[1] [ride]

'of being thought least detestable, I made new 'Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent 'them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to 'throw their Legs well, and move all together, 'before I pretended to cross the Country and wait 'upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue 'suitable to the Character of my Fortune and 'Youth, I set out from hence to make my Ad-'dresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has 'ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet com-'mand Respect. To make her Mistress of this 'Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, 'and good Sense, than is usual even among Men 'of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race 'of Women. If you won't let her go on with a 'certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of 'Beauty, she will arm her self with her real 'Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead 'of Desire. It is certain that if you were to be-'hold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in 'her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that 'Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form 'makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. 'But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, 'that no Country-Gentleman can approach her 'without being a Jest. As I was going to tell 'you, when I came to her House I was admitted 'to her Presence with great Civility; at the same 'time she placed her self to be first seen by me in 'such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture 'of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, 'and I at last came towards her with such an Awe 'as made me Speechless. This she no sooner ob-'served but she made her Advantage of it, and 'began a Discourse to me concerning Love and 'Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, 'and the real Votaries to them. When she [had] 'discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I 'verily believe was as learned as the best Philoso-'pher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked 'me whether she was so happy as to fall in with 'my Sentiments on these important Particulars. 'Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in 'the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious 'Aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad 'to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this Subject, 'and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments 'upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They 'both kept their Countenances, and after I had 'sat half an Hour meditating how to behave be-'fore such profound Casuists, I rose up and took 'my Leave. Chance has since that time thrown 'me very often in her Way, and she as often has 'directed a Discourse to me which I do not under-'stand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a 'Distance from the most beautiful Object my 'Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with 'all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as 'you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. 'But were she like other Women, and that there 'were any talking to her, how constant must the 'Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse 'with a Creature— But, after all, you may be sure 'her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet 'I have been credibly inform'd; but who can 'believe half that is said! After she had done 'speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom, 'and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her 'Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too 'earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her 'Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it 'inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined 'with her at a publick Table the Day after I first 'saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in 'the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: 'She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman 'in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you 'to behold her, you would be in the same Con-'dition; for as her Speech is Musick, her Form is 'Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I 'am talking of her: but indeed it would be Stu-'pidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh 'the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all 'Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men.

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render in *English*, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram,[1] which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; Si non sit Nævia mutus erit.
Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Luce Salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely *Nævia*, ever thine. R.

No. 114.] *Wednesday, July* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Paupertatis pudor et fuga*—— Hor.

ŒCONOMY in our Affairs has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which Good Breeding has upon our Conversations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Cases, which, instead of making Men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had Yesterday at SIR ROGER'S a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him; and after Dinner the Glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a Person of a tolerable good Aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being fudled, his Humour grew worse. At the same time his Bitterness seem'd to be

[1] Bk. I. Ep. 69.

rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit is, that his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniences, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Chearfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a Libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of *Great Britain*, we shall see many in this fatal Error; if that may be called by so soft a Name, which proceeds from a false Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound,[1] which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. [Yet[2]] if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelvemonth charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

Laertes and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'That to each of them Poverty is the 'greatest of all Evils,' yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expense, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries, appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-jobbing, Extortion and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining our selves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this Reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greatest Pleasure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable Men as his Understanding; and it is a true distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published his Works,[1] to dwell so much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Desires: By this means he has render'd his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr. *Cowley's great Vulgar*, is admirably described; and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same Turn of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if according to that Ancestor of Sir ROGER, whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a Tranquility on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him, and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be sailing by some Compass, living with some Design; but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of Future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired Instinct towards things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Tranquility I now enjoy at Sir

[1] The Land Tax. [2] [But]

[1] Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in his Life of Cowley prefixed to an edition of the Poet's works. The temper of Cowley here referred to is especially shown in his Essays, as in the opening one 'Of Liberty,' and in that 'Of Greatness,' which is followed by the paraphrase from Horace's Odes, Bk. III. Od. i., beginning with the expression above quoted:

Hence, ye profane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.

Roger's may have created in me this Way of Thinking, which is so abstracted from the common Relish of the World: But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Mansions, so remote from the ostentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this present Writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr *Cowley*;

If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wish so mean as to be Great;
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.[1]

T.

No. 115.] *Thursday, July* 12, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.*—Juv.

Bodily Labour is of two Kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extentions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of [Motions [1]] that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My Friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has *not* been Idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure *to* pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he

[1] From the Essay 'Of Greatness.'

[1] [Motion]

left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that Sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its Praises; and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it describ'd at length, he may find them in a Book published not many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*.[1] For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition:[2] It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation. L.

No. 116.] *Friday, July* 13, 1711. [*Budgell.*

——*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,*
Taygetique canes—— Virg.

THOSE who have searched into human Nature observe that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years: during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and which seem to be extreamly well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes: having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenants are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir *Roger*, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort.[1] He

[1] Medicina Gymnastica, or, a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise. By Francis Fuller, M.A.

[2] Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos . . . Libri VI. (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis, who died at Forli, in 1606. He speaks of the shadow-fighting in Lib. iv. cap. 5, and Lib. v. cap. 2.

[1] As to dogs, the difference is great between a hunt now and a hunt in the *Spectator's* time. Since the early years of the last century the modern foxhound has come into existence, while the beagle and the deep-flewed southern harehound, nearly resembling the bloodhound, with its sonorous note, has become almost extinct. Absolutely extinct also is the old care to attune the voices of a pack. Henry II., in his breeding of hounds, is said to have been careful not only that they should be fleet, but also 'well-tongued 'and consonous;' the same care in Elizabeth's time is, in the passage quoted by the *Spectator*, attributed by Shakespeare to Duke Theseus; and the paper itself shows that care was taken to match the voices of a pack in the reign also of Queen Anne. This has now been for some time absolutely disregarded. In many important re-

is so nice in this Particular that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility; but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespear*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in *the Midsummer Night's Dream*.[1]

My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan *Kind,*
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian *Bulls;*
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

Sir *Roger* is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevailed on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Enquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from Home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to no purpose, 'till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puss was gone that Way?** Upon my answering *Yes*, he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying* STOLE AWAY.

This, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Picture of the whole Chace, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in Hunter's Language, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport. I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the Chace was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, followed by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Chearfulness of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Eccho, from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hallowing of the Sportsmen, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Huntsman getting forward threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the Signal beforementioned they all made a sudden Stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his Servants with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where it seems he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murther a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembred that Monsieur *Paschal* in his most excellent Discourse on *the Misery of Man*, tells us, That *all our Endeavours after Greatness proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs that may hinder us from looking into our selves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING. *What*, says he, *unless it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might*

spects the pattern harrier of the present day differs even from the harriers used at the beginning of the present century.

[1] Act IV. sc. 1.

buy cheaper in the Market? The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age;[1] and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own part I intend to Hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. *Dryden.*[2]

The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend.

X.

No. 117.] *Saturday, July* 14, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.—Virg.

THERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary to a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up our selves to neither.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witch-craft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Understanding and a crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witch-craft; but at the same time can give no Credit to any particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied herself to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in [*Otway.*[1]]

In a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, *with Age grown double,*
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold Palsy shook her Head; her Hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging,
Which served to keep her Carcase from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd
With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.[2]

[As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me,[3]] that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she

[1] Pascal, who wrote a treatise on Conic sections at the age of 16, and had composed most of his mathematical works and made his chief experiments in science by the age of 26, was in constant suffering, by disease, from his 18th year until his death, in 1662, at the age stated in the text. Expectation of an early death caused him to pass from his scientific studies into the direct service of religion, and gave, as the fruit of his later years, the Provincial Letters and the *Pensées*.

[2] Epistle to his kinsman, J. Driden, Esq., of Chesterton.

[1] [*Otway*, which I could not forbear repeating on this occasion.]

[2] *Orphan*, Act II. Chamont to Monimia.

[3] [The knight told me, upon hearing the Description,]

made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she would offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she should have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected escape from the Hounds, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the Pack, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which, upon looking that Way, I found to be an old Broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our Return home, Sir ROGER told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perswaded him to the contrary.[1]

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frighted at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmity and Dotage. L.

No. 118.] *Monday, July* 16, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.—Virg.

THIS agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks, which are struck out of a Wood, in the midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquility. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure; when I found by the Voice of my Friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly stroled into the Grove

[1] When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, a little village north of Hertford, which led to her trial for witchcraft at assizes held in the following year, 1712, when she was found guilty; and became memorable as the last person who, in this country, was condemned to capital punishment for that impossible offence. The judge got first a reprieve and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except, in mockery, for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in form 'of a cat.' But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her pincushion into her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being also in form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardeley had tested the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer, and finding that she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when this essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious spiritual counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes, and condemned to death.

sacred to the Widow. This Woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses, without Fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or Despair. She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A Man whose Thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem: I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an Opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidents: they are of all People the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody. *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themista*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confident shall treat you with an Air of Distance; let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Distinction, are to all Intents and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like. You do not see one Heiress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of choosing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my Case, how is it possible that—Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these Words, 'What, not 'one Smile?' We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER's Master of the Game. The Knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are Lovers.' The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou dear 'Picture, if thou couldst remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature whom you represent 'in the Water, how willingly could I stand here 'satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear '*Betty* herself with any Mention of her unfortunate *William*, whom she is angry with: But 'alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also 'vanish——Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost 'stay. Tell my dearest *Betty* thou dost not more 'depend upon her, than does her *William*? Her 'Absence will make away with me as well as thee. 'If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these 'Waves to lay hold on thee; her self, her own 'dear Person, I must never embrace again—— 'Still do you hear me without one Smile——It is 'too much to bear——' He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water: At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her Fright, said in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, 'I thought how well you would 'drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown 'yourself till you have taken your leave of *Susan* '*Hoilday*.' The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cried, 'Don't, 'my Dear, believe a Word *Kate Willow* says; 'she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she 'loves to hear me talk to her self for your sake.' Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidents! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honest, and the Man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy Thing said the other Day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I must make 'a Match, for we are both despised by those we 'loved:' The Hussy has a great deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has streaked all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is

never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh; However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she is in the Country I warrant she does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my Word for it she is no Fool. T.

No. 119.] *Tuesday, July* 17, 1711. [*Addison.*

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem———. Virg.

THE first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happen'd in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reign'd in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his Excess of Good Breeding. A polite Country 'Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will. Wimble*, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he rubs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise: for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; so that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in *France*, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much

behind-hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.

But a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post. L.

No. 120.] *Wednesday, July* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

———*Equidem credo, quia sit Divinitus illis Ingenium*——— Virg.

MY Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me upon my pasing so much of my Time among his Poultry: He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House; calls such a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have more of my Company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country-Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals being in my Opinion demonstrative.

The Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind; and yet there is not the least Turn in the Muscles or Twist in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Cast or Texture of them would have been.

The most violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Lust* and *Hunger:* The first is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different Degrees of Care that descend from the Parent to the Young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a Posterity. Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Insects and several Kinds of Fish: Others, of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to [deposite [1]] them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich: Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, 'till it is able to shift for it self.

What can we call the Principle which directs every different Kind of Bird to observe a particular Plan in the Structure of its Nest, and directs all of the same Species to work after the same Model? It cannot be *Imitation;* for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the Works of its own Kind, the Nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a Stick, with all the other Nests of the same Species. It cannot be *Reason;* for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different Conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same Temper of Weather, which raises this genial Warmth in Animals, should cover the Trees with Leaves and the Fields with Grass for their Security and Concealment, and produce such infinite Swarms of Insects for the Support and Sustenance of their respective Broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent should be so violent while it lasts; and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the Preservation of the Young?

The Violence of this natural Love is exemplify'd by a very barbarous Experiment; which I shall quote at Length, as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the Strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking. 'A Person who was well 'skilled in Dissection opened a Bitch, and as she 'lay in the most exquisite Tortures, offered her one 'of her young Puppies, which she immediately 'fell a licking; and for the Time seemed insensible of her own Pain: On the Removal, she kept 'her Eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of 'Cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the 'Loss of her young one, than the Sense of her own 'Torments.

But notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the Parent than it is useful to the Young: for so soon as the Wants of the latter cease, the Mother withdraws her Fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the Preservation of the Species requires it; as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young as soon as they are able to get their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest, or confined within a Cage, or by any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities.

This natural Love is not observed in animals to ascend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all Family Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness, than Safety, Benefits, or Life received.

One would wonder to hear Sceptical Men dis-

[1] [depose]

puting for the Reason of Animals, and telling us it is only our Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Use of that Faculty.

Reason shews it self in all Occurrences of Life; whereas the Brute makes no Discovery of such a Talent, but in what immediately regards his own Preservation, or the Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Generation are wiser than the Sons of Men; but their Wisdom is confined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow Compass. Take a Brute out of his Instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of Understanding. To use an Instance that comes often under Observation,

With what Caution does the Hen provide herself a Nest in Places unfrequented, and free from Noise and Disturbance! When she has laid her Eggs in such a Manner that she can cover them, what Care does she take in turning them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vital Warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary Sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an Animal? In the Summer you see her giving her self greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two Hours together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the Season would chill the Principles of Life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her Attendance, and stays away but half the Time. When the Birth approaches, with how much Nicety and Attention does she help the Chick to break its Prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, providing it proper Nourishment, and teaching it to help it self; nor to mention her forsaking the Nest, if after the usual Time of reckoning the young one does not make its Appearance. A Chymical Operation could not be followed with greater Art or Diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that shew an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned Particulars.

But at the same time the Hen, that has all this seeming Ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the Propagation of the Species) considered in other respects, is without the least Glimmerings of Thought or common Sense. She mistakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: She is insensible of any Increase or Diminution in the Number of those she lays: She does not distinguish between her own and those of another Species; and when the Birth appears of never so different a Bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these Circumstances which do not carry an immediate Regard to the Subsistence of her self or her Species, she is a very Ideot.

There is not, in my Opinion, any thing more mysterious in Nature than this Instinct in Animals, which thus rises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the Principle of Gravitation in Bodies, which is not to be explained by any known Qualities inherent in the Bodies themselves, nor from any Laws of Mechanism, but, according to the best Notions of the greatest Philosophers, is an immediate Impression from the first Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the Creatures. L.

No. 121.] *Thursday, July* 19, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Jovis omnia plena.*—Virg.

AS I was walking this Morning in the great Yard that belongs to my Friend's Country House, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different Workings of Instinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Young, upon the sight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; while the Stepmother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hovered about the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different Principle which acted in these different Animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it *Instinct*, we mean something we have no Knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last Paper, it seems the immediate Direction of Providence, and such an Operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres. A modern Philosopher, quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*[1] in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same Opinion, tho' in a bolder Form of Words, where he says, *Deus est Anima Brutorum*, God himself is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to such Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholsome? *Tully* has observed that a Lamb no sooner falls from its Mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies itself to the Teat. *Dampier*, in his Travels,[2] tells us, that when Seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown Coasts of *America*, they never venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear or Apprehension where the Birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding Animals have nothing like the use of Reason, we find in them all the lower

[1] Bayle's Dictionary, here quoted, first appeared in English in 1710. Pierre Bayle himself had first produced it in two folio vols. in 1695-6, and was engaged in controversies caused by it until his death in 1706, at the age of 59. He was born at Carlat, educated at the universities of Puylaurens and Toulouse, was professor of Philosophy successively at Sedan and Rotterdam till 1693, when he was deprived for scepticism. He is said to have worked fourteen hours a day for 40 years, and has been called 'the Shakespeare of Dictionary Makers.'

[2] Captain William Dampier's Voyages round the World appeared in 3 vols., 1697—1709. The quotation is from vol. i. p. 39 (Ed. 1699, the Fourth). Dampier was born in 1652, and died about 1712.

Parts of our Nature, the Passions and Senses in their greatest Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Observation, that all Beasts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully subject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all the other violent Passions that may animate them in search of their proper Food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of Assistance and Use to Man, have their Natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a Domestick Life. In this Case the Passions generally correspond with the Make of the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in so weak and defenceless an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekness of a Lamb in a Creature so armed for Battel and Assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or less exquisite Sharpness and Sagacity in those particular Senses which most turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of several kind of Animals, such as Claws, Hoofs, and Horns, Teeth, and Tusks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Proboscis*. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden Principle distinct from what we call Reason, which instructs Animals in the Use of these their Arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best Advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that Part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never saw the Actions of their own Species, push at those who approach them with their Foreheads, before the first budding of a Horn appears.

I shall add to these general Observations, an Instance which Mr. *Lock* has given us of Providence even in the Imperfections of a Creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal World. *We may*, says he, *from the Make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick Senses as a Man, or several other Animals: Nor if it had, would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring it self from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it self to, or from the Object, wherein at a distance it perceives Good or Evil? And* would not *Quickness of Sensation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that must be still where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come to it.*[1]

I shall add to this Instance out of Mr. *Lock* another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*,[2] who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the same time has shewn its Wisdom in the Formation of that Organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than she? The Members of her Body are so exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life: For her Dwelling being under Ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any Sight at all or no. But for Amends, what she is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short Tail and short Legs, but broad Fore-feet armed with sharp Claws, we see by the Event to what Purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under Ground, and making her way so fast in the Earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere Thickness of her Body; and her Fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much Earth at a time; and little or no Tail she has, because she courses it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouse, of whose Kindred she is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig her self a Dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an Element, which will not yield easily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a Train behind her; for her Enemy might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out, before she had compleated or got full Possession of her Works.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle's* Remark upon this last Creature, who I remember somewhere in his Works observes,[1] that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not Sight enough to distinguish particular Objects. Her Eye is said to have but one Humour in it, which is supposed to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this Idea is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever she comes up into broad Day she might be in Danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a Light striking upon her Eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper Element. More Sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such Animals as seem the most imperfect Works of Nature; and if Providence shews it self even in the Blemishes of these Creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several Endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such Creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several Faculties, according to the condition of Life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a Body of Natural History, the best that could be gather'd together from Books and Observations. If the several Writers among them took each his particular Species, and gave us a distinct Account of its Original, Birth and Education; its Policies,

[1] Essay on Human Understanding, Bk. II. ch. 9, § 13.

[2] Antidote against Atheism, Bk. II. ch. 10, § 5.

[1] Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things, Sect. 2.

Hostilities and Alliances, with the Frame and Texture of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other Animals, with their peculiar Aptitudes for the State of Being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best Services their Studies could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the Glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the Disquisitions of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and Defective. Seas and Desarts hide Millions of Animals from our Observation. Innumerable Artifices and Stratagems are acted in the *Howling Wilderness* and in the *Great Deep*, that can never come to our Knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest Glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. However from the Consideration of such Animals as lie within the Compass of our Knowledge, we might easily form a Conclusion of the rest, that the same Variety of Wisdom and Goodness runs through the whole Creation, and puts every Creature in a Condition to provide for its Safety and Subsistence in its proper Station.

Tully has given us an admirable Sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and then in a Stile so raised by Metaphors and Descriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and Ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice Observations when they pass through the Hands of an ordinary Writer. L.

No. 122.] *Friday, July* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
Publ. Syr. Frag.

A MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives it self seconded by the Applauses of the Publick: A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will. Wimble* and myself with him to the County-Assizes: As we were upon the Road *Will. Wimble* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some Time; during which my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution: His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will. Wimble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will.* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will.* it seems had been giving his Fellow-Traveller an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law of him* for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit.* I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprize, in the Midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir ROGER *was up*. The Speech he made was so little to the Purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign-post before the Door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation to the Features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn-keeper, upon Sir ROGER's alighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Chearfulness related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides*.

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels. L.

No. 123.] *Saturday, July* 21, 1711. [*Addison.*

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.—Hor.

AS I was Yesterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my Enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable Estate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that lives not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says my Friend, but took so much care of her Son's Health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ach. He was let loose among the Woods as soon as he was able to ride on Horseback, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing else; and that if it were a Man's Business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young Fellow in the whole Country.

The Truth of it is, since my residing in these Parts I have seen and heard innumerable Instances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domesticks, or from the same foolish Thought prevailing in those who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their Families, and transmit their Lands and Houses in a Line to Posterity.

This makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some Circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

Eudoxus and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation, and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette*

whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. *Cowley, there is no dallying with Life*,[1]) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he Studied without Intermission till he gained a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted her self with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when, he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner: *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to* Leontine, *than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you.* Leonilla *too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in*

[1] Essay 'on the Danger of Procrastination:' 'There's no fooling with Life when it is once 'turn'd beyond Forty.'

the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to Leonilla *which I have made to your self.* *Florio* was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, Kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Show those Sentiments of Love, Duty, and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* Estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.

L.

No. 124.] *Monday, July* 23, 1711. [*Addison.*

Μέγα βίβλιον, μέγα κακόν.

A MAN who publishes his Works in a Volume, has an infinite Advantage over one who communicates his Writings to the World in loose Tracts and single Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky Volume, till after some heavy Preamble, and several Words of Course, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have established it as a kind of Rule, that a Man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe Reader makes Allowances for many Rests and Nodding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occasion to the famous *Greek* Proverb which I have chosen for my Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

On the contrary, those who publish their Thoughts in distinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of these Advantages. We must immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid: Our Matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the Turn it receives from our Expressions. Were the Books of our best Authors thus to be retailed to the Publick, and every Page submitted to the Taste of forty or fifty thousand Readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat Expressions, trivial Observations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the same Time, notwithstanding some Papers may be made up of broken Hints and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet should be a kind of Treatise, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: That a Point of Humour should be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its most essential Articles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies and Enlargements, that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality prescribe to their Readers after the Galenick way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities. An Essay-Writer must practise in the Chymical Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were all Books reduced thus to their Quintessence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny-Paper: There would be scarce such a thing in Nature as a Folio. The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention millions of Volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furnishing out separate Papers of this Nature, has hindered Authors from communicating their Thoughts to the World after such a Manner: Though I must confess I am amazed that the Press should be only made use of in this Way by News-Writers, and the Zealots of Parties; as if it were not more advantageous to Mankind, to be instructed in Wisdom and Virtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, Husbands and Sons, than Counsellors and Statesmen. Had the Philosophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took so much Pains in order to instruct Mankind, and leave the World wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no question but they would have made such an Advantage of it, in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our common Prints would be of great Use were they thus calculated to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of a People, to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds with Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more severe Employments with innocent Amusements. When Knowledge, instead of being bound up in Books and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed in every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the *Proverbs: Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her Voice in the Streets: she crieth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*[1]

The many Letters which come to me from Persons of the best Sense in both Sexes, (for I may pronounce their Characters from their Way of Writing) do not at a little encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaking: Besides that my Bookseller tells me, the Demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance that I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the End of this Month; several having made up separate Sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learning. There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that hangs upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick for Knowledge to break through. Their Souls are not to be enlightened.

——— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole, That after having consulted many Oculists for the bettering of his Sight, was at last provided with a

[1] Proverbs i. 20—22.

good Pair of Spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his Mother told him very prudently, 'That Spectacles, though they 'might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no use 'to a Mole.' It is not therefore for the Benefit of Moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, there are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said in the *Latin* Proverb, 'That 'one Man is a Wolf to another;'[1] so generally speaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impossible for them to discover Beauties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for Spots and Blemishes: They can indeed see the Light as it is said of the Animals which are their Namesakes, but the Idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their Eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful Obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an Example to all such voluntary Moles. C.

No. 125.] *Tuesday, July* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.—Vir.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a Stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the Way to St. *Anne's* Lane, upon which the Person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his Question, call'd him a young Popish Cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a Saint? The Boy, being in some Confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the Way to *Anne's* Lane; but was call'd a prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and instead of being shewn the Way, was told that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Question, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally closes this Narrative with Reflections on the Mischief that Parties do in the Country; how they spoil good Neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Destruction of the Game.

There cannot a greater Judgment befal a Country than such a dreadful Spirit of Division as rends a Government into two distinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different Nations. The Effects of such a Division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to those private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almost every particular Person. This Influence is very fatal both to Mens Morals and their Understandings; it sinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only so, but destroys even Common Sense.

A furious Party Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts it self in Civil War and Bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest Restraints naturally breaks out in Falshood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Administration of Justice. In a Word, it fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguishes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compassion and Humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a Man should not allow himself to hate even his Enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this Passion in some Occasions, it will rise of it self in others; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract such a vicious Habit of Mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your Friends, or those who are indifferent to you.[1] I might here observe how admirably this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of Hatred from the Passion it self, and not from its Object) answers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an hundred Years before this Philosopher wrote;[2] but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear sowered with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the Dictates either of Reason or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cause is apt to breed Passions in the Hearts of virtuous Persons, to which the Regard of their own private Interest would never have betrayed them.

If this Party-Spirit has so ill an Effect on our Morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor insipid Paper or Pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble Piece depreciated, by those who are of a different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almost under an Incapacity of discerning either real Blemishes or Beauties. A Man of Merit in a different Principle, [is] like an Object seen in two different Mediums, [that] appears crooked or broken, however streight and entire it may be in it self. For this Reason there is scarce a Person of any Figure in *England*, who does not go by two [contrary Characters,][3] as opposite to one another as Light and Darkness. Know-

[1] Homo homini Lupus. Plautus Asin. Act ii. sc. 4.

[1] Among his Moral Essays is that showing 'How one shall be helped by Enemies.' In his 'Lives,' also, Plutarch applauds in Pericles the noble sentiment which led him to think it his most excellent attainment never to have given way to envy or anger, notwithstanding the greatness of his power, nor to have nourished an implacable hatred against his greatest foe. This, he says, was his only real title to the name of Olympius.

[2] Luke vi. 27—32.

[3] [Characters altogether different and]

ledge and Learning suffer in [a[1]] particular manner from this strange Prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all Ranks and Degrees in the *British* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the Warmth and Violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Considerations: An Abusive Scurrilous Style passes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party Notions is called fine Writing.

There is one Piece of Sophistry practised by both Sides, and that is the taking any scandalous Story that has been ever whispered or invented of a Private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raising suitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary Postulatums of these infamous Scriblers, upon which they proceed as upon first Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless Practice of the present Age endures much longer, Praise and Reproach will cease to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in Pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and *France* by those who were for and against the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous Season. It is the restless Ambition of artful Men that thus breaks a People into Factions, and draws several well-meaning [Persons[2]] to their Interest by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honest Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit against Men of an adverse Party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Persons of the greatest Probity seduced into shameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that noblest of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spanish* Proverb, *If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest Men would enter into an Association, for the Support of one another against the Endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatsoever Side they may belong to. Were there such an honest [Body of Neutral[3]] Forces, we should never see the worst of Men in great Figures of Life, because they are useful to a Party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We should then single every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we should shelter distressed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beset with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our Fellow Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy. C.

[1] [a very] [2] [People]
[3] [Neutral Body of]

No. 126.] *Wednesday, July* 25, 1711. [*Addison.*

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
Virg.

IN my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a kind of Association for the Defence of one another, and [the] Confusion of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our Resolution as long as we live to call Black black, and White white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Year shall call Black white, or White black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other; as also such infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders; we should soon see that furious Party-Spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus*[1]

[1] Bibliothecæ Historicæ, Lib. i. § 87.

an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole Business of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor in any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the incessant Labours of this industrious Animal, *Ægypt*, says the Historian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious Creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

If we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of destroying a Man of the most extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments, as thinking that upon his Decease the same Talents, whatever Post they qualified him for, enter of course into his Destroyer.

As in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men of a politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It extends it self even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the same time that the Heads of Parties preserve toward one another an outward Shew of Good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cock-match. This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockies and Tory Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it produces at a Quarter-Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monyed* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from *London* to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig Inn; or if by chance the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER'S Servants would ride up to his Master full speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betray'd us into hard Beds and bad Chear; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and, provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse generally were his Accommodations: the Fellow knowing very well, that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest Man.

Since my Stay at Sir ROGER'S in the Country, I daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon a Bowling-green at a Neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *Bettor*, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to Win his Money of him.

Among other Instances of this Nature, I must not omit one which [concerns[1]] my self. *Will. Wimble* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the Country [which[2]] had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will.* stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.

It gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissention in the Country; not only as it destroys Virtue and Common Sense, and renders us in a Manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own Part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but, bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children. C.

No. 127.] *Thursday, July* 26, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Quantum est in rebus Inane?*—Pers.

IT is our Custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the Post, to sit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer's* Letter; which he does with his Spectacles upon his Nose, and in an audible Voice, smiling very often at those little Strokes of Satyr which are so frequent in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such Packets as I receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his Request.

[1] [concerns to] [2] [that]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have diverted the Town almost a whole 'Month at the Expence of the Country, it is 'now high time that you should give the Country 'their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from 'this Place, the Fair Sex are run into great Ex- 'travagancies. Their Petticoats, which began to 'heave and swell before you left us, are now 'blown up into a most enormous Concave, and 'rise every Day more and more: In short, Sir, 'since our Women know themselves to be out of 'the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept 'within no Compass. You praised them a little 'too soon, for the Modesty of their Head-Dresses; 'for as the Humour of a sick Person is often 'driven out of one Limb into another, their Super- 'fluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely 'Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads 'upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in 'Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary 'to all Rules of Architecture widen the Founda- 'tions at the same time that they shorten the 'Superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish* Jen- 'nets, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not 'have thought on a more proper Invention. But 'as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this 'Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more 'than what was supposed to be in those of 'Scantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loss 'about it.

'The Women give out, in Defence of these wide 'Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for 'the Season; but this I look upon to be only a 'Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known 'we have not had a more moderate Summer these 'many Years, so that it is certain the Heat they 'complain of cannot be in the Weather: Besides, 'I would fain ask these tender constitutioned 'Ladies, why they should require more Cooling 'than their Mothers before them.

'I find several Speculative Persons are of 'Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very 'sawcy, and that the Hoop Petticoat is made use 'of to keep us at a Distance. It is most certain 'that a Woman's Honour cannot be better en- 'trenched than after this manner, in Circle within 'Circle, amidst such a Variety of Out-works and 'Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus 'invested in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured 'against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who 'might as well think of Sir *George Etherege's* way 'of making Love in a Tub,[1] as in the midst of so 'many Hoops.

'Among these various Conjectures, there are 'Men of Superstitious Tempers, who look upon the 'Hoop Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will 'have it that it portends the Downfal of the '*French* King, and observe that the Farthingale 'appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of 'the *Spanish* Monarchy. Others are of Opinion 'that it foretels Battle and Bloodshed, and believe 'it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a 'Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it 'is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the 'World rather than going out of it.

'The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of 'these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her 'in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when 'she was *so near her Time*, but soon recovered my- 'self out of my Error, when I found all the Modish 'Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her self. It is 'generally thought some crafty Women have thus 'betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they 'might make them accessory to their own Con- 'cealments, and by that means escape the Censure 'of the World; as wary Generals have sometimes 'dressed two or three Dozen of their Friends in 'their own Habit, that they might not draw upon 'themselves any particular Attacks of the Enemy. 'The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, 'levels the Mother with the Daughter, and sets 'Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon 'the same Bottom. In the mean while I cannot 'but be troubled to see so many well-shaped in- 'nocent Virgins bloated up, and waddling up and 'down like big-bellied Women.

'Should this Fashion get among the ordinary 'People our publick Ways would be so crowded 'that we should want Street-room. Several Con- 'gregations of the best Fashion find themselves 'already very much streightened, and if the Mode 'encrease I wish it may not drive many ordinary 'Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should 'our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads 'to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what 'their Indignation at this Female Treatment may 'drive them to) a Man and his Wife would fill a 'whole Pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alexander* the 'Great,' that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried 'several Suits of Armour, which by his Direction 'were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, 'in order to give Posterity an extraordinary Idea 'of him, and make them believe he had com- 'manded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that 'if one of the present Petticoats happen to be 'hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will 'lead into the same Error the Generations that lie 'some Removes from us: unless we can believe 'our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their 'Great Grand-Mothers, that they made them- 'selves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

'When I survey this new-fashioned *Rotonda* in 'all its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philo- 'sopher, who after having entered into an *Egyptian* 'Temple, and looked about for the Idol of the 'Place, at length discovered a little Black Monkey 'Enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could 'not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of 'the Worshippers) What a magnificent Palace is 'here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

'Though you have taken a Resolution, in one 'of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particu- 'larities of Dress, I believe you will not think it 'below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to 'Unhoop the Fair Sex, and cure this fashionable 'Tympany that is got among them. I am apt to 'think the Petticoat will shrink of its own accord 'at your first coming to Town; at least a Touch 'of your Pen will make it contract it self, like the 'sensitive Plant, and by that means oblige several

[1] Love in a Tub, Act iv. sc. 6.

[2] In Plutarch's Life of him.

'who are either terrified or astonished at this por-
'tentous Novelty, and among the rest,
C. *Your humble Servant*, &c.

No. 128.] *Friday, July* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

———*Concordia discors.*—Lucan.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass which Nature has fixed in their Mind, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after; That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a Neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and [the] Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may chear and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the Fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those Lines of Mr. *Dryden*,

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men, who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Mariage than before: It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable [and] domestick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues [which[1]] are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from

[1] [that]

Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is overrun with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be.

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*? the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows wise by the Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much [esteemed[1]] were it not for her *Aristus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction. C.

No. 129.] *Saturday, July* 28, 1711. [*Addison.*

Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.
Pers.

GREAT Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion; as very well knowing that the Head-dress, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraitures at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the Eyes of Posterity. For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a *Roman* Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *standing Dress*, a Man [who[2]] takes a Journey into the Country is as much surprised, as one [who[3]] walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures; and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are as Matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the Mode, they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours: In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this Subject in a Speculation [which[1]] shews how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the Height of the Mode. Since that Speculation I have received a Letter (which I there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Being a Lawyer of the *Middle-Temple*, [a[2]] '*Cornishman* by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leisure to make many 'Observations that escape the Notice of my 'Fellow-Travellers.

'One of the most fashionable Women I met 'with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at '*Staines*, where I chanced to be on a Holiday. 'Her Commode was not half a Foot high, and her 'Petticoat within some Yards of a modish Circum'ference. In the same Place I observed a young 'Fellow with a tolerable Periwig, had it not been 'covered with a Hat that was shaped in the '*Ramillie* Cock.[3] As I proceeded in my Journey 'I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scan'tier, and about threescore Miles from *London* 'was so very unfashionable, that a Woman might 'walk in it without any manner of Inconvenience.

'Not far from *Salisbury* I took notice of a 'Justice of Peace's Lady [who[4]] was at least ten 'Years behindhand in her Dress, but at the same 'time as fine as Hands could make her. She was 'flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot; 'every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part of 'her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like 'one of those Animals which in the Country we 'call a *Friezeland* Hen.

'Not many Miles beyond this Place I was in'formed that one of the last Year's little Muffs had 'by some means or other straggled into those 'Parts, and that all Women of Fashion were cut'ting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, 'according to the little Model [which[5]] was got 'among them. I cannot believe the Report they 'have there, that it was sent down frank'd by a 'Parliament-man in a little Packet; but probably 'by next Winter this Fashion will be at the Height 'in the Country, when it is quite out at *London*.

'The greatest Beau at our next Country Ses'sions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen 'Periwig, that was made in King *William's* 'Reign. The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his 'own Hair, when he is at home, and lets his Wig 'lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may

[1] [to be esteemed]
[2] [that] [3] [that]

[1] [that] [2] [and a] [3] Fashion of 1706.
[4] [that] [5] [that]

'put it on upon Occasions to meet the Judges in 'it.

'I must not here omit an Adventure [which [1]] 'happened to us in a Country Church upon the 'Frontiers of *Cornwall*. As we were in the midst 'of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman 'of the Place, and had passed the Winter at *Lon-'don* with her Husband, entered the Congrega-'tion in a little Head-dress, and a hoop'd Petti-'coat. The People, who were wonderfully 'startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. 'Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some 'at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the 'mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the '[*Area* [2]] of the Church, and walked up to her 'Pew with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst 'the Whispers, Conjectures, and Astonishments 'of the whole Congregation.

'Upon our Way from hence we saw a young 'Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob 'Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt 'short at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges 'were behind us. His Stay was so very short, 'that we had only time to observe his new silk 'Waistcoat, [which [3]] was unbutton'd in several 'Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, 'which was ruffled down to his middle.

'From this Place, during our Progress through 'the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we 'fancied ourselves in King *Charles* the Second's 'Reign, the People having made very little Varia-'tions in their Dress since that time. The smart-'est of the Country Squires appear still in the '*Monmouth*-Cock,[4] and when they go a wooing '(whether they have any Post in the Militia or 'not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were, 'indeed, very much surprized, at the Place we lay 'at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that 'had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig a 'Coat with long Pockets, and slit Sleeves, and a 'pair of Shoes with high Scollop Tops; but we 'soon found by his Conversation that he was a 'Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rus-'ticity of the Country People, and was resolved 'to live and die in the Mode.

'*Sir*, If you think this Account of my Travels 'may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will 'next Year trouble you with such Occurrences as 'I shall meet with in other Parts of *England*. 'For I am informed there are greater Curiosities 'in the Northern Circuit than in the Western; and 'that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower 'into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall*. I have 'heard in particular, that the Steenkirk [5] arrived 'but two Months ago at *Newcastle*, and that 'there are several Commodes in those Parts which 'are worth taking a Journey thither to see. C.

[1] [that] [2] [whole *Area*] [3] [that]
[4] Of 1685. [5] Fashion of 1692-3.

No. 130.] *Monday, July* 30, 1711. [*Addison.*

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.—Virg.

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a Band of Lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linnen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Henroost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid [who [1]] crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, [who [2]] was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeased in his Heart, told him, after a far-

[1] [that] [2] [that]

ther Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: My old Friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and *for half an* Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good-Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, [who [1]] infest all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a Story [which [2]] is still fresh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* 'to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running 'along the [Side [3]] of the Canal desired to be 'taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused, 'because the Lad had not quite Money enough 'to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant 'being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and 'secretly touched with Compassion towards him, 'paid the Money for him,[4] and ordered him to be 'taken on board. Upon talking with him after-'wards, he found that he could speak readily 'in three or four Languages, and learned upon 'farther Examination that he had been stoln away 'when he was a Child by a Gypsie, and had 'rambled ever since with a Gang of those Stroll-'ers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It 'happened that the Merchant, whose Heart 'seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a se-'cret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child 'some Years before. The Parents, after a long 'Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of 'the Canals with which that Country abounds; 'and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a 'fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died 'for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Par-'ticulars, and examining the several Moles and 'Marks [by] which the Mother used to describe 'the Child [when [5]] he was first missing, the Boy 'proved to be the Son of the Merchant whose 'Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight 'of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find 'a Father [who [1]] was so rich, and likely to leave 'him a good Estate; the Father on the other 'hand was not a little delighted to see a Son re-'turn to him, whom he had given for lost, with 'such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of 'Understanding, and Skill in Languages.' Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practises that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to [those who sent him,[2]] and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wander'd as a Gypsie. C.

[1] [that] [2] [that] [3] [Sides]
[4] About three pence. [5] [by when]

No. 131.] *Tuesday, July* 31, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ipsæ rursum concedite Sylvæ.—Virg.

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of [a [3]] Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this Means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and [where it] does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity *or* Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, *to* try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. *I am here forced* to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Coun-

[1] [that] [2] [his Country]
[3] [an]

try, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, [some as very modest,] and some as very melancholy. *Will. Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extreamly silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjurer; and some of them hearing of the Visit [which[1]] I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of my self.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is impos'd upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions [which[2]] are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them, *That it is my way*, and that I am only a Philosopher; but [this[2]] will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer: that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC,

'I Suppose this Letter will find thee picking of 'Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing 'away thy time in some innocent Country Diver-'sion of the like Nature. I have however Orders 'from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being 'all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to 'relish our Company, after thy Conversations 'with *Moll White* and *Will. Wimble*. Pr'ythee 'don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and 'a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and 'Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell con-'foundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost 'not come up quickly, we shall conclude [that] 'thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER'S Dairy-'maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is 'grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and 'if he does not return quickly will make every 'Mother's Son of us Common-wealth's Men.

Dear SPEC,
Thine Eternally,
C. WILL. HONEYCOMB.

No. 132.] *Wednesday, August* 1, 1711. [*Steele.*

—Qui aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.—Tull.

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County-Town at twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, inquir'd of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go;) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker,[1] her Guardian; and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness,

[1] [that] [2] [that]

[1] The man who would not fight received the name of Ephraim from the 9th verse of Psalm lxxviii., which says: 'The children of Ephraim, 'being armed and carrying bows, turned back in 'the day of battle.'

and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting-out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloake-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity: and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little 'Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, 'therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in 'the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a 'Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be 'plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, 'young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, 'Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at 'your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, said he, re-'solve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the 'next Town: We will wake this pleasant Com-'panion who is fallen asleep, to be [the] Brideman, 'and' (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant, un-'derstands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, 'shall give the Bride as Father.' The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou 'hast given me the Authority of a Father over this 'comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure 'thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not 'bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savour-'eth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; 'thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because 'it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, 'but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this 'Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach 'in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great 'City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy 'Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter 'thy Follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if 'thou wilt we must hear thee: But if thou wert a 'Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take 'Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to 'abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou 'sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who can-'not resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our 'Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he [said[1]] 'nothing: but how dost thou know what he con-'taineth? If thou speakest improper things in 'the hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, con-'sider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person 'that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly 'what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up 'with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some De-'gree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) cries, 'Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have 'been a little impertinent if thou hadst not repri-'manded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky 'old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing 'Part of the Journey. I was [going[1]] to give my 'self Airs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim:* and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arriv'd at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* declared himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary 'Part of humane Life which expresseth so much 'a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his 'Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, espe-'cially such as may seem the most unsuitable 'Companions to him: Such a Man, when he 'falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity 'and Innocence, however knowing he may be in 'the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself there-'of; but will the rather hide his Superiority to 'them, that he may not be painful unto them. 'My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the 'Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and 'peradventure we may never meet again: But be 'advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel 'are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not 'think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, 'nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. 'When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections 'as we ought to have towards each other, thou 'should'st rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, 'and I should be glad to see thy Strength and 'Ability to protect me in it.' T.

[1] [sayeth]

[1] [a going]

No. 133.] *Thursday, August* 2, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam Chari capitis?—Hor.

THERE is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective Manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Human Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater Number of Human Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that died at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to die with *Phocion?* At the Instant when he was to die, they asked him what commands he had for his Son, he answered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might drink the Potion before him: *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances[1] were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

Epaminondas, the *Theban* General, having received in Fight a mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops [had] obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn [out], at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow-Soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the Termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Griefs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death.[1] What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'How surprising is this Change! from the 'Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to 'be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Ex'tremity! Those Lips which look so pale and 'livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all 'who heard their Utterance: It was the Business, 'the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him 'to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and 'that for no other end but to please and instruct. 'Kindness was the Motive of his Actions, and 'with all the Capacity requisite for making a 'Figure in a contentious World, Moderation, 'Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chas'tity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There 'as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who 'knew him so well as I, but would resign all the 'World can bestow to be so near the end of such 'a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my 'Reason as to lament thee, thou excellent Man. '——Heaven receive him, or restore him. ——

[1] From Plutarch's Life of Phocion.

[1] This friend was Stephen, son of Edmund Clay, haberdasher. Stephen Clay was of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1700.

'Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy 'helpless Servants, stand around thee without 'Distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst 'thou thy Senses, say to each of us.

'But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at 'rest—with that Breath expired a Soul who never 'indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone 'to: Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of 'Truth, of Honour? Of what use the Volumes 'thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast in-'vented, the Examples thou hast followed. Poor 'were the Expectations of the Studious, the Mo-'dest and the Good, if the Reward of their La-'bours were only to be expected from Man. No, 'my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy in-'tended good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended 'Services to thy Country, are already performed '(as to thy Concern in them) in his Sight before 'whom the Past, Present, and Future appear at 'one View. While others with thy Talents were 'tormented with Ambition, with Vain-glory, with 'Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn 'thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out 'of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in In-'tegrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice; 'how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, 'how glorious thy End! *Many have I known 'more Famous, some more Knowing, not one so 'Innocent.*' R.

No. 134.] *Friday, August* 3, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Opiferque per Orbem*
Dicor——. Ovid.

DURING my Absence in the Country, several Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every Day in Town. The Author of the following Letter, dated from *Tower-Hill*, having sometimes been entertained with some Learned Gentlemen in Plush Doublets, who have vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough addressed Me, as no less a Sage in Morality, than those are in Physick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

SIR,

'Your saying t'other Day there is something 'wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds 'which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to 'those who please them, makes me in pain that I 'am not a Man of Power: If I were, you should 'soon see how much I approve your Speculations. 'In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that In-'ability with the empty Tribute of an honest 'Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you 'for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse 'your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' 'I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and 'light) and really it gives a grateful Relish to every 'Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with useful 'or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being 'highly diverted or improved. The Variety of 'your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of 'Pictures did *formerly*, in which there was only 'one Face, that by pulling some Pieces of Isin-'glass over it, was changed into a grave Senator 'or a *Merry Andrew*, a patch'd Lady or a Nun, 'a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet, 'a Country 'Squire or a Conjuror, with many other 'different Representations very entertaining (as you 'are) tho' still the same at the Bottom. This was 'a childish Amusement when I was carried away 'with outward Appearance, but you make a 'deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs 'of the Mind; you charm the Fancy, sooth the 'Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that 'Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe; 'you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and in-'culcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must 'be miserably Stupid that is not affected by you. 'I can't say indeed that you have put Impertin-'ence to Silence, or Vanity out of Countenance; 'but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any 'Man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage; 'and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for 'the Price of One Penny. And since it is usual 'for those who receive Benefit by such famous 'Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that 'others may reap the same Advantage, I think 'my self obliged to declare to all the World, that 'having for a long time been splenatick, ill-natured, 'froward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the Ap-'plication of your Medicines, taken only with half 'an Ounce of right *Virginia* Tobacco, for six 'successive Mornings, I am become open, oblig-'ing, officious, frank, and hospitable.

I am,
Your humble Servant,
and great Admirer,
George Trusty.

Tower-hill,
July 5, 1711.

This careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the just Management of Fans, will soon receive proper Advertisements relating to the Professors in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and Methods of Teaching.

SIR, *July the* 5*th*, 1711.

'In your Spectator of *June* the 7th you Tran-'scribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of 'Muster-master, who teaches Ladies the whole 'Exercise of the Fan; I have a Daughter just 'come to Town, who tho' she has always held a 'Fan in her Hand at proper Times, yet she 'knows no more how to use it according to true 'Discipline, than an awkward School-boy does 'to make use of his new Sword: I have sent for 'her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being 'already very well accomplished in all other 'Arts which are necessary for a young Lady to 'understand; my Request is, that you will speak 'to your Correspondent on my behalf, and in 'your next Paper let me know what he expects, 'either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teach-'ing; and where he keeps his Place of Rendez-'vous. I have a Son too, whom I would fain 'have taught to gallant Fans, and should be 'glad to know what the Gentleman will have 'for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Prac-

'tice at my own Expence. This Information will 'in the highest manner oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,.

William Wiseacre.

'As soon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which 'I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is 'pretty apt,) I design he shall learn to ride the 'great Horse, (altho' he is not yet above twenty 'Years old) if his Mother, whose Darling he is, 'will venture him.

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of Benjamin Easie, *Gent.*

Sheweth,

'That it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to 'walk to *Hackney* Church last *Sunday*, where to 'his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of 'your own training: she furls a Fan, recovers a 'Fan, and goes through the whole Exercise of it 'to Admiration. This well-managed Officer of 'yours has, to my Knowledge, been the Ruin of 'above five young Gentlemen besides my self, and 'still goes on laying waste wheresoever she comes, 'whereby the whole Village is in great danger. 'Our humble Request is therefore that this bold 'Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her 'Arms, or that you would issue forth an Order, 'that we who have been thus injured may meet at 'the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be 'taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes in such man-'ner as we may be an equal Match for her:

R. *And your Petitioner shall ever Pray*, &c.

No. 135.] *Saturday, August* 4, 1711. [*Addison.*

Est brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia——

Hor.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent Person, who used in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman:* For my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was Born an *Englishman*. Among many other Reasons, I think my self very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man [who [1]] is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *English* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that the Matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conception as possible.

This Humour shows itself in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English* Language. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables, which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *English* Words are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, (which [1]) rise and perish upon a single Touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronounciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the Syllables that give them a grave and solemn Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for Dispatch, and more comformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator*, &c.

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in the Words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd*, for *drowned, walked, arrived*, which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Genius's this Age has produced.[2] I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English* Tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our Language, which is taken so much notice of by Foreigners; but at the same time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many Occasions does the Office of a whole

[1] [that]

[1] [that] [2] Swift.

Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, wo'n't*, and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L' Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French Janot;* and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom, which*, or *they* at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shows the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a greater Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shown by many Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a politer Tongue. C.

No. 136.] . *Monday, August* 6, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Parthis mendacior*—— Hor.

ACCORDING to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I shall without any manner of Preface or 'Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have 'been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest 'Liars this Island has produced. I have read all 'the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never 'find any Effect their Discourses had upon me, 'but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts 'and Ideas, and making me more ready in my 'Language, and capable of sometimes mixing 'seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With 'this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, 'there does not live an honester Man or a sincerer 'Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, 'and whatever is started I have such a Scene of 'Adventures appears in an Instant before me, that 'I cannot help uttering them, tho', to my immediate Confusion, I cannot but know I am liable 'to be detected by the first Man I meet.

'Upon occasion of the mention of the Battel of '*Pultowa*, I could not forbear giving an Account 'of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who 'was bred at *Mosco*, that had too much Metal to 'attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when 'there was so active a Scene in the Country 'where he resided, and followed the Czar as a 'Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who 'unhorsed the *Swedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Moscovites* kept their Fire in so 'soldier-like a manner, and brought up those 'Troops which were covered from the Enemy at 'the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had 'at last the good Fortune to be the Man who 'took Count *Piper*.[1] With all this Fire I knew 'my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the 'World. He never made any impertinent Show 'of his Valour, and then he had an excellent 'Genius for the World in every other kind. I had 'Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that 'exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I 'knew [perfectly[2]] well; and I could not forbear 'concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty 'twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at '*Deptford*.[3] What is worse than all this, it is

[1] Prime Minister of Charles XII.
[2] [exactly]
[3] In the Spring of 1698.

'impossible to speak to me, but you give me some 'occasion of coming out with one Lie or other, 'that has neither Wit, Humour, Prospect of In- 'terest, or any other Motive that I can think of 'in Nature. The other Day, when one was 'commending an Eminent and Learned Divine, 'what occasion in the World had I to say, Me- 'thinks he would look more Venerable if he were 'not so fair a man? I remember the Company 'smiled. I have seen the Gentleman since, and 'he is Coal-Black. I have Intimations every Day 'in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am 'never the better. I was saying something the 'other Day to an old Friend at *Will's* Coffee- 'house, and he made me no manner of Answer; 'but told me, that an Acquaintance of *Tully* the 'Orator having two or three times together said 'to him, without receiving any Answer, That 'upon his Honour he was but that very Month 'forty Years of Age: *Tully* answer'd, Surely 'you think me the most incredulous Man in the 'World, if I don't believe what you have told me 'every Day this ten Years. The Mischief of it is, 'I find myself wonderfully inclin'd to have been 'present at every Occurrence that is spoken of 'before me; this has led me into many Incon- 'veniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, 'because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never 'speak Things to any Man's Disadvantage. I 'never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in 'the Consequence, for I have often made a Man 'say such and such a lively Expression, who was 'born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said 'in my Hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he 'should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith, I can't see that, he said a very good Thing 'to my Lord such a one, upon such an Occasion, 'and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has 'been watch'd in every Expression he uttered, 'upon my Recommendation of him, and conse- 'quently been subject to the more Ridicule. I 'once endeavoured to cure my self of this impert- 'nent Quality, and resolved to hold my Tongue 'for seven Days together; I did so, but then I 'had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions 'of my Face upon what any body else said, that 'I found I only forbore the Expression, and that 'I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. 'You are to know one Thing (which I believe 'you'll say is a pity, considering the Use I should 'have made of it) I never Travelled in my Life; 'but I do not know whether I could have spoken 'of any Foreign Country with more Familiarity 'than I do at present, in Company who are Stran- 'gers to me. I have cursed the Inns in *Germany*; 'commended the Brothels at *Venice*; the Free- 'dom of Conversation in *France*; and tho' I never 'was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about 'it, have been three Nights together dogged by 'Bravoes for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mis- 'tress at *Rome*.

'It were endless to give you Particulars of this 'kind, but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this 'Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London* 'and *Westminster*; I say there are in Town a 'sufficient Number of us to make a Society among 'our selves; and since we cannot be believed any 'longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that 'we may meet together, and be under such Regu- 'lation as there may be no Occasion for Belief or 'Confidence among us. If you think fit, we might 'be called *The Historians*, for *Liar* is become a 'very harsh Word. And that a Member of the 'Society may not hereafter be ill received by the 'rest of the World, I desire you would explain a 'little this sort of Men, and not let us *Historians* 'be ranked, as we are in the Imaginations of or- 'dinary People, among common Liars, Make- 'bates, Impostors, and Incendiaries. For your In- 'struction herein, you are to know that an Historian 'in Conversation is only a Person of so pregnant a 'Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary 'Occurrences. I know a Man of Quality of our 'Order, who is of the wrong Side of Forty-three, 'and has been of that Age, according to *Tully's* 'Jest, for some Years since, whose Vein is upon 'the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion, 'and he will tell you something so very particular 'that happen'd in such a Year, and in such Com- 'pany, where by the by was present such a one, 'who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of 'all these Circumstances, in the best Language in 'the World, he will join together with such pro- 'bable Incidents an Account that shews a Person 'of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind, 'and withal something so Humble when he speaks 'of himself, that you would Admire. Dear Sir, 'why should this be Lying! There is nothing so 'instructive. He has withal the gravest Aspect; 'something so very venerable and great! Another 'of these Historians is a Young Man whom we 'would take in, tho' he extreamly wants Parts, 'as People send Children (before they can learn 'any thing) to School, to keep them out of Harm's 'way. He tells things which have nothing at all 'in them, and can neither please [nor [1]] displease, 'but merely take up your Time to no manner of 'Purpose, no manner of Delight; but he is Good- 'natured, and does it because he loves to be say- 'ing something to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a Soldier that [hath [2]] done 'very great things without Slaughter; he is pro- 'digiously dull and slow of Head, but what he 'can say is for ever false, so that we must have 'him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a 'Lover; he is the most afflicted Creature in the 'World, lest what happened between him and a 'Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again, 'he comforts himself. *Hang the Jade her Wo- 'man. If Mony can keep [the] Slut trusty I will 'do it, though I mortgage every Acre;* Anthony 'and Cleopatra *for that; All for Love and the 'World well lost*—

'Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest '*Indigo* of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loss 'and Gain, there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all 'round the Globe; he has such a prodigious In- 'telligence he knows all the *French* are doing, or 'what we intend or ought to intend, and has it 'from such Hands. But, alas, whither am I run- 'ning! While I complain, while I remonstrate 'to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not

[1] [or]

[2] [has]

'one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or 'Merchant as I have now described in the whole 'World, that I know of. But I will catch my self 'once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak 'one Truth, to wit that I am

T. *Your Humble Servant*, &c.

No. 137.] *Tuesday, August* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

At hæc etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.—Tull. Epist.

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them: which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

SIR, *August* 2, 1711.

'I have read your *Spectator* of the third of the 'last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of 'being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir 'ROGER. The Character of my Master is the 'very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. 'All his Directions are given, and his Mind re-'vealed, by way of Contraries: As when any 'thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast 'of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now.* If I am 'to make haste back, *Don't come these two 'Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some 'of your Companions.* Then another excellent 'Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, 'which he knows must necessarily take up half a 'Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour 'to know whether I have done yet. This is his 'Manner; and the same Perverseness runs 'through all his Actions, according as the Circum-'stances vary. Besides all this, he is so sus-'picious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery 'of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he 'makes his Servants: He is constantly watching 'us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and 'Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Prisoner. He 'lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a 'Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am 'more ashamed of for coming from him, than for 'being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short 'Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of 'nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, 'I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very 'much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you 'will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my 'Master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my Case in 'a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I 'cared less to deserve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
RALPH VALET.

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

'I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and 'am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am 'so used by them both, that I should be very glad 'to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self 'is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason 'her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. 'My Lady is one that never knows what to do 'with her self; she pulls on and puts off every 'thing she wears twenty times before she resolves 'upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the 'Room, and reach things to her Woman. When 'my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half 'brought it, when the Woman meets me in the 'middle of the Room to receive it, and at that 'Instant she says No she will not have it. Then 'I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, 'and by this time she will have that and two or 'three things more in an Instant: The Woman 'and I run to each other; I am loaded and de-'livering the things to her, when my Lady says 'she wants none of all these things, and we are 'the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the 'unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be 'dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not know-'ing what to do, when our good Lady with all the 'Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can 'speak, that she will have Temper because we 'have no manner of Understanding; and begins 'again to dress, and see if we can find out of our 'selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed 'she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked 'every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then 'commands it in again, and then she will not go 'out at all, and then will go too, and orders the 'Chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you 'would in the Behalf of all who serve froward 'Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can 'be done without allowing Time for it, and that 'one cannot be back again with what one was 'sent for, if one is called back before one can go 'a Step for that they want. And if you please let 'them know that all Mistresses are as like as all 'Servants.

I am
Your Loving Friend,
PATIENCE GIDDY.

These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying

after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Æquanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.* T.

No. 138.] *Wednesday, August* 8, 1711. [*Steele.*

Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis. Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extreamly learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully*[1] tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the great Enterprizes which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles, Pericles, Cyrus,* and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main End or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleased to take, said, He remembered a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles's* time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entring into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's* Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn:* No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys,* but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but——

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just Value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. *Tillotson* and Dr. *Beveridge,* never failed of proving out of these great Authors Things which no Man living would have denied him upon his own single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words, in the fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his Design of *Entring into the Matter,* to that of *Briefly explaining.* But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge,* Page 4th of his 9th Volume, I *shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider*——This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent Preacher; but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to

[1] On Rhetorical Invention.

prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these *People* told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. *James's*. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillie's *Perfumer at the Corner of* Beaufort-Buildings *in the* Strand, *and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except* Saturdays, *at a Toy-shop near* Garraway's *Coffee-House. There will be likewise Taught* The Ceremony of the Snuff-box, *or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.*

N. B. *The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make head against* [*all*] *the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplined, and are now in Motion.* T.

No. 139.] *Thursday, August* 9, 1711. [*Steele.*

Vera Gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur: Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.—Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Acceptation of the Word *Great*) are *Lewis* King of *France*, and *Peter* Emperor of *Russia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. *Lewis* of *France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious [Instance[1]] of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a Fondness for Vain-glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjust. At the same *time this* Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life: The generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. *While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which* France *has Entangled all her Neighbours.* With such false Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been enchanted, from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprize in Military Atchievements.

Peter Alexiwitz of *Russia*, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by

[1] [Instances]

personal Labour, personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himself mean in Absolute Power, 'till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also litterally under his own Command. How generous and how good was his entring his own Name as a private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced! By such Measures this god-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How terrible has he appeared in Battel, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite, and the honest Labours of the *Russian* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

Tho' Men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station; and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* School-boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall,[1] ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly Glorious according to the Author I have to day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The Perfection of Glory, says *Tully*,[2] consists in these three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deserve Honour.* This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest, without the Prince's Favour. He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious, without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies cou'd outlive the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and Faint Images of Glory were drawn in *August*, 1711, when *John* Duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French* Lines without Bloodshed. T.

[1] The Colours taken at Blenheim hung in Westminster Hall.

[2] Towards the close of the first Philippic.

No. 140.] *Friday, August* 10, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.
Virg.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader, that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have lost so much Time already, that I desire, 'upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down 'immediately and give me your Answer. And I 'would know of you whether a Pretender of mine 'really loves me. As well as I can I will describe 'his Manners. When he sees me he is always 'talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me 'but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste 'to be gone. When I am sick, I hear, he says he 'is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor 'sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with 'a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the 'Power I have over him, and how impossible it is 'for him to live without me. When he leaves the 'Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to 'hear from me, complains of the Torment of 'Absence, speaks of Flames, Tortures, Languishings and Ecstasies. He has the Cant of an 'impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Luke-'warm one. You know I must not go faster than 'he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as 'counting a great Clock. But you are to know he 'is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is 'sure; He will love me long, if he loves me little: 'But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

Your Neglected,
Humble Servant,
Lydia Novell.

'*All these Fellows who have Mony are extreamly sawcy and cold; Pray, Sir, tell them of it.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have been delighted with nothing more 'through the whole Course of your Writings than 'the Substantial Account you lately gave of Wit, 'and I could wish you would take some other Op-'portunity to express further the Corrupt Taste 'the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to 'attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular

'Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given 'a Sanction to their Faults in others. 'Thus the 'Imitators of *Milton* seem to place all the Excel-'lency of that sort of Writing either in the un-'couth or antique Words, or something else which 'was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great 'Man. The Admirers of what we call Point, or 'Turn, look upon it as the particular Happiness to 'which *Cowley*, *Ovid* and others owe their Re-'putation, and therefore imitate them only in 'such Instances; what is Just, Proper and Natural 'does not seem to be the Question with them, but 'by what means a quaint Antithesis may be 'brought about, how one Word may be made to 'look two Ways, and what will be the Conse-'quence of a forced Allusion. Now tho' such 'Authors appear to me to resemble those who 'make themselves fine, instead of being well 'dressed or graceful; yet the Mischief is, that 'these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes, 'are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy 'and Overflowing of good Sense: In one word, 'they have the Character of being too Witty; but 'if you would acquaint the World they are not 'Witty at all, you would, among many others, 'oblige,

SIR,
Your Most Benevolent Reader,
R. D.

SIR,

'I am a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, 'therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to 'decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of 'mine, who is always contradicting one because 'he understands *Latin*. Pray, Sir, is *Dimpple* 'spelt with a single or a double *P*?

I am, Sir,
Your very Humble Servant,
Betty Saunter.

'*Pray*, Sir, *direct thus*, To the kind Querist, '*and leave it at Mr.* Lillie's, *for I don't care to be* '*known in the thing at all.* I am, Sir, again 'Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I must needs tell you there are several of your 'Papers I do not much like. You are often so 'Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned 'there is no understanding you. What have you 'to do with our Petticoats?

Your Humble Servant,
Parthenope.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Last Night as I was walking in the Park, I 'met a couple of Friends; Prithee *Jack*, says 'one of them, let us go drink a Glass of Wine, for 'I am fit for nothing else. This put me upon 'reflecting on the many Miscarriages which 'happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men 'go to the Bottle to remove such Humours 'as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could 'not attribute more to any thing than to the 'Humour of putting Company upon others which 'Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare 'in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome 'Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable 'one to others. Let People reason themselves 'into good-Humour, before they impose them-'selves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as 'Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do 'Human Life so much Good, as to argue power-'fully, that it is not every one that can swallow 'who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.

Your most Humble Servant.

SIR,

'I this Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper 'concerning the Expence of Time. You are very 'obliging to the Women, especially those who are 'not Young and past Gallantry, by touching so 'gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do 'not think it wrong to employ a little leisure Time 'in that Diversion; but I should be glad to hear 'you say something upon the Behaviour of some 'of the Female Gamesters.

'I have observed Ladies, who in all other re-'spects are Gentle, Good-humoured, and the very 'Pinks of good Breeding; who as soon as the Om-'bre Table is called for, and set down to their 'Business, are immediately Transmigrated into 'the veriest Wasps in Nature.

'You must know I keep my Temper, and win 'their Mony; but am out of Countenance to take 'it, it makes them so very uneasie. Be pleased, 'dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better 'Grace, and you will oblige

Yours,
Rachel Basto.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'Your Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your 'Papers, has given me Encouragement to do my 'self the Honour of writing to you. The great 'Regard you have so often expressed for the In-'struction and Improvement of our Sex, will, I 'hope, in your own Opinion, sufficiently excuse 'me from making any Apology for the Impertі-'nence of this Letter. The great Desire I have 'to embellish my Mind with some of those Graces 'which you say are so becoming, and which you 'assert Reading helps us to, has made me uneasie 'till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them: 'This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, 'till you 'shall be pleased to recommend some Author or 'Authors to my Perusal.

'I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on '*Eleonora's* Letter, that I should have had no 'occasion for requesting it of you; but to my very 'great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that '*Spectator*, I was entirely disappointed, and am 'as much at a loss how to make use of my Time 'for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at 'least with one Scene, as you were pleased to 'entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write 'to you not only my own Sentiments, but also 'those of several others of my Acquaintance, who 'are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of 'spending one's Time as my self: And if a fervent 'Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of 'our present Ignorance, may be thought a good 'Presage and Earnest of Improvement, you may 'look upon your Time you shall bestow in answer-'ing this Request not thrown away to no purpose. 'And I can't but add, that unless you have a

[1] This letter, signed Parthenia, was by Miss Shepheard, sister of Mrs. Perry, who wrote the Letter in No. 92, signed 'Leonora.'

'particular and more than ordinary Regard for '*Eleonora*, I have a better Title to your Favour 'than she; *since* I do not content myself with 'Tea-table Reading of your Papers, but it is my 'Entertainment very often when alone in my 'Closet. To shew you I am capable of Improve-'ment, and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do 'not like some of your Papers; but even there I 'am readier to call in question my own shallow 'Understanding than Mr. SPECTATOR's profound 'Judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more) your obliged Servant,
PARTHENIA.

This last Letter is written with so urgent and serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her Commands, which I shall do very suddenly. T.

No. 141.] *Saturday, August* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Migravit ab Aure voluptas
Omnis—— Hor.

IN the present Emptiness of the Town, I have several Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Acting. They in very obliging Terms desire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jest. These Gambols I shall tolerate for a Season, because I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition and Taste return to Town. The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience, who have no Faculty above Eyesight, with Rope-dancers and Tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented Confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the Postures which the Body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the Passions to which the Mind is subject. But tho' this was prudently settled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance than to appear on the *same* Stage at all: For which Reason *I* must propose some Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

In Cases of greater moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoarse or Awkward, the Weight of the Matter commands Respect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least Diminution of that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town, the Actors have flown in the Air, and played such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,[1]

'Upon a Report that *Moll White* had followed 'you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lan-'cashire-Witches*, I went last Week to see that 'Play.[2] It was my Fortune to sit next to a 'Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as 'he said) of Sir ROGER's, who pretended to shew 'her to us in one of the Dances. There was 'Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost 'to incline me to believe him; *Ben Johnson* was 'almost lamed; young *Bullock* narrowly saved 'his Neck; the Audience was astonished, and an 'old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, 'whom I would have bowed to in the Pit, at two 'Yards distance did not know me.

'If you were what the Country People reported 'you, a white Witch, I could have wished you had 'been there to have exorcised that Rabble of 'Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for 'above three Hours. I could have allowed them 'to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the 'Sportsmen, plagued the Justice, and employed 'honest *Teague* with his holy Water. This was 'the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author 'had stopped here; but I cannot conceive what 'Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and 'the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, 'have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

'The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has 'drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears 'to have been misled in his Witchcraft by an unwary 'following the inimitable *Shakespear*. The In-'cantations in *Mackbeth* have a Solemnity admir-'ably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, 'and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides,

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.

[2] Shadwell's Play of the *Lancashire Witches* was in the bill of the Theatre advertised at the end of this number of the *Spectator*.

'By her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

'At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, on Tuesday next, being the 14th Day of August, will be presented, A comedy call'd the Lancashire Witches, Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell, late Poet Laureat. Carefully Revis'd. With all the Original Decorations of Scenes, Witche's Songs and Dances, proper to the Dramma. The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bullock, Sen., Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, Jun., Mrs. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cox. And the Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis. It being the last time of Acting it this Season.'

'that the Witches are a Part of the Story it self, 'as we find it very particularly related in *Hector* '*Boetius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. 'This therefore is a proper Machine where the 'Business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is 'extremely foreign from the Affair of Comedy. 'Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves 'disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, 'but by passing through an Imagination like '*Shakespear's* to form them; for which Reason 'Mr. *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* 'and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

But Shakespear's *Magick cou'd not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durst walk but He.[1]

'I should not, however, have troubled you with 'these Remarks, if there were not something else 'in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcised 'more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of 'some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, 'if I had not observed that those Jests can raise 'the loudest Mirth, though they are painful to 'right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

'We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste 'of that Age, but indeed by such Representations 'a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience 'to the worst; and, as one would think, neglects 'the Boxes, to write to the Orange-Wenches.

'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of 'the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The 'two young Ladies having given a notable Ex- 'ample of outwitting those who had a Right in 'the Disposal of them, and marrying without 'Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, 'who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this 'Remark,

——Design whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.

'We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men 'of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse 'might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's* Wife[2] 'was of the same Principle, but has express'd it 'with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in 'her Excuse, but in a sort of humorous Philosophy 'turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

That if weak Women go astray,
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

'This, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and dis- 'misses the Audience with very edifying Impres- 'sions.

'These things fall under a Province you have 'partly pursued already, and therefore demand 'your Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble 'an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were 'to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter 'would raise their Genius, by the Ambition of 'pleasing People of the best Understanding; and 'leave others who shew nothing of the Human 'Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at 'the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place, 'where Reason and Good-manners have no Right 'to disturb them.

August 8, 1711. *I am*, &c.

T.

[1] Prologue to Davenant and Dryden's version of the *Tempest*.

[2] In Prior's Poem of *Hans Carvel*.

No, 142.] *Monday, August* 13, 1711. [*Steele*.

——Irrupta tenet Copula—— Hor.

THE following Letters being Genuine,[1] and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *August* 9, 1711.

'I am now in the sixty seventh Year of my Age, 'and read you with Approbation; but methinks you 'do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, 'which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. 'It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; 'but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and 'was bred in a way that has made me ever since 'very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a 'Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who 'avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully 'educated, and all fantastical Objects were turned 'out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with 'the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scrip- 'ture Stories, had better Effects than now the 'Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* or *Bacchus* and '*Ariadne* in your fine present Prints. The Gentle- 'man I am married to made Love to me in Rap- 'ture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a 'Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a 'Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a 'right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard 'one to another, I inclose to you several of his 'Letters, writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; 'and one writ t'other Day, after so many Years 'Cohabitation.

Your Servant,
Andromache.

Madam, *August* 7, 1671.

'If my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for 'your Welfare and Repose could have any force, 'you last Night slept in Security, and had every 'good Angel in your Attendance. To have my 'Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant 'Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is 'liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and 'thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in 'Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender 'Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my 'Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Ten- 'derness, but cannot give relief to my gushing

[1] They are, after the first, with a few changes of phrase and the alteration of date proper to the design of this paper, copies of Steele's own love-letters addressed to Mrs. Scurlock, in August and September, 1707; except the last, a recent one, written since marriage.

'Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and 'yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, 'oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy 'Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, 'and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of 'Quiet but from your Pity; To grant it, would 'make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the 'Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of 'Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd 'find an agreeable Change in dismissing the 'Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complais-'ance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes 'of the latter Condition: As I live in Chains with-'out murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, 'so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the 'Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am
Your most devoted, most obedient Servant.

Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he had Hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.

Madam, September 3, 1671.

'Before the Light this Morning dawned upon 'the Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of 'its return, not that it cou'd give any new Sense 'of Joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you 'with its chearful Face, after a Quiet which I 'wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, 'the Day appeared with all the Influence of a 'Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions. 'Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind 'Being that disposes their Hearts, I contemn their 'low Images of Love. I have not a Thought 'which relates to you, that I cannot with Confi-'dence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me 'in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and 'reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Man-'ners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, 'with the Continuance of his Grace and Protec-'tion. This is an unusual Language to Ladies; 'but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy 'Motions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and mis-'led by a false and short Adoration into a solid 'and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Crea-'ture, palls in the Possession, but I love also your 'Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own; 'and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, 'some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the 'World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life 'of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to 'raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as 'yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and 'old Age, instead of introducing melancholy 'Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal 'Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes 'from the Duty of my Employment to write in, 'and without time to read over what I have writ, 'therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints 'of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little 'Order.

I am, dearest Creature,
Your most Obedient,
most Devoted Servant.

The two next were written after the Day of our Marriage was fixed.

Madam, September 25, 1671.

'It is the hardest thing in the World to be in 'Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all 'that speak to me find me out, and I must lock 'myself up, or other People will do it for me. A 'Gentleman asked me this Morning what News 'from *Holland*, and I answered, She's Exquisite-'ly handsome. Another desir'd to know when I 'had been last at *Windsor*, I reply'd, She designs 'to go with me. Prethee, allow me at least to 'kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that 'my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks 'I could write a Volume to you, but all the Lan-'guage on Earth would fail in saying how much, 'and with what dis-interested Passion,

I am ever Yours.

September 30, 1671.

Dear Creature, Seven in the Morning.

'Next to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank 'you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. 'To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, 'and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, 'has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to 'be express'd than return'd. But I am, my Love-'ly Creature, contented to be on the obliged Side, 'and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours 'to convince you and all the World of the Sense I 'have of your Condescension in Chusing,

MADAM, Your Most Faithful,
Most Obedient Humble Servant.

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England.

Madam, October 20, 1671.

'I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but 'I am forced to write from a Coffee-house where 'I am attending about Business. There is a dirty 'Crowd of Busie Faces all around me talking of 'Mony, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is 'Love: Love which animates my Heart, sweetens 'my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every 'Action of my Life. 'Tis to my lovely Charmer 'I owe that many noble Ideas are continually 'affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the natu-'ral Effect of that generous Passion to create in 'the Admirer some Similitude of the Object ad-'mired; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to im-'prove from so sweet a Companion. Look up, 'my Fair One, to that Heaven which made thee 'such, and join with me to implore its Influence 'on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the 'Author of Love to bless the Rites he has ordain-'ed, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense 'of our transient Condition, and a Resignation to 'his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to 'a steady Endeavour to please him and each 'other.

I am, for Ever,
your Faithful Servant.

I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor wither'd Hand which sends you these Minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after Forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.

Madam, June 23, 1711.

'I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission 'to write Yesterday. It was no Failure of my

'tender Regard for you; but having been very 'much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject 'of my last, made me determine to suspend 'speaking of it 'till I came to myself. But, my 'Lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of 'Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which 'hangs over Human Life, to take from me the 'pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory 'of the bright Figure you appeared in when you 'gave your Hand and Heart to,

MADAM,

Your most Grateful Husband,

T. *and Obedient Servant.*

No. 143.] *Tuesday, August* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

Non est vivere sed valere Vita.—Martial.

IT is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Possetdrink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always [sitting[1]] with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Chearfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well-pleased: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among so many real Evils, a Chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have lov'd her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease: *Uranius* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a

[1] [sit]

great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, one in Thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occasions of Good-Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*,[1] in the following manner.

For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.

No. 144.] *Wednesday, August* 15, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Nŏris quam elegans formarum
Spectator siem.—Ter.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which has intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One[2] has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation than the best Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another[1] desires the Possessor of it to consider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third[2] calls it a short liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth,[3] a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the Help of Language; but I think *Carneades* spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a Beauteous Form; the most Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepossession in Favour of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handsome People usually are so fantastically pleas'd with themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

Amaryllis, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting itself with the Objects around her, insensible that she her self is one of the brightest in the Place.

Dulcissa is quite [of] another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, whereever she appears: So little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

Merab is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a Mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same Time, that the Design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a

[1] Ed. Amsterdam, 1699, p. 241. [2] Aristotle.

[1] Plato. [2] Socrates. [3] Theophrastus.

Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

Albacinda has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains Occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

Eudosia adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudosia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudosia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are softened into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudosia* exalted into Ambition.

Eucratia presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those Parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex; with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but [*Eucratia*,[1]] thou art Beauty!

Omnamante is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think yourself a Brute for your Rage, own yourself an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and shall end this Rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Antient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he saw admiring his own Figure in Brass. What, said the Philosopher,[1] could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you ashamed*, reply'd the Cynick, *to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?* T.

[1] [*Eudosia*]

[1] Antisthenes. Quoted from Diogenes Laertius, Lib. vi. cap. 1.

No. 145.] *Thursday, August* 16, 1711. [*Steele.*

Stultitiam patiuntur opes——. Hor.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am obliged to you for your Discourse the 'other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with 'great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Cir'cumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove 'Matters which no Body living denies. You can'not employ your self more usefully than in ad'justing the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses 'and accidental Companies, as well as in more 'formal Debates. Among many other things 'which your own Experience must suggest to you, 'it will be very obliging if you please to take no'tice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what '*Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so 'true, that it is almost Proverbial;[2] but shall 'only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows 'of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have pro'vided for them so plentifully, that they need not 'be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for 'the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are 'of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents 'is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. 'One of these Gentlemen is very loud and cap'tious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and 'being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of 'Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, 'he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go 'on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give 'himself the Air of a very learned and knowing 'Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Mis'fortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens 'sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of 'Mony. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes 'Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circum'stances in such a manner, that he has read all 'that I can pretend to, and runs me down with 'such a positive Air, and with such powerful 'Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I 'am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I 'was relating that I had read such a Passage in '*Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full 'Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to 'lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in 'that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoak'ing at another Table) that I was utterly mis-

[2] *I have heard old cunning Stagers*
Say Fools for Arguments lay Wagers.
Hudibras, Part II. c. i.

'taken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; 'he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my 'Ignorance how to take him up, and told the 'whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times 'over, and such a remarkable Instance as that 'could not escape him. He has at this time three 'considerable Wagers depending between him and 'some of his Companions, who are rich enough 'to hold an Argument with him. He has five 'Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that 'the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three 'Guineas to one that the World is round. We 'have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house, 'who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Dis-'putant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point 'of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with '*Cato's* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some 'People.

'There are several of this sort of Fellows in 'Town, who wager themselves into Statesmen, 'Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and 'every other Art, when the Persons with whom 'they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learn-'ing. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, 'this compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs 'other People so much Time and Pains, and you 'will oblige

Your humble Servant.

Coffee-House near the
Mr. SPECTATOR, Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

'Here's a young Gentleman that sings Opera-'Tunes or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him 'know that he has no Right to act here as if he 'were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide 'the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certify 'Whistlers, Singers, and Common Orators, that 'are heard further than their Portion of the 'Room comes [to,] that the Law is open, and that 'there is an Equity which will relieve us from 'such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, 'as much as against such as stop us on the Road. 'I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such 'Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage-Coach, 'and of the same Sentiment with Counsellor '*Ephraim*. It is true the Young Man is rich, 'and, as the Vulgar say, [needs [1] not care for any 'Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to 'go whistle where he pleases.

I am, SIR,
Your Most Humble Servant.

P.S. 'I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and 'here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; 'pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who 'are Proficients in Wind-Musick may lodge to 'the *Thames*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are a Company of young Women who pass 'our Time very much together, and obliged by 'the mercenary Humour of the Men to be as 'Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits 'among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has 'a Mind to. The Fellow is *rich*, and knows he 'may have any of us, therefore is particular to 'none, but excessively ill-bred. His Pleasantry 'consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by Sur-'prize, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our 'Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of 'our Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a 'thousand other Rudenesses. Now what I'll de-'sire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, 'that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, 'we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to 'be merry, to affront him, and use him like a 'Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood 'I take my Leave of you, and am, as they all are,

Your Constant Reader
and Well-wisher.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I and several others of your Female Readers, 'have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to 'our very Dress. There is not one of us but has re-'duced our outward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable 'Circumference, tho' indeed we retain still a 'Quilted one underneath, which makes us not 'altogether unconformable to the Fashion; but 'tis on Condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not 'his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly 'approve our Practice, by imitating our Pyra-'midical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable 'Coats forms as large a Circumference as our 'Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, 'so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain 'the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each 'Side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in 'just proportion to our Head-dresses. We make 'a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks 'to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your 'Architecture is mere *Gothick*, and betrays a 'worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are 'partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I 'am now

T. *Your Humble Servant.*

[1] [need]

No. 146.] *Friday, August* 17, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nemo Vir Magnus sine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit.—Tull.

WE know the highest Pleasure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Composure, when we read Sublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the Philo-sophick Parts of *Cicero's* Writings. Truth and good Sense have there so charming a Dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the Addition of Poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, had fallen into my Hands within these few Days; and the Impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admira-ble Writer the Author of *The Theory of the Earth*. The Subjects with which I have lately been en-tertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind to it, I could not at present talk of

any thing else; therefore I shall translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day. *Cicero* tells us,[1] that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his Sentence, to have spoken to his Judges in the following manner.

'I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it 'is infinitely to my Advantage that I am sent to 'Death: For it is of necessity that one of these 'two things must be the Consequence. Death 'must take away all these Senses, or convey me 'to another Life. If all Sense is to be taken 'away, and Death is no more than that profound 'Sleep without Dreams, in which we are some-'times buried, oh Heavens! how desirable is it 'to die? how many Days do we know in Life 'preferable to such a State? But if it be true 'that Death is but a Passage to Places which 'they who lived before us do now inhabit, how 'much still happier is it to go from those who call 'themselves Judges, to appear before those that 'really are such; before *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, '*Æacus*, and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men who 'have lived with Justice and Truth? Is this, do 'you think, no happy Journey? Do you think it 'nothing to speak with *Orpheus*, *Musæus*, *Homer*, 'and *Hesiod?* I would, indeed, suffer many 'Deaths to enjoy these Things. With what par-'ticular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes*, *Ajax*, 'and others, who like me have suffered by the 'Iniquity of their Judges. I should examine the 'Wisdom of that great Prince, who carried such 'mighty Forces against *Troy;* and argue with '*Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*, upon difficult Points, as I 'have in Conversation here, without being in 'Danger of being condemned. But let not those 'among you who have pronounced me an inno-'cent Man be afraid of Death. No Harm can 'arrive at a good Man whether dead or living; 'his Affairs are always under the direction of the 'Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is 'allotted to me myself this Day to have arrived 'by Chance; nor have I ought to say either 'against my Judges or Accusers, but that they 'thought they did me an Injury.—— But I detain 'you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, 'and you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has 'the Better is known to the Gods, but to no Mor-'tal Man.

The Divine *Socrates* is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breathed. But the modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature it self. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celestial Ambition, as far as it is consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World. How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together, the Physical and Moral World march the same Pace: To observe Paradise and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seasons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once stood?[2]

'Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this 'Subject, reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity 'and transient Glory of this habitable World. 'How by the Force of one Element breaking 'loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, 'all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, 'are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired 'and adored before as great and magnificent, is 'obliterated or vanished; and another Form and 'Face of things, plain, simple, and every where the 'same, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are 'now the great Empires of the World, and their 'great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, 'and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where 'they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the 'Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impres-'sions, what Difference or Distinction, do you 'see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* it self, eternal '*Rome*, the great City, the Empress of the 'World, whose Domination and Superstition, 'ancient and modern, make a great Part of the 'History of this Earth, what is become of her 'now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her 'Palaces were strong and sumptuous; *She glori-'fied her self, and lived deliciously, and said in 'her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sor-'row:* But her Hour is come, she is wiped away 'from the Face of the Earth, and buried in ever-'lasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and 'Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting 'Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth 'are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their 'Place is no where found.* Here stood the *Alps*, 'the Load of the Earth, that covered many 'Countries, and reached their Arms from the 'Ocean to the *Black Sea;* this huge Mass of 'Stone is softned and dissolved as a tender Cloud 'into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, 'and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds; there 'was frozen *Caucasus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, 'and the Mountains of *Asia;* and yonder towards 'the North, stood the *Riphæan* Hills, cloath'd in 'Ice and Snow. All these are Vanished, dropt 'away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great 'and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True 'are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Halle-'lujah.*

T.

[1] Tusculan Questions, Bk. I.

[2] Theory of the Earth, Book III., ch. xii.

No. 147.] *Saturday, August* 18, 1711. [*Steele.*

Pronuntiatio est Vocis et Vultus et Gestus moderatio cum venustate.—Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, 'that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And 'what more worthy your Observation than this? 'A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. 'It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that 'Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I 'conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is 'taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, 'where when they are got into *Latin*, they are 'looked upon as above *English*, the Reading of 'which is wholly neglected, or at least read to 'very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and 'Manner of Reading; by this means they have 'acquired such ill Habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy 'this, is to propose some Person of great Ability 'that way as a Pattern for them; Example being 'most effectual to convince the Learned, as well 'as instruct the Ignorant.

'You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* 'for above these four Years last past, and 'till '*Sunday* was Seven-night never discovered, to so 'great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common-'Prayer. When being at St. *James's Garlick-Hill* 'Church, I heard the Service read so distinctly, 'so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was 'next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My 'Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as 'usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers: I then 'considered I addressed my self to the Almighty, 'and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, 'I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, 'in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and 'fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The 'Confession was read with such a resigned Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable 'Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of 'the Mind in a Manner I never did before. To 'remedy therefore the Grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent 'Reader,[1] upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion-College*, and all 'other Conventions, should read Prayers before 'them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice, 'will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness, 'and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on 'their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour, 'and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read 'so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn 'to speak deliberately. There is another sort of 'Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being 'confined to no set measure; these pronounce five 'or six Words with great Deliberation, and the 'five or six subsequent ones with as great Celerity: 'The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted 'Voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: 'Sometimes again with one sort of a Tone, and 'immediately after with a very different one. 'These Gentlemen will learn of my admired 'Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery, and 'all who are innocent of these Affectations, but 'read with such an Indifferency as if they did not 'understand the Language, may then be informed 'of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, 'how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper 'Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice 'according to the Nature of the Sentence. There 'is certainly a very great Difference between the 'Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of 'you to inform a Set of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familiarity of 'Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, 'crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves: These are often pretty 'Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with 'so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

'This Indifferency seems to me to arise from 'the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of 'Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by some People, 'derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, 'was a Presbyterian Minister in some illiterate 'Part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had 'obtained the Faculty, *alias* Gift, of Talking in 'the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was 'understood by none but his own Congregation, 'and not by all of them. Since *Mas. Cant's* time, 'it has been understood in a larger Sense, and 'signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. 'But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due 'Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within 'this Description. So that our Readers may still 'be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. 'The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) 'do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of 'them; and that with so little Sense or Skill, that 'their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and 'Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but 'so improperly, that it is often placed on some very 'insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now 'if these Improprieties have so great an Effect on 'the People, as we see they have, how great an 'Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were composed, and that in Terms most affecting, most 'humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and 'Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion; what Influence, I say, would these 'Prayers have, were they delivered with a due

[1] The Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

'Emphasis, and apposite Rising and Variation of 'Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle 'Cadence, and, in a word, with such an Accent 'and Turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer.

'As the matter of Worship is now managed, in 'Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant 'Words and Phrases raised by a lively Vehe- 'mence; in our own Churches, the most exalted 'Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. 'I remember to have heard Dr. *S*——e[1] say in 'his Pulpit, of the Common-prayer, that, at 'least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human 'Institution: If the Gentlemen who err in this 'kind would please to recollect the many Pleas- 'antries they have read upon those who recite 'good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on 'to think that what in that Case is only Ridicul- 'ous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this 'to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this 'Trouble with what *Cæsar* said upon the Irregular- 'ity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you 'read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*[2]

T. *Your most Humble Servant.*

No. 148.] *Monday, August* 20, 1711. [*Steele.*

Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.—Hor.

MY Correspondents assure me that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the *Temple*, informs me that the Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both *French* and Country-Dances, and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head, and fall back, according to the respective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a full half Hour; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from Death have saved me?* and then asked the young Fellow (pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm) whether that was an Opera-Score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exercise above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to the full House who were turned upon him; without the least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town; they do not at all seem to be the Growth of our Island; the Pert, the Talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observations of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative *Englishman*, as I should be to see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Hedges. Where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers: These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much ease as we can our Eyes: It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have anything in the World to do. These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *Do not you think so?* Then whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that Person;* then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whisper'd to keep the Folly of what they say among Friends; but alas, they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World; which you would think he learned from some

[1] Smalridge?

[2] Si legis cantas: si cantas, male cantas. The word Cant is rather from cantare, as a chanting whine, than from the Andrew Cants, father and son, of Charles the Second's time.

familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in truth Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, 'That the Town says, and People begin to talk 'very freely, and they had it from Persons too 'considerable to be named, what they will tell 'you when things are riper.' My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

But I must not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are; which Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted against but as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these Ladies, my good Friends and Correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the Haunts of the Dancer; in order to which, I have sent them by the Penny-post the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

SIR,

'I have, you may be sure, heard of your Irregularities without regard to my Observations 'upon you; but shall not treat you with so much 'Rigour as you deserve. If you will give your-'self the Trouble to repair to the Place mentioned 'in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this 'Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious 'Room well-lighted, where there are Ladies and 'Musick. You will see a young Lady laughing 'next the Window to the Street; you may take 'her out, for she loves you as well as she does any 'Man, tho' she never saw you before. She never 'thought in her Life, any more than your self. 'She will not be surprised when you accost her, 'nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten 'from a Place where you are laughed at, to one 'where you will be admired. You are of no Con-'sequence, therefore go where you will be wel-'come for being so.

Your most Humble Servant.

SIR,

'The Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man 'the most impertinent Creature living, therefore 'you cannot be offended that they are displeased 'with you. Why will you take pains to appear 'wise, where you would not be the more esteemed 'for being really so? Come to us; forget the 'Gigglers; and let your Inclination go along with 'you whether you speak or are silent; and let all 'such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go 'their own way; there is no Room for you in that 'Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.

For Women born to be controll'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.[1] T.

No. 149.] *Tuesday, August* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici,
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.
Cæcil. apud Tull.

THE following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the young Widow of a Country Gentle-'man who has left me Entire Mistress of a large 'Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for 'the Difference in our Years. In these Circum-'stances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd 'of Admirers; which I have abridged in my own 'Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates 'only, both young, and neither of them disagree-'able in their Persons; according to the common 'way of computing, in one the Estate more than 'deserves my Fortune, and in the other my For-'tune more than deserves the Estate. When I 'consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I 'cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts 'of living great; but then he seems to receive 'such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge 'of what he has, he looks as if he was going to 'confer an Obligation on me; and the Readiness 'he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only 'hearing a Repetition of the same things he has 'said to a hundred Women before. When I con-'sider the other, I see myself approached with so 'much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt 'of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection 'within, and a Belief at the same time that he 'himself would be the only Gainer by my Con-'sent. What an unexceptionable Husband could 'I make out of both! but since that's impossible, 'I beg to be concluded by your Opinion; it is 'absolutely in your Power to dispose of

Your most Obedient Servant,
Sylvia.

Madam,

You do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour; If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances before you can judge

[1] Waller 'Of Love.'

of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon your Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature: and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage-Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate: but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and insure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone they revile each other's Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness: The former we may in some measure defend our selves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Passion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and your will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of Humour? and your way to this is to ask your self, which *of* them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both?* It would therefore methinks be a good way to determine your self: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in [another.][1] In plainer Terms: he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his Fortune attain to Personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon?* Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

T.

I am,
Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant.

No. 150.] *Wednesday, August* 22, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit—— Juv.

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitled, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse.* I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of *Grub-street* had dealt very much in *Plagues.* They have already published in the same Month, *The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a single Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman,* and *The Plague of Plagues.* The success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse.* However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniences and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short, gave Birth to the present Speculation: For after my Fancy had run over the most

[1] [any other.]

obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of *Rome*.

Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linam ostendit non una Cicatrix.
Juv. Sat. 3.

Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in Store,
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest:
The greasie Gown sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to say the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shoe be ript, or Patch is put,
He's wounded! see the Plaister on his Foot.
Dryd.

'Tis on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto.

Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.—Dryd.

It must be confess'd that few things make a Man appear more despicable or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dress; insomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean such as take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments; or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription; and probably gave too much Occasion for the Vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.

I have seen the Speech of a *Terræ-filius*, spoken in King *Charles* II.'s Reign; in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age; and after having mentioned the entire Friendship between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat.* The Men of Business were also infected with a Sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, short Hair, and unfolded Hankerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the Character of *very notable*, wear Shoestrings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Genius's for *Wit* and *Business* have almost entirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

Victor, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared at an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteelest Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*, though every way one of the greatest Genius's the Age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretensions to Wit and Learning: so that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osbourn* advises his Son[1] to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handsom Suit of Cloathes always procures some additional Respect. I have indeed myself observed that my Banker bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Wig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Esq.*, accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was myself an Eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary: His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several times to no purpose; 'till at last one of the [Lads[2]] presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?* pointing to a well-dressed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a [great[3]] deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Sixpence for wiping his Shoes. By this time

[1] Advice to a Son, by Francis Osborn, Esq., Part I. sect. 23.
[2] [Rascals] [3] [good]

the young *Templar*, who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.*

Tho' I by no means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate. X.

No. 151.] *Thursday, August* 23, 1711. [*Steele.*

Maximas Virtutes jacere omnes necesse est Voluptate dominante.—Tull. de Fin.

I KNOW no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same Time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister, or lie with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit, when he could have Wenches for Crowns apiece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible Wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the Addition of certain Falshood and possible Murder. WILL. thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature, with relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will necessarily follow that such Monsters as these will arise from a constant Application to such Blandishments as naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflection, and substitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a constant Pruriency of inordinate Desire.

Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints it self; and the constant Application to it palls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflections in the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the Reflection, that he could not believe such a one the Woman that upon Trial he found her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, down-cast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL.'s good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satires instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men, wherever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and entails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants.

Mortgages, Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at *Tyburn*, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure, before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure: Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankruptcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a Time, unskilfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance: this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T.

No. 152.] *Friday, August* 24, 1711. [*Steele.*

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Hom. Il. 6, v. 146.

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm ourselves against with so much Contemplation, Reason and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Battalions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you 'wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of 'Admiration to all who are not conversant in 'Camps; but when a Man has spent some time in 'that way of Life, he observes a certain Mechanick Courage which the ordinary Race of Men become Masters of from acting always in a 'Crowd: They see indeed many drop, but then 'they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not 'know why they should not again. Besides which 'general way of loose thinking, they usually spend 'the other Part of their Time in Pleasures upon 'which their Minds are so entirely bent, that short 'Labours or Dangers are but a cheap purchase of 'Jollity, Triumph, Victory, fresh Quarters, new 'Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are 'the Thoughts of the Executive Part of an Army, 'and indeed of the Gross of Mankind in general; 'but none of these Men of Mechanical Courage 'have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, 'out of a Consideration of greater Good than 'Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their 'Being, as to make it their first Position, That it 'is one Day to be resigned; and since it is, in the 'Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of 'Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. 'The Event of our Designs, say they, as it relates 'to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the 'Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon 'which Providence has ensured our Happiness, 'whether we die or live. All [that[1]] Nature has 'prescribed must be good; and as Death is 'natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear 'loses its Purpose when we are sure it cannot 'preserve us, and we should draw Resolution to 'meet it from the Impossibility to escape it. 'Without a Resignation to the Necessity of dying, 'there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any 'thing that is glorious: but when they have once 'attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a 'Life spent in Martial Adventures, are as great as 'any of which the human Mind is capable. The 'Force of Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed 'with the Conscience of well-doing and Thirst of 'Glory, to all which before was terrible and 'ghastly to the Imagination. Add to this, that 'the Fellowship of Danger, the common good of 'Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifest

[1] [which]

'Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who 'made no Figure till that Day, are so many In-'centives to destroy the little Consideration of 'their own Persons. Such are the Heroick Part 'of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders: As to 'the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how 'it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being 'void of Thought, insomuch that on occasion of 'the most imminent Danger they are still in the 'same Indifference. Nay I remember an In-'stance of a gay *French-man*, who was led on in 'Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it 'was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt 'and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action 'received a Wound he was sensible was mortal; 'his Reflection on this Occasion was, *I wish I 'could live another Hour, to see how this blunder-'ing Coxcomb will get clear of this Business.*[1]

'I remember two young Fellows who rid in the 'same Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were 'ever together; they eat, they drank, they in-'treagued; in a word, all their Passions and Affec-'tions seemed to tend the same Way, and they 'appeared serviceable to each other in them. We 'were in the Dusk of the Evening to march over 'a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen belonged 'to were to be transported in a Ferry-boat, as fast 'as they could. One of the Friends was now in 'the Boat, while the other was drawn up with 'others by the Water-side waiting the Return of 'the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passage 'by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who had 'the Rein of his Horse negligently under his Arm, 'was forced into the Water by his Horse's Jump-'ing over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, 'Who's that is drowned trow? He was immedi-'ately answer'd, Your Friend, *Harry Thompson.* 'He very gravely reply'd, *Ay, he had a mad 'Horse.* This short Epitaph from such a Familiar, 'without more Words, gave me, at that Time 'under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the 'Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and 'every other Motive of Life in the Generality 'rooted out by the present busie Scene about 'them: they lament no Man whose Capacity can 'be supplied by another; and where Men con-'verse without Delicacy, the next Man you meet 'will serve as well as he whom you have lived 'with half your Life. To such the Devastation of 'Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries 'of the Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the 'great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their 'Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of 'their own Senses and Appetites, forgetful of 'Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only 'Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the 'trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These 'are the People who make up the Gross of the 'Soldiery: But the fine Gentleman in that Band 'of Men is such a One as I have now in my Eye, 'who is foremost in all Danger to which he is 'ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Com-'panions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentle-'men; the private Men his Brethren, as they are 'of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold 'him: They wish him in Danger as he views their 'Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save 'him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the 'Order of the Files where he commands; every 'Man afraid for himself and his Neighbour, not 'lest their Commander should punish them, but 'lest he should be offended. Such is his Regiment 'who knows Mankind, and feels their Distresses 'so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing 'what is their Due, he would think himself below 'their Tailor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in 'Lace upon his own; and below the most rapaci-'ous Agent, should he enjoy a Farthing above his 'own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory 'is thy Fortune, and immortal Happiness, thy 'Reward. T.

[1] This is told in the 'Memoirs of Conde' of the Chevalier de Flourilles, a lieutenant-general of his killed in 1674, at the Battle of Senelf.

No. 153.] *Saturday, August* 25, 1711. [*Steele.*

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum; senectus autem peractio Ætatis est tanquam Fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjunctâ Satietate.—Tull. de Senec.

OF all the impertinent Wishes which we hear expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self Younger. I have observed this Wish is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, that it is no Dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat, or else on what was in it self shameful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It is (as my Author has it) as absurd in an old Man to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull or a Horse. These Wishes are both equally out of Nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to Justice, Law, and Reason. But tho' every old Man has been [Young[1]], and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural Misunderstanding between those two Stages of Life. The unhappy Want of Commerce arises from the insolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Despondence or Self-pity in Age. A young Man whose Passion and Ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation; but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the sawcy Pride he sees in him, are the Objects of our present Contempt and Derision. Contempt and Derision are harsh Words; but in what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in the Pursuit and Possession of sensual Pleasures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the Impotence and Desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in

[1] [a Young]

publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned Resignation to their Appetites, they give to sober Minds a Prospect of a despicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midst of their Follies, must certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Gratifications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous Inclination to that which it is not in the Course of Providence to recal. The State of an old Man, who is dissatisfy'd merely for his being such, is the most out of all Measures of Reason and good Sense of any Being we have any Account of from the highest Angel to the lowest Worm. How miserable is the Contemplation to consider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things, besides himself and Devils, are following the Order of Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being almost the sole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of Years: The Passions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reason is more powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other Day in Discourse with a Friend of his (reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack, those were happy Days! That is true,* reply'd his Friend, *but methinks we go about our Business more quietly than we did then.* One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have gone so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life itself is a Feaver, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Distemper, and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Conscience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-spent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old Man, must 'begin early to be one:' It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sensual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege, will tell you, he feels the Fingers that were buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea.*

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Nature and Reason dictate, into Chimera and Confusion.

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, carries in it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference, are Instances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *Tully*, regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can say more than an old Man, 'He shall live 'till 'Night?' Youth catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we die. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his Life's End. T.

No. 154.] *Monday, August* 27, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus—— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are frequent in the mention of Matters 'which concern the feminine World, and take 'upon you to be very severe against Men upon all 'those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid 'you have been very little conversant with Wo'men, or you would know the generality of them 'are not so angry as you imagine at the general 'Vices [among [1]] us. I am apt to believe (beg'ging your Pardon) that you are still what I my 'self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and 'therefore, for your Information, shall give you a 'short Account of my self, and the Reasons why 'I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every

[1] [amongst]

'thing which are necessary to the Character of a 'Man of Wit and Pleasure, to be well with the 'Ladies.

'You are to know then that I was bred a 'Gentleman, and had the finishing Part of my 'Education under a Man of great Probity, Wit, 'and Learning, in one of our Universities. I 'will *not* deny but this made my Behaviour and 'Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than 'Action; and a *Man* of a quite contrary Charac- 'ter, who never thought in his Life, rallied me 'one Day upon it, and said, He believed I was 'still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Vir- 'tue present, and I was not displeased to favour 'the Insinuation; but it had a quite contrary 'Effect from what I expected. I was ever after 'treated with great Coldness both by that Lady 'and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very 'little time I never came into a Room but I could 'hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl 'of Humour would on some [Occasion[1]] say, 'Why, how do you know more than any of us? 'An Expression of that kind was generally fol- 'lowed by a loud Laugh: In a word, for no other 'Fault in the World than that they really thought 'me as innocent as themselves, I became of no 'Consequence among them, and was received al- 'ways upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so 'strong an Impression upon me, that I resolved 'to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who 'laugh'd at me; but I observed it was Nonsense 'for me to be Impudent at first among those who 'knew me: My Character for Modesty was so 'notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that 'I resolved to shew my new Face in new Quarters 'of the World. My first Step I chose with Judg- 'ment; for I went to *Astrop*,[2] and came down 'among a Crowd of Academicks, at one Dash, 'the impudentest Fellow they had ever seen in 'their Lives. Flushed with this Success, I made 'Love and was happy. Upon this Conquest I 'thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to stay 'longer with my Mistress, and crossed the Coun- 'try to *Bury*: I could give you a very good Ac- 'count of my self at that Place also. At these 'two ended my first Summer of Gallantry. The 'Winter following, you would wonder at it, but I 'relapsed into Modesty upon coming among 'People of Figure in *London*, yet not so much 'but that the Ladies who had formerly laughed 'at me, said, Bless us! how wonderfully that 'Gentleman is improved? Some Familiarities 'about the Play-houses towards the End of the 'ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes 'of Adventures; and instead of returning the 'next Summer to *Astrop* or *Bury*,[3] I thought my 'self qualified to go to *Epsom*, and followed a 'young Woman, whose Relations were jealous of 'my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough*. I car- 'ried my Point, and in my third Year aspired to 'go to *Tunbridge*, and in the Autumn of the same 'Year made my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now 'got into the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and 'was run into a vast Acquaintance among them, 'which I always improved to the *best Advantage*. 'In all this Course of Time, and some Years fol- 'lowing, I found a sober modest Man was always 'looked upon by both Sexes as a precise un- 'fashioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was 'ordinary for a Man who had been drunk in good 'Company, or passed a Night with a Wench, to 'speak of it next Day before Women for whom 'he had the greatest Respect. He was reproved, 'perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan, or an Oh Fie, 'but the angry Lady still preserved an apparent 'Approbation in her Countenance: He was called 'a strange wicked Fellow, a sad Wretch; he 'shrugs his Shoulders, swears, receives another 'Blow, swears again he did not know he swore, 'and all was well. You might often see Men 'game in the Presence of Women, and throw at 'once for more than they were worth, to recom- 'mend themselves as Men of Spirit. I found by 'long Experience that the loosest Principles and 'most abandoned Behaviour, carried all before 'them in Pretensions to Women of Fortune. 'The Encouragement given to People of this 'Stamp, made me soon throw off the remaining 'Impressions of a sober Education. In the above- 'mentioned Places, as well as in Town, I always 'kept Company with those who lived most at 'large; and in due Process of Time I was a 'pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty 'Fellow among the Women. I must confess, I 'had some melancholy Hours upon the Account 'of the Narrowness of my Fortune, but my Con- 'science at the same time gave me the Comfort 'that I had qualified my self for marrying a Fortune.

'When I had lived in this manner for some 'time, and became thus accomplished, I was now 'in the twenty seventh Year of my Age, and 'about the Forty seventh of my Constitution, my 'Health and Estate wasting very fast; when I 'happened to fall into the Company of a very 'pretty young Lady in her own Disposal. I 'entertained the Company, as we Men of Gal- 'lantry generally do, with the many Haps and 'Disasters, Watchings under Windows, Escapes 'from jealous Husbands, and several other Perils. 'The young Thing was wonderfully charmed with 'one that knew the World so well, and talked so 'fine; with *Desdemona*, all her Lover said af- 'fected her; *it was strange, 'twas wondrous 'strange*. In a word, I saw the Impression I had 'made upon her, and with a very little Applica- 'tion the pretty Thing has married me. There is 'so much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, 'that I do now as much detest the Course I have 'been in for *many* Years, as I ever did before I 'entred into it.

'What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing 'all this to you, is that you would, before you go 'any further with your Panegyricks on the Fair 'Sex, give them some Lectures upon their silly 'Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice, 'and that it was not my natural Way, that I am 'now so far recovered as not to bring this believ- 'ing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for 'her Generosity to me. At the same time tell the

[1] [Occasions]

[2] A small Spa, in Northamptonshire, upon the Oxford border. From Astrop to Bath the scale of fashion rises.

[3] Bury Fair and Epsom Wells gave titles to two of Shadwell's Comedies.

'Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they 'take too little Care of improving themselves in 'little things: A good Air at entring into a Room, 'a proper Audacity in expressing himself with 'Gaiety and Gracefulness, would make a young 'Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable of dis-'countenancing the shallow impudent Rogues 'that shine among the Women.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a 'very sagacious Person, but you are so great with '*Tully* of late, that I fear you will contemn these 'Things as Matters of no Consequence: But be-'lieve me, Sir, they are of the highest Importance 'to Human Life; and if you can do any thing to-'wards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obliga-'tion upon all your Contemporaries who are 'Fathers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,
T. Simon Honeycomb.

No. 155.[1] *Tuesday, August* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala—— Hor.

I HAVE more than once taken Notice of an indecent Licence taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have, upon making Observations of this sort, received innumerable Messages from that Part of the Fair Sex whose Lot in Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those 'whom you have thought fit to mention as an 'Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of 'Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily 'forgive you, who are the Cause of it, if you will 'do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of 'you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are 'otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably 'hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the 'improper Discourses they are pleased to enter-'tain me with. They strive who shall say the 'most immodest Things in my Hearing: At the 'same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar 'staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my 'Looks and Gestures according to their own Ima-'ginations. In this passive Condition I know not 'where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what 'to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to 'be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with 'an Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let her alone, she 'knows as well as we, for all she looks so. Good 'Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade Gentlemen that it is 'out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman 'may be modest and yet keep a Publick-house. Be 'pleased to argue, that in truth the Affront is the 'more unpardonable because I am oblig'd to suffer 'it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, 'the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from 'the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me, 'from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries 'which I hear from Morning to Night. In a 'Word, it is too much for me to bear, and I desire 'you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and 'Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to 'me, and send it to you for the Press. It is possi-'ble when they see how empty what they speak, 'without the Advantage of an impudent Counten-'ance and Gesture, will appear, they may come 'to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults 'they are guilty of towards me. I am,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
The Idol.

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which, they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from '*Change-Alley* are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chase some eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have so little Deference to all Mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by two's and three's at a time, with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Conversation of Common-place Jests, to the Injury of her whose Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of these Conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their Discourses will raise the usual Stile of buying and selling: Instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine Folks an Exchange of Compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant Difference between

[1] In the first issue this is numbered by mistake 156. The wrong numbering is continued to No. 163, when two successive papers are numbered 163; there is no 164, and then two papers are numbered 165. After this, at 166 the numbering falls right.

the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond, or a Bank-Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage: I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of those erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have read your Account of Beauties, and 'was not a little surprized to find no Character of 'my self in it. I do assure you I have little else 'to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here 'are Merchants of no small Consideration, who 'call in as certainly as they go to '*Change*, to say 'something of my roguish Eye: And here is one 'who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over 'all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; 'then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for 'his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a Man of great 'Vivacity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me, 'whose Shop is frequented only by People of 'Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with 'for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay 'who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my 'Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda*, '*Eudosia*, and all the rest would be used just as 'we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore 'pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order 'of Beauties, and I shall be

T. *Your obliged humble Servant.*

No. 156.] *Wednesday, August* 29, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo—— Hor.

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town: In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species: His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the Course of Intreagues as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the Fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite with him to lay Suspicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow lest another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bareface* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World

but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation one with another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man of Sense, or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing, than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Womens Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service, without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman, to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind, is a Recommendation: and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies, to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a Fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched Hat, a measurable Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alas, any one of them is enough to undo Thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of *Ovid's* Epistles by Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one 'would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the 'Sticks of one's Fan, say something of the *Cupids* 'in it, and then call one so many soft Names which 'a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers Ends. 'There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, when 'attacked by such a Force against a weak Wo-'man.' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-Slaughter.

It is certain that People are got into a Way of Affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein, she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair.[1] T.

No. 157.] *Thursday, August* 30, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum*
Naturæ Deus humanæ Mortalis in unum
Quodque Caput—— Hor.

I AM very much at a loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles* in *Latin*. The natural Disposition to any Particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards my self so far, as to attempt Things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My Common-place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would, if he had Kings to run against him. *Cassius*, who was one of the Conspirators against *Cæsar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for saying his Father

[1] To this number is appended the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. SPECTATOR *gives his most humble Service to* Mr. R. M. *of* Chippenham *in* Wilts, *and hath received the Patridges.*

was Master of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of Schoolmasters. The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart-aches and Terrors, to which our Childhood is exposed in going through a Grammar-School: Many of these stupid Tyrants exercise their Cruelty without any manner of Distinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed to be acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Tully*, or *Virgil*; and there are as many who have Capacities for understanding every Word those great Persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Relish of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the Care of Youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World itself in Order without Corporal Punishment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chastised for a Blockhead, when it is good Apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an Error, which a Lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind must necessarily be the worse for such Indignities; and it is a sad Change to lose of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but must remember to have seen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood) I say no Man has passed through this way of Education, but must have seen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears, throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse: The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of Talking, *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue, tho' they are endowed with all that is good; so there are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it.*[1] Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the same Methods as is used to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardiness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Sauciness which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The *Spartan* Boy who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Sense of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent Natures are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Distemper; when he comes to suffer Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admonition of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the Lash is suffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined and [he] sent to some Mechanick Way of Life, without respect to his Birth, if Nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not still Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have ob-

[1] Epist. 95.

served, taken, or Observation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no small Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value set upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertisement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and subscribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Person whom I have not the Honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in Horse-flesh.

A Chesnut Horse called Cæsar, *bred by* James Darcy, *Esq., at* Sedbury, *near* Richmond *in the County of* York; *his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by* Blunderbuss, *which was got by* Hemsly Turk, *and he got Mr.* Courand's Arabian, *which got Mr.* Minshul's Jews-trump. *Mr.* Cæsar *sold him to a Nobleman (coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and a Shilling the Man.*

T. Enos Thomas.

No. 158.] *Friday, August* 31, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*—Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality, I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have observed through the whole Course of 'your Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called 'them) you are very industrious to overthrow all 'that many your Superiors who have gone before 'you have made their Rule of writing. I am now 'between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to 'be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry 'in the joyous Reign of *Charles* the Second: We 'then had, I humbly presume, as good Under-'standings among us as any now can pretend to. 'As for yourself, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, you seem with 'the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very 'Fundamentals upon which we conducted our 'selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of 'Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is 'any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination '[is[1]] the best Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice 'any thing else but Health and Disease. We 'had no more to do but to put a Lady into good 'Humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. 'Then again, your *Tully*, and your Discourses of 'another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and 'good Humour. Pr'ythee don't value thyself on 'thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the 'Dignity of human Nature; take my Word for it, 'a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in '*England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one 'would think you do) set up for being in vogue in 'Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent 'of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then 'been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and 'your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the 'Fair and the Witty to walk by: But alas, Sir, 'what can you hope for from entertaining People 'with what must needs make them like themselves 'worse than they did before they read you? Had 'you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* 'charming, though inconstant, to find something 'in human Nature itself to make *Zoilus* excuse 'himself for being fond of her; and to make 'every Man in good Commerce with his own Re-'flections, you had done something worthy our 'Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not com-'mend you for disapproving us. I have a great 'deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all 'in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not 'write like a Gentleman.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The other Day we were several of us at a Tea-'Table, and according to Custom and your own 'Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It 'was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat 'with great Freedom that Character which you 'call a Woman's Man. We gave up all the Kinds 'you have mentioned, except those who, you 'say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the 'Occasion commissioned by the Company to write 'to you and tell you, That we shall not part with 'the Men we have at present, 'till the Men of 'Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their 'Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine 'but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense 'better than the Ribaldry we are at present enter-'tained with, but we must have Company, and 'among us very inconsiderable is better than none 'at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, 'and came into the World to create Relations 'among Mankind; and Solitude is an unnatural 'Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding 'would forget a little of their Severity, they would 'find their Account in it; and their Wisdom 'would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are 'now Strangers. It is natural among us when 'Men have a true Relish of our Company and our 'Value, to say every thing with a better Grace; 'and there is without designing it something or-'namental in what Men utter before Women, 'which is lost or neglected in Conversations of 'Men only. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, it 'would do you no great Harm if you yourself 'came a little more into our Company; it would 'certainly cure you of a certain positive and de-'terminingManner in which you talk sometimes. 'In hopes of your Amendment,

I am,
SIR,
Your gentle Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your professed Regard to the Fair Sex, may 'perhaps make them value your Admonitions 'when they will not those of other Men. I desire 'you, Sir, to repeat some Lectures upon Subjects 'which you have now and then in a cursory man-'ner only just touched. I would have a *Spectator* 'wholly writ upon good Breeding: and after you 'have asserted that Time and Place are to be very 'much considered in all our Actions, it will be 'proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On '*Sunday* last a grave and reverend Man preached

[1] [is not]

'at our Church: There was something particular 'in his Accent, but without any manner of Affect- 'ation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers 'thought the most necessary Thing to be taken 'notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an 'Occasion of Mirth during the whole time of Ser- 'mon: You should see one of them ready to 'burst behind a Fan, another pointing to a Com- 'panion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch 'Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her 'Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who 'looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for 'ogling and admiring them: There was one of the 'merry ones in particular, that found out but just 'then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a 'reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and 'over again, to find her self Employment and not 'laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, that the Church-warden should 'hold up his Wand on these Occasions, and keep 'the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does 'the Peace in a Tumult elsewhere?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman's Man, and read with a very 'fine Lady your Paper, wherein you fall upon us 'whom you envy: What do you think I did? you 'must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator* 'to her, and she laughed at the Places where she 'thought I was touched; I threw away your 'Moral, and taking up her Girdle cried out,

Give me but what this Ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the [*Sun*[1]] *goes round.*[2]

'She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Pedant; 'so say of me what you please, read *Seneca* and 'quote him against me if you think fit.

T. *I am,*
SIR,
Your humble Servant.

No. 159.] *Saturday, September* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam—— Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

'On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according 'to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep 'holy, after having washed my self, and offered 'up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high 'Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the 'Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here 'airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I 'fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity 'of human Life; and passing from one Thought 'to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow 'and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, 'I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock 'that was not far from me, where I discovered 'one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little 'Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked 'upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to 'play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding 'sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that 'were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether 'different from any thing I had ever heard: They 'put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are 'played to the departed Souls of good Men upon 'their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the 'Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them 'for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My 'Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me 'was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several 'had been entertained with Musick who had 'passed by it, but never heard that the Musician 'had before made himself visible. When he had 'raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs 'which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his 'Conversation, as I looked upon him like one 'astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the wav- 'ing of his Hand directed me to approach the 'Place where he sat. I drew near with that Re- 'verence which is due to a superior Nature; and 'as my Heart was entirely subdued by the cap- 'tivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his 'Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me 'with a Look of Compassion and Affability that 'familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once 'dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with 'which I approached him. He lifted me from the 'Ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirzah*, 'said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; 'follow me.

'He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the 'Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy 'Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou 'seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a pro- 'digious Tide of Water rolling through it. The 'Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of 'Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is 'part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the 'Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a 'thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a 'thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, 'is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, 'measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the 'Beginning of the World to its Consummation. 'Examine now, said he, this Sea that is bounded 'with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what 'thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, 'standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge 'thou seest, said he, is human Life, consider it 'attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of 'it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten 'entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which 'added to those that were entire, made up the 'Number about an hundred. As I was counting 'the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge 'consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that 'a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the

[1] [*World*] [2] Waller, On a Girdle.

'Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: 'But tell me further, said he, what thou discover- 'est on it. I see Multitudes of People passing 'over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on 'each End of it. As I looked more attentively, 'I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' 'the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed un- 'derneath it; and upon farther Examination, per- 'ceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that 'lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers 'no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into 'the Tide and immediately disappeared. These 'hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the En- 'trance of the Bridge, so that the Throngs of 'People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but 'many of them fell into them. They grew thinner 'towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer 'together towards the End of the Arches that 'were entire.

'There were indeed some Persons, but their 'Number was very small, that continued a kind 'of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but 'fell through one after another, being quite tired 'and spent with so long a Walk.

'I passed some Time in the Contemplation of 'this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety 'of Objects which it presented. My Heart was 'filled with a deep Melancholy to see several 'dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and 'Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood 'by them to save themselves. Some were looking 'up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, 'and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and 'fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in 'the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes 'and danced before them; but often when they 'thought themselves within the reach of them 'their Footing failed and down they sunk. In 'this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with 'Scymetars in their Hands, and others with 'Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, 'thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which 'did not seem to [lie in their Way,[1]] and which 'they might have escaped had they not been 'forced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this 'melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long 'enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, 'said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing 'thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, 'What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds 'that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, 'and settling upon it from time to time? I see 'Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and 'among many other feather'd Creatures several 'little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers 'upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, 'with the like Cares and Passions that infest 'human Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man 'was made in vain! How is he given away to 'Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and 'swallowed up in Death! The Genius being 'moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit 'so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said 'he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in 'his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye 'on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the 'several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. 'I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and '(whether or no the good Genius strengthened it 'with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part 'of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye 'to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the 'farther End, and spreading forth into an immense 'Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant run- 'ning through the Midst of it, and dividing it into 'two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one 'Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing 'in it: But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean 'planted with innumerable Islands, that were 'covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven 'with a thousand little shining Seas that ran 'among them. I could see Persons dressed in 'glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, 'passing among the Trees, lying down by the 'Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; 'and could hear a confused Harmony of singing 'Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical 'Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the 'Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished 'for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away 'to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me 'there was no Passage to them, except through 'the Gates of Death that I saw opening every 'Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with 'which the whole Face of the Ocean appears 'spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in 'Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there 'are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou 'here discoverest, reaching further than thine 'Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it 'self. These are the Mansions of good Men after 'Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds 'of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed 'among these several Islands, which abound with 'Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suit- 'able to the Relishes and Perfections of those who 'are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise 'accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are 'not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contend- 'ing for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives 'thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is 'Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so 'happy an Existence? Think not Man was made 'in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for 'him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on 'these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew 'me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid 'under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean 'on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The 'Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to 'address myself to him a second time, but I found 'that he had left me; I then turned again to the 'Vision which I had been so long contemplating; 'but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched 'Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing 'but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with 'Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides 'of it.

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah. C.

[1] [have been laid for them,] corrected by an erratum in No. 161.

No. 160.] *Monday, September* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
Hor.

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *great Genius;* and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Genius's those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Arts or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times, and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the *French* call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the most polite Authors. The greatest Genius [which[1]] runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Genius's that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in *Homer*. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were very much above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison: Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damascus;* as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature; *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy by an Ass in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the Sublime in these Sorts of Writings. The present Emperor of *Persia*, conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominates himself The Sun of Glory and the Nutmeg of Delight. In short, to cut off all Cavilling against the Ancients and particularly those of the warmer Climates who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *Bienséance* in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years, and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions. Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I see People copying Works which, as *Horace* has represented them, are singular in their Kind, and inimitable; when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in *Terence:*

——Incerta hæc si tu postules
Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

In short a modern Pindarick Writer, compared with *Pindar*, is like a Sister among the *Camisars*[1] compared with *Virgil's* Sibyl: There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above its self, and makes the Sounds more than human.

[There is another kind of great Genius's which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for Distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This[2]] second Class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Aristotle;* among the *Romans*, *Virgil* and *Tully;* among the *English*, *Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

[3] The Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews itself [after[4]] a

[1] [that]

[1] The Camisars, or French Prophets, originally from the Cevennes, came into England in 1707. With violent agitations and distortions of body they prophesied and claimed also the power to work miracles; even venturing to prophesy that Dr Emes, a convert of theirs, should rise from the dead five months after burial.

[2] [The]

[3] Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

[4] [in]

different Manner. In the first it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderness of noble Plants rising in a thousand beautiful Landskips, without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the same rich Soil under the same happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

The great Danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, lest they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themselves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the best Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may observe that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not something in their Way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

[1] It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once saw a Shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author, [who[2]] used to divert himself in his Solitudes with tossing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to so great a degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perseverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriousness and Gravity of a Privy-Councillor: and I could not but reflect with my self, that the same Assiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*. C.

No. 161.] *Tuesday, Sept.* 4, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Ipse dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio et Socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat: pecorisque magistris
Velocis, Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agresti nudat prædura Palæstra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et Frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.
Virg. G. 2.

I AM glad that my late going into the Country has encreased the Number of my Correspondents, one of whom sends me the following Letter.

SIR,

'Though you are pleased to retire from us so 'soon into the City, I hope you will not think the 'Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of 'your Inspection for the future. I had the Hon'our of seeing your short Face at Sir ROGER DE 'COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your 'Person and Writings both extraordinary. Had 'you stayed there a few Days longer you would 'have seen a Country *Wake*, which you know in 'most Parts of *England* is the *Eve-Feast of the* '*Dedication of our Churches*. I was last Week 'at one of these Assemblies which was held in a 'neighbouring Parish; where I found their *Green* 'covered with a promiscuous Multitude of all 'Ages and both Sexes, who esteem one another 'more or less the following Part of the Year ac'cording as they distinguish themselves at this 'Time. The whole Company were in their Holi'day Cloaths, and divided into several Parties, all 'of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those 'Exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the 'Approbation of the Lookers on.

'I found a Ring of Cudgel-Players, who were 'breaking one another's Heads in order to make 'some Impression on their Mistresses Hearts. I 'observed a lusty young Fellow, who had the 'Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what con'siderably added to the Anguish of the Wound, 'was his over-hearing an old Man, who shook his 'Head and said, *That he questioned now if black* 'Kate *would marry him these three Years*. I 'was diverted from a farther Observation of these 'Combatants, by a Foot-ball Match, which was 'on the other side of the *Green*; where *Tom* '*Short* behaved himself so well, that most People 'seemed to agree *it was impossible that he should* '*remain a Batchelor till the next Wake*. Hav'ing played many a Match my self, I could have 'looked longer on this Sport, had I not observed 'a Country Girl, who was posted on an Eminence 'at some Distance from me, and was making so 'many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting 'her whole Body in so strange a Manner, as 'made me very desirous to know the Meaning 'of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that 'she was overlooking a Ring of Wrestlers, and 'that her Sweet-heart, a Person of small Stature, 'was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, 'who twirled him about, and shook the little Man 'so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts 'it produced all those Agitations in the Person of 'his Mistress, who I dare say, like *Cælia* in '*Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have '*wished herself invisible to catch the strong Fel*'*low by the Leg*. The Squire of the Parish treats 'the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead 'of Ale; and proposes a *Beaver-Hat* as a Recom'pense to him who gives most *Falls*. This has 'raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of 'the Place, that some of them have rendered 'themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I 'was often surprised to see a Fellow's Heels fly 'up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly 'that I could scarce discern it. I found that the 'old Wrestlers seldom entered the Ring, till some 'one was grown formidable by having thrown two 'or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves 'as it were in a reserved Body to defend the *Hat*, 'which is always hung up by the Person who gets 'it in one of the most Conspicuous Parts of the 'House, and looked upon by the whole Family as 'something redounding much more to their Hon'our than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow 'who was so busy in regulating all the Ceremonies,

[1] Not a new paragraph in the first issue.
[2] [that]

'and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance 'in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who 'he was, and was immediately answered, *That 'he did not value himself upon nothing, for that 'he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, 'that his Parlour looked like a Haberdasher's 'Shop:* However this Thirst of Glory in them 'all, was the Reason that no one Man stood *Lord 'of the Ring* for above three *Falls* while I was 'amongst them.

'The young Maids, who were not Lookers on 'at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in 'some Diversion; and upon my asking a Farmer's 'Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with 'so much Attention, he told me, *That he was see-'ing* Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-'Heart, *pitch a Bar.*

'In short, I found the men endeavoured to 'shew the Women they were no Cowards, and 'that the whole Company strived to recommend 'themselves to each other, by making it appear 'that they were all in a perfect State of Health, 'and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily La-'bour.

'Your Judgment upon this Method of *Love* and '*Gallantry*, as it is at present practised amongst 'us in the Country, will very much oblige,

SIR, Yours, &c.

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Commonwealths of *Greece*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlum*, which was composed of *Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing*, and *Boxing*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *England*, having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow; by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army: And that I once met with a Book of *Projects*, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the same time she wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it self to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom Short*, and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleased with having *Love* made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *Kennet*,[1] with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

These Wakes, says he, *were in Imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι, or Love-Feasts; and were first established in* England *by Pope* Gregory *the Great, who in an Epistle to* Melitus *the Abbot gave Order that they should be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

He adds, *That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery; and by degrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an* Exeter *Assizes the Lord Chief Baron* Walter *made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes; but on Bishop* Laud's *complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed.* X.

No. 162.] *Wednesday, September* 5, 1711. [*Addison.*

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.—Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life, therefore, a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all Kinds should take particular care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life [which[2]] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in

[1] Parochial Antiquities (1795), pp. 610, 614.
[2] [that]

pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When [Ambition[1]] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine our selves throughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In respect of our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sun-shine, have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

——Sardus habebat'
Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæsar qui cogere posset
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modò summâ
Voce, modò hâc, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modò sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Manè: Diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi —— Hor. Sat. 3, Lib. 1.

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden*,[1] and raised upon the same Foundation.

In the first Rank of these did Zimri *stand:*
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by Starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chemist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who coil'd ev'ry Hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy! C.

[1] [Honour]

[1] In his 'Absalom and Achitophel.' The character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

No. 163.] *Thursday, Sept.* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Si quid ego adjuvero, curamve levasso,
Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii?—Enn. ap. Tullium.

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and sup-

porting [ones [1]] self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easie now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[2]

'I am one of your Disciples, and endeavour to 'live up to your Rules, which I hope will incline 'you to pity my Condition: I shall open it to you 'in a very few Words. About three Years since 'a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself 'would have approved, made his Addresses to me. 'He had every thing to recommend him but an 'Estate, so that my Friends, who all of them ap'plauded his Person, would not for the sake of 'both of us favour his Passion. For my own 'part, I resigned my self up entirely to the Di'rection of those who knew the World much 'better than my self, but still lived in hopes that 'some Juncture or other would make me happy 'in the Man, whom, in my Heart, I preferred to 'all the World; being determined if I could not 'have him, to have no Body else. About three 'Months ago I received a Letter from him, ac'quainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he 'had a considerable Estate left him, which he said 'was welcome to him upon no other Account, but 'as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that 'lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You 'may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I re'ceived this Letter, which was followed by se'veral others filled with those Expressions of Love 'and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt 'more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe 'than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But Sir, 'how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last 'Week's Post I received a letter from an intimate 'Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting 'me, that as he had just settled his Affairs, and 'was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a 'Fever and died. It is impossible to express to 'you the Distress I am in upon this Occasion. I 'can only have Recourse to my Devotions; and 'to the reading of good Books for my Consola'tion; and as I always take a particular Delight 'in those frequent Advices and Admonitions which 'you give to the Publick, it would be a very great 'piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assist'ance in this Conjuncture. If after the reading 'of this Letter you find your self in a Humour, 'rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort 'me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, 'and think no more of it; but if you are touched 'with my Misfortune, which is greater than I 'know how to bear, your Counsels may very 'much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the af'flicted

LEONORA.

A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Passion itself so softens and subdues the Heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befal it. The Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the Force [which [1]] is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. *Evremont*, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors [who [2]] are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies *Don Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we make between our selves and our Fellow Sufferers. A Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Stroaks of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her deceased Lover, there are Persons in several Parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the Appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted *Disciple*, that possiby what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they

[1] *[one]*

[2] This letter is by Miss Shepheard, the 'Parthenia' of No. 140.

[1] [that] [2] [that]

now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Escapes and Blessings.

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

When I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head, and shew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I shall give it my Reader as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon Reason, and established in good Sense. L.

No. 164.] *Friday, September* 7, 1711. [*Addison.*

Illa; Quis et me, inquit, miserum, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and vertuous Education. When he was in the twentieth year of his Age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for time to [efface[1]]: He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raised in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbad him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind: The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who, after a long Tumult of Passions which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

'The Thought of my *Constantia*, which for 'some years has been my only Happiness, is now 'become a greater Torment to me than I am 'able to bear. Must I then live to see you 'another's? The Streams, the Fields and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, 'grow painful to me; Life it self is become a 'Burden. May you long be happy in the World, 'but forget that there was ever such a Man in it 'as

THEODOSIUS.

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to inquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep Melancholy, which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused her self for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius:* In short, she resolved to suffer the *utmost* Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquillity, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeased with [a[1]] Resolution, [which[2]] would save Money in

[1] [deface]

[1] [her] [2] [that]

his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* Church for those who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very Morning that the above-mentioned Inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious House in the City, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that Secresy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Constantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate [himself[1]] more entirely to Religion, he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all [who[2]] conversed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply her self in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a [shaven[3]] Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entred upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he liv'd, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted ——To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—— That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended——That she should not suffer her self to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolution[s] she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

Constantia's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*: From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'As the First-fruits of those Joys and Consola-
'tions which you may expect from the Life you
'are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that
'*Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon
'your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father,
'to whom you have confessed your self, was once
'that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament.
'The love which we have had for one another will
'make us more happy in its Disappointment than
'it could have done in its Success. Providence
'has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not
'according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theo-*
'*dosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one
'who will not cease to pray for you in Father
FRANCIS.

Constantia saw that the Hand-writing agreed

[1] [himself up] [2] [that] [3] [shaved]

with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being: I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Feaver broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sicknesses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, If I do not ask anything improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it.——She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. *They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.* C.

No. 165.] *Saturday, September* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Si fortè necesse est,*
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.[1]
Hor.

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us, and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so Adulterated our Tongue with strange Words that it would be impossible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very industrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Atchieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain *English*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in *English* Phrases, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that Things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity: but the *English* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know what Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels [which[1]] may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made accessory to their own Disgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*.

[*Purpurea intexti*[2]] *tollunt aulæa Britanni.*
Georg. 3, v. 25.

Which interwoven Britains *seem to raise,*
And shew the Triumph that their Shame displays.

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great Modern Critick.[3] I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discovered the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquished them in Battel. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those

[1] The motto in the original edition was
Semivirumque bovem Semibovemque virum.
Ovid.

[1] [that] [2] [*Atque intertexti*]
[3] Dr. Richard Bentley.

hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, inquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

'Upon the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our 'General the next Day sent a Party of Horse to 'reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about 'a [Quarter of an Hour's[1]] distance from the Army, 'who returned again to the Camp unobserved 'through several Defiles, in one of which they met 'with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, 'and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The 'Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a 'Message which he would communicate to none 'but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, 'who they say behaved himself very saucily, with 'a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The 'next Morning our Army being divided into two 'Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: 'You will hear in the Publick Prints how we 'treated them, with the other Circumstances of 'that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be 'in that Regiment that pushed the *Gens d' Arms*. 'Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a 'Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance; 'but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our 'preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to at-'tack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us '*Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a 'great many other General Officers, and Troops 'without number, are made Prisoners of War, and 'will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the 'Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning 'but these Particulars will be very welcome to 'you, I congratulate you upon them, and am 'your most dutiful Son, &c.

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He must either banter us or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts afore, You see here, says he, when he writes for Mony he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L.

[1] [Mile]

No. 166.] *Monday, September* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— *Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.
Ovid.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being, and that those Ideas, which are in the Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Transcript of Words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines.

Now all the wide extended Sky,
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's *sacred Work shall die.*

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time: Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at present; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in mouldring Materials: Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprest upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number

they please, which shall be as valuable as the Originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a Prospect of Eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other Advantages which Artists meet with. The Artist finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an Inestimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Aristotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place and made the Property of a single Person?

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from Age to Age throughout the whole Course of Time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Posterity, and poison the Minds of Men with Vice and Error? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and seasoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Pests of Society, and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is said of those who die in Distempers which breed an Ill-will towards their own Species) to scatter Infection and destroy their Posterity. They act the Counterparts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and seem to have been sent into the World to deprave human Nature, and sink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory so long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Posterity: For Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our Sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after Death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Tho' the Roman Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what passes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Sense of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleasing his surviving Admirers.

To take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheistical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great Contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his Heart than the Sense of his having seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Book to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate, finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any Hurt: That his Cause was so very bad, and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it: In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the same Success. C.

No. 167.] *Tuesday, September* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ;
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus Error.
Hor.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination, unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an Unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same ungoverned Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate publick and notorious Falsehoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private; one is a Prating, the other a Silent Liar.

There is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies, but mere present Amusement:

But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above-mentioned. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place; and that when they are valued in the first Degree, they are as disappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Sept.* 6, 1711.

'I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, 'as you will find by the Sequel; and think myself 'Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. 'I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one 'of that Species of Men who are properly denomin-'ated Castle-Builders, who scorn to be beholden 'to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the 'Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their 'Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the 'Air, Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the 'Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be 'difficult to enumerate what august Palaces and 'stately Porticoes have grown under my forming 'Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and 'shady Groves have started into Being, by the 'powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Castle-builder 'is even just what he pleases, and as such I have 'grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered un-'controulable Edicts, from a Throne to which 'conquered Nations yielded Obeysance. I have 'made I know not how many Inroads into *France*, 'and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom; 'I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Cham-'paign at *Versailles*; and I would have you take 'Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People 'already cowed and accustomed to Flight, but I 'could, *Almanzor*-like,[1] drive the *British* General 'from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had 'ever been affronted by the Confederates. There 'is no Art or Profession, whose most celebrated 'Masters I have not eclipsed. Where-ever I have 'afforded my Salutary Preference, Fevers have 'ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human 'Fabrick. When an Eloquent Fit has been upon 'me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has 'animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have 'found their Passions work'd up into Rage, or 'soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very 'well made; yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I 'have stretched into proper Stature, and killed 'with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay 'Phantoms that dance before my waking Eyes 'and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the 'most contented happy Man alive, were the 'Chimerical Happiness which springs from the 'Paintings of the Fancy less fleeting and transi-'tory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell 'you, the least Breath of Wind has often de-'molished my magnificent Edifices, swept away 'my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than 'if they had never been. My Exchequer has 'sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the 'Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Con-'tinent, and in the same Moment I have been 'pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from 'my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries 'is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary 'Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. 'Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent 'in Builders of invisible Mansions. My Tenant's 'Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often 'cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant 'when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my 'Eastern Palaces. Add to this the pensive 'Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping 'Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, 'and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often cursed 'with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of 'Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more 'properly apply my self for Relief from this Fan-'tastical Evil, than to your self; whom I earnestly 'implore to accommodate me with a Method how to 'settle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Dis-'sertation on Castle-Building may not only be 'serviceable to my self, but all Architects, who dis-'play their Skill in the thin Element. Such a 'Favour would oblige me to make my next So-'liloquy not contain the Praises of my dear Self 'but of the SPECTATOR, who shall, by complying 'with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

T. Vitruvius.

[1] Almanzor is in Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada.'

No. 168.] *Wednesday, September* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Pectus Præceptis format amicis.—Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents so far as not sometimes to insert their Animadversions upon my Paper; that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice 'of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve 'publick Thanks; I mean that on those licensed Ty-'rants the Schoolmasters. If you can disarm them 'of their Rods, you will certainly have your old 'Age reverenced by all the young Gentlemen of '*Great-Britain* who are now between seven and 'seventeen Years. You may boast that the in-'comparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one 'Mind in this Particular. *Si cui est* (says he) '*mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corri-'gatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessimo quæque*

'*mancipia, durabitur.*[1] *If any Child be of so disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worst of Slaves, will be hardned even against Blows themselves.*' And afterwards, '*Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur,* i. e. *I blush to say how shamefully those wicked Men abuse the Power of Correction.*

'I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great School, of which the Master was a *Welchman*, but certainly descended from a *Spanish* Family, as plainly appeared from his Temper as well as his Name.[2] I leave you to judge what sort of a Schoolmaster a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an Impression did he make on my Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

'And yet I may say without Vanity, that the Business of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the Master's Severity that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for a *Petty Larceny*.

'Many a white and tender Hand, which the fond Mother has passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped till it was covered with Blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O: These were our great Faults! Many a brave and noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards.

'It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause of distrest Youth; and it is a noble Piece of *Knight-Errantry* to enter the Lists against so many armed Pedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of Teaching, who should be put into a Condition of being above flattering or fearing the Parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see Learning become a Pleasure, and Children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor for coming upon such hard Terms to them: What would be a still greater Happiness arising from the Care of such Instructors, would be, that we should have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

SIR,

Your most affectionate humble Servant.

Richmond, Sept. 5th, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this last Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care.[3] From the Gentleman's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleasure. We never leave off our Diversions any farther than to salute him at Hours of Play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh Word, and we think it the greatest Punishment in the World when he will not speak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter: He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him these three Days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his Favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient Servant,

T. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have represented several sorts of *Impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or whose Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are so full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whisperers, who lay their Heads together in order to sacrifice every Body within their Observation; sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by their Noise and Gestures shew they have no Respect for the rest of the Company. You frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera, the Play, the Water-works,[1] and other publick Meetings, where their whole Business is to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observed that the Impertinence is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made up of three or four Females who have got what you call a Woman's Man among them.

'I am at a loss to know from whom People of Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be from the Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are often seen passing away their Time in Sets at *All-fours* in the Face of a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to People of Quality sitting on each Side of them.

'For preserving therefore the Decency of publick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those who Disturb others should pay at least a double Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and Distinction should be informed that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Understanding degrades them below their meanest Attendants; and Gentlemen should know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the

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[1] Instit. Orat. Bk. I. ch. 3.

[2] Dr. Charles Roderick, Head Master of Eton.

[3] Dr. Nicholas Brady, Tate's colleague in versification of the Psalms. He was Rector of Clapham and Minister of Richmond, where he had the school. He died in 1726, aged 67.

[1] The Water Theatre, invented by Mr. Winstanley, and exhibited by his widow at the lower end of Piccadilly.

'Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense 'than that of a Footman. I am

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Bedfordshire, Sept. 1, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am one of those whom every Body calls a 'Pocher, and sometimes go out to course with a 'Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel 'or two; and when I am weary with Coursing, 'and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-'house to refresh my self. I beg the Favour of 'you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us 'Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go 'with, how many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and 'how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will 'do a great Piece of Service to all the Sports-'men: Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing 'is come on.

Yours in Haste,

T. Isaac Hedgeditch.

No. 169.] *Thursday, Sept.* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.—— Ter. And.

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon[1] in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him [who[2]] made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*,[3] where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it shewed it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no

[1] Cyropædia, Bk viii. ch. 6. [2] [that]
[3] Catiline, c. 54.

Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrist. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in; he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person [who[1]] has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L.

[1] [that]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, ESQ.[1]

SIR,

AS the profest Design of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a Patron for it as Your Self, there being none whose Merit is more universally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himself more Friends and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unquestioned Integrity, in those high Employments which You have passed through, would not have been able to have raised You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are so conspicuous through all Parts of your Life. Your Aversion to any Ostentatious Arts of setting to Show those great Services which you have done the Publick, has not likewise a little contributed to that Universal Acknowledgment which is paid You by your Country.

The Consideration of this Part of Your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those Extraordinary Talents, which have given You so great a Figure in the *British* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeness which appear in Your more retired Conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain You with an Address of this Nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning those great Obligations which You have laid upon,

SIR,
Your most obedient,
humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

[1] Henry Boyle, to whom the third volume of the Spectator is dedicated, was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford; one of the family founded by the Richard, Earl of Cork, who bought Raleigh's property in Ireland. From March, 1701, to February, 1707-8, Henry Boyle was King William's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was then, till September, 1710, one of the principal Secretaries of State. He had materially helped Addison by negotiating between him and Lord Godolphin respecting the celebration of the Battle of Blenheim. On the accession of George I. Henry Boyle became Lord Carleton and President of the Council. He died in 1724, and had his Life written by Addison's cousin Budgell.

[1] '*Miscellanies* by the late lord Marquis of Halifax' (George Saville, who died in 1695), 1704, pp. 18—31.

No. 170.] *Friday, September* 14, 1711. [*Addison.*

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum——— Ter. Eun.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Hallifax*, who in his *Advice to a Daughter*,[1] has instructed a Wife how to behave her self towards a false, an intemperate, a cholerick, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a Jealous Husband.

Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our Inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Enquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in this Passion; for the same Affection which stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's Request to his Mistress, upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies:
Dies, noctesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me exspectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.—Ter. Eun.[1]

The Jealous Man's Disease is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an instance of Aversion or Indifference: a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons; because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and asswage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill Thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in Time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime, since she must undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self.* Ecclus.[1]

And here, among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person [who[2]] provoked their Jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suspicion [which[3]] choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession; whilst all the little Imperfections, that were [before[4]] so uneasie to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of amorous Dispositions; and of these we may find three Kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmity, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to

[1] 'When you are in company with that Soldier, 'behave as if you were absent: but continue to 'love me by Day and by Night: want me; dream 'of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; 'delight in me: be wholly with me: in short, be 'my very Soul, as I am yours.'

[1] Ecclus. ix. 1.
[2] [that]
[3] [that]
[4] [formerly]

this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising: They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, [who [1]] are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Enquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intreague, that they still suspect an Under-Plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Party, pursue her close through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be slung off by any false Steps or Doubles: Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of some *Women*; yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons [who [2]] are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the Passion may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at Ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation; but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as is well worth separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper. L.

[1] [that]

[2] [that]

No. 171.] *Saturday, Sept.* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

Credula res amor est— Ovid. Met.

HAVING in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousie, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply my self to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others, besides himself; but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousie is admirably described in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia* [;[1]]

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

When Telephus *his youthful Charms,*
His rosie Neck and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:

[1] [, part of which I find Translated to my Hand.]

By Turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raise it; and if he finds by your Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false Hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those [who[1]] love them, that insult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv.

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may soften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself; to take some Occasion of growing Jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with [this Passion,[1]] and will [besides feel[2]] something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dis-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*;[3] which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

Mariamne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dis-

[1] [that]

[1] [it] [2] [receive]

[3] Antiquities of the Jews, Bk. xv. ch. iii. § 5, 6, 9; ch. vii. § 1, 2, &c.

missed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne;* but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy: when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The Jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Mariamne's* Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confest, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from [something[1]] *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publickly Condemned and Executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair, he used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatned him. L.

[1] [some thing that]

No. 172.] *Monday, September* 17, 1711. [*Steele.*

Non solum Scientia, quæ est remota a Justitia, Calliditas potius quam Sapientia est appellanda; verum etiam Animus paratus ad periculum, si suâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi impellitur, Audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quam Fortitudinis——— Plato apud Tull.

THERE can be no greater Injury to humane Society than that good Talents among Men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any Regard how they are applied. The Gifts of Nature and Accomplishments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Interest of Virtue, or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abstract our Minds from the Observation of any Excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some Notice, or received some good Information of the Disposition of their Minds; otherwise the Beauty of their Persons, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us fond of those whom our Reason and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer our selves to be thus carried away by meer Beauty, or meer Wit, *Omniamante*, with all her Vice, will bear away as much of our Good-will as the most innocent Virgin or discreetest Matron; and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to doat upon what we think we ought to contemn: Yet this must be our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we suffer our selves to approve any Thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with our selves to consider all Things by the Light of Reason and Justice, tho' a Man were in the Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquet with the same Contempt or Indifference as he would upon a Coxcomb: The wanton Carriage in a Woman, would disappoint her of the Admiration which she aims at; and the vain Dress or Discourse of a Man would destroy the Comeliness of his Shape, or Goodness of his Understanding. I say the Goodness of his Understanding, for it is no less common to see Men of Sense commence Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become immodest. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature, should abate in Proportion. But however just it is to measure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Eminence of those

Qualities abstracted from their Use; I say, however just such a Way of judging is, in all Ages as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many lewd Devices have been preserved from one Age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been esteemed as much for the Purpose as the Execution of their Designs? Modest and well-governed Imaginations have by this Means lost the Representations of Ten Thousand charming Portraitures, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, couragious Faith, and tender Humanity; instead of which, Satyrs, Furies, and Monsters are recommended by those Arts to a shameful Eternity.

The unjust Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated, in the general Opinion of Men, not only in such Cases as are here mentioned, but also in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his Parts in contending for Justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a Cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his Character be?. And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the Profession no otherwise than as labouring to protect the Injured, to subdue the Oppressor, to imprison the careless Debtor, and do right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are overlooked by the greater Number: who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Course of an Enquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge to palliate a Falsehood: Yet it is still called Eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed; but Resolution in an Assassin is according to Reason quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wisdom exercised in the Defence of an ill Cause.

Were the Intention stedfastly considered, as the Measure of Approbation, all Falsehood would soon be out of Countenance; and an Address in imposing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Professions of Esteem, would make the same Figure under Breach of Promise, as two Knights of the Post convicted of Perjury. But Conversation is fallen so low in point of Morality, that as they say in a Bargain, *Let the Buyer look to it*; so in Friendship, he is the Man in Danger who is most apt to believe: He is the more likely to suffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the Conscience of worthy Enterprizes, than in the Prospect of Glory which attends them. These exalted Spirits would rather be secretly the Authors of Events which are serviceable to Mankind, than, without being such, to have the publick Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Merit is robbed by Artifice or Detraction, it does but encrease by such Endeavours of its Enemies: The impotent Pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a Crowd to the Injury of a single Person, will naturally produce the contrary Effect; the Fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the Possession of true Glory, which is, to hear the Opposers of it with Patience, and preserve the Virtue by which it was acquired. When a Man is thoroughly perswaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seasons, Persons, or Accidents to diminish his Value: He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applause of the Multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Task; but it should comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the highest Step to which human Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applause, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man; but it is still a more exquisite Delight to say to your self, you have done well, than to hear the whole human Race pronounce you glorious, except you your self can join with them in your own Reflections. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like it self. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seasons of the Year, though its Leaves fall off in Autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning Spring. T.

No. 173.] *Tuesday, September* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.
Ovid. Met.

IN a late Paper I mention'd the Project of an Ingenious Author for the erecting of several Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our *British* Artizans, and the Influence they might have towards the Improvement of our several Manufactures. I have since that been very much surprized by the following Advertisement which I find in the *Post-Boy* of the 11th Instant, and again repeated in the *Post-Boy* of the 15th.

On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a Plate of 6 Guineas Value, 3 Heats, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of £5, the winning Horse to be sold for £10, to carry 10 Stone Weight, if 14 Hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before Six in the Evening. Also a Plate of less Value to be run for by Asses. The same Day a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for by Men.

The first of these Diversions, that is to be exhibited by the £10 Race-Horses, may probably have its Use; but the two last, in which the Asses and Men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep Running Asses at *Coleshill*, or how making Mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire*, more than in any other Parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Ass-Race, or a Match at Grinning.

However it be, I am informed that several Asses are now kept in Body-Cloaths, and sweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country-Fellows within ten Miles of the *Swan*, grinn an Hour or two in their Glasses every Morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of *October*. The Prize, which is proposed to be Grinn'd for, has raised such an Ambition among the Common People of Out-grinning one another, that many very discerning Persons are afraid it should spoil most of the Faces in the Country; and that a *Warwickshire* Man will be known by his Grinn, as Roman-Catholicks imagine a *Kentish* Man is by his Tail. The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of Deformity, is just the Reverse of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and should carry for its Posy the old Motto inverted.

Detur tetriori.

Or to accommodate it to the Capacity of the Combatants,

The frightfull'st Grinner
Be the Winner.

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch* Painter to be present at this great Controversy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the most remarkable Grinns that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of these Grinning-Matches from a Gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned Advertisement, entertained a Coffee-house with the following Narrative. Upon the taking of *Namur*,[1] amidst other publick Rejoicings made on that Occasion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Justice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The first Competitor that entered the Lists, was a black swarthy *French Man*, who accidentally passed that way, and being a Man naturally of a wither'd Look, and hard Features, promised himself good Success. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View, and looking upon the Company like *Milton's* Death,

Grinn'd [horribly[2]*] a Ghastly Smile*——

His Muscles were so drawn together on each side of his Face, that he shew'd twenty Teeth at a Grinn, and put the County in some pain, lest a Foreigner should carry away the Honour of the Day; but upon a farther Tryal they found he was Master only of the merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the Table was a Malecontent in those Days, and a great Master in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grinn. He did his Part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen Women miscarry; but the Justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the Fellow who Grinned in his Face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a Disaffected Person should win the Gold Ring, and be looked upon as the best Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified Person. There were several other Grotesque Figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a Ploughman, who lived in the farther Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn-Jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous Grimace that every Feature of it appeared under a different Distortion. The whole Company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists, that he had practised with Verjuice for some Days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning; upon which the best Judges of Grinning declared it as their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a Cheat.

The Prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by Name, who produced several new Grinns of his own Invention, having been used to cut Faces for many Years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every Human Feature out of his Countenance; at the second he became the Face of a Spout; at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the Head of a Base-Viol, and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-Crackers. The whole Assembly wondered at his Accomplishments, and bestowed the Ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a Country Wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was so charmed with his Grinns, and the Applauses which he received on all Sides, that she Married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Cobler having made use of it as his Wedding-Ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the Conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the Consideration of those who are the Patrons of this monstrous Tryal of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that Part of us, which has so great an Image impressed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey; whether the raising such silly Competitions among the Ignorant, proposing Prizes for such useless Accomplishments, filling the common People's Heads with such Senseless Ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd Ideas of Superiority and Preheminence, has not in it something Immoral as well as Ridiculous.[1]

L.

[1] Sept. 1, 1695.

[2] [*horridly*]. Neither is quite right.

'Death
'Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.'
P. L., Bk. II. l. 864.

[1] Two volumes of Original Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator and not inserted, were published by Charles Lillie in 1725. In Vol. II. (pp. 72, 73), is a letter from Coleshill, informing the Spectator that in deference to his opinion, and chiefly through the mediation of some neighbouring ladies, the Grinning Match had been abandoned, and requesting his advice as to the disposal of the Grinning Prize.

No. 174.] *Wednesday, September* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*

Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.—Virg.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than Animosities between Parties that cannot subsist but by their Agreement: this was well represented in the Sedition of the Members of the humane Body in the old *Roman* Fable. It is often the Case of lesser confederate States against a superior Power, which are hardly held together, though their Unanimity is necessary for their common Safety: and this is always the Case of the landed and trading Interest of *Great Britain:* the Trader is fed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be clothed but by the Skill of the Trader; and yet those Interests are ever jarring.

We had last Winter an Instance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, Opposition of Opinions. It happened that one of the Company, in an Historical Discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* Faith[1] was a proverbial Phrase to intimate Breach of Leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest Traders in the World; and as Gain is the chief End of such a People, they never pursue any other: The Means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get Money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by Fraud or Cozenage: And indeed, what is the whole Business of the Trader's Account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his Memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose Attention is for ever fixed upon ballancing his Books, and watching over his Expences? And at best, let Frugality and Parsimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hospitality among his Neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the Discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest Parts of human Society, there was a secret, tho' unjust, Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of ill Nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happiness; and on the other Side, he who is the less at his Ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the Advantage over him. Thus the Civil and Military Lists look upon each other with much ill Nature; the Soldier repines at the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour; or, to come to lower Instances, the private Men in the Horse and Foot of an Army, the Carmen and Coachmen in the City Streets, mutually look upon each other with ill Will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way, in their respective Motions.

[1] Punica fides.

It is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the Discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the Merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and Publick Spirit, which have been erected by Merchants since the Reformation, but at present content my self with what he allows us, Parsimony and Frugality. If it were consistent with the Quality of so antient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Account, or measure Things by the most infallible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parsimony to his Hospitality. If to drink so many Hogsheads is to be Hospitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or so many Peasants made merry on Sir ROGER's Charge, are the Men more obliged? I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Households of the Peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Necessity or Obligation of my Bounty. I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders; the *Romans* were their professed Enemies: I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* Histories have come to our Hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some Proverbs against the *Roman* Generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other People's Goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken Occasion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it should be no Offence to offer one not quite so old in their Defence. When a Man happens to break in *Holland*, they say of him that *he has not kept true Accounts.* This Phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the highest Reproach; for a Man to be Mistaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to answer future Demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his Credit to too great Adventure, are all Instances of as much Infamy as with gayer Nations to be failing in Courage or common Honesty.

Numbers are so much the Measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Undertaking, without them. I say this in Answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Cash-book, or ballancing his Accounts. When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling, by the Help of Numbers, the Profit or Loss by my Adventure; but I ought also to be able to shew that I had Reason for making it, either from my own Experience or that of other People, or from a reasonable Presumption that my Returns will be sufficient to answer my Expence and Hazard; and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers. For Instance, if I am to trade to *Turkey*, I ought beforehand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there, as well as of their Silks in *England*, and the customary Prices that are given for both in each Country. I ought

to have a clear Knowledge of these Matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient Returns to answer the Charge of the Cargo I have fitted out, the Freight and Assurance out and home, the Custom to the Queen, and the Interest of my own Money, and besides all these Expences a reasonable Profit to my self. Now what is there of Scandal in this Skill? What has the Merchant done, that he should be so little in the good Graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no Man's Enclosures, and tramples upon no Man's Corn; he takes nothing from the industrious Labourer; he pays the poor Man for his Work; he communicates his Profit with Mankind; by the Preparation of his Cargo and the Manufacture of his Returns, he furnishes Employment and Subsistence to greater Numbers than the richest Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign Markets for the Produce of his Estate, and for making a great Addition to his Rents; and yet 'tis certain, that none of all these Things could be done by him without the Exercise of his Skill in Numbers.

This is the Oeconomy of the Merchant; and the Conduct of the Gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the Steward, he resolves the Steward shall be the Gentleman. The Gentleman, no more than the Merchant, is able, without the Help of Numbers, to account for the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Adventure. If, for Instance, the Chace is his whole Adventure, his only Returns must be the Stag's Horns in the great Hall, and the Fox's Nose upon the Stable Door. Without Doubt Sir ROGER knows the full Value of these Returns; and if beforehand he had computed the Charges of the Chace, a Gentleman of his Discretion would certainly have hanged up all his Dogs, he would never have brought back so many fine Horses to the Kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a Blast, over Fields of Corn. If such too had been the Conduct of all his Ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this Day, that the Antiquity of his Family had never been sullied by a Trade; a Merchant had never been permitted with his whole Estate to purchase a Room for his Picture in the Gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his Descent from the Maid of Honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir ROGER that the Merchant paid so dear for his Ambition. 'Tis the Misfortune of many other Gentlemen to turn out of the Seats of their Ancestors, to make way for such new Masters as have been more exact in their Accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the Estate a great deal better, who has got it by his Industry, than he who has lost it by his Negligence. T.

No. 175.] *Thursday, Sept.* 20, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægre:—
Ov. Rem. Am.

I SHALL this Day entertain my Readers with two or three Letters I have received from my Correspondents: The first discovers to me a Species of Females which have hitherto escaped my Notice, and is as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Gentleman of a competent 'Fortune, and a sufficient Taste of Learning, to 'spend five or six Hours every Day very agreeably among my Books. That I might have 'nothing to divert me from my Studies, and to 'avoid the Noises of Coaches and Chair-men, I 'have taken Lodgings in a very narrow Street, 'not far from *Whitehall*; but it is my Misfortune 'to be so posted, that my Lodgings are directly 'opposite to those of a *Jezebel*. You are to know, 'Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so call'd by the Neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious Charms at 'her Window) appears constantly dress'd at her 'Sash, and has a thousand little Tricks and Fooleries to attract the Eyes of all the idle young 'Fellows in the Neighbourhood. I have seen 'more than six Persons at once from their several 'Windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on her my self with 'the highest Contempt, could divert my self with 'her Airs for half an Hour, and afterwards take 'up my *Plutarch* with great Tranquillity of Mind; 'but was a little vexed to find that in less than a 'Month she had considerably stoln upon my 'Time, so that I resolved to look at her no more. 'But the *Jezebel*, who, as I suppose, might think 'it a Diminution to her Honour, to have the 'Number of her Gazers lessen'd, resolved not to 'part with me so, and began to play so many new 'Tricks at her Window, that it was impossible for 'me to forbear observing her. I verily believe 'she put her self to the Expence of a new Wax 'Baby on purpose to plague me; she us'd to 'dandle and play with this Figure as impertinently as if it had been a real Child: sometimes 'she would let fall a Glove or a Pin Cushion in 'the Street, and shut or open her Casement three 'or four times in a Minute. When I had almost 'wean'd my self from this, she came in her Shift-'Sleeves, and dress'd at the Window. I had no 'Way left but to let down my Curtains, which 'I submitted to, though it considerably darkned 'my Room, and was pleased to think that I had 'at last got the better of her; but was surpriz'd 'the next Morning to hear her talking out of her 'Window quite cross the Street, with another 'Woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that she made her a Visit, and got acquainted with her within three Hours after the 'Fall of my Window Curtains.

'Sir, I am plagued every Moment in the Day 'one way or other in my own Chambers; and the '*Jezebel* has the Satisfaction to know, that, tho' I 'am not looking at her, I am list'ning to her impertinent Dialogues that pass over my Head. I 'would immediately change my Lodgings, but 'that I think it might look like a plain Confession 'that I am conquer'd; and besides this, I am told 'that most Quarters of the Town are infested 'with these Creatures. If they are so, I am sure 'tis such an Abuse, as a Lover of Learning and 'Silence ought to take notice of.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

I am afraid, by some Lines in this Letter, that my young Student is touched with a Distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the Abuse which he mentions, having my self observed a Nest of *Jezebels* near the *Temple*, who make it their Diversion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have lately read the Conclusion of your forty-'seventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Plea-'sure, and have ever since been thoroughly per-'swaded that one of those Gentlemen is extreamly 'necessary to enliven Conversation. I had an 'Entertainment last Week upon the Water for a 'Lady to whom I make my Addresses, with 'several of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert 'the Company in general, and to shew my Mistress 'in particular my Genius for Raillery, I took one 'of the most celebrated *Butts* in Town along with 'me. It is with the utmost Shame and Confusion 'that I must acquaint you with the Sequel of my 'Adventure: As soon as we were got into the 'Boat, I played a Sentence or two at my *Butt* 'which I thought very smart, when my ill Genius, 'who I verily believe inspir'd him purely for my 'Destruction, suggested to him such a Reply, as 'got all the Laughter on his Side. I was dashed 'at so unexpected a Turn; which the *Butt* per-'ceiving, resolved not to let me recover my self, 'and pursuing his Victory, rallied and tossed me 'in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner 'till 'we came to *Chelsea*. I had some small Success 'while we were eating Cheese-Cakes; but coming 'Home, he renewed his Attacks with his former 'good Fortune, and equal Diversion to the whole 'Company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously 'own that I was never so *handled in all my Life*; 'and to compleat my Misfortune, I am since told 'that the *Butt*, flushed with his late Victory, has 'made a Visit or two to the dear Object of my 'Wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing 'all my Pretensions to Wit, and my Mistress '[into[1]] the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account 'of my present Troubles, which you are the more 'obliged to assist me in, as you were your self in 'a great measure the Cause of them, by recom-'mending to us an Instrument, and not instructing 'us at the same time how to play upon it.

'I have been thinking whether it might not be 'highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an 'Inscription affixed to some Part of their Bodies, 'shewing on which Side they are to be come at, 'and that if any of them are Persons of unequal 'Tempers, there should be some Method taken to 'inform the World at what Time it is safe to attack 'them, and when you had best to let them alone. 'But, submitting these Matters to your more 'serious Consideration,

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young Gentlemen under the same Misfortune with my present Correspondent. The best Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only *Whether their Companions are weak*, but *Whether themselves are Wits.*

The following Letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I shall give it my Reader as it was sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Exeter, Sept.* 7.

'You were pleased in a late Speculation to take 'notice of the Inconvenience we lie under in the 'Country, in not being able to keep Pace with the 'Fashion: But there is another Misfortune which 'we are subject to, and is no less grievous than 'the former, which has hitherto escaped your 'Observation. I mean, the having Things palmed 'upon us for *London* Fashions, which were never 'once heard of there.

'A Lady of this Place had some time since a 'Box of the newest Ribbons sent down by the 'Coach: Whether it was her own malicious In-'vention, or the Wantonness of a *London* Milliner, 'I am not able to inform you; but, among the 'rest, there was one Cherry-coloured Ribbon, 'consisting of about half a Dozen Yards, made up 'in the Figure of a small Head-Dress. The afore-'said Lady had the Assurance to affirm, amidst a 'Circle of Female Inquisitors, who were present 'at the opening of the Box, that this was the 'newest Fashion worn at Court. Accordingly the 'next *Sunday* we had several Females, who came 'to Church with their Heads dress'd wholly in 'Ribbons, and looked like so many Victims ready 'to be Sacrificed. This is still a reigning Mode 'among us. At the same time we have a Set of 'Gentlemen who take the Liberty to appear in all 'Publick Places without any Buttons to their 'Coats, which they supply with several little 'Silver Hasps, tho' our freshest Advices from '*London* make no mention of any such Fashion; 'and we are something shy of affording Matter to 'the Button-Makers for a second Petition.[1]

'What I would humbly propose to the Publick 'is, that there may be a Society erected in *London*, 'to consist of the most skilful Persons of both 'Sexes, for the *Inspection of Modes and Fashions*; 'and that hereafter no Person or Persons shall 'presume to appear singularly habited in any Part 'of the Country, without a Testimonial from the 'foresaid Society, that their Dress is answerable 'to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir, 'we shall know a little whereabout we are.

'If you could bring this Matter to bear, you

[1] [in]

[1] In 1609 the Button-Makers sent a petition to Parliament, which produced the Act of the 8th year of Anne (1709), framed because 'the main-'tenance and subsistence of many thousands of 'men, women and children depends upon the 'making of silk, mohair, gimp, and thread buttons, 'and button-holes with the needle,' and these have been ruined by 'a late unforeseen practice of 'making and binding button-holes with cloth, 'serge,' &c.

'would very much oblige great Numbers of your 'Country Friends, and among the rest,

Your very Humble Servant,

X. Jack Modish.

No. 176.] *Friday, September* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum Sal.—Luc.

THERE are in the following Letter Matters, which I, a Batchelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till further Consideration, but leave the Author of the Epistle to express his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I do not deny but you appear in many of your 'Papers to understand Human Life pretty well; 'but there are very many Things which you can- 'not possibly have a true Notion of, in a single 'Life; these are such as respect the married 'State; otherwise I cannot account for your hav- 'ing overlooked a very good Sort of People, which 'are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peckt.* 'You are to understand that I am one of those 'innocent Mortals who suffer Derision under that 'Word for being governed by the best of Wives. 'It would be worth your Consideration to enter 'into the Nature of Affection it self, and tell us, 'according to your Philosophy, why it is that our 'Dears shall do what they will with us, shall be 'froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, 'at others rail, then swoon away, then come to 'Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest 'Fluency imaginable, and then sink away again, 'and all because they fear we do not love them 'enough; that is, the poor things love us so 'heartily, that they cannot think it possible we 'should be able to love them in so great a Degree, 'which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a 'true good-natured Man, whom Rakes and Liber- 'tines call *Hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these dif- 'ferent Moods with his dear Life, and at the same 'time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be 'hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Crea- 'ture that she is an Hypocrite. This sort of good 'Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy 'City of *London*, and is the true *Hen-peckt* Man; 'the kind Creature cannot break through his 'Kindnesses so far as to come to an Explanation 'with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to 'comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease 'her when she is not angry, and to give her his 'Cash when he knows she does not want it; rather 'than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is 'computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of 'Time which a froward Woman takes to come to 'her self, if you have Courage to stand out.

'There are indeed several other Species of the '*Hen-peckt*, and in my Opinion they are certainly 'the best Subjects the Queen has; and for that 'Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us 'above Contempt.

'I do not know whether I make my self under- 'stood in the Representation of an Hen-peckt 'Life, but I shall take leave to give you an Ac- 'count of my self, and my own Spouse. You are 'to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on 'several Occasions been tried whether I will take 'ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Ad- 'vantage; and yet there is not such a Slave in '*Turkey* as I am to my Dear. She has a good 'Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty 'agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and 'my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties 'imaginable but that of Jealousy. My being thus 'confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge 'of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever 'she does, tho' it be never so much against my 'Inclination, there is still left something in her 'Manner that is amiable. She will sometimes 'look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pre- 'tend to resent that I have not had Respect 'enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in 'Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty 'Anger she is in, and then she pretends she is 'used like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate 'is, which has the Superiority in point of Under- 'standing. She is eternally forming an Argument 'of Debate; to which I very indolently answer, 'Thou art mighty pretty. To this she answers, 'All the World but you think I have as much 'Sense as your self. I repeat to her, Indeed you 'are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; she 'will throw down any thing about her, stamp and 'pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, say 'I; how can a Woman of your Sense fall into 'such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argu- 'ment which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, says 'she, you make me mad sometimes, so you do, 'with the silly Way you have of treating me like 'a pretty Idiot. Well, what have I got by put- 'ting her into good Humour? Nothing, but that 'I must convince her of my good Opinion by my 'Practice; and then I am to give her Possession 'of my little Ready Money, and, for a Day and 'half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol 'every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely 'fond of this Darling, that I seldom see any of 'my Friends, am uneasy in all Companies till I 'see her again; and when I come home she is in 'the Dumps, because she says she is sure I came 'so soon only because I think her handsome. I 'dare not upon this Occasion laugh; but tho' I 'am one of the warmest Churchmen in the King- 'dom, I am forced to rail at the Times, because 'she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Poli- 'ticks so long, that she is convinc'd I kiss her for 'her Wisdom. It is a common Practice with me 'to ask her some Question concerning the Consti- 'tution, which she answers me in general out of '*Harington's Oceana*:[1] Then I commend her

[1] The *Oceana* is an ideal of an English Commonwealth, written by James Harrington, after the execution of Charles I. It was published in 1656, having for a time been stopped at press by Cromwell's government. After the Restoration, Harrington was sent to the Tower by Charles II. on a false accusation of conspiracy. Removed to Plymouth, he there lost his health and some part of his reason, which he did not regain before his

'strange Memory, and her Arm is immediately 'lock'd in mine. While I keep her in this Tem- 'per she plays before me, sometimes dancing in 'the Midst of the Room, sometimes striking an 'Air at her Spinnet, varying her Posture and her 'Charms in such a Manner that I am in continual 'Pleasure: She will play the Fool if I allow her 'to be wise; but if she suspects I like her for [her] 'Trifling, she immediately grows grave.

'These are the Toils in which I am taken, and 'I carry off my Servitude as well as most Men; 'but my Application to you is in Behalf of the '*Hen-peckt* in general, and I desire a Disserta- 'tion from you in Defence of us. You have, as I 'am informed, very good Authorities in our Fa- 'vour, and hope you will not omit the mention of 'the Renowned *Socrates*, and his Philosophick 'Resignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would 'be a very good Office to the World in general, 'for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their Quality 'and Numbers, not only in Cities but in Courts; 'in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, 'in the former the most wealthy of all Men. 'When you have considered Wedlock throughly, 'you ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matri- 'mony, and give us an Account of the Thraldom 'of kind Keepers and irresolute Lovers; the 'Keepers who cannot quit their Fair Ones tho' 'they see their approaching Ruin; the Lovers 'who dare not marry, tho' they know they never 'shall be happy without the Mistresses whom 'they cannot purchase on other Terms.

'What will be a great Embellishment to your 'Discourse, will be, that you may find Instances 'of the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the 'Stubborn, who are each of them in secret down- 'right Slaves to their Wives or Mistresses. I 'must beg of you in the last Place to dwell upon 'this, That the Wise and Valiant in all Ages have 'been *Hen-peckt*: and that the sturdy Tempers 'who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Ex- 'emption to their being enthralled by Ambition, 'Avarice, or some meaner Passion. I have ten 'thousand thousand Things more to say, but my 'Wife sees me Writing, and will, according to 'Custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this im- 'mediately.

Yours,
T. Nathaniel Henroost.

death, in 1677, at the age of 66. His book argues that Empire follows the balance of property, which, since Henry VII.'s time, had been daily falling into the scale of the Commons from that of the King and Lords. In the *Oceana* other theories of government are discussed before Harrington elaborates his own, and English history appears under disguise of names, William the Conqueror being called Turbo; King John, Adoxus; Richard II., Dicotome; Henry VII., Panurgus; Henry VIII., Coranus; Queen Elizabeth, Parthenia; James I., Morpheus; and Oliver Cromwell, Olphaus Megaletor. Scotland is Marpesia, and Ireland, Panopœa. A careful edition of Harrington's *Oceana* and other of his works, edited by John Toland, had been produced in 1700.

No. 177.] *Saturday, Sept.* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?—— Juv.

IN one of my last Week's Papers I treated of Good-Nature, as it is the Effect of Constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a Moral Virtue. The first may make a Man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is possessed of it. A Man is no more to be praised upon this Account, than because he has a regular Pulse or a good Digestion. This Good-Nature however in the Constitution, which Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness of Blood*,[1] is an admirable Groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-Nature, whether it arises from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature; in a word, whether it be such as is entituled to any other Reward, besides that secret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is essential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we must examine it by the following Rules.

First, whether it acts with Steadiness and Uniformity in Sickness and in Health, in Prosperity and in Adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an Irradiation of the Mind from some new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor, [who [2]] would never ask a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour. Such a transient temporary Good-Nature as this, is not that *Philanthropy*, that Love of Mankind, which deserves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

The next way of a Man's bringing his Good-Nature to the Test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reason and Duty: For if, notwithstanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no Distinction between its Objects, if it exerts it self promiscuously towards the Deserving and Undeserving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it gives it self up to the first Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may pass for an amiable Instinct, but must not assume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

The third Tryal of Good-Nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Disadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little Pain, Want, or Inconvenience which may arise to our selves from it: In a Word, whether we are willing to risque any Part of our Fortune, our

[1] Cleomenes to Pantheus,

'Would I could share thy Balmy, even Temper,
And Milkiness of Blood.'

Cleomenes, Act i. sc. 1.

[2] [that]

Reputation, our Health or Ease, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all these Expressions of Good-Nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the Indigent; that being a Tryal of this Kind which offers itself to us almost at all Times and in every Place.

I should propose it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than sufficient for the Necessaries of Life, to lay aside a certain Proportion of his Income for the Use of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the Use of those whom, in the Passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own Representatives upon Earth. At the same time we should manage our Charity with such Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilst we are doing Good to those who are Strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

Eugenius is a Man of an universal Good-Nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal so prudent in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himself above Ninescore, as not thinking he has a Right to the Tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to increase his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the Use of the Poor. He often goes afoot where his Business calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-Hire, to the first Necessitous Person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was designed for that Purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee-House, or at a Friend's Fire-side, with much greater Satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any Disadvantage to themselves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this Method we in some measure share the Necessities of the Poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only [their Patrons,[1]] but their Fellow Sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the last Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his Charity in several Heroick Instances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiments, mentions that Verse in the Proverbs of *Solomon, He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord.*[2] 'There is more Rhetorick 'in that one Sentence, says he, than in a Library 'of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were 'understood by the Reader, with the same Em-'phasis as they are delivered by the Author, we 'needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but 'might be honest by an Epitome.[3]

This Passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same Thought is carried much further in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetick manner, that he shall hereafter regard the Cloathing of the Naked, the Feeding of the Hungry, and the Visiting of the Imprisoned, as Offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly.[4] Pursuant to those Passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Sense of it is to this Purpose; What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.[5]

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of several Passages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job*. It is the Account which that Holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Prosperity, and, if considered only as a human Composition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

Oh that I were as in Months past, as in the Days when God preserved me: When his Candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oyl.

When the Ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the Eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the Widow's Heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not

[1] [the Patrons of the Indigent]
[2] Proverbs xix. 17.
[3] Rel. Med. Part II. sect. 13.
[4] Matt. xxi. 31, &c.
[5] The Epitaph was in St. George's Church at Doncaster, and ran thus:

'How now, who is heare?
I Robin of Doncastere
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost.'

I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ballance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant when they contended with me: What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the Destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the Fruits thereof without mony, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their Life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.[1]

No. 178.] *Monday, September* 24, 1711. [*Steele.*

Comis in uxorem———— Hor.

I CANNOT defer taking Notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of 'the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I 'mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy 'of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of 'a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it 'in the Heart of a Woman. You have very Ju-'diciously, and with the greatest Penetration 'imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Crea-'ture of whom the Diffidence is raised; but not a 'Word of a Man who is so unmerciful as to 'move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether 'she is so or not. It is possible you may not 'believe there are such Tyrants in the World; 'but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out 'of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the 'pleasantest Man in the World every where else; 'the greatest Sloven at home when he appears 'to none but his Family, and most exactly well-'dressed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of 'Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a 'Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to 'any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflec-'tions, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman, 'that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, be-'cause my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes when 'I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no 'Succour, and hope for no Relief but from him-'self; and yet he that has Sense and Justice in 'every thing else, never reflects, that to come 'home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and 'spend all the Time he is there as if it were a 'Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a 'jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if 'he were going to Court, and returns as if he 'were entring a Gaol. I could add to this, that 'from his Company and his usual Discourse, he 'does not scruple being thought an abandoned 'Man, as to his Morals. Your own Imagination 'will say enough to you concerning the Condition 'of me his Wife; and I wish you would be so 'good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-'natured, and reads you much, that the Moment 'I hear the Door shut after him, I throw myself 'upon my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond 'of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my 'Cries; that I curse my Being; that I run to my 'Glass all over bathed in Sorrows, and help the 'Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding 'the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall 'from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined 'Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my 'Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the 'general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I 'give you an Account of the Distraction of it? 'Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Mo-'ment in my Resentment, and at the ensuing 'Minute, when I place him in the Condition my 'Anger would bring him to, how compassionate; 'it would give you some Notion how miserable I 'am, and how little I deserve it. When I remon-'strate with the greatest Gentleness that is possi-'ble against unhandsome Appearances, and that 'married Persons are under particular Rules; 'when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I 'am answered only, That I expose my own Re-'putation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, 'good Sir, you would take this into serious Con-'sideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives 'what Terms they ought to keep towards each 'other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject 'will have the greatest Reward, that which de-'scends on such as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted.

'Give me leave to subscribe my self,

Your unfortunate
humble Servant,
CELINDA.

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get *into* a Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design

[1] Job xxix. 2, &c.; xxx. 25, &c.; xxxi. 6, &c.

in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelor much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was answered, Because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self 'till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a Perseverance very impracticable.

Husband,

'Stay more at home. I know where you visited 'at Seven of [the] Clock on *Thursday* Evening. 'The Colonel whom you charged me to see no 'more, is in Town.

T. *Martha Housewife.*

No. 179.] *Tuesday, September* 25, 1711. [*Addison.*

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera Poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, paritergue monendo.—Hor.

I MAY cast my Readers under two general Divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay Part of my Disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober Turn, who find no Pleasure but in Papers of Morality and sound Sense. The former call every thing that is Serious, Stupid; the latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave, one half of my Readers would fall off from me: Were I always Merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my Endeavour to find out Entertainments of both Kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the Good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular Taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable Course of Thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find something Solid, and full of deep Reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare, and has therefore at least the Pleasure of hoping there may be a Dish to his Palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I should rather aim at Instructing than Diverting; but if we will be useful to the World, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed Severity discourage the looser Part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A man must have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very Title of a Moral Treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the Careless and Inconsiderate.

For this Reason several unthinking Persons fall in my way, who would give no Attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriousness or a Philosophick Gravity. They are insnared into Sentiments of Wisdom and Virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a Degree of Consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate Discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the Gloominess in which sometimes the Minds of the best Men are involved, very often stands in need of such little Incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to disperse Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which some will add, that the *British* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this Nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to Instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceases to be Instructive, it shall never cease to be Innocent. A scrupulous Conduct in this Particular has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the Generality of Readers imagine; did they know how many Thoughts occur in a Point of Humour, which a discreet Author in Modesty suppresses; how many Stroaks in Raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary Taste of Mankind, but are stifled in their Birth by reason of some remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of those who read them; did they know how many Glances of Ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing Injury to the Reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those Writers who endeavour to make themselves Diverting, without being Immoral. One may apply to these Authors that Passage in *Waller*,[1]

Poets lose half the Praise they would have got,
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.

As nothing is more easy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires some Genius and Invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correspondent who has sent me the following Letter, which I have castrated in some Places upon these Considerations.

SIR,

'Having lately seen your Discourse upon a 'Match of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you

[1] Upon Roscommon's Tr. of Horace's Art of Poetry.

'an Account of a Whistling Match, which, with 'many others, I was entertained with about three 'Years since at the *Bath*. The Prize was a 'Guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest Whistler, 'that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and 'go through his Tune without Laughing, [to] 'which at the same time he was [provoked[1]] by the 'antick Postures of a *Merry-Andrew*, who was 'to stand upon the Stage and play his Tricks in 'the Eye of the Performer. There were three 'Competitors for the Ring. The first was a 'Plow-man of a very promising Aspect; his Fea-'tures were steady, and his Muscles composed in 'so inflexible a Stupidity, that upon his first Ap-'pearance every one gave the Guinea for lost. 'The Pickled Herring however found the way to 'shake him; for upon his Whistling a Country 'Jigg, this unlucky Wag danced to it with such a 'Variety of Distortions and Grimaces, that the 'Country-man could not forbear smiling upon him, 'and by that means spoiled his Whistle, and lost 'the Prize.

'The next that mounted the Stage was an Uri-'der-Citizen of the *Bath*, a Person remarkable 'among the inferior People of that Place for his 'great Wisdom and his Broad Band. He con-'tracted his Mouth with much Gravity, and, that 'he might dispose his Mind to be more serious 'than ordinary, began the Tune of *The Children 'in the Wood*, and went through part of it with 'good Success; when on a sudden the Wit at his 'Elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and 'attentive for some time, gave him a Touch upon 'the left Shoulder, and stared him in the Face 'with so bewitching a Grin, that the Whistler re-'laxed his Fibres into a kind of Simper, and at 'length burst out into an open Laugh. The third 'who entered the Lists was a Foot-man, who in 'Defiance of the *Merry-Andrew*, and all his Arts, 'whistled a *Scotch* Tune and an *Italian* Sonata, 'with so settled a Countenance, that he bore away 'the Prize, to the great Admiration of some Hun-'dreds of Persons, who, as well as my self, were 'present at this Trial of Skill. Now, Sir, I hum-'bly conceive, whatever you have determined of 'the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be en-'couraged, not only as their Art is practised with-'out Distortion, but as it improves Country 'Musick, promotes Gravity, and teaches ordinary 'People to keep their Countenances, if they see 'any thing ridiculous in their Betters; besides 'that it seems an Entertainment very particularly 'adapted to the *Bath*, as it is usual for a Rider to 'whistle to his Horse when he would make his 'Waters pass.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having despatched these two important 'Points of Grinning and Whistling, I hope you 'will oblige the World with some Reflections up-'on Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a 'Twelfth-Night among other *Christmas* Gambols 'at the House of a very worthy Gentleman, who 'always entertains his Tenants at that time of the 'Year. They Yawn for a *Cheshire* Cheese, and 'begin about Midnight, when the whole Company 'is disposed to be drowsie. He that Yawns widest, 'and at the same time so naturally as to produce 'the most Yawns among his Spectators, carries 'home the Cheese. If you handle this Subject as 'you ought, I question not but your Paper will 'set half the Kingdom a Yawning, tho' I dare pro-'mise you it will never make any Body fall 'asleep. L.

[1] [provoked to]

No. 180.] *Wednesday, September* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*—Hor.

THE following Letter[1] has so much Weight and good Sense, that I cannot forbear in-serting it, tho' it relates to an hardened Sinner, whom I have very little Hopes of reforming, *viz. Lewis* XIV. of *France*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Amidst the Variety of Subjects of which you 'have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your 'way to expose the Vanity of Conquests. This 'Thought would naturally lead one to the *French* 'King, who has been generally esteemed the 'greatest Conqueror of our Age, till her Majesty's 'Armies had torn from him so many of his Coun-'tries, and deprived him of the Fruit of all his 'former Victories. For my own Part, if I were to 'draw his Picture, I should be for taking him no 'lower than to the Peace of *Reswick*,[2] just at the 'End of his Triumphs, and before his Reverse of 'Fortune: and even then I should not forbear 'thinking his Ambition had been vain and un-'profitable to himself and his People.

'As for himself, it is certain he can have gained 'nothing by his Conquests, if they have not ren-'dered him Master of more Subjects, more Riches, 'or greater Power. What I shall be able to offer 'upon these Heads, I resolve to submit to your 'Consideration.

'To begin then with his Increase of Subjects. 'From the Time he came of Age, and has been

[1] The letter is, with other contributions not now traceable to him, by Henry Martyn, son of Edward Martyn, Esq., of Melksham, Wilts. He was bred to the bar, but his health did not suffer him to practise. He has been identified with the Cottilus of No. 143 of the Spectator. In 1713 Henry Martyn opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce made with France at the Peace of Utrecht in a Paper called 'The British 'Merchant, or Commerce Preserved,' which was a reply to Defoe's 'Mercator, or Commerce Re-'trieved.' Martyn's paper is said to have been a principal cause of the rejection of the Treaty, and to have procured him the post of Inspector-General of Imports and Exports. He died at Black-heath, March 25, 1721, leaving one son, who became Secretary to the Commissioners of Excise. As an intimate friend of Steele's, it has been thought that Henry Martyn suggested a trait or two in the Sir Andrew Freeport of the Spectator's Club.

[2] Sept. 20, 1696.

'a Manager for himself, all the People he had 'acquired were such only as he had reduced by 'his Wars, and were left in his Possession by the 'Peace; he had conquered not above one third 'Part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more 'than one third Part of the Inhabitants of that 'Province.

'About 100 Years ago the Houses in that 'Country were all Numbered, and by a just 'Computation the Inhabitants of all Sorts could 'not then exceed 750000 Souls. And if any Man 'will consider the Desolation by almost perpetual 'Wars, the numerous Armies that have lived al- 'most ever since at Discretion upon the People, 'and how much of their Commerce has removed 'for more Security to other Places, he will have 'little Reason to imagine that their Numbers have 'since increased; and therefore with one third 'Part of that Province that Prince can have 'gained no more than one third Part of the In- 'habitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even tho' it 'should be supposed they were all contented to 'live still in their native Country, and transfer 'their Allegiance to a new Master.

'The Fertility of this Province, its convenient 'Situation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity 'for furnishing Employment and Subsistence to 'great Numbers, and the vast Armies that have 'been maintained here, make it credible that the 'remaining two Thirds of *Flanders* are equal to 'all his other Conquests; and consequently by 'all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new 'Subjects, Men, Women and Children, especially 'if a Deduction shall be made of such as have re- 'tired from the Conqueror to live under their old 'Masters.

'It is Time now to set his Loss against his 'Profit, and to shew for the new Subjects he had 'acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the 'Acquisition: I think that in his Wars he has 'seldom brought less into the Field in all Places 'than 200000 fighting Men, besides what have 'been left in Garrisons; and I think the common 'Computation is, that of an Army, at the latter 'End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battle, 'scarce Four Fifths can be mustered of those that 'came into the Field at the Beginning of the Year. 'His Wars at several Times till the last Peace 'have held about 20 Years; and if 40000 yearly 'lost, or a fifth Part of his Armies, are to be 'multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than '800000 of his old Subjects, all able-body'd Men; 'a greater Number than the new Subjects he had 'acquired.

'But this Loss is not all: Providence seems to 'have equally divided the whole Mass of Man- 'kind into different Sexes, that every Woman may 'have her Husband, and that both may equally 'contribute to the Continuance of the Species. It 'follows then, that for all the Men that have been 'lost, as many Women must have lived single, 'and it were but Charity to believe they have not 'done all the Service they were capable of doing 'in their Generation. In so long a Course of Years 'great part of them must have died, and all the 'rest must go off at last without leaving any Re- 'presentatives behind. By this Account he must 'have lost not only 800000 Subjects, but double 'that Number, and all the Increase that was 'reasonably to be expected from it.

'It is said in the last War there was a Famine 'in his Kingdom, which swept away two Millions 'of his People. This is hardly credible: If the 'loss was only of one fifth Part of that Sum, it 'was very great. But 'tis no wonder there should 'be Famine, where so much of the People's Sub- 'stance is taken away for the King's Use, that 'they have not sufficient left to provide against 'Accidents: where so many of the Men are taken 'from the Plough to serve the King in his Wars, 'and a great part of the Tillage is left to the 'weaker Hands of so many Women and Children. 'Whatever was the Loss, it must undoubtedly be 'placed to the Account of his Ambition.

'And so must also the Destruction or Banish 'ment of 3 or 400000 of his reformed Subjects; he 'could have no other Reasons for valuing those 'Lives so very cheap, but only to recommend him- 'self to the Bigotry of the *Spanish* Nation.

'How should there be Industry in a Country 'where all Property is precarious? What Subject 'will sow his Land that his Prince may reap the 'whole Harvest? Parsimony and Frugality must 'be Strangers to such a People; for will any Man 'save to-day what he has Reason to fear will be 'taken from him to-morrow? And where is the 'Encouragement for marrying? Will any Man 'think of raising Children, without any Assurance 'of Cloathing for their Backs, or so much as Food 'for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition, 'he must have lessened the Number of his Sub- 'jects not only by Slaughter and Destruction, but 'by preventing their very Births, he has done as 'much as was possible towards destroying Pos- 'terity itself.

'Is this then the great, the invincible *Lewis*? 'This the immortal Man, the *tout-puissant*, or the 'Almighty, as his Flatterers have called him? Is 'this the Man that is so celebrated for his Con- 'quests? For every Subject he has acquired, has 'he not lost three that were his Inheritance? Are 'not his Troops fewer, and those neither so well 'fed, or cloathed, or paid, as they were formerly, 'tho' he has now so much greater Cause to exert 'himself? And what can be the Reason of all this, 'but that his Revenue is a great deal less, his Sub- 'jects are either poorer, or not so many to be plun- 'dered by constant Taxes for his Use?

'It is well for him he had found out a Way to 'steal a Kingdom; if he had gone on conquering 'as he did before, his Ruin had been long since 'finished. This brings to my Mind a saying of 'King *Pyrrhus*, after he had a second time beat the '*Romans* in a pitched Battle, and was compli- 'mented by his Generals; *Yes*, says he, *such 'another Victory and I am quite undone.* And 'since I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will end with 'a very good, though known Story of this ambitious 'mad Man. When he had shewn the utmost 'Fondness for his Expedition against the *Romans*, '*Cyneas* his chief Minister asked him what he 'proposed to himself by this War? Why, says '*Pyrrhus*, to conquer the *Romans*, and reduce all '*Italy* to my Obedience. What then? says *Cyneas*. 'To pass over into *Sicily*, says *Pyrrhus*, and then 'all the *Sicilians* must be our Subjects. And what

'does your Majesty intend next? Why truly, 'says the King, to conquer *Carthage*, and make 'myself Master of all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says 'the Minister is to be the End of all your Expe- 'ditions? Why then, says the King, for the rest 'of our Lives we'll sit down to good Wine. How, 'Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better than we have now 'before us? Have we not already as much as we 'can drink?[1]

'Riot and Excess are not the becoming Charac- 'ters of Princes: but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had 'debauched like *Vitellius*, they had been less 'hurtful to their People.

Your humble Servant,

T. PHILARITHMUS.

No. 181.] *Thursday, September* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultrò.
Virg.

I AM more pleased with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this Kind.

SIR,

'Among all the Distresses which happen in 'Families, I do not remember that you have 'touched upon the Marriage of Children without 'the Consent of their Parents. I am one of [these[2]] 'unfortunate Persons. I was about Fifteen when 'I took the Liberty to choose for my self; and 'have ever since languished under the Displeasure 'of an inexorable Father, who, though he sees me 'happy in the best of Husbands, and blessed with 'very fine Children, can never be prevailed upon 'to forgive me. He was so kind to me before 'this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my 'Breach of Duty, in some measure, inexcusable; 'and at the same Time creates in me such a Ten- 'derness towards him, that I love him above all 'things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I 'have thrown myself at his Feet, and besought 'him with Tears to pardon me; but he always 'pushes me away, and spurns me from him: I 'have written several Letters to him, but he will 'neither open nor receive them. About two Years 'ago I sent my little Boy to him, dressed in a new 'Apparel; but the Child returned to me crying, 'because he said his Grandfather would not see 'him, and had ordered him to be put out of his 'House. My Mother is won over to my Side, but 'dares not mention me to my Father for fear of 'provoking him. About a Month ago he lay sick 'upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life: 'I was pierced to the Heart at the News, and 'could not forbear going to inquire after his 'Health. My Mother took this Opportunity of 'speaking in my Behalf: she told him with abun- 'dance of Tears, that I was come to see him, that 'I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I 'should certainly break my Heart if he refus'd at 'that Time to give me his Blessing, and be recon- 'ciled to me. He was so far from relenting to- 'wards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, 'unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last 'Moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has 'the Reputation of an honest and religious Man, 'which makes my Misfortune so much the greater. 'God be thanked he is since recovered: But his 'severe Usage has given me such a Blow, that I 'shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved 'by any Impressions which the reading of this in 'your Paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.

Of all Hardnesses of Heart there is none so inexcusable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper is odious upon all Occasions; but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderness, and Compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those [who[2]] depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent Excellency and Goodness of his Nature, extends his Mercy towards all his Works; and because his Creatures have not such a spontaneous Benevolence and Compassion towards those who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Instinct, that supplies the Place of this inherent Goodness.[a] I have illustrated this kind of Instinct in former Papers, and have shewn how it runs thro' all the Species of brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation subsists by it.

This Instinct in Man is more general and uncircumscribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reason and Duty. For if we consider our selves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of στοργή, or natural Affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its Good and Preservation. Dependance is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderness and Pity than any other Motive whatsoever.

The Man therefore who, notwithstanding any Passion or Resentment, can overcome this powerful Instinct, and extinguish natural Affection, debases his Mind even below Brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great Design of Providence, and strikes out of his Nature one of the most Divine Principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable Argumens [which[2]] might be brought against such an unreasonable Proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very Prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *Case in Point*; the Relation between the Child and Father being what comes nearest to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never so high a Nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being under the tender Appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a Forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

[1] These anecdotes are from Plutarch's Life of Pyrrhus.

[2] [those]

[1] [that]

[2] [that]

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential Considerations; but if the last mentioned Motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle published by *Freher*, among the Writers of the *German* History.[1]

Eginhart, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answer'd her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flames for some Time, under Apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person [who [2]] had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night; but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observed that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess *Imma* with his Fears; who, after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extreamly troubled and astonished at this Accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his *not having* been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and [appointed [1]] a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's Crime, asked them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declared it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart's* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given [him [2]] in Marriage, with a Dower suitable to her Quality; which was soon after performed accordingly. L.

[1] Marquard Freher, who died at Heidelberg in 1614, aged 49, was Counsellor to the Elector Palatine, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Heidelberg, until employed by the Elector (Frederic IV.) as his Minister in Poland, and at other courts. The chief of many works of his were, on the Monetary System of the Ancient Romans and of the German Empire in his day, a History of France, a collection of Writers on Bohemian History, and another of Writers on German History, *Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, in three volumes. It is from a Chronicle of the monastery of Lorsch (or Laurisheim), in Hesse Darmstadt, under the year 805, in the first volume of the last-named collection, that the story about Eginhart was taken by Bayle, out of whose Dictionary Addison got it. Bayle, indeed, specially recommends it as good matter for a story. Imma, the chronicle says, had been betrothed to the Grecian Emperor.

[2] [that]

No. 182.] *Friday, September* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Plus aloës quàm mellis habet—— Juv.

As all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uncharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that Sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is wonderful to me that among the many 'Enormities which you have treated of, you have 'not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly 'the Insnaring Part; I mean, that it is a Thing 'very fit for your Pen, to expose the Villany of 'the Practice of deluding Women. You are to 'know, Sir, that I myself am a Woman who have 'been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into 'this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a 'very worthless Fellow, who served others in the 'same Manner both before my Ruin and since 'that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me, 'so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to 'go upon the Town, as the Phrase is, but took to 'Work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of 'the Knowledge of all with whom I was before 'acquainted.

'It is the ordinary Practice and Business of 'Life with a Set of idle Fellows about this Town, 'to write Letters, send Messages, and form Ap-

[1] [fixed on] [2] [to him]

'pointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and 'leave them after Possession of them, without any 'Mercy, to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Dis-'ease. Were you to read the nauseous Imperti-'nences which are written on these Occasions, 'and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, 'it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as 'Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been 'for some time applied to by an *Irish* Fel-'low, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced 'Coat, and is the Admiration of Seamstresses 'who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have 'had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have de-'barred my Prentice from Pen, Ink and Paper. 'But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of 'me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Mis-'tress to put them up into a Band-box in order to 'be sent to him when his Man called. When I 'came into the Shop again, I took occasion to 'send her away, and found in the Bottom of the 'Box written these Words, *Why would you ruin 'a harmless Creature that loves you?* then in 'the Lid, *There is no resisting* Strephon: I 'searched a little farther, and found in the Rim 'of the Box, *At Eleven of clock at Night come 'in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street.* 'This was enough to alarm me; I sent away the 'things, and took my Measures accordingly. An 'Hour or two before the appointed Time I ex-'amined my young Lady, and found her Trunk 'stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old 'Scroll of Parchment in *Latin*, which her Lover 'had sent her as a Settlement of Fifty Pounds a 'Year: Among other things, there was also the 'best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Pre-'sent for Cravats. I was very glad of this last 'Circumstance, because I could very conscien-'tiously swear against him that he had enticed my 'Servant away, and was her Accomplice in rob-'bing me: I procured a Warrant against him ac-'cordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and 'the tender Hour of Love approaching, I, who 'had acted for myself in my Youth the same 'senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. 'Therefore after having locked up my Maid, and 'not being so much unlike her in Height and 'Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, 'I delivered the Bundle designed to be carried off 'to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to 'receive them. Thus I followed after to the 'Coach, where when I saw his Master take them 'in, I cryed out, Thieves! Thieves! and the Con-'stable with his Attendants seized my expecting 'Lover. I kept my self unobserved till I saw the 'Crowd sufficiently encreased, and then appeared 'to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the 'Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode put into 'the *Round-House*, with the stolen Wares by 'him, to be produced in Evidence against him the 'next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known 'to be Fact; and I have been contented to save 'my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this 'mortified Lover, not to appear further in the 'Matter. This was some Penance; but, Sir, is this 'enough for a Villany of much more pernicious 'Consequence than the Trifles for which he was 'to have been indicted? Should not you, and all 'Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so 'right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not 'laugh at the Imputation of what he was really 'guilty, and dread being accused of that for 'which he was arrested?

'In a word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and 'such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous 'to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her 'Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, 'only take Leave (which I cannot do without 'sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been 'the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I 'should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and 'Shame.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
Alice Threadneedle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Round-House, Sept.* 9.

'I am a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by 'the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of 'Peace, and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath 'of an old Harridan, am imprisoned here for 'Theft, when I designed only Fornication. The 'Midnight Magistrate, as he conveyed me along, 'had you in his Mouth, and said, this would make 'a pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, 'you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of 'dull Rogues of Business. The World is so 'altered of late Years, that there was not a Man 'who would knock down a Watchman in my Be-'half, but I was carried off with as much Triumph 'as if I had been a Pick-pocket. At this rate, 'there is an end of all the Wit and Humour in 'the World. The Time was when all the honest 'Whore-masters in the Neighbourhood would 'have rose against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. 'If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine 'things that have been writ by most of the Wits 'of the last Age may be burnt by the common 'Hangman. Harkee, [Mr.] SPEC, do not be 'queer; after having done some things pretty 'well, don't begin to write at that rate that no 'Gentleman can read thee. Be true to Love, and 'burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to 'write my Name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

No. 183.] *Saturday, Sept.* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.
Hesiod.

FABLES were the first Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued, not only in Times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind. *Jotham's* Fable of the Trees[1] is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time. *Nathan's* Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb[2] is likewise more ancient than any that is extant,

[1] Judges ix. 8—15. [2] 2 Sam. xii. 1—4.

besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an Effect, as to convey Instruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant Ages of *Greece;* and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a Mutiny among the Common People appeased by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs,[1] which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble, at a Time when perhaps they would have torn to Pieces any Man who had preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct Manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest Height. To justify this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest Wit and Critick in the *Augustan* Age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by this Way of Writing is come more into Vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it, that the Iliad and Odyssey of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature: and that the several Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first Iliad, represents Anger, or the Irascible Part of Human Nature; That upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that Occasion; and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the Odyssey, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several Parts of it. The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the finest Prose Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their Favourite Kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this Sort that made any considerable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first Dawnings of Philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by vertue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him.[2]

[1] Livy, Bk. II. sec. 32.
[2] Xenophon's Memorabilia Socratis, Bk. II.

After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the Occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumstance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the condemned Person was to be executed) being seated *in the midst* of his Disciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to shew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his usual Manner) to take every Occasion of Philosophizing upon some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very Parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.[1]

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a Time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse [which[2]] was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

There were two Families which from the Beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither so Virtuous as the one, nor so Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. Jupiter *considering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families,*

[1] Phædon, § 10.
[2] [that]

Pleasure who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the half-Way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so Vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so Virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay a Claim to an hundredth Part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two Thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yokefellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of Jupiter *in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.* L.

No. 184.] *Monday, October* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Hor.

WHEN a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects, and brought me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it further than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'You have already obliged the World with a 'Discourse upon Grinning, and have since pro-'ceeded to Whistling, from whence you [at length 'came[1]] to Yawning; from this, I think, you may 'make a very natural Transition to Sleeping. I 'therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a 'Paper the following Advertisement, which about 'two Months ago was given into every Body's 'Hands, and may be seen with some Additions in 'the *Daily Courant* of *August* the Ninth.

'Nicholas Hart,[2] *who slept last Year in St.* 'Bartholomew's *Hospital, intends to sleep this* 'Year at the Cock and Bottle *in* Little-Britain.

'Having since inquired into the Matter of Fact, 'I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* 'is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of 'Sleeping, which begins upon the Fifth of *August*, 'and ends on the Eleventh of the same Month: 'That

'On the First of that Month he grew dull;
'On the Second, appeared drowsy;
'On the Third, fell a yawning;
'On the Fourth, began to nod;
'On the Fifth, dropped asleep;
'On the Sixth, was heard to snore;
'On the Seventh, turned himself in his Bed;
'On the Eighth, recovered his former Posture;
'On the Ninth fell a stretching;
'On the Tenth about Midnight, awaked;
'On the Eleventh in the Morning called for a 'little Small-Beer.

'This Account I have extracted out of the 'Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been 'faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, 'who has undertaken to be his Historiographer. 'I have sent it to you, not only as it represents 'the Actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it seems 'a very natural Picture of the Life of many an 'honest *English* Gentleman, whose whole History 'very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, 'Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the 'like extraordinary Particulars. I do not ques-'tion, Sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out 'an Advertisement not unlike [the[3]] above-men-

[1] [are at length come]

[2] Nicholas Hart, born at Leyden, was at this time 22 years old, one of ten children of a learned mathematician who for two years had been a tutor to King William. Nicholas was a sailor from the age of twelve, and no scholar, although he spoke French, Dutch, and English. He was a patient at St. Bartholomew's for stone and gravel some weeks before, and on the 3rd of August, 1711, set his mark to an account of himself, when he expected to fall asleep on the fifth of August, two days later. His account was also signed by 'William Hill, Sen. No. 1. Lincoln's Inn,' the 'Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn,' presently alluded to.

[3] [that]

'tioned, of several Men of Figure; that Mr. *John* 'such-a-one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* such-a-one, 'Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer, 'intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The 'worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species 'is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, 'who live quietly among their Neighbours, with-'out ever disturbing the publick Peace: They 'are Drones without Stings. I could heartily 'wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious 'Spirits, would for a while change Places with 'these good Men, and enter themselves into *Nicho-'las Hart's* Fraternity. Could one but lay asleep 'a few busy Heads which I could name, from the 'First of *November* next to the First of *May* en-'suing,[1] I question not but it would very much 'redound to the Quiet of particular Persons, as 'well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

'But to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, 'you will think it a very extraordinary Circum-'stance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleep-'ing, and that Rest should procure a Man Suste-'nance as well as Industry; yet so it is that '*Nicholas* got last Year enough to support him-'self for a Twelvemonth. I am likewise informed 'that he has this Year had a very comfortable 'Nap. The Poets value themselves very much 'for sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard 'they got a Groat by it: On the contrary, our 'Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he 'could by Working, and may be more properly 'said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden 'Dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy 'Husband who raised an Estate by Snoring, but 'then he is represented to have slept what the 'common People call a Dog's Sleep; or if his 'Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about 'her Business. Your Pen, [which[2]] loves to 'moralize upon all Subjects, may raise something, 'methinks, on this Circumstance also, and point 'out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of 'growing rich by an honest Industry, recommend 'themselves to the Favours of the Great, by mak-'ing themselves agreeable Companions in the 'Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of 'the most eminent Pens in *Grub-street* is now em-'ployed in Writing the Dream of this miraculous 'Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than or-'dinary Length, as it must contain all the Par-'ticulars that are supposed to have passed in his 'Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said 'to have gone already through three Days and '[three] Nights of it, and to have comprised in 'them the most remarkable Passages of the four 'first Empires of the World. If he can keep free 'from Party-Strokes, his Work may be of Use; 'but this I much doubt, having been informed by 'one of his Friends and Confidents, that he has 'spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great 'Freedom.

L. *I am ever, Sir, &c.*

[1] That is, when Parliament is sitting.
[2] [that]

No. 185.] *Tuesday, October* 2, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Tantæne Animis cælestibus Iræ?—Virg.

THERE is nothing in which Men more deceive themselves than in what the World calls Zeal. There are so many Passions which hide themselves under it, and so many Mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of Virtues. It is certain, where it is once Laudable and Prudential, it is an hundred times Criminal and Erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal Violence in all Religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the Subdivisions of each Religion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins*, that the first Murder was occasioned by a religious Controversy; and if we had the whole History of Zeal from the Days of *Cain* to our own Times, we should see it filled with so many Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodshed, as would make a wise Man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a Principle, when it only regards Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his Heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his Religion, is either Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature. [A Man who'] differs from another in Opinion, sets himself above him in his own Judgment, and in several Particulars pretends to be the wiser Person. This is a great Provocation to the proud Man, and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the Case very often, we may observe from the Behaviour of some of the most zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great Friendships and Intimacies with vicious immoral Men, provided they do but agree with them in the same Scheme of Belief. The Reason is, Because the vicious Believer gives the Precedency to the virtuous Man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier Person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite Passage which we see quoted in almost every System of Ethicks, tho' upon another Occasion.

——Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor—— Ov.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a Sinner than a Heretick; since there are several Cases [which[2]] may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none [which[3]] can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great Inflamer, and sets a Man on Persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this Reason we find none are so forward to promote the true Worship by Fire and Sword, as those who find their present Account in it. But I

[1] [The Man that]
[2] [that]
[3] [that]

shall extend the Word Interest to a larger Meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his Side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proselyte is like a new Argument for the Establishment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his Opinions with as much Heat as those who believe they do it only out of Passion for God's Glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, [which[1]] has been in some measure quelled and subdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the Duties of a Christian, it throws off all Restraint, and rages in its full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Ease to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilst he is gratifying the Bent of a perverse revengeful Temper. For this Reason we find, that most of the Massacres and Devastations, [which[2]] have been in the World, have taken their Rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a Man zealous in a good Matter, and especially when his Zeal shews it self for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happiness of Mankind: But when I find the Instruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies and Dungeons; when he imprisons Mens Persons, confiscates their Estates, ruins their Families, and burns the Body to save the Soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Existence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these Men, tho' they fall short, in every other Respect, of those who make a Profession of Religion, would at least outshine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that single Fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent Fervours of Religion: But so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Fierceness and Contention, Wrath and Indignation, as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper Colours. They are a Sort of Gamesters [who[3]] are eternally upon the Fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their Friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the Bargain. In short, the Zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism it self.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must further observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the Spirit of Bigotry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices; and Schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed [into[1]] a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater Measure of Faith, than any Set of Articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the publick Good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion, and with Bigotry for Nonsense. C.

[1] [that] [2] [that]
[3] [that]

No. 186.] *Wednesday, October* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.—— Hor.

UPON my Return to my Lodgings last Night I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter Part of my Yesterday's Speculation; and at the same time enclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the Sequel of that Discourse. It consists partly of uncommon Reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger Light.

'A Believer may be excused by the most 'hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him 'a Convert, because he does it with an Eye to 'both their Interests. The Atheist is inexcusable 'who tries to gain over a Believer, because he 'does not propose the doing himself or the Be'liever any Good by such a Conversion.

'The Prospect of a future State is the secret 'Comfort and Refreshment of my Soul; it is that 'which makes Nature look gay about me; it

[1] [in]

'doubles all my Pleasures, and supports me under 'all my Afflictions. I can look at Disappointments 'and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death itself, 'and, what is worse than Death, the Loss of those 'who are dearest to me, with Indifference, so long 'as I keep in view the Pleasures of Eternity, and 'the State of Being in which there will be no 'Fears nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows, 'Sickness nor Separation. Why will any Man be 'so impertinently Officious as to tell me all this is 'only Fancy and Delusion? Is there any Merit 'in being the Messenger of ill News? If it is a 'Dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both 'the happier and better Man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a 'Man [who[1]] believes neither Heaven nor Hell, 'or, in other Words, a future State of Rewards 'and Punishments. Not only natural Self-love, 'but Reason directs us to promote our own In-'terest above all Things. It can never be for the 'Interest of a Believer to do me a Mischief, be-'cause he is sure upon the Balance of Accompts to 'find himself a Loser by it. On the contrary, if 'he considers his own Welfare in his Behaviour 'towards me, it will lead him to do me all the 'Good he can, and at the same Time restrain him 'from doing me any Injury. An Unbeliever 'does not act like a reasonable Creature, if he 'favours me contrary to his present Interest, or 'does not distress me when it turns to his present 'Advantage. Honour and Good-nature may in-'deed tie up his Hands; but as these would be 'very much strengthened by Reason and Princi-'ple, so without them they are only Instincts, or 'wavering unsettled Notions, [which[2]] rest on no 'Foundation.

'Infidelity has been attack'd with so good Suc-'cess of late Years, that it is driven out of all its 'Out-works. The Atheist has not found his Post 'tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and 'a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the 'Truth of it is, the greatest Number of this Set of 'Men, are those who, for want of a virtuous Edu-'cation, or examining the Grounds of Religion, 'know so very little of the Matter in Question, 'that their Infidelity is but another Term for their 'Ignorance.

'As Folly and Inconsiderateness are the Found-'ations of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Sup-'ports of it are either a Vanity of appearing wiser 'than the rest of Mankind, or an Ostentation of 'Courage in despising the Terrors of another 'World, which have so great an Influence on what 'they call weaker Minds; or an Aversion to a 'Belief that must cut them off from many of those 'Pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill 'them with Remorse for many of those they have 'already tasted.

'The great received Articles of the Christian 'Religion have been so clearly proved, from the 'Authority of that Divine Revelation in which 'they are delivered, that it is impossible for those 'who have Ears to hear, and Eyes to see, not to 'be convinced of them. But were it possible for 'any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, 'I can find no ill Consequences in adhering to it.

'The great Points of the Incarnation and Suffer-'ings of our Saviour produce naturally such 'Habits of Virtue in the Mind of Man, that I say, 'supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken 'in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow 'that no other System of Religion could so effect-'ually contribute to the heightning of Morality. 'They give us great Ideas of the Dignity of human 'Nature, and of the Love which the Supreme 'Being bears to his Creatures, and consequently 'engage us in the highest Acts of Duty towards 'our Creator, our Neighbour, and our selves. How 'many noble Arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from 'the chief Articles of our Religion, for the advancing 'of Morality in its three great Branches? To give 'a single Example in each Kind: What can be a 'stronger Motive to a firm Trust and Reliance on 'the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his 'Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and 'esteem even the most inconsiderable of Mankind 'more than the Thought that Christ died for him? 'Or what dispose us to set a stricter Guard upon 'the Purity of our own Hearts, than our being 'Members of Christ, and a Part of the Society of 'which that immaculate Person is the Head? But 'these are only a Specimen of those admirable 'Enforcements of Morality, which the Apostle 'has drawn from the History of our blessed Sa-'viour.

'If our modern Infidels considered these Matters 'with that Candour and Seriousness which they 'deserve, we should not see them act with such a 'Spirit of Bitterness, Arrogance, and Malice: 'They would not be raising such insignificant 'Cavils, Doubts, and Scruples, as may be started 'against every thing that is not capable of mathe-'matical Demonstration; in order to unsettle the 'Minds of the Ignorant, disturb the publick Peace, 'subvert Morality, and throw all things into Con-'fusion and Disorder. If none of these Reflec-'tions can have any Influence on them, there is 'one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to 'their Vanity, by which they seem to be guided 'much more than their Reason. I would there-'fore have them consider, that the wisest and best 'of Men, in all Ages of the World, have been those 'who lived up to the Religion of their Country, 'when they saw nothing in it opposite to Morality, 'and [to] the best Lights they had of the Divine 'Nature. *Pythagoras's* first Rule directs us to 'worship the Gods *as it is ordained by Law*, 'for that is the most natural Interpretation of the 'Precept.' *Socrates*, who was the most renowned 'among the Heathens both for Wisdom and Vir-'tue, in his last Moments desires his Friends to 'offer a Cock to *Æsculapius*;[2] doubtless out of a 'submissive Deference to the established Worship 'of his Country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his 'Prince (whom he sets forth as a Pattern of Per-'fection), when he found his Death approaching, 'offered Sacrifices on the Mountains to the *Per-'sian Jupiter*, and the Sun, *according to the Cus-'tom of the Persians*; for those are the Words 'of the Historian.[3] Nay, the *Epicureans* and 'Atomical Philosophers shewed a very remarkable

[1] [that] [2] [that]

[1] Which is motto to No. 112.
[2] Phædon. [3] Cyropædia, Bk. viii.

'Modesty in this Particular; for though the Being 'of a God was entirely repugnant to their Schemes 'of natural Philosophy, they contented themselves 'with the Denial of a Providence, asserting at the 'same Time the Existence of Gods in general; 'because they would not shock the common Be-'lief of Mankind, and the Religion of their 'Country. L.

No. 287.] *Thursday, October* 4, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Miseri quibus
Intentata nites—— Hor.

THE Intelligence given by this Correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the Persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his Letter at length.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I do not know that you have ever touched upon 'a certain species of Women, whom we ordinarily 'call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more 'useful Work, than the Consideration of these 'dangerous Animals. The Coquet is indeed one 'Degree towards the Jilt; but the Heart of the 'former is bent upon admiring her self, and giving 'false Hopes to her Lovers; but the latter is not 'contented to be extreamly amiable, but she must 'add to that Advantage a certain Delight in being 'a Torment to others. Thus when her Lover is 'in the full Expectation of Success, the Jilt shall 'meet him with a sudden Indifference, and Ad-'miration in her Face at his being surprised that 'he is received like a Stranger, and a Cast of her 'Head another Way with a pleasant Scorn of the 'Fellow's Insolence. It is very probable the 'Lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, 'sits down to his Scrutore, sends her word in the 'most abject Terms, That he knows not what he 'has done; that all which was desirable in this 'Life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the 'Charmer of his Soul should withdraw the vital 'Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He 'continues a mournful Absence for some time, 'pining in Secret, and out of Humour with all 'things which he meets with. At length he takes 'a Resolution to try his Fate, and explain with 'her resolutely upon her unaccountable Carriage. 'He walks up to her Apartment, with a thousand 'Inquietudes and Doubts in what Manner he shall 'meet the first Cast of her Eye; when upon his 'first Appearance she flies towards him, wonders 'where he has been, accuses him of his Absence, 'and treats him with a Familiarity as surprising 'as her former Coldness. This good Correspond-'ence continues till the Lady observes the Lover 'grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it 'with some new Inconsistency of Behaviour. For '(as I just now said) the Happiness of a *Jilt* con-'sists only in the Power of making others un-'easy. But such is the Folly of this Sect of 'Women, that they carry on this pretty skittish 'Behaviour, till they have no charms left to 'render it supportable. *Corinna*, that used to 'torment all who conversed with her with false 'Glances, and little heedless unguarded Motions, 'that were to betray some Inclination towards 'the Man she would ensnare, finds at present all 'she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged 'to indulge the Jilt in her Constitution, by laying 'Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from 'unknown Hands, and making all the young 'Fellows in Love with her, till they find out who 'she is. Thus as before she gave Torment by 'disguising her Inclination, she is now obliged to 'do it by hiding her Person.

'As for my own Part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has 'been my unhappy Fate to be jilted from my 'Youth upward; and as my Taste has been very 'much towards Intreague, and having Intelligence 'with Women of Wit, my whole Life has passed 'away in a Series of Impositions. I shall, for the 'Benefit of the present Race of young Men, give 'some Account of my Loves. I know not 'whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl 'about Town called *Kitty*; This Creature (for I 'must take Shame upon my self) was my Mistress 'in the Days when Keeping was in Fashion. '*Kitty*, under the Appearance of being Wild, 'Thoughtless, and Irregular in all her Words and 'Actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of 'her Time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm 'in it like that of Chastity, and Want of Desires 'seemed as great a Merit as the Conquest of them. 'The Air she gave herself was that of a Romping 'Girl, and whenever I talked to her with any Turn 'of Fondness, she would immediately snatch off 'my Perriwig, try it upon herself in the Glass, clap 'her Arms a Kimbow, draw my Sword, and make 'Passes on the Wall, take off my Cravat, and seize 'it to make some other Use of the Lace, or run 'into some other unaccountable Rompishness, till 'the Time I had appointed to pass away with her 'was over. I went from her full of Pleasure at 'the Reflection that I had the keeping of so much 'Beauty in a Woman, who, as she was too heedless 'to please me, was also too inattentive to form a 'Design to wrong me. Long did I divert every 'Hour that hung heavy upon me in the Com-'pany of this Creature, whom I looked upon as 'neither *Guilty* or Innocent, but could laugh 'at my self for my unaccountable Pleasure in an 'Expence upon her, till in the End it appeared 'my pretty Insensible was with Child by my Foot-'man.

'This Accident roused me into a Disdain against 'all Libertine Women, under what Appearance 'soever they hid their Insincerity, and I resolved 'after that Time to converse with none but those 'who lived within the Rules of Decency and 'Honour. To this End I formed my self into a 'more regular Turn of Behaviour, and began to 'make Visits, frequent Assemblies, and lead out 'Ladies from the Theatres, with all the other 'insignificant Duties which the professed Servants 'of the Fair place themselves in constant Readi-'ness to perform. In a very little time, (having a 'plentiful Fortune) Fathers and Mothers began to 'regard me as a good Match, and I found easie 'Admittance into the best Families in Town to 'observe their Daughters; but I, who was born to

'follow the Fair to no Purpose, have by the Force 'of my ill Stars made my Application to three 'Jilts successively.

'*Hyæna* is one of those who form themselves 'into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endea- 'vour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to 'all around them: *Hyæna* can loll in her Coach, 'with something so fixed in her Countenance, that 'it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is 'employed only on her Dress and her Charms in 'that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I 'should say, *Hyæna*, in the Figure she affects to 'appear in, is a Spider in the midst of a Cobweb, 'that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches 'it. The Net *Hyæna* throws is so fine, that you 'are taken in it before you can observe any Part 'of her Work. I attempted her for a long and 'weary Season, but I found her Passion went no 'farther than to be admired; and she is of that 'unreasonable Temper, as not to value the In- 'constancy of her Lovers provided she can boast 'she once had their Addresses.

'*Biblis* was the second I aimed at, and her 'Vanity lay in purchasing the Adorers of others, 'and not in rejoicing in their Love it self. *Biblis* 'is no Man's Mistress, but every Woman's Rival. 'As soon as I found this, I fell in Love with *Chloe*, 'who is my present Pleasure and Torment. I 'have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for 'her, and have been her Man in the Sight and 'Expectation of the whole Town [these[1]] three 'Years, and thought my self near the End of my 'Wishes; when the other Day she called me into 'her Closet, and told me, with a very grave Face, 'that she was a Woman of Honour, and scorned 'to deceive a Man who loved her with so much 'Sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she 'must inform me that she was by Nature the most 'inconstant Creature breathing, and begg'd of me 'not to marry her; If I insisted upon it, I should; 'but that she was lately fallen in Love with 'another. What to do or say I know not, but 'desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely 'oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,
Charles Yellow.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, *Haberdasher of Hats, at the Corner of* Devereux-Court *in the* Strand, *gives notice, That he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers, and Brushes for the Use of young Tradesmen in their last Year of Apprenticeship, at reasonable Rates.*[2] T.

[1] [this], and in first reprint.

[2] 'Last night died of a mortification in his leg, 'after a long time enduring the same, John Sly, 'the late famous haberdasher, so often mentioned 'in the Spectator.' *Evening Post*, April 15, 1729.

No. 188.] *Friday, October* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

Lætus sum Laudari à te Laudato viro.—Tull.

HE is a very unhappy Man who sets his Heart upon being admired by the Multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing Applause among Men. What pious Men call the Testimony of a good Conscience, should be the Measure of our Ambition in this Kind; that is to say, a Man of Spirit should contemn the Praise of the Ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own Heart he deserves. Besides which the Character of the Person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a Value upon his Esteem. The Praise of an ignorant Man is only Good-will, and you should receive his Kindness as he is a good Neighbour in Society, and not as a good Judge of your Actions in Point of Fame and Reputation. The Satyrist said very well of popular Praise and Acclamations, *Give the Tinkers and Coblers their Presents again, and learn to live of your self.*[1] It is an Argument of a loose and ungoverned Mind to be affected with the promiscuous Approbation of the Generality of Mankind; and a Man of Virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an Appetite of Fame. Men of Honour should endeavour only to please the Worthy, and the Man of Merit should desire to be tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble Sentiment which I heard Yesterday uttered in Conversation; *I know*, said a Gentleman, *a Way to be greater than any Man: If he has Worth in him, I can rejoice in his Superiority to me; and that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me.* This Thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous Spirit; and the Approbation of such Minds is what may be esteemed true Praise. For with the common Rate of Men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be Partakers of, or arrive at; but the Motive truly glorious is, when the Mind is set rather to do Things laudable, than to purchase Reputation. Where there is that Sincerity as the Foundation of a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men will be an unsought but a necessary Consequence. The *Lacedemonians*, tho' a plain People, and no Pretenders to Politeness, had a certain Delicacy in their Sense of Glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great Enterprise.[2] They would have the Commemoration of their Actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted Memorialists. The Din which attends Victories and publick Triumphs is by far less eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great Men by honest and wise Historians. It is a frivolous Pleasure to be the Admiration of gaping Crowds; but to have the Approbation of a good Man in the cool Reflections of his Closet, is a Gratification worthy an heroick Spirit. The Applause of the Crowd makes the Head giddy, but the Attestation of a reasonable Man makes the Heart glad.

[1] Persius, Sat. IV. sec. 51.

[2] Plutarch in Life of Lycurgus.

What makes the Love of popular or general Praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for Circumstances which are foreign to the Persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches, which may be taken out of one Man's Hands, and put into another's: The Application only, and not the Possession, makes those outward things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Sense agree in admiring Men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise Man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the World, him who is most wealthy.

When a Man is in this way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see Persons of Ingenuity address their Services and Performances to Men no way addicted to Liberal Arts: In these Cases, the Praise on one hand, and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications to ignorant Men are as absurd as any of the Speeches of *Bulfinch* in the Droll: Such an Address one is apt to translate into other Words; and when the Different Parties are thoroughly considered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author should say to the Patron; My very good Lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

The Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of Ability to be such a Surety. The wise *Phocion* was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who stood near him, and asked, in a surprized Manner, What Slip have I made?[1]

I shall conclude this Paper with a Billet which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Possibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give Occasion for this Letter.

Madam,

'I should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I 'could forbear making you my Acknowledgments 'for your late mention of me with so much Ap'plause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me 'new Sentiments; as you formerly inspired me 'with the true Sense of Love, so do you now 'with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had 'the least Part in the Passion I heretofore pro'fessed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in 'the Glory to which you have now raised me. 'Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sin'cerity, and Discretion, are the constant Orna'ments of her who has said this of me. Fame is 'a Babbler, but I have arrived at the highest Glory 'in this World, the Commendation of the most 'deserving Person in it. T.

[1] Plutarch in Life of Phocion.

No. 189.] *Saturday, October* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Patriæ pietatis imago.*—Virg.

THE following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr. Buckley,

'Mr. SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon 'the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have 'been induced (at the Request of several of Mr. 'SPECTATOR's Admirers) to inclose this Letter, 'which I assure you is the Original from a Father 'to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave 'but little or no Provocation. It would be won'derfully obliging to the World, if Mr. SPECTA'TOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his 'Speculations, and particularly to

(Mr. *Buckley*) *Your Humble Servant.*

SIRRAH,

'You are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both 'Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether 'you comply or no; that does not raze out my 'Impressions of your Insolence, going about 'Railing at me, and the next Day to sollicit my 'Favour: These are Inconsistencies, such as 'discover thy Reason depraved. To be brief, I 'never desire to see your Face; and, Sirrah, if 'you go to the Work-house, it is no Disgrace to 'me for you to be supported there; and if you 'Starve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing 'underhand in your Behalf. If I have any more 'of your scribling Nonsense I'll break your Head 'the first Time I set Sight on you. You are a 'stubborn Beast; is this your Gratitude for my 'giving you Mony? You Rogue, I'll better your 'Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your 'Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, *&c.*

'*P. S.* It's Prudence for you to keep out of my 'Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes 'Right, on the Outside of your Letter, I shall 'give you a great Knock on the Skull for it.

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Tenderness! It was usual among some of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drink to Excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite Stroaks of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon

the *English* Stage: I mean the Part of Sir *Sampson*[1] in *Love for Love*.

I must not however engage my self blindly on the Side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *sawcy and audacious Rascal* in the first Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. *To go about railing* at his Father, and to find no other Place but *the Outside of his Letter* to tell him *that Might overcomes Right*, if it does not discover *his Reason to be depraved*, and *that he is either Fool or Mad*, as the cholerick old Gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his Judgment, and give him a greater Sense of his Duty*. But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his Head*, or *giving him a great Knock on the Skull*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil*.

——Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis an puer Improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.[2]

Or like the Crow and her Egg, in the *Greek* Proverb,

Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ᾠόν.[3]

I must here take Notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correspondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give Encouragement to the Disobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the Pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his Apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the Penitent Daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her Behalf; and in this Case I may use the Saying of an eminent Wit, who, upon some great Mens pressing him to forgive his Daughter who had married against his Consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their Instances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving*.

I must confess, in all Controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that Side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest Reflections upon Human Nature that Parental Instinct should be a stronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours should be a less Inducement to Good-will, Tenderness and Commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any Person should endear the Child or Dependant more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel Parent we meet with a thousand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the Support of every living Species; but at the same time that it shews the Wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Basis of all Government, and set forth as the Measure of that Obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father *Le Conte*,[1] if I am not mistaken, who tells us how Want of Duty in this Particular is punished among the *Chinese*, insomuch that if a Son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his Father, not only the Criminal but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place itself would be razed to the Ground, and its Foundations sown with Salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People who could have bred up among them so horrible an Offender. To this I shall add a Passage out of the first Book of *Herodotus*. That Historian in his Account of the *Persian* Customs and Religion tells us, It is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is possible such a Crime should be in Nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son must have been Illegitimate, Supposititious, or begotten in Adultery. Their Opinion in this Particular shews sufficiently what a Notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general. L.

[1] Sir Sampson Legend in Congreve's play, which ends with the heroine's 'punishing an inhuman father and rewarding a faithful lover.'
[2] Ecl. 8. [3] Of bad Crow bad Egg.

[1] Present State of China, Part 2. Letter to the Cardinal d'Estrees.

No. 190.] *Monday, October* 8, 1711. [*Steele.*

Servitus crescit nova—— Hor.

SINCE I made some Reflections upon the general Negligence used in the Case of Regard towards Women, or, in other Words, since I talked of Wenching, I have had Epistles upon that Subject, which I shall, for the present Entertainment, insert as they lye before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As your Speculations are not confined to any 'Part of Humane Life, but concern the Wicked as 'well as the Good, I must desire your favourable 'Acceptance of what I, a poor stroling Girl about 'Town, have to say to you. I was told by a 'Roman Catholick Gentleman who picked me up 'last Week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what 'passed between us; I say I was told by such a 'Person, who endeavoured to convert me to his 'own Religion, that in Countries where Popery 'prevails, besides the Advantage of licensed Stews, 'there are large Endowments given for the *In*'*curabili*, I think he called them, such as are past 'all Remedy, and are allowed such Maintenance 'and Support as to keep them without further

'Care till they expire. This manner of treating 'poor Sinners has, methinks, great Humanity in 'it; and as you are a Person who pretend to carry 'your Reflections upon all Subjects, whatever oc-'cur to you, with Candour, and act above the 'Sense of what Misinterpretation you may meet 'with, I beg the Favour of you to lay before all 'the World the unhappy Condition of us poor 'Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour in-'stead of Idleness. There are Crowds of us 'whose Manner of Livelihood has long ceased to 'be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead 'a new Life, if the Rigour of the Virtuous did not 'for ever expel us from coming into the World 'again. As it now happens, to the eternal Infamy 'of the Male Sex, Falshood among you is not re-'proachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

'Give me Leave, Sir, to give you my History. 'You are to know that I am a Daughter of a Man 'of a good Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality. 'The Heir of this great House took it in his Head 'to cast a favourable Eye upon me, and succeeded. 'I do not pretend to say he promised me Mar-'riage: I was not a Creature silly enough to be 'taken by so foolish a Story: But he ran away 'with me up to this Town; and introduced me to 'a grave Matron, with whom I boarded for a Day 'or two with great Gravity, and was not a little 'pleased with the Change of my Condition, from 'that of a Country Life to the finest Company, as 'I believed, in the whole World. My humble 'Servant made me to understand that I should be 'always kept in the plentiful Condition I then en-'joyed; when after a very great Fondness to-'wards me, he one Day took his Leave of me for 'four or five Days. In the Evening of the same 'Day my good Landlady came to me, and observ-'ing me very pensive began to comfort me, and 'with a Smile told me I must see the World. 'When I was deaf to all she could say to divert 'me, she began to tell me with a very frank Air 'that I must be treated as I ought, and not take 'these squeamish Humours upon me, for my 'Friend had left me to the Town; and, as their 'Phrase is, she expected I would see Company, 'or I must be treated like what I had brought 'my self to. This put me into a Fit of Crying: 'And I immediately, in a true Sense of my Con-'dition, threw myself on the Floor, deploring my 'Fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred 'to succour me. While I was in all my Agony, I 'observed a decrepid old Fellow come into the 'Room, and looking with a Sense of Pleasure in 'his Face at all my Vehemence and Transport. 'In a Pause of my Distress I heard him say to 'the shameless old Woman who stood by me, She 'is certainly a new Face, or else she acts it rarely. 'With that the Gentlewoman, who was making 'her Market of me, in all the Turn of my Person, 'the Heaves of my Passion, and the suitable 'Changes of my Posture, took Occasion to com-'mend my Neck, my Shape, my Eyes, my Limbs. 'All this was accompanied with such Speeches as 'you may have heard Horse-coursers make in the 'Sale of Nags, when they are warranted for their 'Soundness. You understand by this Time that I 'was left in a Brothel, and exposed to the next 'Bidder that could purchase me of my Patroness. 'This is so much the Work of Hell; the Pleasure 'in the Possession of us Wenches, abates in pro-'portion to the Degrees we go beyond the Bounds 'of Innocence; and no Man is gratified, if there 'is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir, 'my first Man, when I came upon the Town, was 'Sir *Jeoffry Foible*, who was extremely lavish to 'me of his Money, and took such a Fancy to 'me that he would have carried me off, if my 'Patroness would have taken any reasonable 'Terms for me: But as he was old, his Covetous-'ness was his strongest Passion, and poor I was 'soon left exposed to be the common Refuse of 'all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I can-'not tell whether you will do me Justice or no, 'till I see whether you print this or not; other-'wise, as I now live with *Sal*, I could give you a 'very just Account of who and who is together in 'this Town. You perhaps won't believe it; but 'I know of one who pretends to be a very good 'Protestant who lies with a Roman-Catholick: 'But more of this hereafter, as you please me. 'There do come to our House the greatest Poli-'ticians of the Age; and *Sal* is more shrewd than 'any Body thinks: No Body can believe that such 'wise Men could go to Bawdy-houses out of idle 'Purposes; I have heard them often talk of *Au-'gustus Cæsar*, who had Intrigues with the 'Wives of Senators, not out of Wantonness but 'Stratagem.

'It is a thousand Pities you should be so severely 'virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after a 'Visit or two, you would soon understand that we 'Women of the Town are not such useless Corre-'spondents as you may imagine: You have un-'doubtedly heard that it was a Courtesan who 'discovered *Cataline's* Conspiracy. If you print 'this I'll tell you more; and am in the mean 'time,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an idle young Woman that would work 'for my Livelihood, but that I am kept in such a 'Manner as I cannot stir out. My Tyrant is an 'old jealous Fellow, who allows me nothing to 'appear in. I have but one Shooe and one Slip-'per; no Head-dress, and no upper Petticoat. 'As you set up for a Reformer, I desire you would 'take me out of this wicked Way, and keep me 'your self.

EVE AFTERDAY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am to complain to you of a Set of impertinent 'Coxcombs, who visit the Apartments of us 'Women of the Town, only, as they call it, to see 'the World. I must confess to you, this to Men 'of Delicacy might have an Effect to cure them; 'but as they are stupid, noisy and drunken Fel-'lows, it tends only to make Vice in themselves, 'as they think, pleasant and humourous, and at 'the same Time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir, 'hereafter from Time to Time give you the Names 'of these Wretches who pretend to enter our 'Houses meerly as Spectators. These Men think 'it Wit to use us ill: Pray tell them, however,

'worthy we are of such Treatment, it is unworthy 'them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, 'take Notice of this, and pity the Oppressed: I 'wish we could add to it, the Innocent. T.

No. 191.] *Tuesday, October* 9, 1711. [*Addison.*

——— οὖλον ὄνειρον.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to Eat of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the Midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Freewill to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets which, Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet's* Burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would Starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its Fellows. They all of them have the same Pretensions to good Luck, stand upon the same foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134.[1] On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number [666[2]] against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others, because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of Human Reason, which is of so busie a Nature, that it will be exerting it self in the meanest Trifles and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage; did any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was surprized to see the following one:

This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in the £1500000 Lottery, No. 132, *by Nath. Cliff at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. *Cliff's* Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Person that lately advertised I 'would give ten Shillings more than the current 'Price for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now 'drawing; which is a Secret I have communicated 'to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon 'that Account. You must know I have but one 'Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream 'I have lately had more than once, I was resolved 'it should be the Number I most approved. I am 'so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, 'that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My 'Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Oc'casion, that I have not only possessed the Lot, 'but disposed of the Money which in all proba'bility it will sell for. This Morning, in particu'lar, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to 'be the gayest in the Town. The Liveries are 'very Rich, but not Gaudy. I should be very 'glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery 'Subjects, in which you would oblige all People 'concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,
George Gossling.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, 'I'll make thee a handsome Present.

[1] The number of the minority who were in 1704 for Tacking a Bill against Occasional Conformity to a Money Bill.

[2] [1666], and in first reprint.

After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest Part of Mankind are in some degree guilty of my Friend *Gossling*'s Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse our selves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project, or Reversion, that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business; and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon Contingent Futurities, that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chymerical Grandeur, Senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his present Circumstances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be Time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L.

No. 192.] *Wednesday, October* 10, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et Laudare fortunas meas,
Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.
Tre.

I STOOD the other Day, and beheld a Father sitting in the Middle of a Room with a large Family of Children about him; and methought I could observe in his Countenance different Motions of Delight, as he turned his Eye towards the one and the other of them. The Man is a Person moderate in his Designs for their Preferment and Welfare; and as he has an easy Fortune, he is not sollicitous to make a great one. His eldest Son is a Child of a very towardly Disposition, and as much as the Father loves him, I dare say he will never be a Knave to improve his Fortune. I do not know any Man who has a juster Relish of Life than the Person I am speaking of, or keeps a better Guard against the Terrors of Want or the Hopes of Gain. It is usual in a Crowd of Children, for the Parent to name out of his own Flock all the great Officers of the Kingdom. There is something so very surprizing in the Parts of a Child of a Man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his Endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three Sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more Certainty, than that she shall see one of them a Bishop, the other a Judge, and the third a Court Physician. The Humour is, that any thing which can happen to any Man's Child, is expected by every Man for his own. But my Friend whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain Expectations, but has his Eye more upon the Virtue and Disposition of his Children, than their Advancement or Wealth. Good Habits are what will certainly improve a Man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other side, Affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good Affections of the Mind.

It is very natural for a Man of a kind Disposition to amuse himself with the Promises his Imagination makes to him of the future Condition of his Children, and to represent to himself the Figure they shall bear in the World after he has left it. When his Prospects of this Kind are agreeable, his Fondness gives as it were a longer Date to his own Life; and the Survivorship of a worthy Man [in [1]] his Son is a Pleasure scarce inferior to the Hopes of the Continuance of his own Life. That Man is happy who can believe of his Son, that he will escape the Follies and Indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The Continuance of his Virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his Life; but it is the most lamentable of all Reflections, to think that the Heir of a Man's Fortune is such a one as will be a Stranger to his Friends, alienated from the same Interests, and a Promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An Estate in Possession of such a Successor to a good Man, is worse than laid waste; and the Family of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable Condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable Seat of my honoured Friend *Ruricola*, and walk from Room to Room revolving many pleasing Occurrences, and the Expressions of many just Sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the Booby his Heir in Pain while he is doing the Honours of his House to the Friend of his Father, the Heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of Genius is not to be imputed to any Man, but Want of Humanity is a Man's own Fault. The Son of *Ruricola*, (whose Life was one continued Series of worthy Actions and Gentleman-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but in the Flattery he receives from his own Servants; his Pleasures are mean and inordinate, his Language base and filthy, [his [2]] Behaviour rough and absurd. Is this Creature to be accounted the Successor of a Man of Virtue, Wit and Breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy Prospect at the House where I miss my old Friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a Daughter who is the Picture both of his Body and Mind, but both improved with the Beauty and Modesty peculiar to her Sex. It is she who supplies the

[1] [to], and in the first reprint. [2] [and his]

Loss of her Father to the World; she, without his Name or Fortune, is a truer Memorial of him, than her Brother who succeeds him in both. Such an Offspring as the eldest Son of my Friend, perpetuates his Father in the same manner as the Appearance of his Ghost would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal Turn which this young Man has taken, except it may be to a certain Severity and Distance which his Father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a Dislike to those Modes of Life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

We may promise our selves that no such Excrescence will appear in the Family of the *Cornelii*, where the Father lives with his Sons like their eldest Brother, and the Sons converse with him as if they did it for no other Reason but that he is the wisest Man of their Acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent Traders, their good Correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: And their Friendship, Good-will and kind Offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their Fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful Object the Eyes of Man can behold, to see a Man of Worth and his Son live in an entire unreserved Correspondence. The mutual Kindness and Affection between them give an inexpressible Satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime Pleasure which encreases by the Participation. It is as sacred as Friendship, as pleasurable as Love, and as joyful as Religion. This State of Mind does not only dissipate Sorrow, which would be extream without it, but enlarges Pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its Force and Beauty when it is spoke by a kind Father, and an insignificant Trifle has its Weight when offered by a dutiful Child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted Self-love. All the Enjoyments and Sufferings which a Man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the Relation he has to another. A Man's very Honour receives a new Value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his Grave, it will be had in Remembrance that such an Action was done by such a one's Father. Such Considerations sweeten the old Man's Evening, and his Soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No Man can tell my Child his Father was either unmerciful or unjust: My Son shall meet many a Man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my Child a Friend to his Child for ever.

It is not in the Power of all Men to leave illustrious Names or great Fortunes to their Posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having Industry, Probity, Valour and Justice: It is in every Man's Power to leave his Son the Honour of descending from a virtuous Man, and add the Blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this Rhapsody with a Letter to an excellent young Man of my Acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

'I know no Part of Life more impertinent than 'the Office of administring Consolation: I will 'not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your 'Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from 'that excellent Man whom you have lost, have 'wrought in you as they ought, to make a Youth 'of Three and Twenty incapable of Comfort upon 'coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I 'doubt not but that you will honour his Memory 'by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn 'to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, 'Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased 'with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. 'This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have 'of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of 'others upon the Occasion. You cannot recal 'your Father by your Grief, but you may revive 'him to his Friends by your Conduct. T.

No. 193.] *Thursday, October* 11, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virg.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange Variety of Faces and Persons which fill the Streets with Business and Hurry, it is no unpleasant Amusement to make Guesses at their different Pursuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present Attention. Of all this busie Crowd, there are none who would give a Man inclined to such Enquiries better Diversion for his Thoughts, than those whom we call good Courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the Levées of Great Men. These Worthies are got into an Habit of being servile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for understanding how the World passes. In the Pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other Hope or Purpose, but to make a Bow to a Man in Court-Favour, and be thought, by some insignificant Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Interests and Fortunes. It is wondrous, that a Man can get over the natural Existence and Possession of his own Mind so far, as to take Delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what most Men pursue, rather than real Happiness. Thus both the Idol and Idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good Subjects, who are extreamly uneasie at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Centre of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in Courts, or be Partners in the Power of the World; I say, for the Benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the Whisper with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the Appearance at a Country Sessions, it would not methinks

be amiss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation: and make the Little know the Use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained so much Reputation for his Horary Predictions, is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled; and if a Peasant had lost a Cow, the [Servant[1]] rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and [the skillful Waiter below[2]] sifted the Enquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations, pass backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together: When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several Ways of making this first Appearance: you may be either half dressed, and washing your self, which is indeed the most stately; but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain Chastity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil List, [I will not say;] but [have[3]] ever understood the Fact to be, that the close Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breasted on these Occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the Business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a Multitude, that a Man is Wise, [Bounteous,[4]] Valiant and Powerful. When the first Shot of Eyes [is[5]] made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast Multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-Jobber at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much Ease as if he had been bred to each of those several Ways of Life. Now this is extreamly obliging: for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an Opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order Imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person gives him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and offhand give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals, and if there be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round to keep up the Farce of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He casts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such-a-one; to the other, *and when did you come to Town?* And perhaps just before he nods to another, and enters with him, *but, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.* Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in Ranks undistinguished, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Prospects if they hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrist says,[1] there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible that they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension it self. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with her self, nor does she betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cæsar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretensions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal) was the Person; but such a Way of acting is Childish, and inconsistent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Publick Levée; but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding. T.

[1] [Rope] [2] [a skilful servant] [3] [I have]
[4] [Beauteous], and in first reprint. [5] [are]

[1] Juvenal, viii. 73.

No. 194.] *Friday, October* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Difficili Bile Tumet Jecur.*—Hor.

THE present Paper shall consist of two Letters, which observe upon Faults that are easily cured both in Love and Friendship. In the latter, as far as it meerly regards Conversation, the Person who neglects visiting an agreeable Friend is punished in the very Transgression; for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Case of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is inexpressible if every little Instance of Kindness is not reciprocal. There are Things in this Sort of Commerce which there are not Words to express, and a Man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his Heart into ten thousand Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a Disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost Steps which may be made in further Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay *Corinna*, who sets up for an Indifference and becoming Heedlessness, gives her Husband all the Torment imaginable out of meer Insolence, with this peculiar Vanity, that she is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no Matter what is the Reason of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that she means him no Dishonour, but pines to Death because she will not have so much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet less criminal, and yet the Source of the utmost Unhappiness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have read your Papers which relate to Jealousy, and desire your Advice in my Case, which 'you will say is not common. I have a Wife, of 'whose Virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet 'I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives 'me as great Uneasiness as being faulty the other 'Way would do. I know not whether I am not 'yet more miserable than in that Case, for she 'keeps Possession of my Heart, without the Return of hers. I would desire your Observations 'upon that Temper in some Women, who will 'not condescend to convince their Husbands of 'their Innocence or their Love, but are wholly 'negligent of what Reflections the poor Men 'make upon their Conduct (so they cannot call it 'Criminal,) when at the same time a little Tenderness of Behaviour, or Regard to shew an Inclination to please them, would make them Entirely 'at Ease. Do not such Women deserve all the 'Misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? 'Or are they not in the actual Practice of Guilt, 'who care not whether they are thought guilty or 'not? If my Wife does the most ordinary thing, 'as visiting her Sister, or taking the Air with her 'Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a 'Secret: Then she will sometimes tell a thing of 'no Consequence, as if it was only Want of Memory 'made her conceal it before; and this only to 'dally with my Anxiety. I have complained to 'her of this Behaviour in the gentlest Terms im'aginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who 'desired only to live with her like an indulgent 'Friend, as the most morose and unsociable Hus'band in the World. It is no easy Matter to de'scribe our Circumstance, but it is miserable with 'this Aggravation, That it might be easily mended, 'and yet no Remedy endeavoured. She reads 'you, and there is a Phrase or two in this Letter 'which she will know came from me. If we enter 'into an Explanation which may tend to our 'future Quiet by your Means, you shall have our 'joint Thanks: In the mean time I am (as much 'as I can in this ambiguous Condition be any 'thing)

* *SIR*,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Give me Leave to make you a Present of a 'Character not yet described in your Papers, 'which is that of a Man who treats his Friend 'with the same odd Variety which a Fantastical 'Female Tyrant practises towards her Lover. I 'have for some time had a Friendship with one of 'these Mercurial Persons: The Rogue I know 'loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondness 'for him to use me as he pleases. We are by 'Turns the best Friends and the greatest Strangers 'imaginable; Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other Times he avoids me for a 'long Time, yet neither he nor I know why. 'When we meet next by Chance, he is amazed he 'has not seen me, is impatient for an Appointment 'the same Evening: and when I expect he should 'have kept it, I have known him slip away to an'other Place; where he has sat reading the News, 'when there is no Post; smoaking his Pipe, 'which he seldom cares for; and staring about 'him in Company with whom he has had nothing 'to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

'That I may state my Case to you the more 'fully, I shall transcribe some short Minutes I 'have taken of him in my Almanack since last 'Spring; for you must know there are certain 'Seasons of the Year, according to which, I will 'not say our Friendship, but the Enjoyment of it 'rises or falls. In *March* and *April* he was as 'various as the Weather; In *May* and part of '*June* I found him the sprightliest best-humoured 'Fellow in the World; In the Dog-Days he was 'much upon the Indolent; In *September* very 'agreeable but very busy; and since the Glass 'fell last to changeable, he has made three Ap'pointments with me, and broke them every one. 'However I have good Hopes of him this Winter, 'especially if you will lend me your Assistance to 'reform him, which will be a great Ease and 'Pleasure to,

October 9, 1711. *SIR*,

Your most humble Servant.

T.

No. 195.] *Saturday, October* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε δὲ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ.—Hes.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*[1] of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs; after which he clos'd it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball it self. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such time as he should Sweat: When, as the Story goes, the Vertue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Mony, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding, are seldom of use but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*,[1] that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh; swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a Third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing Strong, till you have finished your Meal; [at[2]] the same time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to sollicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*;[3] *The first Glass for my*

[1] 'The History of the Greek King and Douban 'the Physician' told by the Fisherman to the Genie in the story of 'the Fisherman.'

[1] Diog. Laert., Lives of the Philosophers, Bk. vi. ch. 2.

[2] [and at]

[3] Sir William Temple does not quote as a say-

self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualifie her for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties; and at the same time give her an Opportunity of extricating her self from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors,[1] that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambassador, who was of the same Family, attested more than once in Conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an Infirm Constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact Course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his Book, which has been translated into *English* upon the Title of [*Sure and certain Methods* [2]] *of attaining a long and healthy Life*. He lived to give a 3rd or 4th Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls asleep. The Treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several Eminent Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Chearfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health. L.

ing, but says himself, near the end of his Essay upon Health and Long Life of Government of Diet and Exercise, 'In both which, all excess is to 'be avoided, especially in the common use of wine: 'Whereof the first Glass may pass for Health, 'the second for good Humour, the third for our 'Friends; but the fourth is for our Enemies.'

[1] Diogenes Laertius in Life of Socrates: Ælian in Var. Hist. Bk. xiii.

[2] [*The Sure Way*]

No. 196.] *Monday, October* 15, 1711. [*Steele.*

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.
Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular Fault which I have 'observed in most of the Moralists in all 'Ages, and that is, that they are always profess-'ing themselves, and teaching others to be happy. 'This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, 'therefore I would recommend to you to talk in 'an humbler Strain than your Predecessors have 'done, and instead of presuming to be happy, in-'struct us only to be easy. The Thoughts of him 'who would be discreet, and aim at practicable 'things, should turn upon allaying our Pain rather 'than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to 'be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be at-'tained. The great Lesson is Æquanimity, a 'Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above 'Chearfulness and below Mirth. Chearfulness is 'always to be supported if a Man is out of Pain, 'but Mirth to a prudent Man should always be 'accidental: It should naturally arise out of the 'Occasion, and the Occasion seldom be laid for it; 'for those Tempers who want Mirth to be pleased, 'are like the Constitutions which flag without the 'use of Brandy. Therefore, I say, let your Pre-'cept be, *Be easy*. That Mind is dissolute and 'ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it self 'by loud Laughter or sensual Pleasure, or else '[be[1]] wholly unactive.

'There are a Couple of old Fellows of my Ac-'quaintance who meet every Day and smoak a 'Pipe, and by their mutual Love to each other, 'tho' they have been Men of Business and Bustle 'in the World, enjoy a greater Tranquility than 'either could have worked himself into by any 'Chapter of *Seneca*. Indolence of Body and 'Mind, when we aim at no more, is very fre-'quently enjoyed; but the very Enquiry after 'Happiness has something restless in it, which a 'Man who lives in a Series of temperate Meals, 'friendly Conversations, and easy Slumbers, gives 'himself no Trouble about. While Men of Re-'finement are talking of Tranquility, he possesses 'it.

'What I would by these broken Expressions 'recommend to you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, is, that 'you would speak of the Way of Life, which plain

[1] [is]

'Men may pursue, to fill up the Spaces of Time 'with Satisfaction. It is a lamentable Circum-'stance, that Wisdom, or, as you call it, Philoso-'phy, should furnish Ideas only for the Learned; 'and that a Man must be a Philosopher to know 'how to pass away his Time agreeably. It would 'therefore be worth your Pains to place in an 'handsome Light the Relations and Affinities 'among Men, which render their Conversation 'with each other so grateful, that the highest 'Talents give but an impotent Pleasure in Com-'parison with them. You may find Descriptions 'and Discourses which will render the Fire-side 'of an honest Artificer as entertaining as your own 'Club is to you. Good-nature has an endless 'Source of Pleasure in it; and the Representation 'of domestick Life, filled with its natural Grati-'fications, (instead of the necessary Vexations 'which are generally insisted upon in the Writings 'of the Witty) will be a very good Office to 'Society.

'The Vicissitudes of Labour and Rest in the 'lower Part of Mankind, make their Being pass 'away with that Sort of Relish which we express 'by the Word Comfort; and should be treated of 'by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such 'Subjects which appear indeed more speculative, 'but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would 'have you turn your Thoughts to the Advantage 'of such as want you most; and shew that Sim-'plicity, Innocence, Industry and Temperance, 'are Arts which lead to Tranquility, as much as 'Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Contempla-'tion.

I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR; *Hackney, [October* 12.[2]]

'I am the young Woman whom you did so 'much Justice to some time ago, in acknowledging 'that I am perfect Mistress of the Fan, and use it 'with the utmost Knowledge and Dexterity. In-'deed the World, as malicious as it is, will allow, 'that from an Hurry of Laughter I recollect my 'self the most suddenly, make a Curtesie, and let 'fall my Hands before me, closing my Fan at the 'same instant, the best of any Woman in *England*. 'I am not a little delighted that I have had your 'Notice and Approbation; and however other 'young Women may rally me out of Envy, I 'triumph in it, and demand a Place in your 'Friendship. You must therefore permit me to 'lay before you the present State of my Mind. I 'was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th Instant, 'and thought the Circumstance of the Ass divided 'between two Bundles of Hay which equally 'affected his Senses, was a lively Representation 'of my present Condition: For you are to know 'that I am extremely enamoured with two young 'Gentlemen who at this Time pretend to me. 'One must hide nothing when one is asking Ad-'vice, therefore I will own to you, that I am very 'amorous and very covetous. My Lover *Will* is 'very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very handsome. 'I can have either of them when I please; but 'when I debate the Question in my own Mind, I 'cannot take *Tom* for fear of losing *Will's* 'Estate, nor enter upon *Will's* Estate, and bid 'adieu to *Tom's* Person. I am very young, 'and yet no one in the World, dear Sir, has 'the main Chance more in her Head than my 'self. *Tom* is the gayest, the blithest Creature! 'He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all 'Hours and Seasons: Oh he is the Joy of my 'Eyes! But then again *Will* is so very rich and 'careful of the Main. How many pretty Dresses 'does *Tom* appear in to charm me! But then it 'immediately occurs to me, that a Man of his 'Circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the 'whole I have at last examined both these Desires 'of Love and Avarice, and upon strictly weighing 'the Matter I begin to think I shall be covetous 'longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing 'to say to the contrary, I shall take *Will.* Alas, 'poor *Tom!*

Your Humble Servant,
T. BIDDY LOVELESS.

[2] [*the* 12*th of October.*]

No. 197.] *Tuesday, October* 16, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides; et vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus,
Brundusium Numici melius via ducat an Appi.
Hor.

EVERY Age a Man passes through, and Way of Life he engages in, has some particular Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest Care to avoid. The several Weaknesses, to which Youth, Old Age, and Manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the Poets and Philoso-phers; but I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of those ill Habits Men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different Ages and Tempers, as the particular Profession or Business in which they were edu-cated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this Subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar Observation. The Business Men are chiefly con-versant in, does not only give a certain Cast or Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent in their outward Behaviour, and some of the most indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air diffusing itself over the whole Man, which helps us to find out a Person at his first Appearance; so that the most careless Observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the Carriage of a Seaman or the Gaite of a Taylor.

The liberal Arts, though they may possibly have less Effect on our external Mein and Behaviour, make so deep an Impression on the Mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one Way.

The Mathematician will take little less than

Demonstration in the most common Discourse, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogisms. The Physician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the same Authority which they exercise over their Patients and Disciples; while the Lawyer is putting Cases and raising Matter for Disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular Fault each Profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply my self to the Cure of what I last mentioned, namely, That Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Conversations of Gentlemen of the Long Robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making ready Money of it, think it unsafe to yield before Company. They are shewing in common Talk how zealously they could defend a Cause in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is absolutely requisite to render Conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Sentry pushes this Matter so far, that I have heard him say, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company.*

The Captain, who is a Man of good Sense, but dry Conversation, was last Night giving me an Account of a Discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any Debate that might arise from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battle that was fought some Years before either the Templer or my self were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my Opinions were ill grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any farther Contests, I told him, That truly I had not consider'd those several Arguments which he had brought against me; and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my Antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several Things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted, and thereupon begun to shine on the other Side of the Question. Upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first Sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his Reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templer again recovered his former Posture, and confuted both himself and me a third Time. In short, says my Friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at Sword's Length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my Antagonist free leave to smile at his Victory, who I found, like *Hudibras, could still change Sides, and still confute.*[1]

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Courts as Nurseries of Statesmen and Law-givers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted *Temple* Coffee-houses, I found the whole Room, which was full of young Students, divided into several Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some Controversie. The Management of the late Ministry was attacked and defended with great Vigour; and several Preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of *Dunkirk* was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge. In short, I observed that the Desire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Interest, generally carried the Argument to such an Height, as made the Disputants insensibly conceive an Aversion towards each other, and part with the highest Dissatisfaction on both Sides.

The managing an Argument handsomely being so nice a Point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young Kinsman of mine who had made so great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company upon every Subject that was started.

Having the entire Manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such Parts of it as I shall think requisite for the Instruction of the *British* Youth. What regards my present Purpose is as follows:

Avoid Disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easie and well-bred in Conversation, you may assure your self that *it* requires more Wit, as well as more good Humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another: But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reasons with the utmost Coolness and Modesty, two Things which scarce ever fail of making an Impression on the Hearers. Besides, if you are neither Dogmatical, nor shew either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of your self, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace: You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical Way of Reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Absurdity; and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you seem only to desire Information from him.

In order to keep that Temper, which [is[1]] so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your Opinion. The Interests, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much Reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep your self cool, it may be of Service to ask your self fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biasses of Education and Interest your Adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an Infallible Maxim. That you cannot make

[1] Part I., canto i., v. 69, 70.

[1] [is], and in first reprint.

a more false Step, or give your Antagonists a greater Advantage over you, than by falling into a Passion.

When an Argument is over, how many weighty Reasons does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a Man because he does not apprehend the Force of your Reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation, this makes your Victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an Object of your *Pity*, rather than Anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you so much the clearer Understanding.

You may please to add this Consideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with Prudence or your Ease, to punish your self whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

Lastly, If you propose to your self the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a seasonable Check to your Passion; for if you search purely after Truth, 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this Place omit an Observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Esteem and less Envy from the whole Company, than if he chooses the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either Side in a Dispute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furnishes him with an Opportuning of sifting Things to the Bottom, shewing his Judgment, and of sometimes making handsome Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I shall close this Subject with giving you one Caution: When you have gained a Victory, do not push it too far; 'tis sufficient to let the Company and your Adversary see 'tis in your Power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

No. 198.] *Wednesday, Oct.* 17, 1711. [*Addison.*

Cervæ luporum præda rapacium
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.—Hor.

THERE is a Species of Women, whom I shall distinguish by the Name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in Chastity, that treads upon Fire, and lives in the Midst of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Distinction of Sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a Stranger at first Sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the Person she talks to be in Breeches or Petticoats. She admits a Male Visitant to her Bed-side, plays with him a whole Afternoon at Pickette, walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light; and is extreamly Scandalized at the unreasonableness of an Husband, or the severity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from such innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer against Jealousie, and Admirer of the *French* Good-breeding; and a great Stickler for Freedom in Conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence: Her Constitution is *preserv'd* in a kind of natural Frost; she wonders what People mean by Temptation; and defies Mankind to do their worst. Her Chastity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal*, or fiery Tryal: (Like good Queen *Emma*,[1]) the pretty Innocent walks blindfold among burning Plough-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the Use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single State of Life, that I design the following Paper; but for such Females only as are made of Flesh and Blood, and find themselves subject to Human Frailties.

As for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the World *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many Thousands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy; and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Protestations and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness; they would shun like Death the very first Approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable Labyrinths of Guilt and Misery. I must so far give up the Cause of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*;[2]

Trust not a Man, we are by Nature False,
Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconstant:
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him:
But if he Swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but shall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our *Spanish* Officers,[3] and which may shew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

An Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *Castile*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars, [which[4]] for some

[1] The story of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, and her walking unhurt, blindfold and barefoot, over nine red-hot plough-shares, is told in Bayle's Dictionary, a frequent suggester of allusions in the *Spectator*. Tonson reported that he usually found Bayle's Dictionary open on Addison's table whenever he called on him.

[2] Act 2.

[3] That is, English officers who had served in Spain.

[4] [that]

Years have laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect Happiness for some time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples* where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole Years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures; to which he sometimes added a Song or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them [during [z]] their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian*, as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *Castile*, and at the same time asked his Advice how he should behave himself in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt; and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt on this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival; so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length perswaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately arose and enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all things ready for their Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after. L.

[z] [in]

No. 199.] *Thursday, October* 18, 1711. [*Steele.*

——— *Scribere jussit amor.*—Ovid.

THE following Letters are written with such an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tho' you are every where in your Writings a 'Friend to Women, I do not remember that you 'have directly considered the mercenary Practice 'of Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would 'please to employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would easily conceive the miserable 'Condition many of us are in, who not only from 'the Laws of Custom and Modesty are restrained 'from making any Advances towards our Wishes, 'but are also, from the Circumstance of Fortune, 'out of all Hope of being addressed to by those 'whom we love. Under all these Disadvantages 'I am obliged to apply my self to you, and hope 'I shall prevail with you to Print in your very 'next Paper the following Letter, which is a 'Declaration of Passion to one who has made 'some feint Addresses to me for some time. I 'believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality 'of my Fortune makes him think he cannot answer 'it to the World, if he pursues his Designs by way 'of Marriage; and I believe, as he does not want 'Discerning, he discovered me looking at him the 'other Day unawares in such a Manner as has

'raised his Hopes of gaining me on Terms the 'Men call easier. But my Heart was very full 'on this Occasion, and if you know what Love and 'Honour are, you will pardon me that I use no 'further Arguments with you, but hasten to my 'Letter to him, whom I call *Oroondates*,[1] because 'if I do not succeed it shall look like Romance; 'and if I am regarded, you shall receive a Pair 'of Gloves at my Wedding, sent you under the 'Name of *Statira*.

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'After very much Perplexity in my self, and 'revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sen-'timents, and expostulate with you concerning 'yours, I have chosen this Way, by which means 'I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you 'please, lie concealed. If I do not within few 'Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the 'whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But, 'alas! what am I going to do, when I am about 'to tell you that I love you? But after I have 'done so, I am to assure you, that with all the 'Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I 'know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, 'when I am convinced that you have no Inclina-'tions towards me but to my Dishonour. But, 'alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and 'essential Happiness of Life, to the Opinion of a 'World, that moves upon no other Foundation 'but profess'd Error and Prejudice? You all can 'observe that Riches alone do not make you 'happy, and yet give up every Thing else when 'it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the 'World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly 'Women, and you Men act generally upon Prin-'ciples of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you 'without arguing from any Thing but what may 'be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the 'World. And I will lay before you the State of 'the Case, supposing that you had it in your 'Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife, 'and hope to convince you that the latter is more 'for your Interest, and will contribute more to 'your Pleasure.

'We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and 'you were now in Expectation of the approaching 'Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be car-'ried to what convenient Corner of the Town you 'thought fit, to consummate all which your wan-'ton Imagination has promised you in the Posses-'sion of one who is in the Bloom of Youth, and 'in the Reputation of Innocence: you would soon 'have enough of me, as I am Sprightly, Young, 'Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is sated, and 'finds all the Promises it [made[2]] it self false, 'where is now the Innocence which charmed you? 'The first Hour you are alone you will find that 'the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a 'Destroyer; He blasts all the Fruit he tastes, 'and where the Brute has been devouring, there 'is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. 'Reason resumes her Place after Imagination is 'cloyed; and I am, with the utmost Distress and 'Confusion, to behold my self the Cause of un-'easie Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, 'and dwell for the future with the two Companions '(the most unfit for each other in the World) 'Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the 'shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, 'nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air 'and free Commerce which all People must be 'satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Ex-'amination, but leave them to your Reflections, 'who have seen of that Life of which I have but a 'meer Idea.

'On the other hand, If you can be so good and 'generous as to make me your Wife, you may 'promise your self all the Obedience and Tender-'ness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous 'Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may 'promise your self from an agreeable Person, 'whatever Compliances from an easie Temper, 'whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, 'you may expect as the Due of your Generosity: 'What at present in your ill View you promise 'your self from me, will be followed by Distaste 'and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous 'Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The 'Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Light-'ning to the Day, they rather interrupt than ad-'vance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is 'that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of 'Sense are but the lower Parts of its Felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Re-'quest of taking me in direct Terms. I know 'there stands between me and that Happiness, 'the haughty Daughter of a Man who can give 'you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh 'the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes 'to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and ex-'pects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters 'your House as honoured and obliged by that 'Permission, whom of the two will you chuse? 'You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day 'abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of 'Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill-'used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an 'Expence proportioned to the Appearance which 'you make in the World. She is in all things to 'have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought 'you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced 'me. The Commerce between you two will eter-'nally have the Air of a Bargain, between us of a 'Friendship: Joy will ever enter into the Room 'with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor 'when he leaves it. Ask your self, how would 'you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of 'having laid an immediate Obligation on a grate-'ful Mind? such will be your Case with Me. In 'the other Marriage you will live in a constant 'Comparison of Benefits, and never know the 'Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the 'prudential Way, according to the Sense of the 'ordinary World. I know not what I think or 'say, when that melancholy Reflection comes up-'on me; but shall only add more, that it is in 'your Power to make me your Grateful Wife, but 'never your Abandoned Mistress. T.

[1] A character in Madame Scudéri's 'Grand Cyrus.'

[2] [made to]

No. 200.] *Friday, October* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*[1]

Vincit Amor Patriæ——— Virg.

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their People. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their Successes. If a severe View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loss by their Wars could be justly ballanced, it would be rarely found that the Conquest is sufficient to repay the Cost.

As I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I took this Hint from that of *Philarithmus*[2]; which has turned my present Thoughts upon Political Arithmetick, an Art of greater Use than Entertainment. My Friend has offered an Essay towards proving that *Lewis* XIV. with all his Acquisitions, is not Master of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars, nay that for every Subject he had acquired, he had lost Three that were his Inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not mistaken in his Calculations, *Lewis* must have been impoverished by his Ambition.

The Prince for the Publick Good has a Sovereign Property in every Private Person's Estate, and consequently his Riches must encrease or decrease in proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects. For Example: If Sword or Pestilence should destroy all the People of this Metropolis, (God forbid there should be Room for such a Supposition! but if this should be the Case) the Queen must needs lose a great Part of her Revenue, or, at least, what is charged upon the City must encrease the Burden upon the rest of her Subjects. Perhaps the Inhabitants here are not above a Tenth Part of the Whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloth'd, and lodg'd, than her other Subjects, the Customs and Excises upon their Consumption, the Imposts upon their Houses, and other Taxes, do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the Consumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Island; and as it pays such a Proportion of the Rent or yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, so it is the Cause of paying such a Proportion of Taxes upon those Lands. The Loss then of such a People must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I should be ready to think their Excises, Customs, and House-Rent would raise as great a Revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former Case. And as the Consumption of this New Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Case would be as sensible as the former Loss.

Whatsoever is assess'd upon the General, is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

For my own part, I should believe that Seven Eighths of the People are without Property in themselves or the Heads of their Families, and forced to work for their daily Bread; and that of this Sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Island of *Great Britain:* And yet one would imagine that Seven Eighths of the whole People should consume at least three Fourths of the whole Fruits of the Country. If this is the Case, the Subjects without Property pay Three Fourths of the Rents, and consequently enable the Landed Men to pay Three Fourths of their Taxes. Now if so great a Part of the Land-Tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And thus as the Poor are the Cause, without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the poorest Subject is upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again: One would imagine the Consumption of seven Eighths of the whole People, should pay two Thirds of all the Customs and Excises. And if this Sum too should be divided by seven Millions, *viz.* the Number of poor People, it would amount to more than seven Shillings to every Head: And therefore with this and the former Sum every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new Subjects.

When I was got into this Way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the Argument, and was just preparing to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all manner of Distinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other Obstacle to the Increase of the People. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable Eloquence my Fellow-Labourers had exaggerated the Mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a Shilling, of spoiling the pure *British* Blood with Foreign Mixtures, of introducing a Confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became so humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to encrease by the ordinary Way of Generation.

As I have always at Heart the Publick Good, so I am ever contriving Schemes to promote it; and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the Castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former Project, but my Head was presently full of draining Fens and Marshes, banking out the Sea, and joining new Lands to my Country; for since it is thought impracticable to encrease the People to the Land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by encreasing the Lands to the People.

If the same omnipotent Power, which made the World, should at this time raise out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal Extent of

[1] Or Henry Martyn. [2] In No. 180.

Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle and other Conveniences and Necessaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People, or Revenue of the Prince; for since the present Buildings are sufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Island, the Increase of House-Rent in this would be attended with at least an equal Decrease of it in the other: Besides, we have such a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow-Subjects; and for the remaining Product of the Country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all these Things should be doubled to the same Buyers, the Owners must be glad with half their present Prices, the Landlords with half their present Rents; and thus by so great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increase, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the Year, or perish without Use, the Owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their Possession: So that 'tis probable the annual Production of those perishable things, even of one Tenth Part of them, beyond all Possibility of Use, will reduce one Half of their Value. It seems to be for this Reason that our Neighbour Merchants who ingross all the Spices, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an Eighth Part of their present Prices; and thus this extended Island would not exceed one Fourth Part of its present Value, or pay more than one Fourth Part of the present Tax.

It is generally observed, That in Countries of the greatest Plenty there is the poorest Living; like the Schoolmen's Ass, in one of my Speculations, the People almost starve between two Meals. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of the Nation, work only that they may live; and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subsistence for a Week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay such Prices for their Provisions, nor such Excises to the Government.

That paradox therefore in old *Hesiod* [πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,][1] or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the present Case; since nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the same People with half a Country is more valuable than with the Whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir *W. Petty*, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the People were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*; nay, though they were to be reimburst the Value of their Estates by the Body of the People, yet both the Sovereign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loss.[1]

If the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country, than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Lewis* has join'd vast Tracts of Land to his Dominions: But if *Philarithmus* says true, that he is not now Master of so many Subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor cloathed, nor paid as formerly. The Reason is plain, *Lewis* must needs have been impoverished not only by his Loss of Subjects, but by his Acquisition of Lands. T.

[1] [πλέον ἥμισυ παντός]

No. 201.] *Saturday, October* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

IT is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers it self again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Justice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be styled Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science; and at the same time warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more distinguished from the Animal World by Devotion than by Reason, as several Brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint Glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to Religious Worship; the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some Superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendent [which[2]] rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune; the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or Religious Worship must be the Effect of Tradition from some first Founder of Mankind, or that it is

[1] A new edition of Sir W. Petty's 'Essays in Political Arithmetic' had just appeared. [2] [that]

conformable to the Natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul it self. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of Divine Worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first Author of it.

I may take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity, but shall here observe into what Errors even this Divine Principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

The two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.

There is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mistaken Duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion it self (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard our selves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds herself very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings her self into imaginary Raptures and Extasies; and when once she fancies her self under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no Wonder if she slights Human Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, as thinking her self directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas;* A Man should be Religious, not Superstitious: For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Excess.[1]

An Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a Superstitious Man liked an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of *England* have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge overgrown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

[1] Noct. Att., Bk. iv. ch. 9.

The *Roman* Catholick Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, [which[1]] has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Shoes or Slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Crosier in his Hand: To this a Brother *Vandal*, as wise as the others, adds an antick Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the whole Office [has] degenerated into an empty Show.

Their Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. *Peter's* where, for two Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to Human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages [which[2]] arise from it, as a strong, steady masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weaknesses of human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and sink us even below the Beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another Error arising from mistaken Devotion; but because Reflections on that Subject would be of no use to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

L.

No. 202.] *Monday, October* 22. [*Steele.*

Sæpe decem vitiis instructior odit et horret.
Hor.

THE other Day as I passed along the Street, I saw a sturdy Prentice-Boy Disputing with an Hackney-Coachman; and in an Instant, upon some Word of Provocation, throw off his Hat and [Cut-Periwig,[3]] clench his Fist, and strike the Fellow a Slap on the Face; at the same time calling him Rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's Son. The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a Blacksmith; and the Debate arose about Payment for some Work done about a Coach, near which they Fought. His Master, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praises; and as he called to him to play with his Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who stood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflec-

[1] [that] [2] [that] [3] [Perriwig]

tions upon the sudden Popularity which was raised about the Lad; and perhaps, with my Friend *Tacitus*, fell into Observations upon it, which were too great for the Occasion; or ascribed this general Favour to Causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young Blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good Will from his present Equality with the Mob about him: Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough Methods for his Defence as his Antagonist. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he shewed himself superior to the Coachman in the personal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

If one might Moralize from this silly Story, a Man would say, that whatever Advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People possess above the rest of the World, they should shew collateral Eminences besides those Distinctions; or those Distinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preserve a real Place of Favour or Esteem in the Opinion and common Sense of their Fellow-Creatures.

The Folly of People's Procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than Property and superior Circumstances to support them in Distinction, appears in no way so much as in the Domestick part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneasy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflection that all Parts of Human Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that constitutes a Master of a Family; but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with Readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleasant enough to Observe, that Men expect from their Dependants, from their sole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, and affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A Man will have his Servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other Reasons but the Terrour of losing his Master's Favour; when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he serves within Bounds, with relation to any one of those Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority, which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is supported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you see Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but Reason. Make-Bates, distant Relations, poor Kinsmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which support the Oeconomy of an humoursome rich Man. He is eternally whispered with Intelligence of who are true or false to him in Matters of no Consequence, and he maintains twenty Friends to defend him against the Insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I shall not enter into farther Speculation upon this Subject at present, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Servant to an old Lady who is governed by one she calls her Friend; who is so 'familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes 'her uneasie with all about her. Pray, Sir, be 'pleased to give us some Remarks upon voluntary 'Counsellors; and let these People know that to 'give any Body Advice, is to say to that Person, 'I am your Betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you 'can, describe that eternal Flirt and Disturber of 'Families, Mrs. *Taperty*, who is always visiting, 'and putting People in a Way, as they call it. If 'you can make her stay at home one Evening, 'you will be a general Benefactor to all the 'Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

Your loving Friend,
Susan Civil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Footman, and live with one of those 'Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best 'humoured Men in the World, but that he is pas'sionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that 'he who is passionate, and takes no Care to com'mand his Hastiness, does more Injury to his 'Friends and Servants in one half Hour, than 'whole Years can attone for. This Master of 'mine, who is the best Man alive in common 'Fame, disobliges Some body every Day he lives; 'and strikes me for the next thing I do, because 'he is out of Humour at it. If these Gentlemen '[knew[1]] that they do all the Mischief that is 'ever done in Conversation, they would reform; 'and I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen 'at Dinner for many Years, have seen that In'discretion does ten times more Mischief than 'Ill-nature. But you will represent this better 'than

Your abused
Humble Servant,
Thomas Smoaky.

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook*, and *Abigail Chambers*; in Behalf of themselves and their Relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several Services of most of the great Families within the Cities of *London and Westminster*;

Sheweth,

'That in many of the Families in which your 'Petitioners live and are employed, the several 'Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with 'what is Business, and are very little Judges 'when they are well or ill used by us your said 'Petitioners.

'That for want of such Skill in their own 'Affairs, and by Indulgence of their own Lazi'ness and Pride, they continually keep about 'them certain mischievous Animals called Spies.

'That whenever a Spy is entertained, the

[1] [know], and in first reprint.

'Peace of that House is from that Moment ban-
'ished.

'That Spies never give an Account of good
'Services, but represent our Mirth and Freedom
'by the Words Wantonness and Disorder.

'That in all Families where there are Spies,
'there is a general Jealousy and Misunderstand-
'ing.

'That the Masters and Mistresses of such
'Houses live in continual Suspicion of their in-
'genuous and true Servants, and are given up to
'the Management of those who are false and per-
'fidious.

'That such Masters and Mistresses who enter-
'tain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in
'their own Families; and that we your Peti-
'tioners are with great Disdain obliged to pay all
'our Respect, and expect all our Maintenance
'from such Spies.

'Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray,
'that you would represent the Premises to all
'Persons of Condition; and your Petitioners,
'as in Duty bound, shall for ever Pray, &c.

T.

No. 203.] *Tuesday, October* 23, 1711. [*Addison.*

Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, Genitor——— Ov. Met.

THERE is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. These abandoned Profligates raise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often, for a valuable Consideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and several Batchelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young Fellow who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Liberorum*, or the Privileges which were granted by the *Roman* Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake [who[1]] was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the Father of a seventh Son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several batter'd Beaus, who, like headless Spendthrifts that squander away their Estates before they are Masters of them, have raised up their whole Stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine, that had a little Smattering of Heraldry; and observing how the Genealogies of great Families were often drawn up in the Shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind.

——— *Nec longum tempus et ingens*
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.
Virg.[1]

The Trunk of the Tree was mark'd with his own Name, *Will Maple*. Out of the Side of it grew a large barren Branch, Inscribed *Mary Maple*, the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the Bottom of the first was written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three Sprigs, *viz. William*, *Richard*, and *Rebecca*. *Sal Twiford* gave Birth to another Bough, that shot up into *Sarah*, *Tom*, *Will*, and *Frank*. The third Arm of the Tree had only a single Infant in it, with a Space left for a second, the Parent from whom it sprung being near her Time when the Author took this Ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many Ornamental Branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this Generation of Vermin so very prolifick, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themselves to their Business. A Man does not undergo more Watchings and Fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Course of a vicious Amour. As it is said of some Men, that they make their Business their Pleasure, these Sons of Darkness may be said to make their Pleasure their Business. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the Pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the Invention of these Men less to be admired than their Industry or Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollodorus* the Comick Poet (who was Contemporary with *Menander*) which is full of Humour as follows: *Thou mayest shut up thy Doors*, says he, *with Bars and Bolts: It will be impossible for the Blacksmith to make them so fast, but a Cat and a Whoremaster will find a Way through them.* In a word, there is no Head so full of Stratagems as that of a Libidinous Man.

Were I to propose a Punishment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third Offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to people those Parts of her Majesty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phrase of *Diogenes*, to *Plant Men*. Some Countries punish this Crime with Death; but I think such a Banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take Care of those unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by these indirect Methods, and to give their spurious Children

[1] [that]

[1] Georg. II. v. 89.

such an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the best Atonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their past Mis-carriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make some Provision for those whom they have not only given Life to, but entail'd upon them, [tho' very unreasonably, a Degree of] Shame and [Disgrace.[1]] And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be look'd upon as Reproaches, and that the [Ignominy[2]] which is only due to Lewdness and Falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the Persons who [are[3]] innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this Discourse by the following Letter, which is drawn up with such a Spirit of Sincerity, that I question not but the Writer of it has represented his Case in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

'I am one of those People who by the general 'Opinion of the World are counted both *Infamous* 'and Unhappy.

'My Father is a very eminent Man in this 'Kingdom, and one who bears considerable Offices 'in it. I am his Son, but my Misfortune is, That 'I dare not call him Father, nor he without Shame 'own me as his Issue, I being illegitimate, and 'therefore deprived of that endearing Tenderness 'and unparallel'd Satisfaction which a good Man 'finds in the Love and Conversation of a Parent: 'Neither have I the Opportunities to render him 'the Duties of a Son, he having always carried 'himself at so vast a Distance, and with such 'Superiority towards me, that by long Use I have 'contracted a Timorousness when before him, 'which hinders me from declaring my own Ne'cessities, and giving him to understand the In'conveniencies I undergo.

'It is my Misfortune to have been neither bred 'a Scholar, [a Soldier,] nor to [any kind of] Busi'ness, which renders me Entirely uncapable of 'making Provision for my self without his Assist'ance; and this creates a continual Uneasiness in 'my Mind, fearing I shall in Time want Bread; 'my Father, if I may so call him, giving me but 'very faint Assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentle'man, and it would be very hard for me to labour 'for my Living. I am in continual Anxiety for 'my future Fortune, and under a great Unhappi'ness in losing the sweet Conversation and friend'ly Advice of my Parents; so that I cannot look 'upon my self otherwise than as a Monster, 'strangely sprung up in Nature, which every one 'is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a Man of some natural 'Parts, and by the continual Reading what you 'have offered the World, become an Admirer 'thereof, which has drawn me to make this Con'fession; at the same time hoping, if any thing 'herein shalt touch you with a Sense of Pity, you 'would then allow me the Favour of your Opinion 'thereupon; as also what Part I, being unlaw'fully born, may claim of the Man's Affection 'who begot me, and how far in your Opinion I 'am to be thought his Son, or he acknowledged 'as my Father. Your Sentiments and Advice 'herein will be a great Consolation and Satisfac'tion to,

SIR,

Your Admirer and
Humble Servant,
C. W. B.

[1] [Infamy.] [2] [Shame] [3] [suffer and are]

No. 204.] *Wednesday, October* 24, 1711. [*Steele.*

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.—Hor.

I AM not at all displeased that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.[1]

'The Word, by which I address you, gives you, 'who understand *Portuguese*, a lively Image of 'the tender Regard I have for you. The SPEC'TATOR's late Letter from *Statira* gave me the 'Hint to use the same Method of explaining my 'self to you. I am not affronted at the Design 'your late Behaviour discovered you had in your 'Addresses to me; but I impute it to the De'generacy of the Age, rather than your particular 'Fault. As I aim at nothing more than being 'yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your 'Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your 'Wife might expect to make in the World, pro'vided my Commerce with you is not to be a 'guilty one. I resign gay Dress, the Pleasure of 'Visits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for 'that one Satisfaction of having you for ever 'mine. I am willing you shall industriously con-

[1] Saudades. To have *saudades* of anything is to yearn with desire towards it. *Saudades da Patria* is home sickness. To say *Tenho Saudades* without naming an object would be taken to mean I am all yearning to call a certain gentleman or lady mine.

'ceal the only Cause of Triumph which I can 'know in this Life. I wish only to have it my 'Duty, as well as my Inclination, to study your 'Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter 'seems to aim at, you are to understand that I 'had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readi-'est Way to pall you with an Offer of what you 'would never desist pursuing while you received 'ill Usage. Be a true Man; be my Slave while 'you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I 'love you. I defy you to find out what is your 'present Circumstance with me; but I know while 'I can keep this Suspence,

I am your admired

Belinda.

Madam,

'It is a strange State of Mind a Man is in, 'when the very Imperfections of a Woman he 'loves turn into Excellencies and Advantages. I 'do assure you, I am very much afraid of ventur-'ing upon you. 'I now like you in spite of my 'Reason, and think it an ill Circumstance to owe 'one's Happiness to nothing but Infatuation. I 'can see you ogle all the young Fellows who look 'at you, and observe your Eye wander after new 'Conquests every Moment you are in a publick 'Place; and yet there is such a Beauty in all your 'Looks and Gestures, that I cannot but admire 'you in the very Act of endeavouring to gain the 'Hearts of others. My Condition is the same 'with that of the Lover in the *Way of the World*,[1] 'I have studied your Faults so long, that they are 'become as familiar to me, and I like them as 'well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and 'consider whether you think this gay Behaviour 'will appear to me as amiable when an Husband, 'as it does now to me a Lover. Things are so far 'advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope 'you will lay it to Heart, that it will be becoming 'in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you 'to be still my Mistress. Gaiety in the Matrimo-'nial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exception-'able in the other. As you improve these little 'Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or Un-'easiness of,

Madam,
Your most obedient,
Most humble Servant,

T. D.

[1] In Act I. sc. 3, of Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mirabell says of Millamant, 'I like her 'with all her faults, nay, like her for her faults. 'Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they 'become her; and those affectations which in an-'other woman would be odious, serve but to make 'her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she 'once used me with that insolence, that in revenge 'I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated 'her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. 'The Catalogue was so large, that I was not with-'out hopes one day or other to hate her heartily: 'to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, 'that at length, contrary to my design and ex-'pectation, they gave me every hour less and less 'disturbance; 'till in a few days it became habit-'ual to me to remember 'em without being dis-'pleased. They are now grown as familiar to me 'as my own frailties; and, in all probability, in a 'little time longer I shall like 'em as well.'

[1] The name was commonly believed to be Rivers, when this Paper was published.

SIR,

'When I sat at the Window, and you at the 'other End of the Room by my Cousin, I saw 'you catch me looking at you. Since you have 'the Secret at last, which I am sure you should 'never have known but by Inadvertency, what 'my Eyes said was true. But it is too soon to 'confirm it with my Hand, therefore shall not 'subscribe my Name.

SIR,

'There were other Gentlemen nearer, and I 'know no Necessity you were under to take up 'that flippant Creature's Fan last Night; but you 'shall never touch a Stick of mine more, that's 'pos.

Phillis.

To Colonel R——s[1] *in* Spain.

'Before this can reach the best of Husbands 'and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will 'be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposi-'tion in which you, to obey the Dictates of your 'Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon 'me; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I 'cannot live a Week longer. At this time my 'Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have 'for you that carries me beyond my Strength, 'and enables me to tell you, the most painful 'Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must 'part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you, 'that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unre-'pented Folly that retards me; but I pass away 'my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness 'we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it 'is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty 'which I hope is so far from criminal, that me-'thinks there is a kind of Piety in being so un-'willing to be separated from a State which is the 'Institution of Heaven, and in which we have 'lived according to its Laws. As we know no 'more of the next Life, but that it will be an 'happy one to the Good, and miserable to the 'Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at 'least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this 'Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense 'of what passes below, and may possibly be em-'ployed in guiding the Steps of those with whom 'we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why 'may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and, 'tho' unknown to you, be assistant in all the Con-'flicts of your Mind? Give me leave to say to 'you, O best of Men, that I cannot figure to my-'self a greater Happiness than in such an Em-'ployment: To be present at all the Adventures 'to which human Life is exposed, to administer 'Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, 'to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, 'to go with thee a Guardian Angel incapable of 'Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend 'thee when a weak, a fearful Woman: These, my 'Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my 'poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capa-

'ble under my present Weakness of bearing the 'strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form 'to myself the Grief you will be in upon your first 'hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon 'this, because your kind and generous Heart will 'be but the more afflicted, the more the Person 'for whom you lament offers you Consolation. 'My last Breath will, if I am my self, expire in a 'Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again. 'Farewell for ever. T.

No. 205.] *Thursday, October* 25, 1711. [*Addison.*

Decipimur specie recti —— Hor.

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing Mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a Scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an Example of the Person to whom it belongs, but give Warning to all Her Majesty's Subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the [Allusion,[1]] I have marked out several of the Shoals and Quicksands of Life, and am continually employed in discovering those [which[2]] are still concealed, in order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from running upon them. It is with this Intention that I publish the following Letter, which brings to light some Secrets of this Nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are none of your Speculations which I 'read over with greater Delight, than those which 'are designed for the Improvement of our Sex. 'You have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable Fears and Superstitions, in your Seventh 'and Twelfth Papers; our Fancy for Equipage, 'in your Fifteenth; our Love of Puppet-Shows, 'in your Thirty-First; our Notions of Beauty, in 'your Thirty-Third; our Inclination for Romances, in your Thirty-Seventh; our Passion 'for *French* Fopperies, in your Forty-Fifth; our 'Manhood and Party-zeal, in your Fifty-Seventh; 'our Abuse of Dancing, in your Sixty-Sixth and 'Sixty-Seventh; our Levity, in your Hundred 'and Twenty-Eighth; our Love of Coxcombs in 'your Hundred and Fifty-Fourth, and Hundred 'and Fifty-Seventh; our Tyranny over the Hen-peckt, in your Hundred and Seventy-Sixth. 'You have described the *Pict* in your Forty-first; 'the Idol, in your Seventy-Third; the Demurrer, 'in your Eighty-Ninth; the Salamander, in your 'Hundred and Ninety-Eighth. You have likewise taken to pieces our Dress, and represented 'to us the Extravagancies we are often guilty of 'in that Particular. You have fallen upon our 'Patches, in your Fiftieth and Eighty-First; our 'Commodes, in your Ninety-Eighth; our Fans in 'your Hundred and Second; our Riding Habits 'in your Hundred and Fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in your Hundred and Twenty-Seventh; 'besides a great many little Blemishes which you 'have touched upon in your several other Papers, 'and in those many Letters that are scattered up 'and down your Works. At the same Time we 'must own, that the Compliments you pay our 'Sex are innumerable, and that those very Faults 'which you represent in us, are neither black in 'themselves nor, as you own, universal among us. 'But, Sir, it is plain that these your Discourses 'are calculated for none but the fashionable Part 'of Womankind, and for the Use of those who 'are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir, 'there is a Sort of Prostitutes in the lower Part of 'our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and very well 'deserve to fall under your Censure. I know it 'would debase your Paper too much to enter into 'the Behaviour of these Female Libertines; but 'as your Remarks on some Part of it would be a 'doing of Justice to several Women of Virtue 'and Honour, whose Reputations suffer by 'it, I hope you will not think it improper to give 'the Publick some Accounts of this Nature. You 'must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this 'Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Woman, 'who having passed her Youth in a most shameless State of Prostitution, is now one of those 'who gain their Livelihood by seducing others, 'that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal Commerce between the two 'Sexes. Among several of her Artifices to get 'Money, she frequently perswades a vain young 'Fellow, that such a Woman of Quality, or such 'a celebrated Toast, entertains a secret Passion 'for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity 'of revealing it: Nay, she has gone so far as to 'write Letters in the Name of a Woman of 'Figure, to borrow Money of one of these foolish '*Roderigo's*,[1] which she has afterwards appropriated to her own Use. In the mean time, the 'Person who has lent the Money, has thought a 'Lady under Obligations to him, who scarce 'knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not 'owned the Favour, though at the same time 'he was too much a Man of Honour to put her in 'mind of it.

'When this abandoned Baggage meets with a 'Man who has Vanity enough to give Credit to 'Relations of this nature, she turns him to very 'good Account, by repeating Praises that were 'never uttered, and delivering Messages that were 'never sent. As the House of this shameless 'Creature is frequented by several Foreigners, I 'have heard of another Artifice, out of which she 'often raises Money. The Foreigner sighs after 'some *British* Beauty, whom he only knows by 'Fame: Upon which she promises, if he can be 'secret, to procure him a Meeting. The Stranger, 'ravished at his good Fortune, gives her a Present, and in a little time is introduced to some 'imaginary Title; for you must know that this 'cunning Purveyor has her Representatives upon 'this Occasion, of some of the finest Ladies in 'the Kingdom. By this Means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign Countries, that shall 'make his Boasts of Favours he has received 'from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most

[1] [Metaphor,] [2] [that]

[1] As the Roderigo whose money Iago used.

'unblemished Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety 'is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a 'Lady may be thus prostituted as it were by 'Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman; as 'the Hero in the ninth Book of *Dryden's* Virgil 'is looked upon as a Coward, because the Phan-'tom which appeared in his Likeness ran away 'from *Turnus*? You may depend upon what I 'relate to you to be Matter of Fact, and the 'Practice of more than one of these female Pan-'dars. If you print this Letter, I may give you 'some further Accounts of this vicious Race of 'Women.

Your humble Servant,
BELVIDERA.

I shall add two other Letters on different Subjects to fill up my Paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Clergyman, and hope you will 'lend me your Assistance in ridiculing some little 'Indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed 'from the Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer 'from *London* into my Parish for the Benefit of 'the Air, as she says, appears every *Sunday* at 'Church with many fashionable Extravagancies, 'to the great Astonishment of my Congregation.

'But what gives us the most Offence is her 'theatrical Manner of Singing the Psalms. She 'introduces above fifty *Italian* Airs into the hun-'dredth Psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in 'the old solemn Tune of our Forefathers, she in a 'quite different Key runs Divisions on the 'Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces of '*Nicolini*; if she meets with Eke or Aye, which 'are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and '*Sternhold*,[*] we are certain to hear her quavering 'them half a Minute after us to some sprightly 'Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church 'Musick; but fear this Abuse of it may make my '*Parish* ridiculous, who already look on the Sing-'ing Psalms as an Entertainment, and no Part of 'their Devotion: Besides, I am apprehensive that 'the Infection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum*, 'who by his Voice seems (if I may use the Ex-'pression) to be cut out for an *Italian* Singer, 'was last *Sunday* practising the same Airs.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that she 'will plead the Toleration, which (as she fancies) 'allows her Non-Conformity in this Particular; 'but I beg you to acquaint her, That Singing the 'Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the 'Congregation, is a Sort of Schism not tolerated 'by that Act.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
R. S.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'In your Paper upon Temperance, you pre-'scribe to us a Rule of drinking, out of Sir *Wil-'liam Temple*, in the following Words; *The first*

'*Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the* '*third for Good-humour, and the fourth for mine* '*Enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know, that I 'have read this your *Spectator*, in a Club whereof 'I am a Member; when our President told us, 'there was certainly an Error in the Print, and 'that the Word *Glass* should be *Bottle;* and 'therefore has ordered me to inform you of this 'Mistake, and to desire you to publish the follow-'ing *Errata:* In the Paper of *Saturday, Octob.* '13, Col. 3, Line 11, for *Glass* read *Bottle.*

L. *Yours,* Robin Good-fellow.

[*] Thomas Sternhold who joined Hopkins, Norton, and others in translation of the Psalms, was groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

No. 206.] *Friday, October* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret—— Hor.

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate Price upon their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected Blessings, which in the End abundantly recompense such Losses as the Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in our Favour or to our Disadvantage is made upon our first Appearance, even before they know any thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say, wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance; and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their Words and Actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find their Account lessen every Day. A modest Man preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his Fortune; if either of them live to the Height of either, one will find Losses, the other Errors, which he has not Stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just Rule, to keep your Desires, your Words and Actions, within the Regard you observe your Friends have for you; and never, if it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he possibly might either in Preferment or Reputation. My Walks have lately been among the mercantile Part of the World; and one gets Phrases naturally from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom, Goodness, or Valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the World break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the Esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a Commission of Bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his Life's End in a prosperous Way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer Proprietor of what he really had before, but his Pretensions fare as all Things *do* which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the Applause of an agreeable and facetious Wit; or

could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in Conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong Desire of Applause which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind Things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the Esteem they have for his Merit, their Reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Ostentation of her Charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with such a Demand of Respect in the great Gravity of her Entrance; you find all the Sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their Absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their Behaviour a Consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, *He bore his Faculties so meekly*; and justly inferred from thence, That all divine and human Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made such an abstinent Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the Day of Distress; and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity.

The great Officer who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Person in Danger, has so far the Merit of a Volunteer; and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for sharing the common Fate with the same Frankness as they do who have no such endearing Circumstances to part with. But if there were no such Considerations as the good Effect which Self-denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable for the agreeable Disposition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition; and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his Wishes from Reason and Choice, and not resigned from Sourness, Distaste, or Disappointment, doubles all the Pleasures of his Life. The Air, the Season, a [Sun-shiny[1]] Day, or a fair Prospect, are Instances of Happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Enchantments by which all the World are bewitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleasure interrupted by Envy. It is not to him of any Consequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a Place an uninterrupted Walk; he can meet in such a Company an agreeable Conversation: He has no Emulation, he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well-wisher; can look at a prosperous Man, with a Pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

Lucceius has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Prospects to pursue with these Advantages; therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the most consummate Greatness. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Pomp. His Cloaths please him if they are fashionable and warm; his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occasion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite are the Companions which make his Journey of Life so easy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Cheer and more good-Humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with Pleasure and Satisfaction. T.

[1] [Sun-shine], and in the first reprint.

No. 207.] *Saturday, October* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ. —— Juv.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I laid down some Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the Notions of the most refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* Dialogue upon Prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave Occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth Satire, and to the second Satire of *Persius*; as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his Fourth Satire.

The Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the Substance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digressions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and observing his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriousness and Attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that Occasion, since it was possible for a Man to bring down Evils upon himself by his own Prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in Answer to his Petitions, might turn to his Destruction: This, says he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow Dissension between his Sons; but when he prays for what he

believes would be for his Good, and against what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice, or Passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an Instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly-pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a Promise as the greatest Favour that he could bestow upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after [receiving[1]] this great Favour he would be content[ed] to lose his Life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill Use of it? To both which Questions *Alcibiades* answers in the Negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the Examples of others, how these might very probably be the Effects of such a Blessing. He then adds, That other reputed Pieces of Good-fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the highest Post in a Government, are subject to the like fatal Consequences; which nevertheless, says he, Men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great Point, That all the most apparent Blessings in this Life are obnoxious to such dreadful Consequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Blessing or a Curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first Place, he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotions, a short Prayer, which a *Greek* Poet composed for the Use of his Friends; in the following Words; *O* Jupiter, *give us those Things which are good for us, whether they are such Things as we pray for, or such Things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those Things which are hurtful, though they are such Things as we pray for.*

In the second Place, that his Disciple may ask such Things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the Study of true Wisdom, and to the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the most suitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

In the third and last Place he informs him, that the best Method he could make use of to draw down Blessings upon himself, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* made use of, in which they petition the Gods, *to give them all good Things so long as they were virtuous.* Under this Head likewise he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a Message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the Reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and adorned them with such costly Offerings; why they who had instituted so many Festivals, and accompanied them with such Pomps and Ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these Particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following Reply; *I am better pleased with the Prayer of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the Oblations of the* Greeks. As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it, the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious Man might be devout, so far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this Occasion two Verses out of *Homer*,[1] in which the Poet says, That the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his People.

The Conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds these Words, *We must therefore wait till such Time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that Time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this Man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us,[2] that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Diomedes* his Eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods and Men; so the Darkness that hangs upon your Mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, says *Alcibiades*, the Darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better Man by it. The remaining Part of this Dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a Loss, and in as great Distress as the rest of Mankind.

Some learned Men look upon this Conclusion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-Priest,[3] prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World some Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the Light of Reason, that it was suitable to the Goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a Person into the World who should instruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

Whoever reads this Abstract of *Plato's* Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflection, That the great Founder of our

[1] [having received], and in first reprint.

[1] Iliad, viii. 548,-9. [2] Iliad, v. 127. [3] John xi. 49.

Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those Rules which the Light of Nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their Closets, without Show or Ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second Rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the Knowledge of such Things as are best for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several Instances to regard those things as Curses, which appear as Blessings in the Eye of the World; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as Blessings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curses. Thus in the Form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that Happiness which is our chief Good, and the great End of our Existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal Blessings but our *daily Sustenance.* On the other side, We pray against nothing but Sin, and against *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done:* which is of the same Force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done.* This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L.

No. 208.] *Monday, October* 29, 1711. [*Steele.*

[——*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*—Ov.[1]]

I HAVE several Letters of People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespear;* nay, it is not only visible that Sensuality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night,[2] when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoycing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs; but I think it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions: A sly Expression which alludes to Bawdry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from her self. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode: These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought Incident: but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superior of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

[1] [*Spectaret Populum ludis attentius ipsis.*—Hor.]

[2] Acted Saturday, October 20.

SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to 'reform, but effects it amongst People of any 'Sense; makes me (who are one of the greatest 'of your Admirers) give you this Trouble to desire 'you will settle the Method of us Females know-'ing when one another is in Town: For they 'have now got a Trick of never sending to their 'Acquaintance when they first come; and if one 'does not visit them within the Week which they 'stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, dear 'Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the 'Advertisement of your Paper, which is generally 'read by our Sex, or else order them to breathe 'their saucy Footmen (who are good for nothing 'else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaint-'ance. If you think to print this, pray put it into 'a better Style as to the spelling Part. The Town 'is now filling every Day, and it cannot be de-'ferred, because People take Advantage of one 'another by this Means and break off Acquaint-'ance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this in 'your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to pre-'vent any future Miscarriages of this Nature. I 'am, as I ever shall be,

'Pray settle what is to 'be a proper Notification 'of a Person's being in 'Town, and how that dif-'fers according to People's 'Quality.

Dear SPEC,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
Mary Meanwell.

Mr. SPECTATOR, October *the 20th.*

'I have been out of Town, so did not meet 'with your Paper dated *September* the 28th, 'wherein you, to my Heart's Desire, expose that 'cursed Vice of insnaring poor young Girls, and 'drawing them from their Friends. I assure you 'without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine 'from Ruin; and in Token of Gratitude as well 'as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it 'in a Frame and Glass, and hung it behind my 'Counter. I shall take Care to make my young 'ones read it every Morning, to fortify them 'against such pernicious Rascals. I know not 'whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or 'your own Invention; but this I will take my 'Oath on, the first Part is so exactly like what 'happened to my Prentice, that had I read your 'Paper then, I should have taken your Method to 'have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.

Your most obliged humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Without Raillery, I desire you to insert this 'Word for Word in your next, as you value a 'Lover's Prayers. You see it is an Hue and Cry 'after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blem-'ishes underwritten) which whoever shall bring 'to you, shall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg 'of you not to fail, as you remember the Passion 'you had for her to whom you lately ended a 'Paper.

Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
After every Female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to Lying:
When the Siren Songs repeats,
Equal Measures still it beats;
Who-e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar. T.

No. 209.] *Tuesday, October* 30, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ λήίζεται.
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.
Simonides.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with than those who shew human Nature in a Variety of Views, and describe the several Ages of the World in their different Manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times with those which prevailed in the Times of his Forefathers; and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Persons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The Contemplation of Mankind under these changeable Colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue, to make us pleased or displeased with our selves in the most proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepossession, and rectify that Narrowness of Temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from our selves.

If we look into the Manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover human Nature in her Simplicity; and the more we come downwards towards our own Times, may observe her hiding herself in Artifices and Refinements, Polished insensibly out of her Original Plainness, and at length entirely lost under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) good Breeding. Read the Accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the most ancient Writers, both Sacred and Prophane, and you would think you were reading the History of another Species.

Among the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the Manners of their respective Times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satyr, under what Dress soever it may appear; as there are no other Authors whose Province it is to enter so directly into the Ways of Men, and set their Miscarriages in so strong a Light.

Simonides,[1] a Poet famous in his Generation, is, I think, Author of the oldest Satyr that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This Poet flourished about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy*; and shews, by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarseness, of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my Hundred and sixty first Speculation, that the Rule of observing what

[1] Of the poems of Simonides, contemporary of Æschylus, only fragments remain. He died about 467 B.C.

the *French* call the *biensèance*, in an Allusion, has been found out of later Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeness in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. The Satyr or Iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I shall entertain my Readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable Instance of what I formerly advanced. The Subject of this Satyr is Woman. He describes the Sex in their several Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Supposition raised upon the Doctrine of Præexistence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of those Seeds and Principles which compose several Kinds of Animals and Elements; and that their Good or Bad Dispositions arise in them according as such and such Seeds and Principles predominate in their Constitutions. I have translated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's Want of Delicacy, and must further premise, That the following Satyr affects only some of the lower part of the Sex, and not those who have been refined by a Polite Education, which was not so common in the Age of this Poet.

In the Beginning God made the Souls of Womankind out of different Materials, and in a separate State from their Bodies.

The Souls of one Kind of Women were formed out of those Ingredients which compose a Swine. A Woman of this Make is a Slut in her House and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Person, a Slattern in her Dress, and her Family is no better than a Dunghill.

A Second Sort of Female Soul was formed out of the same Materials that enter into the Composition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning Woman, who has an Insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are some Virtuous and some Vicious.

A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the Animals of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their Way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

The Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. These are your Sluggards, who pass away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, hover over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themselves with Alacrity to no kind of Business but Eating.

The Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. These are Women of variable uneven Tempers, sometimes all Storm and Tempest, sometimes all Calm and Sunshine. The Stranger who sees one of these in her Smiles and Smoothness would cry her up for a Miracle of good Humour; but on a sudden her Looks and her Words are changed, she is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noise and Hurricane.

The Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compose an Ass, or a Beast of Burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the Husband's exerting his Authority, will live upon hard Fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal Pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male Companion.

The Cat furnished Materials for a Seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable Nature, and so repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewise subject to little Thefts, Cheats and Pilferings.

The Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any servile Toil and Labour, composed an Eighth Species of Women. These are they who have little Regard for their Husbands, who pass away their Time in Dressing, Bathing, and Perfuming; who throw their Hair into the nicest Curls, and trick it up with the fairest Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty Thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the Owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a Fancy to such a Toy.

The Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

The Tenth and last Species of Women were made out of the Bee; and happy is the Man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her Family flourishes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and virtuous Children. She distinguishes her self among her Sex. She is surrounded with Graces. She never sits among the loose Tribe of Women, nor passes away her Time with them in wanton Discourses. She is full of Virtue and Prudence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter *can bestow on Man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the same Author: *A Man cannot possess any Thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the Poet has shewn a great Penetration in this Diversity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which *Juvenal* and Monsieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satyr, where they have endeavour to expose the Sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no Use to the World, and for this Reason I have often wondered how the *French* Author above-mentioned, who was a Man of exquisite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think human Nature a proper Subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man.* What Vice or Frailty can a Discourse correct, which censures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to shew by some Superficial Strokes of Wit, that Brutes are the more excellent Creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible,

and make a due Discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper Objects of it. L.

No. 210.] *Wednesday, Oct.* 31, 1711. [*John Hughes.*

Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis et existit maxime et apparet facillime.
Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I AM fully persuaded that one of the best Springs of generous and worthy Actions, is the having 'generous and worthy Thoughts of our selves. 'Whoever has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of 'his Nature, will act in no higher a Rank than he 'has allotted himself in his own Estimation. If 'he considers his Being as circumscribed by the 'uncertain Term of a few Years, his Designs will 'be contracted into the same narrow Span he 'imagines is to bound his Existence. How can 'he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and 'noble, who only believes that, after a short Turn 'on the Stage of this World, he is to sink into 'Oblivion, and to lose his Consciousness for ever?

'For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so use-'ful and elevated a Contemplation as that of the '*Soul's Immortality* cannot be resumed too often. 'There is not a more improving Exercise to the 'human Mind, than to be frequently reviewing 'its own great Privileges and Endowments; nor 'a more effectual Means to awaken in us an 'Ambition raised above low Objects and little 'Pursuits, than to value our selves as Heirs of 'Eternity.

'It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the 'best and wisest of Mankind in all Nations and 'Ages, asserting, as with one Voice, this their 'Birthright, and to find it ratify'd by an express 'Revelation. At the same time if we turn our 'Thoughts inward upon our selves, we may meet 'with a kind of secret Sense concurring with the 'Proofs of our own Immortality.

'You have, in my Opinion, raised a good pre-'sumptive Argument from the increasing Appetite 'the Mind has to Knowledge, and to the extend-'ing its own Faculties, which cannot be accom-'plished, as the more restrained Perfection of 'lower Creatures may, in the Limits of a short 'Life. I think another probable Conjecture may 'be raised from our Appetite to Duration it self, 'and from a Reflection on our Progress through 'the several Stages of it: *We are complaining*, 'as you observe in a former Speculation, *of the* '*Shortness of Life, and yet are perpetually* '*hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive at cer-*'*tain little Settlements, or imaginary Points of* '*Rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.*

'Now let us consider what happens to us when 'we arrive at these *imaginary Points of Rest*: 'Do we stop our Motion, and sit down satisfied 'in the Settlement we have gain'd? or are we not 'removing the Boundary, and marking out new 'Points of Rest, to which we press forward with 'the like Eagerness, and which cease to be such 'as fast as we attain them? Our Case is like that 'of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who should fancy 'that the Top of the next Hill must end his 'Journey, because it terminates his Prospect; but 'he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new 'Ground and other Hills beyond it, and continues 'to travel on as before.[1]

'This is so plainly every Man's Condition in 'Life, that there is no one who has observed any 'thing, but may observe, that as fast as his Time 'wears away, his Appetite to something future 'remains. The Use therefore I would make of it 'is this, That since Nature (as some love to ex-'press it) does nothing in vain, or, to speak pro-'perly, since the Author of our Being has planted 'no wandering Passion in it, no Desire which has 'not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of 'the Passion so constantly exercis'd about it; and 'this Restlessness in the present, this assigning 'our selves over to further Stages of Duration, 'this successive grasping at somewhat still to 'come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) 'as a kind of Instinct or natural Symptom which 'the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the 'Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently established 'by other Arguments: And if so, this Appetite, 'which otherwise would be very unaccountable 'and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds 'Strength to the Conclusion. But I am amazed 'when I consider there are Creatures capable of 'Thought, who, in spite of every Argument, can 'form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction in 'thinking otherwise. There is something so 'pitifully mean in the inverted Ambition of that 'Man who can hope for Annihilation, and please 'himself to think that his whole Fabrick shall one 'Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the Mass 'of inanimate Beings, that it equally deserves our 'Admiration and Pity. The Mystery of such 'Mens Unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and 'indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid 'Hope that they shall not be immortal, because 'they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first Observation, 'and gives me Occasion to say further, That as 'worthy Actions spring from worthy Thoughts, 'so worthy Thoughts are likewise the Consequence 'of worthy Actions: But the Wretch who has 'degraded himself below the Character of Im-'mortality, is very willing to resign his Pretensions 'to it, and to substitute in its Room a dark nega-'tive Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

'The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a 'strong Image of the unsupported Condition of 'such a Person in his last Minutes, in the second 'Part of King *Henry* the Sixth, where Cardinal '*Beaufort*, who had been concerned in the Murder 'of the good Duke *Humphrey*, is represented on 'his Death-bed. After some short confused 'Speeches which shew an Imagination disturbed

[1] '*Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise.*' Pope's Essay on Criticism, then newly published.

'with Guilt, just as he is expiring, King *Henry* 'standing by him full of Compassion, says,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss,
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
He dies, and makes no Sign!———

'The Despair which is here shewn, without a 'Word or Action on the Part of the dying Person, 'is beyond what could be painted by the most 'forcible Expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this Thought further, but 'only add, That as Annihilation is not to be had 'with a Wish, so it is the most abject Thing in 'the World to wish it. What are Honour, Fame, 'Wealth, or Power when compared with the 'generous Expectation of a Being without End, 'and a Happiness adequate to that Being?

'I shall trouble you no further; but with a cer- 'tain Gravity which these Thoughts have given 'me, I reflect upon some Things People say of 'you, (as they will of Men who distinguish them- 'selves) which I hope are not true; and wish you 'as good a Man as you are an Author.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
Z. T. D.

No. 211.] *Thursday, November* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis.—Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the Fragment of an old Poet which describes Womankind under several Characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different Manners and Dispositions from those Animals and Elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious Characters which prevail in the Male World, and shewing the different Ingredients that go to the making up of such different Humours and Constitutions. *Horace* has a Thought[1] which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his Mistress, for an Invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable Fury with which the Heart of Man is often transported, he tells us that, when *Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the kneading up of his Heart, he season'd it with some furious Particles of the Lion. But upon turning this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I did not know out of what Animals to fetch them. Male Souls are diversify'd with so many Characters, that the World has not Variety of Materials sufficient to furnish out their different Tempers and Inclinations. The Creation, with all its Animals and Elements, would not be large enough to supply their several Extravagancies.

Instead therefore of pursuing the Thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of Præexistence, some of the ancient Philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious Part of the human Species in general, from a Notion of the Soul's Postexistence, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes Brutes entring into the Composition of Women, others have represented human Souls as entering into Brutes. This is commonly termed the Doctrine of Transmigration, which supposes that human Souls, upon their leaving the Body, become the Souls of such Kinds of Brutes as they most resemble in their Manners; or to give an Account of it as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his Translation of *Pythagoras* his Speech in the fifteenth Book of *Ovid*, where that Philosopher dissuades his Hearers from eating Flesh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:
By Time, or Force, or Sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in Bird or Beast,
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their Kind:
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.
Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;
But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

Plato in the Vision of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may possibly make the Subject of a future Speculation, records some beautiful Transmigrations; as that the Soul of *Orpheus*, who was musical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the Soul of *Ajax*, which was all Wrath and Fierceness, into a Lion; the Soul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Thersites*, who was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.[1]

Mr. *Congreve*, in a Prologue to one of his

[1] Odes, I. 16.

[1] In the *Timæus* Plato derives woman and all the animals from man, by successive degradations. Cowardly or unjust men are born again as women. Light, airy, and superficial men, who carried their minds aloft without the use of reason, are the materials for making birds, the hair being transmuted into feathers and wings. From men wholly without philosophy, who never looked heavenward, the more brutal land animals are derived, losing the round form of the cranium by the slackening and stopping of the rotations of the encephalic soul. Feet are given to these according to the degree of their stupidity, to multiply approximations to the earth; and the dullest become reptiles who drag the whole length of their bodies on the ground. Out of the very stupidest of men come those animals which are not judged worthy to live at all upon earth and breathe this air, these men become fishes, and the creatures who breathe nothing but turbid water, fixed at the lowest depths and almost motionless, among the mud. By such transitions, he says, the different races of animals passed originally and still pass into each other.

Comedies,[1] has touch'd upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

Thus Aristotle's *Soul of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;
Or in this very House, for ought we know,
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau.

I shall fill up this Paper with some Letters which my last *Tuesday's* Speculation has produced. My following Correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower Part of the Sex.

From my House in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Upon reading your *Tuesday's* Paper, I find by 'several Symptoms in my Constitution that I am 'a Bee. My Shop, or, if you please to call it so, 'my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which 'goes by the Name of *The New Exchange;* 'where I am daily employed in gathering together 'a little Stock of Gain from the finest Flowers 'about the Town, I mean the Ladies and the 'Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, 'to whom I give the best Education I am able: 'But, Sir, it is my Misfortune to be married to a 'Drone, who lives upon what I get, without 'bringing any thing into the common Stock. 'Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to 'behave myself towards him like a Wasp, so 'likewise I would not have him look upon me as 'an Humble-Bee; for which Reason I do all I 'can to put him upon laying up Provisions for a 'bad Day, and frequently represent to him the 'fatal Effects [his[2]] Sloth and Negligence may 'bring upon us in our old Age. I must beg that 'you will join with me in your good Advice upon 'this Occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,
MELISSA.

SIR, Picadilly, October 31, 1711.

'I am joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of 'those Fillies who are described in the old Poet 'with that hard Name you gave us the other Day. 'She has a flowing Mane, and a Skin as soft as 'Silk: But, Sir, she passes half her Life at her 'Glass, and almost ruins me in Ribbons. For my 'own part, I am a plain handicraft Man, and in 'Danger of breaking by her Laziness and Ex-'pensiveness. Pray, Master, tell me in your next 'Paper, whether I may not expect of her so much 'Drudgery as to take care of her Family, and 'curry her Hide in case of Refusal.

Your loving Friend,
Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapside, October* 30.

'I am mightily pleased with the Humour of the 'Cat, be so kind as to enlarge upon that Subject.

Yours till Death,
Josiah Henpeck.

P. S. 'You must know I am married to a *Grimalkin.*

[1] In the Epilogue to 'Love for Love.'
[2] [that his]

SIR, Wapping, October 31, 1711.

'Ever since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last 'came into our Family, my Husband is pleased to 'call me his *Oceanet*, because the foolish old Poet 'that you have translated says, That the Souls of 'some Women are made of Sea-Water. This, it 'seems, has encouraged my Sauce-Box to be 'witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries 'Pr'ythee my Dear *be calm;* when I chide one of 'my Servants, Pr'ythee Child *do not bluster.* He 'had the Impudence about an Hour ago to tell 'me, That he was a Sea-faring Man, and must 'expect to divide his Life between *Storm* and '*Sunshine.* When I bestir myself with any 'Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his House; 'and when I sit still without doing any thing, his 'Affairs forsooth are *Wind-bound.* When I ask 'him whether it rains, he makes Answer, It is 'no Matter, so that it be *fair Weather* within 'Doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my Mind 'freely to him, but I either *swell* or *rage,* or do 'something that is not fit for a civil Woman to 'hear. Pray, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, since you are so 'sharp upon other Women, let us know what 'Materials your Wife is made of, if you have one. 'I suppose you would make us a Parcel of poor-'spirited tame insipid Creatures; but, Sir, I 'would have you to know, we have as good Pas-'sions in us as your self, and that a Woman was 'never designed to be a Milk-Sop.

L. *MARTHA TEMPEST.*

No. 212.] *Friday, November* 2, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Eripe turpi
Colla jugo, liber, liber dic, sum age—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I NEVER look upon my dear Wife, but I think 'of the Happiness Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY 'enjoys, in having such a Friend as you to expose 'in proper Colours the Cruelty and Perverseness 'of his Mistress. I have very often wished you 'visited in our Family, and were acquainted with 'my Spouse; she would afford you for some 'Months at least Matter enough for one *Spectator* 'a Week. Since we are not so happy as to be of 'your Acquaintance, give me leave to represent to 'you our present Circumstances as well as I can 'in Writing. You are to know then that I am not 'of a very different Constitution from *Nathaniel* '*Henroost,* whom you have lately recorded in 'your Speculations; and have a Wife who makes 'a more tyrannical Use of the Knowledge of my 'easy Temper than that Lady ever pretended to. 'We had not been a Month married, when she 'found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, and 'an Indolence that made me bear little Incon-'veniences rather than dispute about them. 'From this Observation it soon came to that pass, 'that if I offered to go abroad, she would get be-'tween me and the Door, kiss me, and say she 'could not part with me; and then down again I 'sat. In a Day or two after this first pleasant

'Step towards confining me, she declared to me, 'that I was all the World to her, and she thought 'she ought to be all the World to me. If, she 'said, my Dear loves me as much as I love him, 'he will never be tired of my Company. This 'Declaration was followed by my being denied to 'all my Acquaintance; and it very soon came to 'that pass, that to give an Answer at the Door be-'fore my Face, the Servants would ask her 'whether I was within or not; and she would 'answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I 'was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more 'little Circumstances to give you a livelier Sense 'of my Condition; but tell you in general, that 'from such Steps as these at first, I now live the 'Life of a Prisoner of State; my Letters are 'opened, and I have not the Use of Pen, Ink and 'Paper, but in her Presence. I never go abroad, 'except she sometimes takes me with her in her 'Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, 'when we drive, as we generally do, with the 'Glasses up. I have overheard my Servants 'lament my Condition, but they dare not bring 'me Messages without her Knowledge, because 'they doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In 'the midst of this insipid Way of Life, an old Ac-'quaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*, who is a 'Favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in 'her Company because he sings prettily, has 'roused me to rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence 'to me in the following Manner. My Wife is a 'great Pretender to Musick, and very ignorant of 'it; but far gone in the *Italian* Taste. *Tom* 'goes to *Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of 'Musick, and desires him to put this Sentence of '*Tully*' in the Scale of an *Italian* Air, and 'write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille 'mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges im-'ponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat quod videtur? 'Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare 'audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veni-'endum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minitatur? ex-'timiscendum. Does he live like a Gentleman 'who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom 'she gives Law, grants and denies what she 'pleases? who can neither deny her any thing 'she asks, or refuse to do any thing she com-'mands?*

'To be short, my Wife was extremely pleased 'with it; said the *Italian* was the only Language 'for Musick; and admired how wonderfully ten-'der the Sentiment was, and how pretty the Ac-'cent is of that Language, with the rest that is 'said by Rote on that Occasion. Mr. *Meggot* is 'sent for to sing this Air, which he performs with 'mighty Applause; and my Wife is in Ecstasy 'on the Occasion, and glad to find, by my being 'so much pleased, that I was at last come into the 'Notion of the *Italian;* for, said she, it grows 'upon one when one once comes to know a little 'of the Language; and pray, Mr. *Meggot*, sing 'again those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil 'recusare.* You may believe I was not a little 'delighted with my Friend *Tom's* Expedient to 'alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I 'give all this Story thus at large; and I am re-'solved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to 'declare for my self. The manner of the Insur-'rection I contrive by your Means, which shall 'be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, who is at 'our Tea-table every Morning, shall read it to us; 'and if my Dear can take the Hint, and say not 'one Word, but let this be the Beginning of a 'new Life without farther Explanation, it is very 'well; for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, 'I shall, without more ado, call for the Coach, 'name the Hour when I shall be at home, if I 'come at all; if I do not, they may go to Dinner. 'If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, *Tom* 'and I go out together, and all is well, as I said 'before; but if she begins to command or expostu-'late, you shall in my next to you receive a full 'Account of her Resistance and Submission, for 'submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
Anthony Freeman.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I desire 'this may be in your very next. T.

[1] *Paradox* V. on the Thesis that All who are wise are Free, and the fools Slaves.

No. 213.] *Saturday, November* 3, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Mens sibi conscia recti.—Virg.

IT is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this Consideration its full Weight, we may cast all our Actions under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same Manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy; joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some Cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a Virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

In the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Virtues of the Heathen World, so many *shining Sins.* It destroys the Innocence of an indifferent Action, and gives an evil Action all possible Blackness and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding sinful.*[1]

If, in the last Place, we consider the Nature of an indifferent Intention, we shall find that it de-

[1] Rom. vii. 16.

stroys the Merit of a good Action; abates, but never takes away, the Malignity of an evil Action; and leaves an indifferent Action in its natural State of Indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable Advantage to possess our Minds with an habitual good Intention, and to aim all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions at some laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Souls.

This is a sort of Thrift or Good-Husbandry in moral Life, which does not throw away any single Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation, increases the Number of our Virtues, and diminishes that of our Vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in *Acosta's* Answer to *Limborch*,[1] who objects to him the Multiplicity of Ceremonies in the *Jewish* Religion, as Washings, Dresses, Meats, Purgations, and the like. The Reply which the *Jew* makes upon this Occasion, is, to the best of my Remembrance, as follows: 'There are not 'Duties enough (says he) in the essential Parts 'of the Law for a zealous and active Obedience. 'Time, Place, and Person are requisite, before 'you have an Opportunity of putting a Moral 'Virtue into Practice. We have, therefore, says 'he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, and made 'many Things, which are in themselves indifferent, 'a Part of our Religion, that we may have more 'Occasions of shewing our Love to God, and in all 'the Circumstances of Life be doing something to 'please him.

Monsieur *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the Superstitions of the Roman Catholick Religion with the same kind of Apology, where he pretends to consider the differing Spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great Points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear; and that in their Expressions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.[1]

But notwithstanding this plausible Reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholick would excuse their respective Superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to Mankind, and destructive to Religion; because the Injunction of superfluous Ceremonies makes such Actions Duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the Vulgar to the shadowy unessential Points, instead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

This zealous and active Obedience however takes place in the great Point we are recommending; for, if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our most indifferent Actions, we make our very Existence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diversions and Amusements to our eternal Advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the Circumstances and Occurrences of Life.

It is this excellent Frame of Mind, this *holy Officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent Actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*[2]

A Person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good Intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single Circumstance of Life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reason, suitable to human Nature in general, or to that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole Course of his Existence, under the Observation and Inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows all his *Down-sitting and his Up-rising, who is about his Path, and about his Bed, and spieth out all his Ways.*[3] In a word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This has the Character of those holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked with God.*[4]

[1] *Amica Collatio de Veritate Relig. Christ. cum Erudito Judæo*, published in 1687, by Philippe de Limborch, who was eminent as a professor of Theology at Amsterdam from 1667 until his death, in 1712, at the age of 79. But the learned Jew was the Spanish Physician Isaac Orobio, who was tortured for three years in the prisons of the Inquisition on a charge of Judaism. He admitted nothing, was therefore set free, and left Spain for Toulouse, where he practised physic and passed as a Catholic until he settled at Amsterdam. There he made profession of the Jewish faith, and died in the year of the publication of Limborch's friendly discussion with him.

The Uriel Acosta, with whom Addison confounds Orobio, was a gentleman of Oporto who had embraced Judaism, and, leaving Portugal, had also gone to Amsterdam. There he was circumcised, but was persecuted by the Jews themselves, and eventually whipped in the synagogue for attempting reformation of the Jewish usages, in which, he said, tradition had departed from the law of Moses. He took his thirty-nine lashes, recanted, and lay across the threshold of the synagogue for all his brethren to walk over him. Afterwards he endeavoured to shoot his principal enemy, but his pistol missed fire. He had another about him, and with that he shot himself. This happened about the year 1640, when Limborch was but a child of six or seven.

[1] 'Sur la Religion.' Œuvres (Ed. 1752), Vol. III. pp. 267, 268.

[2] 1 Cor. x. 31. [3] Psalm cxxxix. 2, 3.

[4] Genesis v. 22; vi. 9.

When I employ myself upon a Paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular Virtue which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens; by that Means, if possible, to shame those who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Course of Life: Besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philosopher, than to a Christian Writer.

I shall therefore produce an Instance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great Philosopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poison was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these Words: *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to please him, and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this Passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: *When I reflect on such a Speech pronounced by such a Person, I can scarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: *O holy* Socrates, *pray for us.*[1] L.

No. 214.] *Monday, November* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

[——— *Perierunt tempora longi*
Servitii——— Juv.[2]]

I DID some time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependants on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors; and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call, will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends; but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety-nine in a Hundred of these; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who *will* take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality.[1] There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from those great Services; some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses or their Lives; and I seldom see a Man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all Kind of passive Behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men

[1] Erasm. Apophthegm. Bk., III.
[2] [Dulcis inexperta cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit——— Hor.]

[1] A son of one of the inferior gentry received as page by a nobleman wore his lord's livery, but had it of more costly materials than were used for the footmen, and was the immediate attendant of his patron, who was expected to give him a reputable start in life when he came of age. Percy notes that a lady who described to him the custom not very long after it had become obsolete, remembered her own husband's giving £500 to set up such a page in business.

so giddy, that they do not see after the same Manner they did before: Thus they despise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps sollicited to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour; and if you are so, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a Disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner; as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their Taste and Pleasures: This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time, but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the [Tricks[1]] of turning you off from themselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one who makes Observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato's* Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus's* Gods, that lie lolling on the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.[1]

[1] [Trick]

No. 215.] *Tuesday, November* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.—Ov.

I CONSIDER an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which shews none of its inherent Beauties, 'till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to change the Allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same Instance to illustrate the Force of Education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Substantial Forms, when he tells us that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the superfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbish. The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to a Human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wise, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have disinterred, and have brought to Light. I am therefore much delighted with Reading the Accounts of Savage Nations, and with contemplating those Virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see Courage exerting it self in Fierceness, Resolution in Obstinacy, Wisdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenness and Despair.

Mens Passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by Reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Masters, or upon changing their Service, hang themselves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, though

[1] The Dæmon or Angel which, in the doctrine of Immortality according to Socrates or Plato, had the care of each man while alive, and after death conveyed him to the general place of judgment (Phædon, § 130), is more properly described as a Guardian Angel than the gods of Epicurus can be said to pour storms on the heads of their worshippers. Epicurus only represented them as inactive and unconcerned with human affairs.

it expresses it self in so dreadful a manner? What might not that Savage Greatness of Soul which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuse can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species; That we should not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we should only set an insignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Prospects of Happiness in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of Reason to suspect the Truth of it. It may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that passed about twelve Years ago at St. *Christophers*, one of our *British* Leeward Islands. The Negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a most extraordinary Beauty by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the Female Negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing Instance of Barbarity, what strange Disorders are bred in the minds of those Men whose Passions are not regulated by Virtue, and disciplined by Reason. Though the Action which I have recited is in it self full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable Education.

It is therefore an unspeakable Blessing to be born in those Parts of the World where Wisdom and Knowledge flourish; tho' it must be confest, there are, even in these Parts, several poor uninstructed Persons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of those Nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education, rise above one another by several different Degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn and but just sketched into an human Figure; sometimes we see the Man appearing distinctly in all his Limbs and Features, sometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice Touches and Finishings.

Discourses of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends; and I flatter my self that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds: at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours; and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing my self for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who write them; but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them. C.

No. 216.] *Wednesday, November* 7, 1711. [*Steele.*

Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius:
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,
Infecta pace ultrò ad eam venies indicans
Te amare, et ferre non posse: Actum est, ilicet,
Peristi: eludet ubi te victum senserit.—Ter.

To Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman*[1] had no sooner taken Coach, but his Lady

[1] See No. 212.

'was taken with a terrible Fit of the Vapours, 'which, 'tis feared will make her miscarry, if not 'endanger her Life; therefore, dear Sir, if you 'know of any Receipt that is good against this 'fashionable reigning Distemper, be pleased to 'communicate it for the Good of the Publick, and 'you will oblige

Yours,

A. NOEWILL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Uproar was so great as soon as I had 'read the *Spectator* concerning Mrs. *Free-'man*, that after many Revolutions in her Tem-'per, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pity-'ing herself, and reviling her Husband, upon an 'accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady '(who says she has writ to you also) she had no-'thing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the 'Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a 'pretty good Command of my Countenance and 'Temper on such Occasions; and soon found my 'historical Name to be *Tom Meggot* in your 'Writings, but concealed my self till I saw how it 'affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked frequently 'at her Husband, as often at me; and she did not 'tremble as she filled Tea, till she came to the 'Circumstance of *Armstrong's* writing out a 'Piece of *Tully* for an Opera Tune: Then she 'burst out, She was exposed, she was deceiv'd, 'she was wronged and abused. The Tea-cup was 'thrown in the Fire; and without taking Ven-'geance on her Spouse, she said of me, That I 'was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew 'not what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair 'as between a Man and his Wife. To which Mr. '*Freeman*; Madam, were I less fond of you than 'I am, I should not have taken this Way of 'writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman 'whom God and Nature has placed under my Di-'rection with what I request of her; but since you 'are so indiscreet as not to take the Hint which I 'gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam, 'in so many Words, that you have for a long and 'tedious Space of Time acted a Part unsuitable 'to the Sense you ought to have of the Subor-'dination in which you are placed. And I must 'acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow with-'out, ha *Tom!* (here the Footman entered and 'answered Madam) Sirrah don't you know my 'Voice; look upon me when I speak to you: I 'say, Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me 'my self, whether I am at Leisure to see Com-'pany or not. I am from this Hour Master of 'this House; and my Business *in* it, and every 'where else, is to behave my self in such a Man-'ner, as it shall be hereafter an Honour to you to 'bear my Name; and your Pride, that you are 'the Delight, the Darling, and Ornament of a 'Man of Honour, useful and esteemed by his 'Friends; and I no longer one that has buried 'some Merit in the World, in Compliance to a 'froward Humour which has grown upon an 'agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. *Free-'man* ended this with a Tenderness in his Aspect 'and a downcast Eye, which shewed he was ex-'tremely moved at the Anguish he saw her in; 'for she sat swelling with Passion, and her Eyes 'firmly fixed on the Fire; when I, fearing he 'would lose all again, took upon me to provoke 'her out of that amiable Sorrow she was in, to 'fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably 'for my Friend, That indeed Mr. *Freeman* was 'become the common Talk of the Town; and 'that nothing was so much a Jest, as when it was 'said in Company Mr. *Freeman* had promised 'to come to such a Place. Upon which the 'good Lady turned her Softness into downright 'Rage, and threw the scalding Tea-Kettle upon 'your humble Servant; flew into the Middle of 'the Room, and cried out she was the unfortun-'atest of all Women: Others kept Family Dis-'satisfactions for Hours of Privacy and Retire-'ment: No Apology was to be made to her, no 'Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of 'breaking what was amiss in her; but all the 'World was to be acquainted with her Errors, 'without the least Admonition. Mr. *Freeman* 'was going to make a soft'ning Speech, but I 'interposed; Look you, Madam, I have nothing 'to say to this Matter, but you ought to consider 'you are now past a Chicken; this Humour, 'which was well enough in a Girl, is insufferable 'in one of your Motherly Character. With that 'she lost *all* Patience, and flew directly at her 'Husband's Periwig. I got her in my Arms, and 'defended my Friend: He making Signs at 'the same time that it was too much; I beckon-'ing, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder, 'that [he [1]] was lost if he did not persist. In this 'manner [we [2]] flew round and round the Room 'in a Moment, 'till the Lady I spoke of above 'and Servants entered; upon which she fell on a 'Couch as breathless. I still kept up my Friend; 'but he, with a very silly Air, bid them bring the 'Coach to the Door, and we went off, I forced to 'bid the Coachman drive on. We were no sooner 'come to my Lodgings, but all his Wife's Rela-'tions came to enquire after him; and Mrs. *Free-'man's* Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought 'never to have seen this Day, and so forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a 'thing we have no Talents for; and I can observe 'already, my Friend looks upon me rather as a 'Man that knows a Weakness of him that he is 'ashamed of, than one who has rescu'd him from 'Slavery. Mr. SPECTATOR, I am but a young 'Fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* submits, I shall be 'looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a 'Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent 'Word home he shall lie at *Hampstead* to-night; 'but I believe Fear of the first Onset after this 'Rupture has too great a Place in this Resolution. 'Mrs. *Freeman* has a very pretty Sister; suppose 'I delivered him up, and articled with the Mother 'for her for bringing him home. If he has not 'Courage to stand it, (you are a great Casuist) is 'it such an ill thing to bring my self off, as well 'as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is, 'that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate 'at least with her; and Capt. SENTREY will tell 'you, if you let your Orders be disputed, you are 'no longer a Commander. I wish you could ad-

[1] [we] [2] [he], and in first reprint.

'vise me how to get clear of this Business handsomely.

T.

Yours,
Tom Meggot.

No. 217.] *Thursday, Nov.* 8, 1711. [*Budgell.*

——— *Tunc fœmina simplex,*
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.
Juv. Sat. 6.

I SHALL entertain my Reader to-day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the Description of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy: Whether this be so or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that kind of Persons who are represented in it, and whose Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In some of your first Papers you were pleased 'to give the Publick a very diverting Account of 'several Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies; but I 'am a Member of a Society which has wholly 'escaped your Notice, I mean a Club of She-'Romps. We take each a Hackney-Coach, and 'meet once a Week in a large upper Chamber, 'which we hire by the Year for that Purpose; 'our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet 'People, constantly contriving to be abroad on 'our Club-Night. We are no sooner come together than we throw off all that Modesty and 'Reservedness with which our Sex are obliged to 'disguise themselves in publick Places. I am not 'able to express the Pleasure we enjoy from Ten 'at Night 'till four in the Morning, in being as 'rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our 'Play runs high the Room is immediately filled 'with broken Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets of 'Head-dresses, Flounces, Furbelows, Garters, 'and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to tell you 'at first, that besides the Coaches we come in our 'selves, there is one which stands always empty 'to carry off our *dead Men*, for so we call all those 'Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is 'strewed, and which we pack up together in Bun-'dles and put into the aforesaid Coach. It is no 'small Diversion for us to meet the next Night at 'some Member's Chamber, where every one is to 'pick out what belonged to her from this confused 'Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and Ribbons. I 'have hitherto given you an Account of our Di-'version on ordinary Club-Nights; but must ac-'quaint you farther, that once a Month we '*demolish a Prude*, that is, we get some queer 'formal Creature in among us, and unrig her in 'an Instant. Our last Month's Prude was so 'armed and fortified in Whalebone and Buckram 'that we had much ado to come at her; but you 'would have died with laughing to have seen how 'the sober awkward Thing looked when she was 'forced out of her Intrenchments. In short, Sir, 'tis impossible to give you a true Notion of our 'Sports, unless you would come one Night 'amongst us; and tho' it be directly against the 'Rules of our Society to admit a Male Visitant, 'we repose so much Confidence in your Silence 'and Taciturnity, that 'twas agreed by the whole 'Club, at our last Meeting, to give you Entrance 'for one Night as a Spectator.

I am,
Your Humble Servant,
Kitty Termagant.

P. S. *We shall demolish a Prude next Thursday.*

Tho' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at present find in my self any Inclination to venture my Person with her and her romping Companions. I should regard my self as a second *Clodius* intruding on the Mysterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being *Demolished* as much as the *Prude*.

The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose Taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young 'Creature who is daily committing Faults, which 'though they give me the utmost Uneasiness, I 'know not how to reprove her for, or even ac-'quaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is 'rich, and good-humour'd; but either wholly 'neglects, or has no Notion of that which Polite 'People have agreed to distinguish by the Name 'of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk 'the other Day she threw her self into an Elbow-'Chair, and professed before a large Company, 'that *she was all over in a Sweat*. She told me 'this Afternoon that her *Stomach ak'ed*; and was 'complaining Yesterday at Dinner of something 'that *stuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a 'Basket of Fruit last Summer, which she eat so 'very greedily, as almost made *me* resolve never 'to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble 'whenever I see her about to speak or move. As 'she does not want Sense, if she takes these Hints 'I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that 'these Things which shock me even in the Be-'haviour of a Mistress, will appear insupportable 'in that of a Wife.

I am,
SIR,
Yours, &c.

My next Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am happily arrived at a State of Tranquillity, 'which few People envy, I mean that of an old 'Maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all 'that Medley of Follies which our Sex is apt to 'contract from their silly Fondness of yours, I read 'your Railleries on us without Provocation. I can 'say with *Hamlet*,

——Man delights not me,
Nor Woman neither——

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own 'Sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridicu-'lous in ours, and you will oblige at least one 'Woman, who is

Your Humble Servant,
Susannah Frost.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help 'thinking that in your Tenth or Tithe-Character 'of Womankind[1] you meant my self, therefore I 'have no Quarrel against you for the other Nine 'Characters.

Your Humble Servant,
X. A. B.

No. 218.] *Friday, November* 9, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas sæpe caveto.
Hor.

I HAPPENED the other Day, as my Way is, to strole into a little Coffee-house beyond *Aldgate*; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR. One said, he had that Morning drawn the great Benefit Ticket; another wished he had; but a third shaked his Head and said, It was pity that the Writer of that Paper was such a sort of Man, that it was no great Matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good Man, the most extravagant Creature in the World; has run through vast Sums, and yet been in continual Want; a Man, for all he talks so well of Oeconomy, unfit for any of the Offices of Life, by reason of his Profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend, and yet he talks as well of those Duties of Life as any one. Much Reflection has brought me to so easy a Contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy Accusation gave me no manner of Uneasiness; but at the same Time it threw me into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common People say out of their own talkative Temper to the Advantage or Diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by Malice or Good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the Sense all Mankind have of Fame, and the inexpressible Pleasure which there is in the Approbation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of worthy Actions; but methinks one may divide the general Word Fame into three different Species, as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who have any Thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into Glory, which respects the Hero; Reputation, which is preserved by every Gentleman; and Credit, which must be supported by every Tradesman. These Possessions in Fame are dearer than Life to these Characters of Men, or rather are the Life of those Characters. Glory, while the Hero pursues great and noble Enterprizes, is impregnable; and all the Assailants of his Renown do but shew their Pain and Impatience of its Brightness, without throwing the least Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered against it is but Rumour, which is too short-liv'd to stand up in Competition with Glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the Portion of every Man who would live with the elegant and knowing Part of Mankind, is as stable as Glory, if it be as well founded; and the common Cause of human Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man of good Behaviour calumniated: Besides which, according to a prevailing Custom amongst us, every Man has his Defence in his own Arm; and Reproach is soon checked, put out of Countenance, and overtaken by Disgrace.

The most unhappy of all Men, and the most exposed to the Malignity or Wantonness of the common Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in Whispers. The Tradesman's Wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the Ruffian with the Lanthorn and Dagger. The Manner of repeating a Man's Name, As; *Mr.* Cash, *Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop? Why, do you know Mr.* Searoom? *He is indeed a general Merchant.* I say, I have seen, from the Iteration of a Man's Name, hiding one Thought of him, and explaining what you hide by saying something to his Advantage when you speak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit; and him who, every Day he lived, literally added to the Value of his Native Country, undone by one who was only a Burthen and a Blemish to it. Since every Body who knows the World is sensible of this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in his Language of a Merchant? It may possibly be in the Power of a very shallow Creature to lay the Ruin of the best Family in the most opulent City; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his Country; that is to say, the farther he places his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that of another Climate.

In this Case an ill Word may change Plenty into Want, and by a rash Sentence a free and generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater imagine, that an idle Phrase to the Disfavour of a Merchant may be as pernicious in the Consequence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land stands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the State of a great Action is just as it was before Calumny was offered to diminish it, and there is Time, Place and Occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those Characters; but the Trader who is ready only for probable Demands upon him, can have no Armour against the Inquisitive, the Malicious, and the Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his Dishonour. Fire and Sword are slow Engines of Destruction, in Comparison of the Babbler in the Case of the Merchant.

For this Reason I thought it an imitable Piece of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

[1] See No. 209.

who had great Variety of Affairs, and used to talk with Warmth enough against Gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this Occasion, than to repeat, That the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects; for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow-Citizens, and his Word the Gold of *Ophir* to the Country wherein he resides.

T.

No. 219.] *Saturday, Nov.* 10, 1711. [*Addison.*

Vix ea nostra voco—— Ov.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of Grandeur and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respects beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Person's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneasiness and Disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the Pains to Connect or Methodise them.

All Superiority and Præeminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which, considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that which consists in Birth, Title, or Riches, and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength, or Beauty, which are nearer to us, and more a Part of our selves than the former. Quality, as it regards the Mind, has its Rise from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has less Reason to value himself upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the most shining Figure in the Eye of the World.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Imitation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; Majesty to Kings; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors; Grace to Archbishops; Honour to Peers; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates; and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great Families, such Attributes of Honour are generally correspondent with the Virtues of the Person to whom they are applied; but in the Descendants they are too often the Marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Denomination still continues, but the Intrinsick Value is frequently lost.

The Death-Bed shews the Emptiness of Titles in a true Light. A poor dispirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entring on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a time look rather like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectify this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjusted, and Precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an Ambition, if not to advance our selves in another World, at least to preserve our Post in it, and outshine our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to Settle the Distinction for Eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Christian Authors, under the same kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Rest before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed say, that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.[1]

The Part that was acted by this Philosopher

[1] Epict. Enchirid. ch. 23.

himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Inforcement from the above-mentioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new cast*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Præeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of* Solomon, to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Blessings which are in so great Repute among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surprize which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous 'Man stand in great Boldness before the Face of 'such as have afflicted him, and made no Account 'of his Labours. When they see it, they shall be 'troubled with terrible Fear, and shall be amazed 'at the Strangeness of his Salvation, so far be-'yond all that they looked for. And they repent-'ing and groaning for Anguish of Spirit, shall say 'within themselves; This was he whom we had 'sometime in Derision, and a Proverb of Re-'proach. We Fools accounted his Life Madness, 'and his End to be without Honour. How is he 'numbered among the Children of God, and his 'Lot is among the Saints![1]

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same Place.[2] In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present Constitution of things, that Order and Distinction should be kept in the World, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescension make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them: and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors, make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C.

No. 220.] *Monday, November* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Rumoresque serit varios*—— Virg.[3]]

SIR,

WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you 'my Person; but I assure you it is not in his 'Power, nor even in my own, to give you my 'Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill Consequence of such a Match; you are Fifty-five, I 'Twenty-one. You are a Man of Business, and 'mightily conversant in Arithmetick and making 'Calculations; be pleased therefore to consider 'what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine; and 'when you have made a just Estimate of the ne-'cessary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance 'on the other, you will act accordingly. This 'perhaps is such Language as you may not expect 'from a young Lady; but my Happiness is at 'Stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate 'you; and so, as you and my Father agree, you 'may take me or leave me: But if you will be so 'good as never to see me more, you will for ever 'oblige,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
HENRIETTA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'There are so many Artifices and Modes of false 'Wit, and such a Variety of Humour discovers it 'self among its Votaries, that it would be impossi-'ble to exhaust so fertile a Subject, if you would 'think fit to resume it.' The following Instances 'may, if you think fit, be added by Way of Ap-'pendix to your Discourses on that Subject.

'That Feat of Poetical Activity mentioned by '*Horace*, of an Author who could compose two 'hundred Verses while he stood upon one Leg,[2] 'has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern 'Writer; who priding himself on the Hurry of 'his Invention, thought it no small Addition to his 'Fame to have each Piece minuted with the exact 'Number of Hours or Days it cost him in the 'Composition. He could taste no Praise till he 'had acquainted you in how short Space of Time 'he had deserved it; and was not so much led to 'an Ostentation of his Art, as of his Dispatch.

——*Accipe si vis,*
Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.
Hor.

'This was the whole of his Ambition; and there-'fore I cannot but think the Flights of this rapid 'Author very proper to be opposed to those la-'borious Nothings which you have observed were 'the Delight of the *German* Wits, and in which 'they so happily got rid of such a tedious Quan-'tity of their Time.

'I have known a Gentleman of another Turn 'of Humour, who, despising the Name of an 'Author, never printed his Works, but contracted 'his Talent, and by the help of a very fine Dia-'mond which he wore on his little Finger, was a 'considerable Poet upon Glass. He had a very 'good Epigrammatick Wit; and there was not a 'Parlour or Tavern Window where he visited or 'dined for some Years, which did not receive some 'Sketches or Memorials of it. It was his Misfor-'tune at last to lose his Genius and his Ring to a

[1] Wisd., ch. v. 1—5. [2] Ch. v. 8—14.
[3] [—Aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.—Hor.]

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.
[2] ——in hora sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.
Sat. I. iv. 10.

'Sharper at Play; and he has not attempted to 'make a Verse since.

'But of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, 'I admire that of an ingenious Projector whose 'Book I have seen.[1] This Virtuoso being a 'Mathematician, has, according to his Taste, 'thrown the Art of Poetry into a short Problem, 'and contrived Tables by which any one without 'knowing a Word of Grammar or Sense, may, to 'his great Comfort, be able to compose or rather 'to erect *Latin* Verses. His Tables are a kind 'of Poetical Logarithms, which being divided into 'several Squares, and all inscribed with so many 'incoherent Words, appear to the Eye somewhat 'like a Fortune-telling Screen. What a Joy must 'it be to the unlearned Operator to find that these 'Words, being carefully collected and writ down 'in Order according to the Problem, start of them-'selves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verses? 'A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Astrology, 'meeting with this Book, performed the Operation, 'by the Rules there set down; he shewed his 'Verses to the next of his Acquaintance, who hap-'pened to understand *Latin*; and being informed 'they described a Tempest of Wind, very luckily 'prefixed them, together with a Translation, to an 'Almanack he was just then printing, and was 'supposed to have foretold the last great Storm.[2]

'I think the only Improvement beyond this, 'would be that which the late Duke of *Bucking-'ham* mentioned to a stupid Pretender to Poetry, 'as the Project of a *Dutch* Mechanick, *viz.* a Mill 'to make Verses. This being the most compendi-'ous Method of all which have yet been proposed, 'may deserve the Thoughts of our modern Virtuosi 'who are employed in new Discoveries for the 'publick Good: and it may be worth the while to 'consider, whether in an Island where few are 'content without being thought Wits, it will not 'be a common Benefit, that Wit as well as Labour 'should be made cheap.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I often dine at a Gentleman's House, where 'there are two young Ladies, in themselves very 'agreeable, but very cold in their Behaviour, be-'cause they understand me for a Person that is to 'break my Mind, as the Phrase is, very suddenly 'to one of them. But I take this Way to acquaint 'them, that I am not in Love with either of them, 'in Hopes they will use me with that agreeable 'Freedom and Indifference which they do all the 'rest of the World, and not to drink to one an-'other [only,] but sometimes cast a kind Look, 'with their Service to,

SIR,
Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Gentleman, and take it for a 'Piece of Good-breeding to pull off my Hat when 'I see any thing particularly charming in any 'Woman, whether I know her or not. I take 'care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in 'my Manner, as if I were to betray a Woman into 'a Salutation by Way of Jest or Humour; and 'yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she 'ever takes it for a Rule, that she is to look upon 'this Civility and Homage I pay to her supposed 'Merit, as an Impertinence or Forwardness which 'she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you 'would settle the Business of Salutation; and 'please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden 'Impulse I have to be civil to what gives an Idea 'of Merit; or tell these Creatures how to behave 'themselves in Return to the Esteem I have for 'them. My Affairs are such, that your Decision 'will be a Favour to me, if it be only to save the 'unnecessary Expence of wearing out my Hat so 'fast as I do at present.

'There are some that *I am,*
'do know me, and won't *SIR,*
'bow to me. *Yours,*
T. T. D.

No. 221.] *Tuesday, November* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Ab Ovo
Usque ad Mala—— Hor.

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my Method to consider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expressed in better Words, or some Similitude for the Illustration of my Subject. This is what gives Birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the Poets than the Prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

My Reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory some beautiful Passage of a Classick Author.

It was a Saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our Writers have ascribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, That a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation.[1] It naturally makes the Beholders inquisitive into the Person who is the Owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his Favour. A handsome Motto has the same Effect. Besides that, it always gives a Supernumerary Beauty to a Paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it shews that he is supported by good Authorities, and is not singular in his Opinion.

I must confess, the Motto is of little Use to an

[1] A pamphlet by John Peter, 'Artificial Versifying, a New Way to make Latin Verses.' Lond. 1678.

[2] Of Nov. 26, 1703, which destroyed in London alone property worth a million.

[1] Diogenes Laertius, Bk. V. ch. 1.

unlearned Reader, for which Reason I consider it only as *a Word to the Wise.* But as for my unlearned Friends, if they cannot relish the Motto, I take care to make Provision for them in the Body of my Paper. If they do not understand the Sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with Entertainment in the House; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain Man's Compliment, who, upon his Friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he understood the Motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Bush.*

I have heard of a Couple of Preachers in a Country Town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such Explications to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsenti*,[1] which he converted in the same manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little time thickned his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

The natural Love to *Latin* which is so prevalent in our common People, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worse among them for that little Scrap which appears at the Head of them; and what the more encourages me in the Use of Quotations in an unknown Tongue is, that I hear the Ladies, whose Approbation I value more than that of the whole Learned World, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my *Greek* Mottos.

Designing this Day's Work for a Dissertation upon the two Extremities of my Paper, and having already dispatch'd my Motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single Capital Letters, which are placed at the End of it, and which have afforded great Matter of Speculation to the Curious. I have heard various Conjectures upon this Subject. Some tell us that C is the Mark of those Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in general: That the Papers marked with R were written by my Friend Sir ROGER: That L signifies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my second Speculation; and that T stands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the End of some few of my Papers, is that which has puzzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any Name which begins with that Letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any Hand in these Speculations.

In Answer to these inquisitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made Enquiries of me by Letter, I must tell them the Reply of an ancient Philosopher, who carried something hidden under his Cloak. A certain Acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it*, says he, *on purpose that you should not know.* I have made use of these obscure Marks for the same Purpose. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preserve the Paper against the Fascination and Malice of evil Eyes; for which Reason I would not have my Reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my Papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c., or with the Word *Abracadabra*.[1]

I shall, however, so far explain my self to the Reader, as to let him know that the Letters, C, L, and X, are Cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the World to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the Philosophy of *Pythagoras*, and swear by the *Tetrachtys*,[2] that is, the Number Four, will know very well that the Number *Ten*, which is signified by the Letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the Town) has in it many particular Powers; that it is called by Platonick Writers the Complete Number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the Number Ten; and that Ten is all. But these are not Mysteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A Man must have spent

[1] 'Quæ Genus' and 'As in Præsenti' were the first words in collections of rules then and until recently familiar as part of the standard Latin Grammar, Lilly's, to which Erasmus and Colet contributed, and of which Wolsey wrote the original Preface.

[1] Abraxas, which in Greek letters represents 365, the number of the deities supposed by the Basilidians to be subordinate to the All Ruling One, was a mystical name for the supreme God, and was engraved as a charm on stones together with the figure of a human body (Cadaver), with cat's head and reptile's feet. From this the name Abracadabra may have arisen, with a sense of power in it as a charm. Serenus Sammonicus, a celebrated physician who lived about A.D. 210, who had, it is said, a library of 62,000 volumes, and was killed at a banquet by order of Caracalla, said in an extant Latin poem upon Medicine and Remedies, that fevers were cured by binding to the body the word Abracadabra written in this fashion:

Abracadabra
Abracadabr
Abracadab
Abracada

and so on, till there remained only the initial A. His word was taken, and this use of the charm was popular even in the Spectator's time. It is described by Defoe in his 'History of the Plague.'

[2] The number Four was called Tetractys by the Pythagoreans, who accounted it the most powerful of numbers, because it was the foundation of them all, and as a square it signified solidity. They said it was at the source of Nature, four elements, four seasons, &c., to which later speculators added the four rivers of Paradise, four evangelists, and association of the number four with God, whose name was a mystical Tetra grammaton, Jod, He, Vau, He.

many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them.

We had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the University of *Cambridge*, upon the *First* Verse of the *First* Chapter of the *First* Book of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you have the three following Words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short Text into many Parts, and by discovering several Mysteries in each Word, made a most Learned and Elaborate Discourse. The Name of this profound Preacher was Doctor *Alabaster*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Doctor *Fuller's* Book of *English* Worthies.[1] This Instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them some Satisfaction in that Particular. But as for the full Explication of these Matters, I must refer them to Time, which discovers all things. C.

No. 222.] *Wednesday, Nov.* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often look'd for 'in your Papers, and have as often wondered 'to find my self disappointed; the rather, because 'I think it a Subject every way agreeable to your 'Design, and by being left unattempted by others, 'seems reserved as a proper Employment for you; 'I mean a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds, 'that Men of the brightest Parts, and most com-'prehensive Genius, compleatly furnished with 'Talents for any Province in humane Affairs; 'such as by their wise Lessons of Oeconomy to 'others have made it evident, that they have the 'justest Notions of Life and of true Sense in the 'Conduct of it ——: from what unhappy contra-'dictious Cause it proceeds, that Persons thus 'finished by Nature and by Art, should so often 'fail in the Management of that which they so 'well understand, and want the Address to make 'a right Application of their own Rules. This is 'certainly a prodigious Inconsistency in Be-'haviour, and makes much such a Figure in 'Morals as a monstrous Birth in Naturals, with 'this Difference only, which greatly aggravates 'the Wonder, that it happens much more fre-'quently; and what a Blemish does it cast upon 'Wit and Learning in the general Account of the 'World? And in how disadvantageous a Light 'does it expose them to the busy Class of Man-'kind, that there should be so many Instances of 'Persons who have so conducted their Lives in 'spite of these transcendent Advantages, as nei-'ther to be happy in themselves, nor useful to 'their Friends; when every Body sees it was en-'tirely in their own Power to be eminent in both 'these Characters? For my part, I think there 'is no Reflection more astonishing, than to con-'sider one of these Gentlemen spending a fair 'Fortune, running in every Body's Debt without 'the least Apprehension of a future Reckoning, 'and at last leaving not only his own Children, 'but possibly those of other People, by his Means, 'in starving Circumstances; while a Fellow, 'whom one would scarce suspect to have a hu-'mane Soul, shall perhaps raise a vast Estate out 'of Nothing, and be the Founder of a Family 'capable of being very considerable in their Coun-'try, and doing many illustrious Services to it. 'That this Observation is just, Experience has 'put beyond all Dispute. But though the Fact 'be so evident and glaring, yet the Causes of it 'are still in the Dark; which makes me persuade 'my self, that it would be no unacceptable Piece 'of Entertainment to the Town, to inquire into 'the hidden Sources of so unaccountable an Evil.

I am,
SIR,
Your most Humble Servant.

What this Correspondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever since there was any such thing as humane Life. *Horace* reflects upon this Inconsistency very agreeably in the Character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him speak the most philosophick Things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Necessaries, and in Half a Week after spend a thousand Pound. When he says this of him with Relation to Expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other Circumstance of Life. And indeed, if we consider lavish Men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the Character of *Zimri*.[2]

A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every Thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking;
Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.

This loose State of the Soul hurries the Ex-

[1] Where it is explained that Adam meaning Man; Seth, placed; and Enosh, Misery: the mystic inference is that Man was placed in Misery.

[2] i.e. The Duke of Buckingham, in Part 1. of 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

travagant from one Pursuit to another; and the Reason that his Expences are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says, it is the greatest of Wickedness to lessen your paternal Estate. And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than Banishment it must be to his Child, to ride by the Estate which should have been his had it not been for his Father's Injustice to him, he would be smitten with the Reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Tasting. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smoakers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

The slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit: They can expect distant things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passion or keen Appetite to any thing. To Men addicted to Delight[s], Business is an Interruption; to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him; if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do.*

T.

No. 223.] *Thursday, Nov.* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquiæ!
Phæd.

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those Multitudes of Ancient Writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an Immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the Common Wreck; but the Number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Criticks who were conversant with her Works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderness and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

An Inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calamities to this Poetical Lady. She fel desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called [*Leucrate*[1]] on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap;* and whether or no the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

After having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received.[2] The

[1] [Leucas]

[2] Ambrose Philips, whose Winter Piece appeared in No. 12 of the *Tatler*, and whose six Pastorals preceded those of Pope. Philips's Pastorals had appeared in 1709 in a sixth volume of a Poetical Miscellany issued by Jacob Tonson. The first four volumes of that Miscellany had been edited by Dryden, the fifth was collected after Dryden's death, and the sixth was notable for opening with the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips and closing with those of young Pope which Tonson had volunteered to print, thereby, said Wycherley, furnishing a

Reader will find in it that Pathetick Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the Ode he has here Translated. This Ode in the Greek (besides those Beauties observed by Madam *Dacier*) has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the *English*. I must farther add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a Word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the Manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus, *Beauty of the Skies,*
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew,
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way:
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,
And by what Care to be asswag'd?
What gentle Youth I could allure,
Whom in my artful Toiles secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me Who?*

VI.

Tho' now he Shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice:
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart desires.

Madam *Dacier* observes, there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. This Ode was preserved by an eminent *Greek* Critick,[1] who inserted it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its Kind, and has been translated by the same Hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compositions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural Witticisms that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, so as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Translation. C.

Jacob's ladder by which Pope mounted to immortality. In a letter to his friend Mr Henry Cromwell, Pope said, generously putting himself out of account, that there were no better eclogues in our language than those of Philips; but when afterwards Tickell in the *Guardian*, criticising Pastoral Poets from Theocritus downwards, exalted Philips and passed over Pope, the slighted poet took his revenge by sending to Steele an amusing one paper more upon Pastorals. This was ironical exaltation of the worst he could find in Philips over the best bits of his own work, which Steele inserted (it is No. 40 of the *Guardian*). Hereupon Philips, it is said, stuck up a rod in Button's Coffee House, which he said was to be used on Pope when next he met him. Pope retained his wrath, and celebrated Philips afterwards under the character of Macer, saying of this *Spectator* time,

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.

No. 224.] *Friday, November* 16, 1711. [*Hughes.*

—Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis— Hor. Sat. 6.

IF we look abroad upon the great Multitudes of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Complection is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with Men, who by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Discipline of Philosophy, aspire not to the Heights

[1] Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

of Power and Grandeur; who never set their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Clients and Dependancies, nor other gay Appendages of Greatness; who are contented with a Competency, and will not molest their Tranquillity to gain an Abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a Man is not Ambitious; his Desires may have cut out another Channel, and determined him to other Pursuits; the Motive however may be still the same; and in these Cases likewise the Man may be equally pushed on with the Desire of Distinction.

Though the pure Consciousness of worthy Actions, abstracted from the Views of popular Applause, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Desire of Distinction was doubtless implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert our selves in virtuous Excellence.

This Passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble Purposes; so that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the same innate Principle, to wit, the Desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study and Converse, will bring forth suitable Effects as it falls in with an [ingenuous [1]] Disposition, or a corrupt Mind; it does accordingly express itself in Acts of Magnanimity or selfish Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the Mind, or adorning the Outside, it renders the Man eminently Praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Passion or Pursuit; for as the same Humours, in Constitutions otherwise different, affect the Body after different Manners, so the same aspiring Principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one Object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great Desire of Glory in a Ring of Wrestlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour. This is the secret Spring that pushes them forward; and the Superiority which they gain above the undistinguish'd many, does more than repair those Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr. *Waller's* Opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been Master of the *Roman* Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wrestler.

Great Julius *on the Mountains bred,*
A Flock perhaps or Herd had led;
He that the World subdued, had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green.[2]

That he subdued the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with those Advantages, the same Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some Enterprize of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is so unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thousand Accidents may either forward or disappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Speculation, to consider a great Man as divested of all the adventitious Circumstances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears some distant Resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in Miniature those Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Discharge of some important Employment. On the other Hand, one may raise uneducated Merit to such a Pitch of Greatness as may seem equal to the possible Extent of his improved Capacity.

Thus Nature furnishes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Desire of Distinction is not, I think, in any Instance more observable than in the Variety of Outsides and new Appearances, which the modish Part of the World are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable: for any thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the Person so adorned without due Notice and Observation. It has likewise, upon this Account, been frequently resented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satyr, who has as much Right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the Person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate Fondness for Distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular Practices, as sallying out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, singing of Catches, beating the Watch, getting Drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horses; with many other Enterprizes of the like fiery Nature: For certainly many a Man is more Rakish and Extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

One very Common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shewed it self in Humane Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening Circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly Ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the Passion for getting Money, exclusive of the Character of the Provident Father, the Affectionate Husband, or the Generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honest Poverty, that this Desire reigns most in those who have but few good Qualities to recommend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humanity, Good Nature, and the Advantages of a Liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject Passion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn Humane Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel Master, a severe Parent, an unsociable Husband, a distant and mistrustful Friend. But it is more to the present Purpose to consider it as an absurd Passion of the Heart,

[1] [ingenious]
[2] *In* the Poem 'To Zelinda.'

rather than as a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Instances to be met with of a proud Humility, so this Passion, contrary to most others, affects Applause, by avoiding all Show and Appearance; for this Reason it will not sometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A covetous Man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the Desire of Glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational Passions. 'Tis true, the wise Man who strikes out of the secret Paths of a private Life, for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendour of a Court, and the unfelt Weight of publick Employment, whether he succeeds in his Attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted Greatness to discern the Dawbing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the Hurry of Life, that he may pass away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement.

It may be thought then but common Prudence in a Man not to change a better State for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with Pleasure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be some Danger of its stagnating in an unmanly Indolence and Security. It is a known Story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire, his Desires turn'd upon catching Flies. Active and Masculine Spirits in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Rest: If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble Object, their Desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject Passion. Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the Bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self-Interest, who catches at the Applause of an idle Multitude, as he can find no solid Contentment at the End of his Journey, so he deserves to meet with Disappointments in his Way; but he who is actuated by a noble Principle, whose Mind is so far enlarged as to take in the Prospect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Praise which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and values not those Acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial Testimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable Means to a more rising and advantageous Ground; such a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation; it is a virtuous Movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

The Man who is fitted out by Nature, and sent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of Justice and Honour, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It is the Business of Religion and Philosophy not so much to extinguish our Passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen Objects: When these have pointed out to us which Course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no Harm to set out all our Sail; if the Storms and Tempests of Adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no small Consolation to us in these Circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our Course, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it settles the various Pretensions, and otherwise interfering Interests of mortal Men, and thereby consults the Harmony and Order of the great Community; as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themselves, in their Effects beneficial to Society; as it inspires rational Ambitions, correct Love, and elegant Desires. Z.

No. 225.] *Saturday, November* 17, 1711. [*Addison.*

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia— Juv.

I HAVE often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberless Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no Place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such Occasions the wisest Men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the Talking with a Friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud.*

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers, That a Man should live with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it should not be in his Power to hurt him. The first Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Conversation with a Bosom Friend. Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Strach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets, the World is just enough to accuse the Perfidiousness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itself looks like Weakness; the best Parts only qualify a Man to be more sprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he Converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Conversation, and gives Measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an irresistible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Use to him.

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great Consequence in the World; but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Discretion points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish Aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a Kind of Short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of Instinct, that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserv'd for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those Pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supersedes every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the Name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter Part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.*[1]

C.

No. 226.] *Monday, November* 19,[2] 1711. [*Steele.*

[*——Mutum est pictura poema.*—Hor.[3]]

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in several Speculations, that the Art of Painting is made so little Use of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we consider that it places the Action of the Person represented

[1] Wisdom vi. 12—16.

[2] Swift to Stella, Nov. 18, 1711. 'Do you ever 'read the SPECTATORS? I never do; they never 'come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. 'They say abundance of them are very pretty; 'they are going to be printed in small volumes; 'I'll bring them over with me.'

[3] [*——Pictura Poesis erit.*—Hor.]

in the most agreeable Aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or Concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination. What strong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less Capacity, and less Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writings; but the Use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing Nymphs, or any of the Representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demy-gods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes*, Sphinxes, or Fauns? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Persons of Men and Women whose Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good History-Piece without receiving an instructive Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Testimony of every reasonable Creature who has seen the Cartons in Her Majesty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court:* These are Representations of no less Actions than those of our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible even from the faint Traces in one's Memory of what one has not seen these two Years, to be unmoved at the Horror and Reverence which appear in the whole Assembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the Amazement of the Man born blind, when he first receives Sight; or at the graceless Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is struck blind. The Lame, when they first find Strength in their Feet, stand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apostles appear acting these great Things, with a deep Sense of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themselves who administer to their Weakness. They know themselves to be but Instruments; and the generous Distress they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Representation in the most exquisite Degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When St. *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful Art are almost all the different Tempers of Mankind represented in that elegant Audience? You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep Suspence, another saying there is some Reason in what he says, another angry that the Apostle destroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture; while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of those who are of leading Characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our Blessed Lord after his Resurrection. Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, Despotick Command, and [Divine[1]] Love, are at once seated in his celestial Aspect. The Figures of the Eleven Apostles are all in the same Passion of Admiration, but discover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Master's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention: The two next with a more open Ecstasy, though still constrained by the Awe of [the Divine[2]] Presence: The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two first Figures, has in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love; and the last Personage, whose Back is towards the Spectator[s], and his Side towards the Presence, one would fancy to be St. *Thomas*, as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed Concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a Task to draw but by this Acknowledgment of the Difficulty to describe it.

The whole Work is an Exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter; and all the Touches of a religious Mind are expressed in a Manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable Pieces are very justly in the Hands of the greatest and most pious Sovereign in the World; and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leisure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that noble Artist, Monsieur *Dorigny*,[2] to publish these Works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a Work second to none in the World.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition, after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this Occasion of having, for a trifling Subscription, a Work which it is impossible for a Man of Sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest Sentiments that can be inspired by Love, Admiration, Compassion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest Honour we can do our Country, to distinguish Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modesty and Diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected; and a modest Behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that Disadvantage in the Possessor of that

[1] [Brotherly]

[1] [cœlestial]

[2] Michel Dorigny, painter and engraver, native of St. Quentin, pupil and son-in-law of Simon Vouet, whose style he adopted, was Professor in the Paris Academy of Painting, and died at the age of 48, in 1665. His son and Vouet's grandson, Nicola Dorigny, in aid of whose undertaking Steele wrote this paper in the *Spectator*, had been invited from Rome by several of the nobility, to produce, with licence from the Queen, engravings from Raphael's Cartoons, at Hampton Court. He offered eight plates 19 inches high, and from 25 to 30 inches long, for four guineas subscription, although, he said in his Prospectus, the five prints of Alexander's Battles after Lebrun were often sold for twenty guineas.

Quality. My Skill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the Passion of the Pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to speak of any Performances of Painters of Landskips, Buildings, or single Figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the Pieces which Mr. *Boul* exposes to Sale by Auction on *Wednesday* next in *Shandois-street*: But having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and overheard him himself (tho' a laudable Painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room with those he had to sell, I fear'd I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth, in omitting to speak of his Auction.

T.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy *a Painter who acknowledges himself the greatest Person of the Age in that Art, and is willing to be as renowned in this Island as he declares he is in Foreign Parts.*

The Doctor paints the Poor for nothing. T.

No. 227.] *Tuesday, Nov.* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ὦ μοι ἐγὼ τί πάθω; τί ὸ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὥπερ τὼς Σύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς.
Κἤκα μὴ 'ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἀδὺ τέτυκται.—Theoc.

IN my last *Thursday's* Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarnania*, being [joined to [1]] it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by length of Time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their modern Titles, he will find in his Map the ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of St. *Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of *The Cape of St.* Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following manner, *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Cloaths, and take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is so much frequented by* Olphis *the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the Criticks to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at least some other Lover's Leap, which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the Issue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he should escape with [Life,[1]] he knows his Mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our Interpretation, the she would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short Preface, I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d Paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual Cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for all other Evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her Passion for *Leander*. A Man is in no Danger of breaking his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very many Persons who tried it, escaped not only with their Lives but their Limbs. If by this Means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose that the cold Bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some Share in their Cure? A Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to the Blood; for which Reason we prescribe it in Distempers which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the Frenzy produced by Love, is compared to that which is produced by the Biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the Frenzy produced by these two different Causes be of the same Nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same Means.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant.
and Well-wisher,
ESCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it: A young Gentleman, after having made his Applications to me for three Years together, and filled my Head with a thousand Dreams of Happiness, some few Days since mar-

[1] [divided from]

[1] [his Life,]

'ried another. Pray tell me in what Part of the 'World your Promontory lies, which you call *The 'Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by 'Land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its Vir- 'tue, and that a Woman of our Times would find 'no more Relief in taking such a Leap, than in 'singing an Hymn to *Venus*. So that I must cry 'out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!

Your disconsolate Servant,
ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

'My Heart is so full of Lofes and Passions for 'Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, and she is so pettish and over- 'run with Cholers against me, that if I had the 'good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is 'placed by my Creat-Cranfather upon the Pottom 'of an Hill) no farther Distance but twenty Mile 'from the Lofer's Leap, I would indeed indeafour 'to preak my Neck upon it on Purpose. Now, good 'Mister SPICTATUR of *Crete Prittain*, you must 'know it there is in *Caernarvanshire* a fery pig 'Mountain, the Clory of all *Wales*, which is named '*Penmainmaure*, and you must also know, it iss 'no great Journey on Foot from me; but the 'Road is stony and bad for Shooes. Now, there 'is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very 'high Rock, (like a Parish Steeple) that cometh a 'huge deal over the Sea; so when I am in my 'Melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I 'do desire my fery good Friend to tell me in his '*Spictatur*, if I shall be cure of my grefous Lofes; 'for there is the Sea clear as Glass, and as creen 'as the Leek: Then likewise if I be drown, and 'preak my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will not lose 'me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your Answers, 'for I am in crete Haste, and it is my Tesires to 'do my Pusiness without Loss of Time. I remain 'with cordial Affections, your ever lofing Friend,
Dawyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. 'My Law-suits have brought me to '*London*, but I have lost my Causes; and so have 'made my Resolutions to go down and leap before 'the Frosts begin; for I am apt to take Colds.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better Expedient against Love than sober Advice, and I am of Opinion, that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Passion, as any of the old Philosophers. I shall therefore publish, very speedily, the Translation of a little *Greek* Manuscript, which is sent *me* by a learned Friend. It appears to have been a Piece of those Records which were kept in the *little* Temple of *Apollo*, that stood upon the Promontory of *Leucate*. The Reader will find it to be a Summary Account of several Persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the Success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some Anachronisms and Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentick, and not rather the Production of one of those *Grecian* Sophisters, who have imposed upon the World several spurious Works of this Nature. I speak this by way of Precaution, because I know there are several Writers, of uncommon Erudition, who would not fail to expose my Ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a Matter of so great Moment.[1] C.

No. 228.] *Wednesday, November* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.
Hor.

THERE is a Creature who has all the Organs of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of common Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought in it self, and therefore forced to apply it self to foreign Assistances. Of this Make is that Man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that tho' he speaks as good Sense as any Man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes on to still new Enquiries. Thus, tho' you know he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey, giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his Horse's Health, what Potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the like Impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important Truths. This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy, tho' it may subject him to Raillery; for he generally falls in with a Person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret Bent, as natural as the Meeting of different Sexes, in these two Characters, to supply each other's Wants. I had the Honour the other Day to sit in a publick Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of these Talkers. The Man of ready Utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of News To-day. I 'cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I 'slept very ill last Night; whether I caught Cold

[1] The following Advertisement appeared in Nos. 227—234, 237, 247 and 248, with the word 'certainly' before 'be ready' after the first insertion:

☞ There is now Printing by Subscription two Volumes of the SPECTATORS on a large Character in Octavo; the Price of the two Vols. well Bound and Gilt two Guineas. Those who are inclined to Subscribe, are desired to make their first Payments to Jacob Tonson, Bookseller in the Strand, the Books being so near finished, that they will be ready for the Subscribers at or before Christmas next.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of the LUCUBRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., are ready to be delivered at the same Place.

N. B. The Author desires that such Gentlemen who have not received their Books for which they have Subscribed, would be pleased to signify the same to Mr. Tonson.

'or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear 'Shoes thick enough for the Weather, and I have 'coughed all this Week: It must be so, for the 'Custom of washing my Head Winter and Sum- 'mer with cold Water, prevents any Injury from 'the Season entering that Way; so it must come 'in at my Feet; But I take no notice of it: as it 'comes so it goes. Most of our Evils proceed 'from too much Tenderness; and our Faces are 'naturally as little able to resist the Cold as other 'Parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an '*European*, who asked him how he could go 'naked; I am all Face.

I observed this Discourse was as welcome to my general Enquirer as any other of more Consequence could have been; but some Body calling our Talker to another Part of the Room, the Enquirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his Head in cold Water every Morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the Channels through which all the Good and Evil that is spoken in Town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their Behaviour, may themselves mend that Inconvenience; for they are not a malicious People, and if you will supply them, you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own Mouths. A farther Account of a thing is one of the gratefullest Goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The Town will have it, or I have it from a good Hand: So that there is room for the Town to know the Matter more particularly, and for a better Hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous than in a Father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an Account how his Son has passed his leisure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an Enquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hopefully his own Steps: But this Humour among Men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third Person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other Day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow, and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could overhear, by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Answer, Ay, she was of the Mother's Side: Then again in a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a darker Wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate Secrets to them; for the same Temper of Enquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no Man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their Power, for they will be contented with Matters of less Moment as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter what it is———Thus the Ends of Sentences in the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation*, *This occasions many Speculations*, and *Time will discover the Event*, are read by them, and considered not as mere Expletives.

One may see now and then this Humour accompanied with an insatiable Desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any Use in the world but merely their own Entertainment. A Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned Character in the World; and, like my self, to be a mere Spectator. This Curiosity, without Malice or Self-interest, lays up in the Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in Conversation. If one were to know, from the Man of the first Quality to the meanest Servant, the different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleasures, and Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most pleasing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a Farce, as the observing Mankind much more different from themselves in their secret Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their Night-caps and long Periwigs?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'*Plutarch* tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the '*Roman*, was frequently hurried by his Passion 'into so loud and tumultuous a way of Speaking, 'and so strained his Voice as not to be able to 'proceed. To remedy this Excess, he had an in- 'genious Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always 'attended him with a Pitch-pipe, or Instrument to 'regulate the Voice; who, whenever he heard 'his Master begin to be high, immediately touched 'a soft Note; at which, 'tis said, *Caius* would 'presently abate and grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently 'wondered that this useful Instrument should have 'been so long discontinued; especially since we find 'that this good Office of *Licinius* has preserved 'his Memory for many hundred Years, which, 'methinks, should have encouraged some one to 'have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet 'for his own Credit. It may be objected, that 'our loud Talkers are so fond of their own Noise, 'that they would not take it well to be check'd by 'their Servants: But granting this to be true, 'surely any of their Hearers have a very good 'Title to play a soft Note in their own Defence. 'To be short, no *Licinius* appearing, and the 'Noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late 'long Vacation to the Good of my Country; and 'I have at length, by the Assistance of an inge- 'nious Artist, (who works to the Royal Society) al- 'most compleated my Design, and shall be ready 'in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what 'Number of these Instruments they please, either 'to lodge at Coffee-houses, or carry for their own 'private Use. In the mean time I shall pay that 'Respect to several Gentleman, who I know will 'be in Danger of offending against this Instru- 'ment, to give them notice of it by private Letters, 'in which I shall only write, *Get a* Licinius.

'I should now trouble you no longer, but that 'I must not conclude without desiring you to ac- 'cept one of these Pipes, which shall be left for 'you with *Buckley*; and which I hope will be 'serviceable to you, since as you are silent your-

'self you are most open to the Insults of the 'Noisy.

I am, SIR, &c. W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an 'Improvement in this Instrument, there will be a 'particular Note, which I call a Hush-Note; and 'this is to be made use of against a long Story, 'Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like.

No. 229.] *Thursday, Nov.* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.—Hor.

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the Trunk of a Statue[1] which has lost the Arms, Legs, and Head; but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which Reason this maimed Statue is still called *Michael Angelo's* School.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper,[2] is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original: The first is a Translation by *Catullus*, the second by Monsieur *Boileau*, and the last by a Gentleman whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat, et audit.
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is printed in *Roman* Letter;[1] and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanzas are rendred almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what Reason Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur *Boileau.*

Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soûpire:
Qui jouït du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tost que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In short, Monsieur *Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment. I shall, in the last Place, present my Reader with the *English* Translation.

I.
Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.
'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

III.
My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

IV.
In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Instead of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the

[1] The Belvidere Torso.
[2] The other translation by Ambrose Philips. See note to No. 223.

[1] Wanting in copies then known, it is here supplied by conjecture.

Preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumstances which follow one another in such an Hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken Occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings.[1] *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-sick Prince, when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject. C.

No. 230.] *Friday, Nov.* 23, 1711. [*Steele.*

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propiùs accedunt, quam salutem Hominibus dando.—Tull.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object, according to the different Lights in which it is viewed. When we see Men of inflamed Passions, or of wicked Designs, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by secret Treachery; when we observe base and narrow Ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest Means; when we behold Men mixed in Society as if it were for the Destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being: But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Prosperity, compassionating [each[2]] other's Distresses, and relieving each other's Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the same Kind. In this View they appear Gods to each other, in the Exercise of the noblest Power, that of doing Good; and the greatest Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Disposition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but observe a Pleasure arising in our own Breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous Action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper Instance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a Friend in the most handsome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great Pleasure to know the Success of this Epistle, though each Party concerned in it has been so many hundred Years in his Grave.

To MAXIMUS.

'What I should gladly do for any Friend of 'yours, I think I may now with Confidence re-'quest for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Ma-'turius* is the most considerable Man of his 'Country; when I call him so, I do not speak 'with Relation to his Fortune, though that is very 'plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity, 'and Prudence; his Advice is useful to me in 'Business, and his Judgment in Matters of 'Learning: His Fidelity, Truth, and good Under-'standing, are very great; besides this, he loves 'me as you do, than which I cannot say any thing 'that signifies a warmer Affection. He has no-'thing that's aspiring; and though he might rise 'to the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps him-'self in an inferior Rank; yet I think my self 'bound to use my Endeavours to serve and pro-'mote him; and would therefore find the Means 'of adding something to his Honours while he 'neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he 'should refuse it. Something, in short, I would 'have for him that may be honourable, but not 'troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure 'him the first thing of this kind that offers, by 'which you will not only oblige me, but him also; 'for though he does not covet it, I know he will 'be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as 'if he had asked it.[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Reflections in some of your Papers on the 'servile manner of Education now in Use, have 'given Birth to an Ambition, which, unless you 'discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a 'very difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I 'am about to undertake, for the sake of the '*British* Youth, to instruct them in such a man-'ner, that the most dangerous Page in *Virgil* or '*Homer* may be read by them with much Plea-'sure, and with perfect Safety to their Persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with 'the Protection of some few of them, (for I am 'not Hero enough to rescue many) my Design is 'to retire with them to an agreeable Solitude; 'though within the Neighbourhood of a City, for 'the Convenience of their being instructed in 'Musick, Dancing, Drawing, Designing, or any 'other such Accomplishments, which it is con-'ceived may make as proper Diversions for them, 'and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid

[1] In Plutarch's Life of Demetrius. 'When others 'entered Antiochus was entirely unaffected. But 'when Stratonice came in, as she often did, he 'shewed all the symptoms described by Sappho, 'the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid 'eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; 'and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, 'a swoon and mortal paleness.'

[2] [of each]

[1] Pliny, Jun., Epist. Bk. II. Ep. 2. Thus far the paper is by John Hughes.

'Games which dirty School-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how 'such a pretty Society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as 'perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongst 'better Company, commended and caressed for 'their little Performances, and turned by such 'Conversations to a certain Gallantry of Soul, 'might be brought early acquainted with some of 'the most polite *English* Writers. This having 'given them some tolerable Taste of Books, they 'would make themselves Masters of the *Latin* 'Tongue by Methods far easier than those in '*Lilly*, with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as 'young Ladies learn to speak *French*, or to sing '*Italian* Operas. When they had advanced thus 'far, it would be time to form their Taste some-'thing more exactly: One that had any true 'Relish of fine Writing, might, with great Plea-'sure both to himself and them, run over together 'with them the best *Roman* Historians, Poets, 'and Orators, and point out their more remark-'able Beauties: give them a short Scheme of 'Chronology, a little View of Geography, Medals, 'Astronomy, or what else might best feed the 'busy inquisitive Humour so natural to that Age. 'Such of them as had the least Spark of Genius, 'when it was once awakened by the shining 'Thoughts and great Sentiments of those ad-'mired Writers, could not, I believe, be easily 'withheld from attempting that more difficult Sis-'ter Language, whose exalted Beauties they 'would have heard so often celebrated as the 'Pride and Wonder of the whole Learned World. 'In the mean while, it would be requisite to exer-'cise their Style in Writing any light Pieces that 'ask more of Fancy than of Judgment: and that 'frequently in their Native Language, which 'every one methinks should be most concerned to 'cultivate, especially Letters, in which a Gentle-'man must have so frequent Occasions to dis-'tinguish himself. A Set of genteel good-natured 'Youths fallen into such a Manner of Life, would 'form almost a little Academy, and doubtless 'prove no such contemptible Companions, as 'might not often tempt a wiser Man to mingle 'himself in their Diversions, and draw them into 'such serious Sports as might prove nothing less 'instructing than the gravest Lessons. I doubt 'not but it might be made some of their Favourite 'Plays, to contend which of them should recite a 'beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration most grace-'fully, or sometimes to join in acting a Scene of '*Terence*, *Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespear*. 'The Cause of *Milo* might again be pleaded be-'fore more favourable Judges, *Cæsar* a second 'time be taught to tremble, and another Racé of '*Athenians* be afresh enraged at the Ambition of 'another *Philip*. Amidst these noble Amuse-'ments, we could hope to see the early Dawnings 'of their Imagination daily brighten into Sense, 'their Innocence improve into Virtue, and their 'unexperienced Good-nature directed to a gener-'ous Love of their Country.

T. *I am*, &c.

No. 231.] *Saturday, November* 24, 1711. [*Addison.*

O Pudor! O Pietas!——— Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my Correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a Spirit of Politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'You, who are no Stranger to Publick Assemblies, 'cannot but have observed the Awe they often 'strike on such as are obliged to exert any Talent 'before them. This is a sort of elegant Distress, 'to which ingenuous Minds are the most liable, 'and may therefore deserve some remarks in your 'Paper. Many a brave Fellow, who has put his 'Enemy to Flight in the Field, has been in the 'utmost Disorder upon making a Speech before 'a Body of his Friends at home: One would think 'there was some kind of Fascination in the Eyes 'of a large Circle of People, when darting alto-'gether upon one Person. I have seen a new 'Actor in a Tragedy so bound up by it as to be 'scarce able to speak or move, and have expected 'he would have died above three Acts before the 'Dagger or Cup of Poison were brought in. It 'would not be amiss, if such an one were at first 'introduced as a Ghost or a Statue, till he recover-'ed his Spirits, and grew fit for some living Part.

'As this sudden Desertion of one's self shews a 'Diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at 'the same time the greatest Respect to an Audi-'ence that can be. It is a sort of mute Eloquence, 'which pleads for their Favour much better than 'Words could do; and we find their Generosity 'naturally moved to support those who are in so 'much Perplexity to entertain them. I was ex-'tremely pleased with a late Instance of this Kind 'at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the Encouragement 'given to a young Singer,[2] whose more than or-'dinary Concern on her first Appearance, recom-'mended her no less than her agreeable Voice, 'and just Performance. Meer Bashfulness with-'out Merit is awkward; and Merit without Mod-'esty, insolent. But modest Merit has a double 'Claim to Acceptance, and generally meets with 'as many Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impossible that a Person should exert himself to Advantage in an Assembly, whether it be his Part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great Oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the Force of Pronunciation, our Discourse led us into the Enumeration of the several Organs of Speech which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth [the Lips,] the Nose, the Palate, and the Wind-pipe. Upon which, says my Friend, you have omitted the most material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.
[2] Mrs. Barbier.

But notwithstanding an Excess of Modesty obstructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its Offices, a due Proportion of it is thought so requisite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their Disciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an Orator who did not appear in some little Confusion at the Beginning of his Speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an Oration without Trembling and Concern. It is indeed a kind of Deference which is due to a great Assembly, and seldom fails to raise a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Person who speaks. My Correspondent has taken notice that the bravest Men often appear timorous on these Occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward.

——Linguâ melior, sed frigida bello Dextera——

A bold Tongue and a feeble Arm are the Qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to express a Man both timorous and sawcy, makes use of a kind of Point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog, but the Heart of a Deer.[1]

A just and reasonable Modesty does not only recommend Eloquence, but sets off every great Talent which a Man can be possessed of. It heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies like the Shades in Paintings, it raises and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw her self from every thing that has Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility, as warns her to shun the first Appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the History of Ancient *Greece*, that the Women of the Country were seized with an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was so frequent among them, published an Edict, That if any Woman whatever should lay violent Hands upon her self, her Corps should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most publick Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous Part of our Behaviour; which recommends Impudence as good Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is Innocent, but because he is Shameless?

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her half the Virtue that is in it.

After these Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprized in the Practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would scarce be able to show his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of Shame-faced People, as what would disparage their Gayety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a Poorness of Spirit, such a despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate abject State of Mind, as one would think Human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are; or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who, because his Head was bald, cover'd that Defect with Laurels. C.

[1] Iliad, i. 225.

No. 232.] *Monday, November* 26, 1711. [*Hughes*?[1]

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.—Sallust.

MY wise and good Friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the Town and the Country: His Time in Town is given up to the Publick, and the Management of his private Fortune; and after every three or four Days spent in this Manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the

[1] Or Henry Martyn?

Town, to the Enjoyment of himself, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Business and Pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Rest, recommend each other. They take their Turns with so quick a Vicissitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes Possession of the whole Man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our Club in good Humour, and yet sometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks: But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and such a Companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other Day, assoon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and solicited our Charity with the usual Rhetorick of a sick Wife or Husband at home, three or four helpless little Children all starving with Cold and Hunger. We were forced to part with some Money to get rid of their Importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Blessings and Acclamations of these People.

'Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with 'the Prayers and good Wishes of the Beggars, 'and perhaps too our Healths will be drunk at the 'next Ale-house: So all we shall be able to value 'ourselves upon, is, that we have promoted the 'Trade of the Victualler and the Excises of the 'Government. But how few Ounces of Wooll do 'we see upon the Backs of those poor Creatures? 'And when they shall next fall in our Way, they 'will hardly be better dress'd; they must always 'live in Rags to look like Objects of Compassion. 'If their Families too are such as they are repre-'sented, 'tis certain they cannot be better clothed, 'and must be a great deal worse fed: One would 'think Potatoes should be all their Bread, and 'their Drink the pure Element; and then what 'goodly Customers are the Farmers like to have 'for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? Such Custom-'ers, and such a Consumption, cannot choose but 'advance the landed Interest, and hold up the 'Rents of the Gentlemen..

'But of all Men living, we Merchants, who live 'by Buying and Selling, ought never to encourage 'Beggars. The Goods which we export are in-'deed the Product of the Lands, but much the 'greatest Part of their Value is the Labour of the 'People: but how much of these Peoples Labour 'shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? 'The very Alms they receive from us, are the 'Wages of Idleness. I have often thought that 'no Man should be permitted to take Relief from 'the Parish, or to ask it in the Street, till he has 'first purchased as much as possible of his own 'Livelihood by the Labour of his own Hands; and 'then the Publick ought only to be taxed to make 'good the Deficiency. If this Rule was strictly 'observed, we should see every where such a 'Multitude of new Labourers, as would in all pro-'bability reduce the Prices of all our Manufac-'tures. It is the very Life of Merchandise to buy 'cheap and sell dear. The Merchant ought to 'make his Out-set as cheap as possible, that he 'may find the greater Profit upon his Returns; 'and nothing will enable him to do this like the 'Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all our 'Manufactures. This too would be the ready 'Way to increase the Number of our Foreign 'Markets: The Abatement of the Price of the 'Manufacture would pay for the Carriage of it to 'more distant Countries; and this Consequence 'would be equally beneficial both to the Landed 'and Trading Interests. As so great an Addition 'of labouring Hands would produce this happy 'Consequence both to the Merchant and the Gen-'tleman; our Liberality to common Beggars, and 'every other Obstruction to the Increase of La-'bourers, must be equally pernicious to both.

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of so many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man: But observing I was something startled at the Assertion, he made a short Pause, and then resumed the Discourse. 'It may seem, says he, a Paradox, that the Price 'of Labour should be reduced without an Abate-'ment of Wages, or that Wages can be abated 'without any Inconvenience to the Labourer, and 'yet nothing is more certain than that both those 'Things may happen. The Wages of the La-'bourers make the greatest Part of the Price of 'every Thing that is useful; and if in Proportion 'with the Wages the Prices of all other Things 'should be abated, every Labourer with less 'Wages would be still able to purchase as many 'Necessaries of Life: where then would be the 'Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may 'be reduced by the Addition of more Hands to a 'Manufacture, and yet the Wages of Persons re-'main as high as ever. The admirable Sir *Wil-'liam Petty*[1] has given Examples of this in some 'of his Writings: One of them, as I remember, is 'that of a Watch, which I shall endeavour to ex-'plain so as shall suit my present Purpose. It is 'certain that a single Watch could not be made so 'cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hun-'dred Watches by a hundred; for as there is vast 'Variety in the Work, no one Person could equally 'suit himself to all the Parts of it; the Manufac-'ture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily 'performed: But if an hundred Watches were to 'be made by a hundred Men, the Cases may be 'assigned to one, the Dials to another, the Wheels 'to another, the Springs to another, and every 'other Part to a proper Artist; as there would be 'no need of perplexing any one Person with too 'much Variety, every one would be able to per-'form his single Part with greater Skill and Ex-'pedition; and the hundred Watches would be 'finished in one fourth Part of the Time of the 'first one, and every one of them at one fourth 'Part of the Cost, tho' the Wages of every Man 'were equal. The Reduction of the Price of the 'Manufacture would increase the Demand of 'it, all the same Hands would be still em-'ployed and as well paid. The same Rule 'will hold in the Clothing, the Shipping, and 'all the other Trades whatsoever. And thus 'an Addition of Hands to our Manufactures 'will only reduce the Price of them; the La-'bourer will still have as much Wages, and will

[1] Surveyor-general of Ireland to Charles II. See his Discourse of Taxes (1689).

'consequently be enabled to purchase more Conveniencies of Life; so that every Interest in the 'Nation would receive a Benefit from the Increase 'of our Working People.

'Besides, I see no Occasion for this Charity to 'common Beggars, since every Beggar is an In'habitant of a Parish, and every Parish is taxed 'to the Maintenance of their own Poor.[1] For my 'own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the 'Laws which have done this, which have provided 'better to feed than employ the Poor. We have 'a Tradition from our Forefathers, that after the 'first of those Laws was made, they were insulted 'with that famous Song:

Hang Sorrow, and cast away Care,
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.

'And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain 'them without Work, they can do no less in Re'turn than sing us *The Merry Beggars.*

'What then? Am I against all Acts of Charity? 'God forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Gospel 'that is in more pathetical Expressions recom'mended to our Practice. *I was hungry and* [*ye*[2]] *gave me no Meat, thirsty and ye gave me no 'Drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a Stranger 'and ye took me not in, sick and in prison and ye 'visited me not.* Our Blessed Saviour treats the 'Exercise or Neglect of Charity towards a poor 'Man, as the Performance or Breach of this Duty 'towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the 'Will of my Lord and Master: And therefore if 'an industrious Man shall submit to the hardest 'Labour and coarsest Fare, rather than endure 'the Shame of taking Relief from the Parish, or 'asking it in the Street, this is the Hungry, the 'Thirsty the Naked; and I *ought* to believe, if 'any Man is come hither for Shelter against Per'secution or Oppression, this is the Stranger, and 'I ought to take him in. If any Countryman of 'our own is fallen into the Hands of Infidels, and 'lives in a State of miserable Captivity, this is the 'Man in Prison, and I should contribute to his 'Ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of In'valids, to recover as many useful Subjects as I 'can; but I shall bestow none of my Bounties 'upon an Alms-house of idle People; and for the 'same Reason I should not think it a Reproach to 'me if I had withheld my Charity from those 'common Beggars. But we prescribe better Rules 'than we are able to practise; we are ashamed 'not to give into the mistaken Customs of our 'Country: But at the same time, I cannot but 'think it a Reproach worse than that of common 'Swearing, that the Idle and the Abandoned are 'suffered in the Name of Heaven and all that is 'sacred, to extort from Christian and tender Minds 'a Supply to a profligate Way of Life, that is 'always to be supported, but never relieved. [Z.[1]]

[1] Our idle poor till the time of Henry VIII. lived upon alms. After the dissolution of the monasteries experiments were made for their care, and by a statute 43 Eliz. overseers were appointed and Parishes charged to maintain their helpless poor and find work for the sturdy. In Queen Anne's time the Poor Law had been made more intricate and troublesome by the legislation on the subject that had been attempted after the Restoration.

[2] [*you*] throughout, and in first reprint.

No. 233.] *Tuesday, Nov.* 27, 1711. [*Addison.*

——*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,*
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
Virg.

I SHALL, in this Paper, discharge myself of the Promise I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Translation of the little *Greek* Manuscript, which is said to have been a Piece of those Records that were preserved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate:* It is a short History of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, *An Account of Persons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the Forty sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *Sea, in order to cure themselves of the Passion of Love.*

This Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an Abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular Passages as have something extraordinary, either in the Case, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Person who is mentioned in it. After this short Preface take the Account as follows.

Battus, the Son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the Musician: Got rid of his Passion with the Loss of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

Melissa, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with Life.

Cynisca, the Wife of *Æschines*, being in Love with *Lycus;* and *Æschines* her Husband being in Love with *Eurilla;* (which had made this married Couple very uneasy to one another for several Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by Consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a Virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtship of three Years; she stood upon the Brow of the Promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw her self into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an Offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo.*

Simætha, in Love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the Fall.

Charixus, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courtesan, having spent his whole Estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to leap

[1] [X.]

in the Beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last Talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoe*, the Wife of *Thespis*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his Fore-Teeth were struck out and his Nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a Widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her Passion for his Memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dinmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short Conversation with him, laid aside the Thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the Western Corner of the Temple.

Olphis, the Fisherman, having received a Box on the Ear from *Thestylis* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with Life.

Atalanta, an old Maid, whose Cruelty had several Years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her Neck in the Fall.

Hipparchus being passionately fond of his own Wife who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his Fall; upon which his Wife married her Gallant.

Tettyx, the Dancing-Master, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himself from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

Diagoras, the Usurer, in Love with his Cook-Maid; he peeped several times over the Precipice, but his Heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was her second Time of Leaping.

Hesperus, a young Man of *Tarentum*, in Love with his Master's Daughter. Drowned, the Boats not coming in soon enough to his Relief.

Sappho, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Myrtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having sung an Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one Side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her Vestments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, [marched [1]] directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the Rock with such an Intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again; tho' there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the Bottom of her Leap, but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the Whiteness and Fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy Bird, is still a Doubt among the *Lesbians*.

Alcæus, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for some time been passionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her Fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad	[250 [1]]
Males	124
Females	126
Cured	[120 [2]]
Males	51
Females	69

C.

[1] [she marched]

No. 234.] *Wednesday, Nov.* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Vellem in amicitia erraremus.*—Hor.[3]]

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend; for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have argued is to be excused, because it does some Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary speed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the

[1] [350], and in first reprint.
[2] [150], corrected by an Erratum.
[3] [*Splendide mendax.*—Hor.]

utmost Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magistrates for his Falshood; but excused himself by saying, O *Athenians!* am I your Enemy because I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said, it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surprised at the Chearful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any [thing [1]] of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. such a one, naming his Adversary, does not applaud him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England;* but for an Enemy——This melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Raillery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeeded, he goes to the opposite Party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little; you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeshot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which she her self is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices; you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming herself for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side tire their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties; and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falsehood occasion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a Mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Appearances to take off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Devonshire, Nov.* 14, 1711.

'There arrived in this Neighbourhood two 'Days ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the 'Town, who being attended at his Entry with a 'Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he 'had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity 'of the Village to learn whence and what he 'might be. The Countryman (to whom they ap- 'plied as most easy of Access) knew little more 'than that the Gentleman came from *London* to 'travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard 'say, a Free-thinker: What Religion that might 'be, he could not tell; and for his own Part, if 'they had not told him the Man was a Free- 'thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of 'talking, he was little better than a Heathen; ex- 'cepting only that he had been a good Gentle- 'man to him, and made him drunk twice in one 'Day, over and above what they had bargained 'for.

'I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and 'several odd Inquiries with which I shall not 'trouble you to be wondered at, much less can I 'think that our Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged 'Understandings, have any Reason to laugh. 'There is no Necessity that every Squire in *Great 'Britain* should know what the Word Free- 'thinker stands for; but it were much to be 'wished, that they who value themselves upon 'that conceited Title were a little better instructed 'in what it ought to stand for; and that they 'would not perswade themselves a Man is really 'and truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable Sense, 'meerly by virtue of his being an Atheist, or an 'Infidel of any other Distinction. It may be 'doubted, with good Reason, whether there ever 'was in Nature a more abject, slavish, and 'bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux 'Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this Island. 'Their Pretension to be Free-thinkers, is no other 'than Rakes have to be Free-livers, and Savages 'to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever 'they have a Mind to, and give themselves up to 'whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their In- 'clination, or their Fancy, shall suggest; they 'can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will 'not endure that their Wit should be controuled 'by such formal Things as Decency and common 'Sense: Deduction, Coherence, Consistency, and 'all the Rules of Reason they accordingly dis- 'dain, as too precise and mechanical for Men of 'a liberal Education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their 'Writings, or my own Observation, is a true Ac- 'count of the *British* Free-thinker. Our Visitant 'here, who gave occasion to this Paper, has 'brought with him a new System of common 'Sense, the Particulars of which I am not yet ac- 'quainted with, but will lose no Opportunity of 'informing my self whether it contain any [thing [1]] 'worth Mr. SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean 'time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the

[1] [think]

[1] [think]

'good of Mankind, if you would take this Subject 'into your own Consideration, and convince the 'hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentious- 'ness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will 'not be understood, that a Prejudice towards 'Atheism is not Impartiality.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
PHILONOUS.

No. 235.] *Thursday, November* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

Populares
Vincentum strepitus Hor.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diversions: and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

It is observed, that of late Years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Play-house, who when he is pleased with any Thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work used to unbend his Mind at these publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from Time to Time makes those strange Noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has chosen this Way of uttering himself when he is transported with any Thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-house Thunderer, that exerts himself after this Manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my Business to get the best Information I could in a Matter of this Moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that stands in his Way with exceeding Vehemence: After which, he composes himself in his former Posture, till such Time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed, his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining Thought is expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great Use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places, that the Audience soon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini's* first Appearance, was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*,[1] and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespear*, without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered.

The Players do not only connive at his obstreperous Approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his Use that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle-Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Use it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauses; or, to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery to be like *Virgil's* Ruler of the Wind, seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.[2]

It is certain, the Trunk-maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the Audience is not a little abashed if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it; so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a

[1] Thomas Doggett, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager with Wilkes and Cibber, died in 1721, and bequeathed the Coat and Badge that are rowed for by Thames Watermen every first of August, from London Bridge to Chelsea.

[2] Æneid I. 85.

bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmise which has no Foundation: his Strokes are always just, and his Admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. [The[1]] inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Trunk-maker shall depart this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, old Age, Infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary settled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy; at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should be always disposed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace's* Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be missed by our Posterity. C.

No. 236.] *Friday, November* 30, 1711. [*Steele.*

——*Dare Jura maritis.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would not be improper 'to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of '*Great Britain*, of railing and laughing at that 'Institution; and when they fall into it, from a 'profligate Habit of Mind, being insensible of the '[Satisfaction[2]] in that Way of Life, and treating 'their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect.

'Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, 'must teach a Man the Probability of mighty Uneasinesses in that State, (for unquestionably some 'there are whose very Dispositions are strangely 'averse to conjugal Friendship;) but no one, I 'believe, is by his own natural Complexion 'prompted to teaze and torment another for no 'Reason but being nearly allied to him: And can 'there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a 'Man so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick, (I mean Reason) than returning Evil 'for Good in so open a Manner, as that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who 'has had so good an Opinion of him as to believe 'what he said relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happiness in this 'World to his Care and Protection? Must not 'that Man be abandoned even to all manner of 'Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection and Kindness, for no 'other End but to torment her with more Ease 'and Authority? Is any Thing more unlike a 'Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged 'for the performing his Promises, because nothing 'but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the Occasion of Misery to one whose Happiness he but 'lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? 'Ought such a one to be trusted in his common 'Affairs? or treated but as one whose Honesty 'consisted only in his Incapacity of being otherwise?

'There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the 'more unthinking Men; and that is the Desire to 'appear to their Friends free and at Liberty, and 'without those Trammels they have so much 'ridiculed. [To avoid[1]] this they fly into the 'other Extream, and grow Tyrants that they may 'seem Masters. Because an uncontroulable Command of their own Actions is a certain Sign of 'entire Dominion, they won't so much as recede 'from the Government even in one Muscle of 'their Faces. A kind Look they believe would 'be fawning, and a civil Answer yielding the 'Superiority. To this must we attribute an Austerity they betray in every Action: What but 'this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's 'Company, tho' he is so distinguishingly pleasant 'every where else? The Bitterness of his Replies, and the Severity of his Frowns to the 'tenderest of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an 'ill-grounded Fear of being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am willing to 'call it, affected Moroseness; but if it be such 'only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his 'entire Dominion, let him take Care of the Consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the 'present Evil; his seeming Indifference will by 'Degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it doth 'not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife for 'ever from him, make both him and her more 'miserable than if it really did so.

'However inconsistent it may appear, to be 'thought a well-bred Person has no small Share 'in this clownish Behaviour: A Discourse therefore relating to good Breeding towards a loving 'and a tender Wife, would be of great Use to this 'Sort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath 'the Character of a Gentleman, nor even tender 'Affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any Softness or Effeminacy 'that the most masculine Disposition need be 'ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the Gen-

[1] [That] [2] [Satisfactions]

[1] [For this Reason should they appear the least like what they were so much used to laugh at, they would become the Jest of themselves, and the Object of that Raillery they formerly bestowed on others. To avoid]

'erosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness 'of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence with-'out immediate Obligations; could you recom-'mend to People's Practice the Saying of the 'Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, '*That he thought it incumbent upon him to make 'the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go along 'with her Duty:* Could you, I say, perswade 'these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness of 'this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity 'for some of them at least, to believe you would 'convince them of a Thing they are only ashamed 'to allow: Besides, you would recommend that 'State in its truest, and consequently its most 'agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen who have 'for any Time been such professed Enemies to it, 'when Occasion should serve, would return you 'their Thanks for assisting their Interest in pre-'vailing over their Prejudices. Marriage in gen-'eral would by this Means be a more easy and 'comfortable Condition; the Husband would be 'no where so well satisfied as in his own Parlour, 'nor the Wife so pleasant as in the Company of 'her Husband: A Desire of being agreeable in 'the Lover would be increased in the Husband, 'and the Mistress be more amiable by becoming 'the Wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe 'we should find the Race of Men grow wiser as 'their Progenitors grew kinder, and the Affection 'of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wis-'dom of their Children; in short, Men would in 'general be much better humoured than they are, 'did not they so frequently exercise the worst 'Turns of their Temper where they ought to exert 'the best.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman who left the Admiration of 'this whole Town, to throw myself ([for[1]] Love 'of Wealth) into the Arms of a Fool. When I 'married him, I could have had any one of se-'veral Men of Sense who languished for me; but 'my Case is just. I believed my superior Under-'standing would form him into a tractable Crea-'ture. But, alas, my Spouse has Cunning and 'Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little 'Minds; and every Attempt I make to divert, by 'putting on an agreeable Air, a sudden Chearful-'ness, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon as the 'first Act towards an Insurrection against his un-'deserved Dominion over me. Let every one 'who is still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, 'remember

TRISTISSA.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *St. Martins, November* 25.

'This is to complain of an evil Practice which 'I think very well deserves a Redress, though 'you have not as yet taken any Notice of it: If 'you mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps 'have a very good Effect. What I mean is the 'Disturbance some People give to others at Church, 'by their Repetition of the Prayers after the Min-'ister, and that not only in the Prayers, but also 'the Absolution and the Commandments fare no 'better, which are in a particular Manner the 'Priest's Office: This I have known done in so 'audible a manner, that sometimes their Voices 'have been as loud as his. As little as you would 'think it, this is frequently done by People seem-'ingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency is 'a Thing extremely offensive: But I do not re-'commend it as a Thing I give you Liberty to 'ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the 'bare Mention.

T. *SIR, Your very humble Servant, T. S.*

[1] [by], and in first reprint.

No. 237.] *Saturday, Dec.* 1, 1711. [*Addison.*

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.
Senec. in Œdip.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions; and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly encreased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

Others apart sate on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End in wandring Mazes lost.[1]

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

[1] Paradise Lost, B. II. v. 557—561.

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence come all those pathetical Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good; and of such surprising Prosperity, which is often the Lot[1] of the Guilty and the Foolish; that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject,[2] in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that Adversity is not in itself an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction*. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into the celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectator more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.

This Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly*. [It is to be considered, that Providence[3]] in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, [so that] we cannot discover the beautiful Connection between Incidents which lie widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past*, *Present*, and *To come*, are set together in one Point of View: and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Reader from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*,[1] which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine [Colloquy[2]] he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation: 'Be not surprised, *Moses*, nor 'ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has 'suffer'd this Thing to come to pass: The Child 'is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is 'spilt; but know, that the old Man whom thou 'saw'st, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.

[1] In Saturday's Spectator, *for* 'reward' *read* 'lot.' Erratum in No. 238.
[2] De Constantia Sapientis.
[3] [Since Providence therefore], and in 1st rep.

[1] Henry More's Divine Dialogues.
[2] [Conference]
[3] No letter appended to original issue or reissue. Printed in Addison's Works, 1720. The paper has been claimed for John Hughes in the Preface to his Poems (1735).

No. 238.] *Monday, December* 3, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures;
Respue quod non es——— Persius, Sat. 4.

AMONG all the Diseases of the Mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Disease rages with most Violence; so in this Distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propensity and Inclination to suck in the Poison, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reasonable Action must be overturn'd, for, like Musick, it

——So softens and disarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow can Resistance find.

First we flatter ourselves, and then the Flattery of others is sure of Success. It awakens our Self-Love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and join the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profusion of Favours we so often see poured upon the Parasite, are represented to us, by our Self-Love, as Justice done to Man, who so agreeably reconciles us to our selves. When we are overcome by such soft Insinuations and ensnaring Compliances, we gladly recompense the Artifices that are made use of to blind our Reason, and which triumph over the Weaknesses of our Temper and Inclinations.

But were every Man perswaded from how mean and low a Principle this Passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the Person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the Desire of some Quality we are not possessed of, or Inclination to be something we are not, which are the Causes of our giving ourselves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little design'd for our wearing, as their Cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complectional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable Copy become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Cast and Turn be brought to some agreeable Use in Conversation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Person of a rougher Deportment, and less tied up to the usual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play,[1] please by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein she is complied with; the Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy Temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the Flatterer stirs up that dormant Weakness, and inspires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the most sordid Act that can be complied with, the Art of Praising justly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praise well; as Poets at one and the same time give Immortality, and receive it themselves for a Reward: Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all, that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complection, but still softens the Picture into the most agreeable Likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more desirable Pleasure, than that of Praise unmix'd with any Possibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, desirous of some sincere Mark of the Esteem of his Legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a Disguise to the Discourse of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilst with an undesigned Sincerity they praised his noble and majestick Mien, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Success in War. How must a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in such an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement still to proceed in those Steps which had already brought him to so pure a Taste of the greatest of mortal Enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even Enemies and envious Persons bestow the sincerest Marks of Esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater Pleasure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all Suspicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio;* he has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment,[1] and when we are praised with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the most agreeable Perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a Brain of a less vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill, like too strong an Odour, overcome the Senses, and prove pernicious to those Nerves 'twas intended to refresh. A generous Mind is of all others the most sensible of Praise and Dispraise; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as 'tis depressed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extreams; as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Translations which you have lately given 'us from the *Greek*, in some of your last Papers, 'have been the Occasion of my looking into some 'of those Authors; among whom I chanced on a 'Collection of Letters which pass under the Name 'of *Aristænetus*. Of all the Remains of Antiquity, 'I believe there can be Nothing produc'd of an 'Air so gallant and polite; each Letter contains a 'little Novel or Adventure, which is told with all 'the Beauties of Language and heightened with 'a Luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them 'translated,[2] but with such wide Deviations from

[1] Wycherley's Plain Dealer.

[1] Eccles. vii. 1.

[2] In a volume of translated 'Letters on Wit, 'Politicks' and Morality,' edited by Abel Boyer, in 1701. The letters ascribed to Aristænetus of Nice in Bithynia, who died A.D. 358, but which were written after the fifth century, 'were afterwards 'translated as 'Letters of Love and Gallantry, writ-'ten in Greek by Aristænetus.' This volume, 12mo (1715), was dedicated to Eustace Budgell, who is

'the Original, and in a Style so far differing from 'the Authors, that the Translator seems rather to 'have taken Hints for the expressing his own 'Sense and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured 'to render those of *Aristænetus*. In the following 'Translation, I have kept as near the Meaning of 'the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few 'Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit to-'gether a little better than they would otherwise 'have done. The Story seems to be taken from 'that of *Pygmalion* and the Statue in *Ovid*: Some 'of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, and the 'whole is written in a kind of Poetical Prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"Never was Man more overcome with so fan-"tastical a Passion as mine. I have painted a "beautiful Woman, and am despairing, dying for "the Picture. My own Skill has undone me; "'tis not the Dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil "has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what "Anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own "Idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one "must as much pity the Painter as he praises the "Picture, and own my Torment more than equal "to my Art. But why do I thus complain? Have "there not been more unhappy and unnatural "Passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the Re-"presentations of *Phædra*, *Narcissus*, and *Pa-"siphae*. *Phædra* was unhappy in her Love; "that of *Pasiphae* was monstrous; and whilst the "other caught at his beloved Likeness, he de-"stroyed the watery Image, which ever eluded "his Embraces. The Fountain represented *Nar-"cissus* to himself, and the Picture both that and "him, thirsting after his adored Image. But I "am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her Presence con-"tinually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the "beauteous Form, but she looks pleased, and a "sweet Smile sits in the charming Space which "divides her Lips. One would swear that Voice "and Speech were issuing out, and that one's "Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often have "I, deceived by a Lover's Credulity, hearkned "if she had not something to whisper me? and "when frustrated of my Hopes, how often have I "taken my Revenge in Kisses from her Cheeks "and Eyes, and softly wooed her to my Embrace, "whilst she (as to me it seem'd) only withheld her "Tongue the more to inflame me. But, Madman "that I am, shall I be thus taken with the Re-"presentation only of a beauteous Face, and flow-"ing Hair, and thus waste myself and melt to "Tears for a Shadow? Ah, sure 'tis something "more, 'tis a Reality! for see her Beauties shine "out with new Lustre, and she seems to upbraid "me with such unkind Reproaches. Oh may I "have a living Mistress of this Form, that when "I shall compare the Work of Nature with that of "Art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and "be long perplex'd with the pleasing Uncertainty.

T.

named in the Preface as the author of the Spectator papers signed X.

No. 239.] *Tuesday, December* 4, 1711. [*Addison.*

———*Bella, horrida bella!*—Virg.

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the several Methods of managing a Debate which have obtained in the World.

The first Races of Mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logick, uncultivated by Rules of Art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical Method of Arguing. He would ask his Adversary Question upon Question, till he had convinced him out of his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong. This Way of Debating drives an Enemy up into a Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can make an Escape, and forces him to surrender at Discretion.

Aristotle changed this Method of Attack, and invented a great Variety of little Weapons, call'd Syllogisms. As in the *Socratick* Way of Dispute you agree to every thing which your Opponent advances, in the *Aristotelick* you are still denying and contradicting some Part or other of what he says. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Aristotle* by Force: The one takes the Town by Sap, the other Sword in Hand.

The Universities of *Europe*, for many Years, carried on their Debates by Syllogism, insomuch that we see the Knowledge of several Centuries laid out into Objections and Answers, and all the good Sense of the Age cut and minced into almost an Infinitude of Distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no End of Wrangling this Way, they invented a kind of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood or Figure in *Aristotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Basilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well express'd in our *English* Word *Club-Law*. When they were not able to confute their Antagonist, they knock'd him down. It was their Method in these polemical Debates, first to discharge their Syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their Clubs, till such Time as they had one Way or other confounded their Gainsayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow [Defile,[1]] (to make use of a military Term) where the Partizans used to encounter, for which Reason it still retains the Name of *Logic-Lane*. I have heard an old Gentleman, a Physician, make his Boasts, that when he was a young Fellow he marched several Times at the Head of a Troop of *Scotists*,[2] and cudgel'd a Body of *Smiglesians*[3]

[1] [Defilé]

[2] The followers of the famous scholastic philosopher, Duns Scotus (who taught at Oxford and died in 1308), were Realists, and the Scotists were as Realists opposed to the Nominalists, who, as followers of Thomas Aquinas, were called Thomists. Abuse, in later time, of the followers of Duns gave its present sense to the word Dunce.

[3] The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit, who taught Philosophy for four years and Theology for ten years at Vilna, in Lithuania, and died at Kalisch in 1618. Besides theological works he published a book of Disputations upon Logic.

half the length of *High-street*, 'till they had dispersed themselves for Shelter into their respective Garrisons.

This Humour, I find, went very far in *Erasmus*'s Time. For that Author tells us,[1] That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, most of the Universities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were those who bore a mortal Enmity to the Language of the *Grecians*, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe. *Erasmus* himself had, it seems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with so many Blows and Buffets that he never forgot their Hostilities to his dying Day.

There is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by States and Communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand Disputants on each Side, and convince one another by Dint of Sword. A certain Grand Monarch[2] was so sensible of his Strength in this way of Reasoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum*, *The Logick of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons. When one has to do with a Philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an Argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors.[3] Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the Question, when he had visibly the Better of the Dispute; *I am never asham'd*, says he, *to be confuted by one who is Master of fifty Legions.*

I shall but just mention another kind of Reasoning, which may be called arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal Force, in which Wagers are made use of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras*.[4]

But the most notable way of managing a Controversy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a Method of Reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees, and which was so fashionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Passage of an Author quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*,[5] it is said the Price of Wood was raised in *England*, by reason of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield*. These Disputants convince their Adversaries with a *Sorites*,[6] commonly called a Pile of Faggots. The Rack is also a kind of Syllogism which has been used with good Effect, and has made Multitudes of Converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by Force of Reason, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Sense and Ingenuity of those who had the Right on their Side; but this Method of Conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than Reason. Every Scruple was looked upon as Obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several Engines invented for that Purpose. In a Word, the Application of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Dispute, may be look'd upon as Popish Refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

There is another way of Reasoning which seldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a Man by ready Money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a Man to an Opinion. This Method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A Man who is furnished with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Understanding; it dissipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Instant; accommodates itself to the meanest Capacities; silences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the most Obstinate and Inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a Man of most invincible Reason this Way. He refuted by it all the Wisdom of *Athens*, confounded their Statesmen, struck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties.

Having here touched upon the several Methods of Disputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I shall very suddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory Answer to all such Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR. C.

[1] Erasm. Epist. [2] Louis XIV.
[3] Adrian, cited in Bacon's Apophthegms.
[4] Hudibras, Pt. II. c. 1, v. 297. See note to No. 145.
[5] And. Ammonius in Bayle's Life of him, but the saying was of the reign of Henry VIII.
[6] A Sorites, in Logic,—from σωρός, a heap—is a pile of syllogisms so compacted that the conclusion of one serves as a premiss to the next.

No. 240.] *Wednesday, Dec.* 5, 1711. [*Steele.*

——Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.—Mart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM of one of the most genteel Trades in 'the City, and understand thus much of 'liberal Education, as to have an ardent Ambition 'of being useful to Mankind, and to think That 'the chief End of Being as to this Life. I had 'these good Impressions given me from the hand-'some Behaviour of a learned, generous, and 'wealthy Man towards me when I first began 'the World. Some Dissatisfaction between me 'and my Parents made me enter into it with less 'Relish of Business than I ought; and to turn off 'this Uneasiness I gave my self to criminal Plea-'sures, some Excesses, and a general loose Con-'duct. I know not what the excellent Man above-'mentioned saw in me, but he descended from 'the Superiority of his Wisdom and Merit, to 'throw himself frequently into my Company. 'This made me soon hope that I had something 'in me worth cultivating, and his Conversation 'made me sensible of Satisfactions in a regular 'Way, which I had never before imagined. When 'he was grown familiar with me, he opened him-'self like a good Angel, and told me, he had long 'laboured to ripen me into a Preparation to re-'ceive his Friendship and Advice, both which I

'should daily command, and the Use of any Part 'of his Fortune, to apply the Measures he should 'propose to me, for the Improvement of my own. 'I assure you, I cannot recollect the Goodness 'and Confusion of the good Man when he spoke 'to this Purpose to me, without melting into 'Tears; but in a word, Sir, I must hasten to tell 'you, that my Heart burns with Gratitude to-'wards him, and he is so happy a Man, that it 'can never be in my Power to return him his Fa-'vours in Kind, but I am sure I have made him 'the most agreeable Satisfaction I could possibly, '[in being ready to serve others to my utmost 'Ability,] as far as is consistent with the Prudence 'he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, I 'do not owe to him only the good Will and Es-'teem of my own Relations, (who are People of 'Distinction) the present Ease and Plenty of my 'Circumstances, but also the Government of my 'Passions, and Regulation of my Desires. I 'doubt not, Sir, but in your Imagination such 'Virtues as these of my worthy Friend, bear as 'great a Figure as Actions which are more glit-'tering in the common Estimation. What I would 'ask of you, is to give us a whole *Spectator* upon 'Heroick Virtue in common Life, which may incite 'Men to the same generous Inclinations, as have 'by this admirable Person been shewn to, and 'rais'd in,

SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Gentleman, of a good plenti-'ful Estate, and live as the rest of my Neighbours 'with great Hospitality. I have been ever reck-'oned among the Ladies the best Company in 'the World, and have Access as a sort of Favour-'ite. I never came in Publick but I saluted 'them, tho' in great Assemblies, all round, where 'it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering 'my Spurs in their Petticoats, while I moved 'amongst them; and on the other side how 'prettily they curtsied and received me, standing 'in proper Rows, and advancing as fast as they 'saw their Elders, or their Betters, dispatch'd by 'me. But so it is, Mr. SPECTATOR, that all our 'good Breeding is of late lost by the unhappy 'Arrival of a Courtier, or Town Gentleman, who 'came lately among us: This Person where-ever he 'came into a Room made a profound Bow, and 'fell back, then recovered with a soft Air, and 'made a Bow to the next, and so to one or two 'more, and then took the Gross of the Room, by 'passing by them in a continued Bow till he ar-'rived at the Person he thought proper par-'ticularly to entertain. 'This he did with so good 'a Grace and Assurance, that it is taken for the 'present Fashion; and there is no young Gentle-'woman within several Miles of this Place has 'been kissed ever since his first Appearance 'among us. We Country Gentlemen cannot be-'gin again and learn these fine and reserved Airs; 'and our Conversation is at a Stand, till we have 'your Judgment for or against Kissing, by way 'of Civility or Salutation; which is impatiently 'expected by your Friends of both Sexes, but by 'none so much as

Your humble Servant, Rustick Sprightly.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *December* 3, 1711.

'I was the other Night at *Philaster*,[1] where I 'expected to hear your famous Trunk-maker, but 'was happily disappointed of his Company, and 'saw another Person who had the like Ambition 'to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly 'by Vociferation or talking loud, and partly by 'his bodily Agility. This was a very lusty Fel-'low, but withal a sort of Beau, who getting into 'one of the Side-boxes on the Stage before the 'Curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole 'Audience his Activity by leaping over the Spikes; 'he pass'd from thence to one of the entering 'Doors, where he took Snuff with a tolerable 'good Grace, display'd his fine Cloaths, made two 'or three feint Passes at the Curtain with his Cane, 'then faced about and appear'd at t'other Door: 'Here he affected to survey the whole House, 'bow'd and smil'd at random, and then shew'd 'his Teeth, which were some of them indeed very 'white: After this he retired behind the Curtain, 'and obliged us with several Views of his Person 'from every Opening.

'During the Time of Acting, he appear'd fre-'quently in the Prince's Apartment, made one at 'the Hunting-match, and was very forward in the 'Rebellion. If there were no Injunctions to the 'contrary, yet this Practice must be confess'd to 'diminish the Pleasure of the Audience, and for 'that Reason presumptuous and unwarrantable: 'But since her Majesty's late Command has made 'it criminal,[2] you have Authority to take Notice 'of it.

SIR, Your humble Servant,

T. Charles Easy.

No. 241.] *Thursday, December* 6, 1711. [*Addison.*

Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have considered virtuous Love 'in most of its Distresses, I do not remem-'ber that you have given us any Dissertation 'upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down any 'Methods how they should support themselves 'under those long Separations which they are 'sometimes forced to undergo. 'I am at present 'in this unhappy Circumstance, having parted 'with the best of Husbands, who is abroad in the 'Service of his Country, and may not possibly re-'turn for some Years. His warm and generous 'Affection while we were together, with the Ten-'derness which he expressed to me at parting, 'make his Absence almost insupportable. I think 'of him every Moment of the Day, and meet him

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Philaster' had been acted on the preceding Friday, Nov. 30. The Hunt is in the Fourth Act, the Rebellion in the Fifth.

[2] At this time there had been added to the playbills the line 'By her Majesty's Command no 'Person is to be admitted behind the Scenes.'

'every Night in my Dreams. Every thing I see 'puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with 'more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his 'Family and his Estate; but this, instead of re-'lieving me, gives me but so many Occasions of 'wishing for his Return. I frequent the Rooms 'where I used to converse with him, and not meet-'ing him there, sit down in his Chair, and fall a 'weeping. I love to read the Books he delighted 'in, and to converse with the Persons whom he 'esteemed. I visit his Picture a hundred times a 'Day, and place myself over-against it whole 'Hours together. I pass a great part of my 'Time in the Walks where I used to lean upon 'his Arm, and recollect in my Mind the Dis-'courses which have there passed between us; I 'look over the several Prospects and Points of 'View which we used to survey together, fix my 'Eye upon the Objects which he has made me 'take notice of, and call to mind a thousand '[agreeable] Remarks which he has made on those 'Occasions. I write to him by every Conveyance, 'and contrary to other People, am always in good 'Humour when an East-Wind blows, because it 'seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him. 'Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice 'upon this Occasion, and to let me know how I 'may relieve my self in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
ASTERIA.

Absence is what the Poets call Death in Love, and has given Occasion to abundance of beautiful Complaints in those Authors who have treated of this Passion in Verse. *Ovid's* Epistles are full of them. *Otway's Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this Subject.[1]

——It was not kind
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, every Place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

The Consolations of Lovers on these Occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other Motives of Comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery's* Romances, a Couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half Hour in the Day to think of each other during a tedious Absence. The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the Time thus agreed upon; and that whatever Company or Business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the Clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, That the Lovers expected the Return of this stated Hour with as much Impatience, as if it had been a real Assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary Happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real Meeting. It was an inexpressible Satisfaction to these divided Lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employ'd in the same kind of Contemplation, and making equal Returns of Tenderness and Affection.

¶ If I may be allowed to mention a more serious Expedient for the alleviating of Absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two Persons practise, who joined Religion to that Elegance of Sentiments with which the Passion of Love generally inspires its Votaries. This was, at the Return of such an Hour, to offer up a certain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their Parting. The Husband, who is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World, as well as in his own Family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an Absence of three Years without this Expedient.

[*Strada*, in one of his Prolusions,[1]] gives an Account of a chimerical Correspondence between two Friends by the Help of a certain Loadstone, which had such Virtue in it, that if it touched two several Needles, when one of the Needles so touched [began[2]] to move, the other, tho' at never so great a Distance, moved at the same Time, and in the same Manner. He tells us, that the two Friends, being each of them possessed of one of these Needles, made a kind of a Dial-plate, inscribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in the same manner as the Hours of the Day are marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates in such a manner, that it could move round without Impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty Letters. Upon their Separating from one another into distant Countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their Closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to converse with one another by means of this their Invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his Closet at the Time appointed, and immediately cast his Eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he directed his Needle to every Letter that formed the Words which he had occasion for, making a little Pause at the end of every Word or Sentence, to avoid Confusion. The Friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetick Needle moving of itself to every Letter which that of his Correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole Continent, and conveyed their Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities or Mountains, Seas or Desarts.

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is generally in the Train of a Knight-Errant, making a Present to two Lovers of a Couple of those above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by Spies and Watches, or separated by Castles and Adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose, that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be written not only the four and twenty Letters, but

[1] Orphan, Act II.

[1] [In one of Strada's Prolusions he] Lib. II. Prol. 6.

[2] [begun], and in first reprint.

several entire Words which have always a Place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames, Darts, Die, Language, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle. C.

No. 242.] *Friday, December 7, 1711.* [*Steele.*

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum———— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Speculations do not so generally prevail over Mens Manners as I could wish. 'A former Paper of yours[1] concerning the Misbe-'haviour of People, who are necessarily in each 'other's Company in travelling, ought to have 'been a lasting Admonition against Transgressions 'of that Kind: But I had the Fate of your 'Quaker, in meeting with a rude Fellow in a 'Stage-Coach, who entertained two or three Wo-'men of us (for there was no Man besides himself) 'with Language as indecent as was ever heard 'upon the Water. The impertinent Observations 'which the Coxcomb made upon our Shame and 'Confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable 'Grief to reflect upon them. As much as you 'have declaimed against Duelling, I hope you 'will do us the Justice to declare, that if the Brute 'has Courage enough to send to the Place where 'he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, 'there is not one of us but has a Lover who shall 'avenge the Insult. It would certainly be worth 'your Consideration, to look into the frequent 'Misfortunes of this kind, to which the Modest 'and Innocent are exposed, by the licentious Be-'haviour of such as are as much Strangers to good 'Breeding as to Virtue. Could we avoid hearing 'what we do not approve, as easily as we can 'seeing what is disagreeable, there were some 'Consolation; but since [in a Box at a Play,[2]] in 'an Assembly of Ladies, or even in a Pew at 'Church, it is in the Power of a gross Coxcomb to 'utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how 'miserable is her Condition who comes within the 'Power of such Impertinents? And how necessary 'is it to repeat Invectives against such a Beha-'viour? If the Licentious had not utterly forgot 'what it is to be modest, they would know that 'offended Modesty labours under one of the 'greatest Sufferings to which human Life can be 'exposed. If one of these Brutes could reflect 'thus much, tho' they want Shame, they would 'be moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent 'Behaviour in the Presence of the Chaste and In-'nocent. If you will oblige us with a *Spectator* 'on this Subject, and procure it to be pasted 'against every Stage-Coach in *Great-Britain*, as 'the Law of the Journey, you will highly oblige 'the whole Sex, for which you have professed so 'great an Esteem; and in particular, the two 'Ladies my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,
Rebecca Ridinghood.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Matter which I am now going to send 'you, is an unhappy Story in *low Life, and will* 'recommend it self, so that you must excuse the 'Manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken 'Weaver in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious 'Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had 'laid by her as much Money as purchased her a 'Ticket in the present Lottery. She had hid this 'very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and 'had given her Number to a Friend and Confid-'ent, who had promised to keep the Secret, and 'bring her News of the Success. The poor Ad-'venturer was one Day gone abroad, when her 'careless Husband, suspecting she had saved 'some Money, searches every Corner, till at 'length he finds this same Ticket; which he im-'mediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders 'away the Money without the Wife's suspecting 'any thing of the Matter. A Day or two after 'this, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes and 'brings the Wife word, that she had a Benefit of 'Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature 'overjoyed, *flies* up-Stairs to her Husband, *who* 'was then at Work, and desires him to leave his 'Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with 'a Friend of his and hers below. The Man re-'ceived this chearful Invitation as bad Husbands 'sometimes do, and after a cross Word or two 'told her he wou'dn't come. His Wife with Ten-'derness renewed her Importunity, and at length 'said to him, My Love! I have within these few 'Months, unknown to you, scraped together as 'much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the 'Lottery, and now here is Mrs. *Quick* [come[1]] to 'tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning a Five 'hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies 'immediately, You lye, you Slut, you have no 'Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman 'upon this Faints away in a Fit, recovers, and is 'now run distracted. As she had no Design to 'defraud her Husband, but was willing only to 'participate in his good Fortune, every one pities 'her, but thinks her Husband's Punishment but 'just. This, Sir, is Matter of Fact, and would, 'if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, 'in a well-wrought Play be called *Beautiful Dis-'tress*. I have only sketched it out with Chalk, 'and know a good Hand can make a moving Pic-'ture with worse Materials.

SIR, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am what the World calls a warm Fellow, and 'by good Success in Trade I have raised myself 'to a Capacity of making some Figure in the 'World; but no matter for that. I have now un-'der my Guardianship a couple of Nieces, who 'will certainly make me run mad; which you will 'not wonder at, when I tell you they are Female 'Virtuosos, and during the three Years and a half 'that I have had them under my Care, they never 'in the least inclined their Thoughts towards any

[1] No. 132. [2] [at a Box in a Play,]

[1] [comes], and in first reprint.

'one single Part of the Character of a notable 'Woman. Whilst they should have been con-'sidering the proper Ingredients for a Sack-posset, 'you should hear a Dispute concerning the [mag-'netick[1]] Virtue of the Loadstone, or perhaps the 'Pressure of the Atmosphere: Their Language is 'peculiar to themselves, and they scorn to express 'themselves on the meanest Trifle with Words that 'are not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were 'supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy 'an uninterrupted Ignorance; but, unless I fall in 'with their abstracted Idea of Things (as they call 'them) I must not expect to smoak one Pipe in 'Quiet. In a late Fit of the Gout I complained 'of the Pain of that Distemper when my Niece '*Kitty* begged Leave to assure me, that whatever 'I might think, several great Philosophers, both 'ancient and modern, were of Opinion, that both 'Pleasure and Pain were imaginary [Distinctions[2]], 'and that there was no such thing as either *in 'rerum Natura*. I have often heard them affirm 'that the Fire was not hot; and one Day when I, 'with the Authority of an old Fellow, desired one 'of them to put my blue Cloak on my Knees; she 'answered, Sir, I will reach the Cloak; but take 'notice, I do not do it as allowing your Descrip-'tion; for it might as well be called Yellow as 'Blue; for Colour is nothing but the various In-'fractions of the Rays of the Sun. Miss *Molly* 'told me one Day; That to say Snow was white, 'is allowing a vulgar Error; for as it contains a 'great Quantity of nitrous Particles, it [might 'more reasonably[3]] be supposed to be black. In 'short, the young Husseys would persuade me, 'that to believe one's Eyes is a sure way to be de-'ceived; and have often advised me, by no means, 'to trust any thing so fallible as my Senses. 'What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one 'Speculation to the due Regulation of Female 'Literature, so far at least, as to make it consistent 'with the Quiet of such whose Fate it is to be 'liable to its Insults; and to tell us the Difference 'between a Gentleman that should make Cheese-'cakes and raise Paste, and a Lady that reads '*Locke*, and understands the Mathematicks. In 'which you will extreamly oblige

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,
T. Abraham Thrifty.

No. 243.] *Saturday, December* 8, 1711. [*Addison.*

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem Honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientiæ.—Tull. Offic.

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expressly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an Essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no further than as it is in it self of an amiable Nature, after having premised, that I understand by the Word Virtue such a general Notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

Hypocrisy it self does great Honour, or rather Justice, to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at so much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the Love and Esteem of Mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wise Man hates no body, but only loves the Virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts to shew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, says he, who lives in the remotest Parts of the Earth, though we are altogether out of the Reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no Manner of Benefit; nay, one who died several Ages ago, raises a secret Fondness and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Justice and Humanity, as in the Instance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this Occasion in Opposition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue.

Stoicism, which was the Pedantry of Virtue, ascribes all good Qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly [*Cato*,[1]] in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous Man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a Philosophical Rant than the real Opinion of a Wise Man; yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all possible Perfection[s]; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in it self, but that it made the very Body amiable, and banished every kind of Deformity from the Person in whom it resided.

It is a common Observation, that the most abandoned to all Sense of Goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different Character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than those who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Desire of ruining it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no Wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

As Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abstinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other Virtues; but those which make a Man popular and beloved, are *Justice*, *Charity*, *Munificence*, and, in short, all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to

[1] [magnetical], and in first reprint.
[2] [Distractions], and in first reprint.
[3] [may more seasonably], and in first reprint.

[1] [we find that *Cato*,]

each other. For which Reason even an extravagant Man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false Generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a Person of a much more finished Character, who is defective in this Particular.

The two great Ornaments of Virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous Views, and make her altogether lovely, are Chearfulness and Good-Nature. These generally go together, as a Man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous Mind, to keep out Melancholy from the many serious Thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural Hatred of Vice from souring into Severity and Censoriousness.

If Virtue is of this amiable Nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an Eye of Hatred and Ill-will, or can suffer their Aversion for a Party to blot out all the Merit of the Person who is engaged in it. A Man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own Side, and that there are not Men as honest as himself who may differ from him in Political Principles. Men may oppose one another in some Particulars, but ought not to carry their Hatred to those Qualities which are of so amiable a Nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the Points in Dispute. Men of Virtue, though of different Interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious Part of Mankind, who embark with them in the same civil Concerns. We should bear the same Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagonist, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned Passage every one naturally does to an Enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem Virtue though in a Foe, and abhor Vice though in a Friend.

I speak this with an Eye to those cruel Treatments which Men of all Sides are apt to give the Characters of those who do not agree with them. How many Persons of undoubted Probity, and exemplary Virtue, on either Side, are blackned and defamed? How many Men of Honour exposed to publick Obloquy and Reproach? Those therefore who are either the Instruments or Abettors in such Infernal Dealings, ought to be looked upon as Persons who make use of Religion to promote their Cause, not of their Cause to promote Religion. C.

No. 244.] *Monday, December* 10, 1711. [*Steele.*

—— *Judex et callidus audis.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Covent-Garden, Dec.* 7.

'I CANNOT, without a double Injustice, forbear expressing to you the Satisfaction 'which a whole Clan of Virtuosos have received 'from those Hints which you have lately given 'the Town on the Cartons of the inimitable 'Raphael.[1] It should be methinks the Business 'of a SPECTATOR to improve the Pleasures of 'Sight, and there cannot be a more immediate 'Way to it than recommending the Study and 'Observation of excellent Drawings and Pictures. 'When I first went to view those of *Raphael* 'which you have celebrated, I must confess I was 'but barely pleased; the next time I liked them 'better, but at last as I grew better acquainted 'with them, I fell deeply in love with them, like 'wise Speeches they sunk deep into my Heart; 'for you know, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that a Man of 'Wit may extreamly affect one for the Present, 'but if he has not Discretion, his Merit soon 'vanishes away, while a Wise Man that has not 'so great a Stock of Wit, shall nevertheless give 'you a far greater and more lasting Satisfaction: 'Just so it is in a Picture that is smartly touched 'but not well studied; one may call it a witty 'Picture, tho' the Painter in the mean time may 'be in Danger of being called a Fool. On the 'other hand, a Picture that is thoroughly under-'stood in the Whole, and well performed in the 'Particulars, that is begun on the Foundation of 'Geometry, carried on by the Rules of Perspec-'tive, Architecture, and Anatomy, and perfected 'by a good Harmony, a just and natural Colour-'ing, and such Passions and Expressions of the 'Mind as are almost peculiar to *Raphael*; this is 'what you may justly style a wise Picture, and 'which seldom fails to strike us Dumb, till we can 'assemble all our Faculties to make but a toler-'able Judgment upon it. Other Pictures are made 'for the Eyes only, as Rattles are made for 'Childrens Ears; and certainly that Picture that 'only pleases the Eye, without representing some 'well-chosen Part of Nature or other, does but 'shew what fine Colours are to be sold at the 'Colour-shop, and mocks the Works of the Cre-'ator. If the best Imitator of Nature is not to be 'esteemed the best Painter, but he that makes the 'greatest Show and Glare of Colours; it will 'necessarily follow, that he who can array himself 'in the most gaudy Draperies is best drest, and he 'that can speak loudest the best Orator. Every 'Man when he looks on a Picture should examine 'it according to that share of Reason he is Master 'of, or he will be in Danger of making a wrong 'Judgment. If Men as they walk abroad would 'make more frequent Observations on those Beau-'ties of Nature which every Moment present 'themselves to their View, they would be better 'Judges when they saw her well imitated at home: 'This would help to correct those Errors which 'most Pretenders fall into, who are over hasty in 'their Judgments, and will not stay to let Reason 'come in for a share in the Decision. 'Tis for 'want of this that Men mistake in this Case, and 'in common Life, a wild extravagant Pencil for 'one that is truly bold and great, an impudent 'Fellow for a Man of true Courage and Bravery, 'hasty and unreasonable Actions for Enterprizes 'of Spirit and Resolution, gaudy Colouring for 'that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinu-'ating Discourse for simple Truth elegantly re-'commended. The Parallel will hold through all 'the Parts of Life and Painting too; and the Vir-'tuosos above-mentioned will be glad to see you 'draw it with your Terms of Art. As the

[1] In No. 226. Signor Dorigny's scheme was advertised in Nos. 205, 206, 207, 208, and 210.

'Shadows in Picture represent the serious or 'melancholy, so the Lights do the bright and 'lively Thoughts: As there should be but one 'forcible Light in a Picture which should catch 'the Eye and fall on the Hero, so there should be 'but one Object of our Love, even the Author of 'Nature. These and the like Reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the 'Beauty of that Art, and prevent young People 'from being poisoned by the ill Gusto of an extravagant Workman that should be imposed 'upon us.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Though I am a Woman, yet I am one of those 'who confess themselves highly pleased with a 'Speculation you obliged the World with some 'time ago,[1] from an old *Greek* Poet you call '*Simonides*, in relation to the several Natures 'and Distinctions of our own Sex. I could not 'but admire how justly the Characters of Women 'in this Age, fall in with the Times of *Simonides*, 'there being no one of those Sorts I have not at 'some time or other of my Life met with a Sample of. But, Sir, the Subject of this present 'Address, are a Set of Women comprehended, I 'think, in the Ninth Specie of that Speculation, 'called the Apes; the Description of whom I find 'to be, "That they are such as are both ugly and "ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful them-"selves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule "every thing that appears so in others." Now, 'Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great Town where you live; but as 'my Circumstance of Life obliges me to reside 'altogether in the Country, though not many 'Miles from *London*, I can't have met with a 'great Number of 'em, nor indeed is it a desirable 'Acquaintance, as I have lately found by Experience. You must know, Sir, that at the Beginning of this Summer a Family of these Apes 'came and settled for the Season not far from the 'Place where I live. As they were Strangers in 'the Country, they were visited by the Ladies 'about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity 'usual in those that pass most of their Time in 'Solitude. The Apes lived with us very agreeably our own Way till towards the End of the 'Summer, when they began to bethink themselves 'of returning to Town: then it was, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that they began to set themselves about 'the proper and distinguishing Business of their 'Character; and, as 'tis said of evil Spirits, that 'they are apt to carry away a Piece of the House 'they are about to leave, the Apes, without Regard to common Mercy, Civility, or Gratitude, 'thought fit to mimick and fall foul on the Faces, 'Dress, and Behaviour of their innocent Neighbours, bestowing abominable Censures and disgraceful Appellations, commonly called Nick-'names, on all of them; and in short, like true 'fine Ladies, made their honest Plainness and Sincerity Matter of Ridicule. I could not but acquaint you with these Grievances, as well at the 'Desire of all the Parties injur'd, as from my own 'Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose 'entirely to reform this Evil, you will take such 'Notice of it in some of your future Speculations, 'as may put the deserving Part of our Sex on 'their Guard against these Creatures; and at 'the same time the Apes may be sensible, that 'this sort of Mirth is so far from an innocent Diversion, that it is in the highest Degree that 'Vice which is said to comprehend all others.[2]

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

T. Constantia Field.

[1] *No.* 209.

[2] Ingratitude. Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.

No. 245.] *Tuesday, Dec.* 11, 1711. [*Addison.*

Ficta Voluptatis causâ sint proxima Veris.
Hor.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence, when it has in it a Dash of Folly. At the same time that one esteems the Virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it. When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove, without the least Grain of the Serpent in his Composition, he becomes ridiculous in many Circumstances of Life, and very often discredits his best Actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a Story of their Founder St *Francis*, that as he passed the Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he discovered a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner; upon which the good Man, say they, lifted up his Hands to Heaven with a secret Thanksgiving, that there was still so much Christian Charity in the World. The Innocence of the Saint made him mistake the Kiss of a Lover for a Salute of Charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of the World; and if there be any Use in these my Papers, it is this, that without presenting Vice under any false alluring Notions, they give my Reader an Insight into the Ways of Men, and represent human Nature in all its changeable Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in any of the Follies of the World, or, as *Shakespear* expresses it, *hackney'd in the Ways of Men*, may here find a Picture of its Follies and Extravagancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in Speculation what they could never arrive at by Practice, and by this Means avoid the Snares of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and the Reasonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an Eye to my following Correspondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who seems a very well-meaning Man, that I have written this short Preface, to which I shall subjoin a Letter from the said Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

'I could heartily wish that you would let us 'know your Opinion upon several innocent Diversions which are in use among us, and which are 'very proper to pass away a Winter Night for

'those who do not care to throw away their Time 'at an Opera, or at the Play-house. I would 'gladly know in particular, what Notion you have 'of Hot-Cockles; as also whether you think that 'Questions and Commands, Mottoes, Similes, and 'Cross-Purposes have not more Mirth and Wit in 'them, than those publick Diversions which are 'grown so very fashionable among us. If you 'would recommend to our Wives and Daughters, 'who read your Papers with a great deal of Plea-'sure, some of those Sports and Pastimes that may 'be practised within Doors, and by the Fire-side, 'we who are Masters of Families should be hugely 'obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would 'have these Sports and Pastimes not only merry 'but innocent, for which Reason I have not men-'tioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so 'much as One and Thirty. After having com-'municated to you my Request upon this Subject, 'I will be so free as to tell you how my Wife and 'I pass away these tedious Winter Evenings with 'a great deal of Pleasure. Tho' she be young 'and handsome, and good-humoured to a Miracle, 'she does not care for gadding abroad like others 'of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, a 'Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily 'obliged to for his Civilities, that comes to see me 'almost every Night; for he is not one of those 'giddy young Fellows that cannot live out of a 'Play-house. When we are together, we very 'often make a Party at Blind-Man's Buff, which 'is a Sport that I like the better, because there is 'a good deal of Exercise in it. The Colonel and 'I are blinded by Turns, and you would laugh 'your Heart out to see what Pains my Dear takes 'to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to 'see the least Glimpse of Light. The poor Col-'onel sometimes hits his Nose against a Post, and 'makes us die with laughing. I have generally 'the good Luck not to hurt myself, but am very 'often above half an Hour before I can catch 'either of them; for you must know we hide our-'selves up and down in Corners, that we may have 'the more Sport. I only give you this Hint as a 'Sample of such Innocent Diversions as I would 'have you recommend; and am,

Most esteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,
Timothy Doodle.

The following Letter was occasioned by my last *Thursday's* Paper upon the Absence of Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned of making such Absence supportable.

SIR,

'Among the several Ways of Consolation which 'absent Lovers make use of while their Souls are 'in that State of Departure, which you say is 'Death in Love, there are some very material 'ones that have escaped your Notice. Among 'these, the first and most received is a crooked 'Shilling, which has administered great Comfort 'to our Forefathers, and is still made use of on 'this Occasion with very good Effect in most 'Parts of Her Majesty's Dominions. There are 'some, I know, who think a Crown-Piece cut 'into two equal Parts, and preserved by the dis-'tant Lovers, is of more sovereign Virtue than 'the former. But since Opinions are divided in 'this Particular, why may not the same Persons 'make use of both? The Figure of a Heart, 'whether cut in Stone or cast in Metal, whether 'bleeding upon an Altar, stuck with Darts, or 'held in the Hand of a *Cupid*, has always been 'looked upon as Talismanick in Distresses of this 'Nature. I am acquainted with many a brave 'Fellow, who carries his Mistress in the Lid of 'his Snuff-box, and by that Expedient has sup-'ported himself under the Absence of a whole 'Campaign. For my own Part, I have tried all 'these Remedies, but never found so much Bene-'fit from any as from a Ring, in which my Mis-'tress's Hair is platted together very artificially 'in a kind of True-Lover's Knot. As I have re-'ceived great Benefit from this Secret, I think 'myself obliged to communicate it to the Publick, 'for the Good of my Fellow-Subjects. I desire 'you will add this Letter as an Appendix to your 'Consolations upon Absence, and am,

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an University Gentleman, occasioned by my last *Tuesday's* Paper, wherein I gave some Account of the great Feuds which happened formerly in those learned Bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

'This will give you to understand, that there is 'at present in the Society, whereof I am a Mem-'ber, a very considerable Body of *Trojans*, who, 'upon a proper Occasion, would not fail to declare 'ourselves. In the mean while we do all we can 'to annoy our Enemies by Stratagem, and are 'resolved by the first Opportunity to attack Mr. '*Joshua Barnes*,[1] whom we look upon as the '*Achilles* of the opposite Party. As for myself, 'I have had the Reputation ever since I came 'from School, of being a trusty *Trojan*, and am 'resolved never to give Quarter to the smallest 'Particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance to meet 'it. It is for this Reason I take it very ill of you, 'that you sometimes hang out *Greek* Colours at 'the Head of your Paper, and sometimes give a 'Word of the Enemy even in the Body of it. 'When I meet with any thing of this nature, I 'throw down your Speculations upon the Table, 'with that Form of Words which we make use of 'when we declare War upon an Author.

Græcum est, non potest legi.[2]

[1] Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who edited Homer, Euripides, Anacreon, &c., and wrote in Greek verse a History of Esther. He died in 1714.

[2] 'It is Greek. It cannot be read.' This passed into a proverb from Franciscus Accursius, a famous Jurisconsult and son of another Accursius, who was called the Idol of the Jurisconsults. Franciscus Accursius was a learned man of the 13th century, who, in expounding Justinian, whenever he came to one of Justinian's quotations from Homer, said *Græcum est, nec potest legi.* Afterwards, in the first days of the revival of Greek studies in Europe, it was often said, as reported by Claude d'Espence, for example, that to

'I give you this Hint, that you may for the future 'abstain from any such Hostilities at your Peril.
C. *Troilus.*

No. 246.] *Wednesday, Dec.* 12, 1711. [*Steele.*

———Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεύς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I 'now write to you; for I have no other Way to 'communicate what I have to say to the fair Sex 'on the most important Circumstance of Life, even 'the Care of Children. I do not understand that 'you profess your Paper is always to consist of 'Matters which are only to entertain the Learned 'and Polite, but that it may agree with your De'sign to publish some which may tend to the In'formation of Mankind in general; and when it 'does so, you do more than writing Wit and Hu'mour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all 'the Abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured 'to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your 'Assistance as the Abuse in [nursing[1]] Children. 'It is unmerciful to see, that a Woman endowed 'with all the Perfections and Blessings of Nature, 'can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her in'nocent, tender, and helpless Infant, and give it 'up to a Woman that is (ten thousand to one) 'neither in Health nor good Condition, neither 'sound in Mind nor Body, that has neither Honour 'nor Reputation, neither Love nor Pity for the 'poor Babe, but more Regard for the Money than 'for the whole Child, and never will take further 'Care of it than what by all the Encouragement 'of Money and Presents she is forced to; like '*Æsop's* Earth, which would not nurse the Plant 'of another Ground, altho' never so much im'proved, by reason that Plant was not of its own 'Production. And since another's Child is no 'more natural to a Nurse than a Plant to a strange 'and different Ground, how can it be supposed 'that the Child should thrive? and if it thrives, 'must it not imbibe the gross Humours and Qual'ities of the Nurse, like a Plant in a different 'Ground, or like a Graft upon a different Stock? 'Do not we observe, that a Lamb sucking a Goat 'changes very much its Nature, nay even its Skin 'and Wooll into the Goat Kind? The Power of 'a Nurse over a Child, by infusing into it, with 'her Milk, her Qualities and Disposition, is suffi'ciently and daily observed: Hence came that 'old Saying concerning an ill-natured and mali'cious Fellow, that he had imbibed his Malice 'with his Nurse's Milk, or that some Brute or 'other had been his Nurse. Hence *Romulus* and '*Remus* were said to have been nursed by a 'Wolf, *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* by a Hind, '*Pelias* the Son of *Neptune* by a Mare, and '*Ægisthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually 'suck'd such Creatures, as some Simpletons have 'imagin'd, but that their Nurses had been of such 'a Nature and Temper, and infused such into 'them.

'Many Instances may be produced from good 'Authorities and daily Experience, that Children 'actually suck in the several Passions and de'praved Inclinations of their Nurses, as Anger, 'Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sadness, Desire, and 'Aversion. This *Diodorus, lib.* 2, witnesses, 'when he speaks, saying, That *Nero* the Em'peror's Nurse had been very much addicted to 'Drinking; which Habit *Nero* received from his 'Nurse, and was so very particular in this, that 'the People took so much notice of it, as instead 'of *Tiberius Nero*, they call'd him *Biberius* '*Mero*. The same *Diodorus* also relates of *Ca*'*ligula*, Predecessor to *Nero*, that his Nurse used 'to moisten the Nipples of her Breast frequently 'with Blood, to make *Caligula* take the better 'Hold of them; which, says *Diodorus*, was the 'Cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel 'all his Life-time after, that he not only com'mitted frequent Murder by his own Hand, but 'likewise wished that *all* human Kind were but 'one Neck, that he might have the Pleasure to 'cut it off. Such like Degeneracies astonish the 'Parents, [who] not knowing after whom the 'Child can take, [see[2]] one to incline to Stealing, 'another to Drinking, Cruelty, Stupidity; yet all 'these are not minded. Nay it is easy to demon'strate, that a Child, although it be born from the 'best of Parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tem'pered Nurse. How many Children do we see 'daily brought into Fits, Consumptions, Rickets, '&c., merely by sucking their Nurses when in a 'Passion or Fury? But indeed almost any Dis'order of the Nurse is a Disorder to the Child, 'and few Nurses can be found in this Town but 'what labour under some Distemper or other. 'The first Question that is generally asked a young 'Woman that wants to be a Nurse, [Why[2]] she 'should be a Nurse to other People's Children; is 'answered, by her having an ill Husband, and 'that she must make Shift to live. I think now 'this very Answer is enough to give any Body a 'Shock if duly considered; for an ill Husband 'may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to 'his Wife an ill Distemper, or at least Vexation 'and Disturbance. Besides as she takes the Child 'out of meer Necessity, her Food will be accord'ingly, or else very coarse at best; whence pro'ceeds an ill-concocted and coarse Food for the 'Child; for as the Blood, so is the Milk; and 'hence I am very well assured proceeds the Scurvy, 'the Evil, and many other Distempers. I beg of 'you, for the Sake of the many poor Infants that 'may and will be saved, by weighing this Case 'seriously, to exhort the People with the utmost 'Vehemence to let the Children suck their own

know anything of Greek made a man suspected, to know anything of Hebrew almost made him a heretic.

[1] [nursing of], and in first reprint.

[2] [seeing], and in 1st r.

[2] [is, why], and in 1st r.

'[Mothers,[1]] both for the Benefit of Mother and 'Child. For the general Argument, that a Mother 'is weakned by giving suck to her Children, is 'vain and simple: I will maintain that the 'Mother grows stronger by it, and will have her 'Health better than she would have otherwise: 'She will find it the greatest Cure and Preserva-'tive for the Vapours and future Miscarriages, 'much beyond any other Remedy whatsoever: 'Her Children will be like Giants, whereas other-'wise they are but living Shadows and like un-'ripe Fruit; and certainly if a Woman is strong 'enough to bring forth a Child, she is beyond all 'Doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It 'grieves me to observe and consider how many 'poor Children are daily ruin'd by careless 'Nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be 'of a poor Infant, since the least Hurt or Blow, 'especially upon the Head, may make it senseless, 'stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

'But I cannot well leave this Subject as yet; 'for it seems to me very unnatural, that a Woman 'that has fed a Child as Part of her self for nine 'Months, should have no Desire to nurse it far-'ther, when brought to Light and before her Eyes, 'and when by its Cry it implores her Assistance 'and the Office of a Mother. Do not the very 'cruellest of Brutes tend their young ones with 'all the Care and Delight imaginable? For how 'can she be call'd a Mother that will not nurse her 'young ones? The Earth is called the Mother of 'all Things, not because she produces, but because 'she maintains and nurses what she produces. 'The Generation of the Infant is the Effect of 'Desire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and 'Choice. I am not iguorant but that there are some 'Cases of Necessity where a Mother cannot give 'Suck, and then out of two Evils the least must 'be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am 'sure in a Thousand there is hardly one real In-'stance; for if a Woman does but know that her 'Husband can spare about three or six Shillings 'a Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but seldom 'considered) she certainly, with the Assistance of 'her Gossips, will soon perswade the good Man 'to send the Child to Nurse, and easily impose 'upon him by pretending Indisposition. This 'Cruelty is supported by Fashion, and Nature 'gives Place to Custom.

SIR,

T. *Your humble Servant.*

No. 247.] *Thursday, December* 13, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα—— Hes.

WE are told by some antient Authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could Talk whole Hours together upon *any* Thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can Talk whole Hours together upon *Nothing*. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am perswaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies [of the[1]] *British* Fishery.

The first Kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a Part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

The second Kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what Variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one Place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth: and in short, wore out a Pair of Coach-Horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this Side, she made a Visit to the new-married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The Censure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are therefore only to be consider'd as Helps to Discourse.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word *Gossips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this Sort of Eloquence; she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Head-dress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she hates and loves in the same Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room: She has false Quarrels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and

[1] [Mother,]

[1] [that belong to our]

Laughs when she is not Merry. The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

As for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a Cause why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every Thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their [Doctrine,[1]] that the Soul always thinks. But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Dissembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble [or[2]] flippant, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether in the last Place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on Trifles speak with the greatest Fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like a Race-Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries.

Which of these Reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman's* Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable Lines.

I think, quoth Thomas, *Womens Tongues*
Of Aspen Leaves are made.

And *Ovid*, though in the Description of a very barbarous Circumstance, tells us, That when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Posture.

——Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat:——[1]

If a tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accomplices of Sound about it? I might here mention the Story of the Pippin-Woman, had not I some Reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that I would by no Means discourage it. All that I aim at by this Dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity. C.

[1] [Opinion,] [2] [and]

[1] Met. l. 6, v. 556. [2] [an]

No. 248.] *Friday, December* 14, 1711. [*Steele.*

Hoc maximè Officii est, ut quisque maximè opis indigeat, ita ei potissimùm opitulari.—Tull.

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue, which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may our selves be able to practise. But this is a vicious Way of Thinking; and it bears some Spice of romantick Madness, for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures, to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World who is above meer Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-Denial; and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinarily Men practise upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more [a[2]] Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many

Years ago since *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the First-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Years Day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I enclose to you the Deeds whereby my Father 'gave me this House and Land: Had he lived 'till now, he would not have bestowed it in that 'Manner; he took it from the Man you were, 'and I restore it to the Man you are. I am,

SIR,

Your affectionate Brother, and humble Servant, P. T.

As great and exalted Spirits undertake the Pursuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the same Time gratifying their Passion for Glory; so do worthy Minds in the domestick Way of Life deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppressed with Distresses and Calamities. Such Natures one may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret Celestial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart loaded with Affliction, to save a falling Family, to preserve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Industrious, preserve the Portion of the helpless Infant, and raise the Head of the mourning Father. People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant who the other Day sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Stile in which it was sent.

SIR,

'I Have heard of the Casualties which have 'involved you in extreme Distress at this Time; 'and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-'Nature, Industry and Probity, have resolved to 'stand by you. Be of good Chear, the Bearer 'brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has 'my Order to answer your drawing as much more 'on my Account. I did this in Haste, for fear I 'should come too late for your Relief; but you 'may value your self with me to the Sum of fifty 'thousand Pounds; for I can very chearfully run 'the Hazard of being so much less rich than I am 'now, to save an honest Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, [W. S.[1]]

I think there is somewhere in *Montaigne* Mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded. Were there such a Method in the Families, which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be an hard Task for the greatest in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader; and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of chusing Kings for such a Season, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in the Cloister, had overheard a poor Man say to another, Such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compassion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, sent him the Money. When the Committee read their Report, the House passed his Account with a Plaudite without further Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

	l.	s.	d.
T. *For making a Man happy*	10:	00:	00

No. 249.] *Saturday, December* 15, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν.
Frag. Vet. Poet.

WHEN I make Choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflections on it without any Order or Method, so that they may appear rather in the Looseness and Freedom of an Essay, than in the Regularity of a Set Discourse. It is after this Manner that I shall consider Laughter and Ridicule in my present Paper.

Man is the merriest Species of the Creation, all above and below him are Serious. He sees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth [a]rising from Objects that perhaps cause something like Pity or Displeasure in higher Natures. Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoise to the Spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, since we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil.

I have in my Forty-seventh Paper raised a Speculation on the Notion of a Modern Philosopher,[1] who describes the first Motive of Laughter to be a secret Comparison which we make between our selves, and the Persons we laugh at; or, in other Words, that Satisfaction which we receive from the Opinion of some Pre-eminence in our

[1] [W. P.] corrected by an Erratum in No. 152 to W. S.

[1] Hobbes.

selves, when we see the Absurdities of another or when we reflect on any past Absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most Cases, and we may observe that the vainest Part of Mankind are the most addicted to this Passion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on those Words of the Wise Man, *I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the Effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and causes a kind of Remissness and Dissolution in all the Powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakness in the Composition of Human Nature. But if we consider the frequent Reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depress the Mind and damp our Spirits, with transient unexpected Gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too Wise for so great a Pleasure of Life.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing to Laughter those one converses with, is the Qualification of little *ungenerous* Tempers. A young Man with this Cast of Mind cuts himself off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weaknesses; nay, the greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters; but what an absurd Thing is it to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities? to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues; and *to make* use of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement?

We therefore very often find, that Persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Criticks who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every single Defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this Means, these unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the Esteem of Vulgar Minds, and raise themselves above Persons of much more laudable Characters.

If the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of some Use to the World; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is Solemn and Serious, Decent and Praiseworthy in Human Life.

We may observe, that in the First Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Master-pieces of Human Nature were produced, Men shined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour, and were Strangers to those little Embellishments which are so fashionable in our present Conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more Raillery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.

The two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burlesque. The first ridicules Persons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking like the basest among the People. *Don Quixote* is an Instance of the first, and *Lucian's* Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Criticks, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroick Verse, like that of the *Dispensary;*[1] or in Doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low Character is to be raised, the Heroick is the proper Measure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroick Verse as he is in Doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Blossom, runs through all Languages; which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in it self both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise *Venus* has gained the Title of [Φιλομειδης,] the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has Translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the Goddess who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Assembly of imaginary Persons,[2] has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is so finely described, that I shall [set[3]] down [the Passage] at length.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple sleek:

[1] Sir Samuel Garth, poet and physician, who was alive at this time (died in 1719), satirized a squabble among the doctors in his poem of *the Dispensary*.

The piercing Caustics ply their spiteful Pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics scour.
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;
And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.

[2] L'Allegro. [3] [set it]

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe:
And in thy right Hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleasures free. C.

No. 250.] *Monday, December* 17, 1711. [

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.
Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU see the Nature of my Request by the *Latin* Motto which I address to you. I am 'very sensible I ought not to use many Words to 'you, who are one of but few; but the following 'Piece, as it relates to Speculation in Propriety of 'Speech, being a Curiosity in its Kind, begs your 'Patience. It was found in a Poetical Virtuoso's 'Closet among his Rarities; and since the several 'Treatises of Thumbs, Ears, and Noses, have 'obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Serv-'ice.

'The first Eye of Consequence (under the in-'visible Author of all) is the visible Luminary of 'the Universe. This glorious Spectator is said 'never to open his Eyes at his Rising in a Morn-'ing, without having a whole Kingdom of Adorers 'in *Persian* Silk waiting at his Levée. Millions 'of Creatures derive their Sight from this Original, 'who, besides his being the great Director of Op-'ticks, is the surest Test whether Eyes be of the 'same Species with that of an Eagle, or that of 'an Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly 'Assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the 'Faces of a numerous Assembly; the other he 'dazzles out of Countenance into a sheepish De-'jectedness. The Sun-Proof Eye dares lead up a 'Dance in a full Court; and without blinking at 'the Lustre of Beauty, can distribute an Eye of 'proper Complaisance to a Room crowded with 'Company, each of which deserves particular Re-'gard; while the other sneaks from Conversation, 'like a fearful Debtor, who never dares [to] look 'out, but when he can see no body, and no body 'him.

'The next Instance of Opticks is the famous '*Argus*, who (to speak in the Language of *Cam-'bridge*) was one of an Hundred; and being used 'as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealousy, was obliged 'to have all his Eyes about him. We have no 'Account of the particular Colours, Casts and 'Turns of this Body of Eyes; but as he was Pimp 'for his Mistress *Juno*, 'tis probable he used all 'the modern Leers, sly Glances, and other ocular 'Activities to serve his Purpose. Some look upon 'him as the then King at Arms to the Heathenish 'Deities; and make no more of his Eyes than as 'so many Spangles of his Herald's Coat.

'The next upon the Optick List is old *Janus*, 'who stood in a double-sighted Capacity, like a 'Person placed betwixt two opposite Looking-'Glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective Cast 'at one View. Copies of this double-faced Way 'are not yet out of Fashion with many Pro-'fessions, and the ingenious Artists pretend to 'keep up this Species by double-headed Canes 'and Spoons;[1] but there is no Mark of this 'Faculty, except in the emblematical Way of a 'wise General having an Eye to both Front and 'Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review and 'Prospect of his past and future State at the same 'Time.

'I must own, that the Names, Colours, Quali-'ties, and Turns of Eyes, vary almost in every 'Head; for, not to mention the common Appella-'tions of the Black, the Blue, the White, the 'Gray, and the like; the most remarkable are 'those that borrow their Title[s] from Animals, by 'Vertue of some particular Quality or Resem-'blance they bear to the Eyes of the respective 'Creature[s]; as that of a greedy rapacious As-'pect takes its Name from the Cat, that of a sharp 'piercing Nature from the Hawk, those of an 'amorous roguish Look derive their Title even 'from the Sheep, and we say such a[n] one has a 'Sheep's Eye, not so much to denote the Inno-'cence as the simple Slyness of the Cast: Nor 'is this metaphorical Inoculation a modern In-'vention, for we find *Homer* taking the Freedom 'to place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one 'of his principal Goddesses, by that frequent Ex-'pression of

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη——[2]

'Now as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, 'that fine Part of our Constitution seems as much 'the Receptacle and Seat of our Passions, Appe-'tites and Inclinations as the Mind it self; and at 'least it is the outward Portal to introduce them 'to the House within, or rather the common 'Thorough-fare to let our Affections pass in and 'out. Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, all 'visibly move in those little Orbs. I know a 'young Lady that can't see a certain Gentleman 'pass by without shewing a secret Desire of see-'ing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls; nay, 'she can't for the Heart of her help looking Half 'a Street's Length after any Man in a gay Dress. 'You can't behold a covetous Spirit walk by a 'Goldsmith's Shop without casting a wishful Eye 'at the Heaps upon the Counter. Does not a 'haughty Person shew the Temper of his Soul in 'the supercilious Rowl of his Eye? and how fre-'quently in the Height of Passion does that 'moving Picture in our Head start and stare, 'gather a Redness and quick Flashes of Light-'ning, and make all its Humours sparkle with 'Fire, as *Virgil* finely describes it.

——*Ardentis ab ore*
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.[3]

[1] Apostle spoons and others with fancy heads upon their handles.

[2] The ox-eyed, venerable Juno.

[3] Æn. 12, v. 101.

'As for the various Turns of [the] Eye-sight, 'such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or 'the whole Leer, I shall not enter into a very par-'ticular Account of them; but let me observe, 'that oblique Vision, when natural, was anciently 'the Mark of Bewitchery and magical Fascina-'tion, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look; 'but when 'tis forced and affected it carries a wan-'ton Design, and in Play-houses, and other publick 'Places, this ocular Intimation is often an As-'signation for bad Practices: But this Irregularity 'in Vision, together with such Enormities as Tip-'ping the Wink, the Circumspective Rowl, the 'Side-peep through a thin Hood or Fan, must be 'put in the Class of Heteropticks, as all wrong 'Notions of Religion are ranked under the gen-'eral Name of Heterodox. All the pernicious 'Applicatuons of Sight are more immediately 'under the Direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope 'you will arm your Readers against the Mischiefs 'which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which 'you will highly oblige your wounded unknown 'Friend,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You professed in several Papers your particular 'Endeavours in the Province of SPECTATOR, to 'correct the Offences committed by Starers, who 'disturb whole Assemblies without any Regard to 'Time, Place or Modesty. You complained also, 'that a Starer is not usually a Person to be con-'vinced by Reason of the Thing, nor so easily re-'buked, as to amend by Admonitions. I thought 'therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient 'Mechanical Way, which may easily prevent or 'correct Staring, by an Optical Contrivance of 'new Perspective-Glasses, short and commodious 'like Opera Glasses, fit for short-sighted People 'as well as others, these Glasses making the Ob-'jects appear, either as they are seen by the naked 'Eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less 'than Life, or bigger and nearer. A Person may, 'by the Help of this Invention, take a View of 'another without the Impertinence of Staring; at 'the same Time it shall not be possible to know 'whom or what he is looking at. One may look 'towards his Right or Left Hand, when he is sup-'posed to look forwards: This is set forth at 'large in the printed Proposals for the Sale of 'these Glasses, to be had at Mr. *Dillon's* in *Long-'Acre*, next Door to the *White-Hart*. Now, Sir, 'as your *Spectator* has occasioned the Publishing 'of this Invention for the Benefit of modest Spec-'tators, the Inventor desires your Admonitions 'concerning the decent Use of it; and hopes, by 'your Recommendation, that for the future Beauty 'may be beheld without the Torture and Con-'fusion which it suffers from the Insolence of 'Starers. By this means you will relieve the In-'nocent from an Insult which there is no Law to 'punish, tho' it is a greater Offence than many 'which are within the Cognizance of Justice.

'I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Q. Abraham Spy.

No. 251.] *Tuesday, December* 18, 1711. [*Addison.*

——Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea Vox.—— Virg.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I am a Man of all Business, and would willing-'ly turn my Head to any thing for an honest 'Livelihood. I have invented several Projects 'for raising many Millions of Money without 'burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the 'Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, 'forsooth, as a Crack, and a Projector; so that 'despairing to enrich either my self or my Coun-'try by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make 'some Proposals to you relating to a Design which 'I have very much at Heart, and which may pro-'cure me [a[1]] handsome Subsistence, if you will 'be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of *Lon-'don* and *Westminster*.

'The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-'General of the *London* Cries, which are at present 'under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think 'I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being 'a Man of very strong Lungs, of great Insight 'into all the Branches of our *British* Trades and 'Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Mu-'sick.

'The Cries of *London* may be divided into 'Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they 'are at present under a very great Disorder. A 'Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of disturb-'ing a whole Street for an Hour together, with 'the Twanking of a Brass-Kettle or a Frying-Pan. 'The Watchman's Thump at Midnight startles us 'in our Beds, as much as the Breaking in of a 'Thief. The Sowgelder's Horn has indeed some-'thing musical in it, but this is seldom heard 'within the Liberties. I would therefore propose, 'that no Instrument of this Nature should be 'made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, 'after having carefully examined in what manner 'it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege 'Subjects.

'Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and 'indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, 'that we appear a distracted City to Foreigners, 'who do not comprehend the Meaning of such 'enormous Outcries Milk is generally sold in a 'note above *Ela*, and in Sounds so [exceeding[2]] 'shrill, that it often sets our Teeth [on[3]] Edge.

[1] [an] [2] [exceedingly] [3] [an]

'The Chimney-sweeper is [confined[1]] to no cer-
'tain Pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the
'deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest
'Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes
'in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same
'Observation might be made on the Retailers
'of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses or
'Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like
'Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and
'mellow the Voices of these itinerant Trades-
'men, before they make their Appearance in our
'Streets; as also to accommodate their Cries to
'their respective Wares; and to take care in par-
'ticular, that those may not make the most Noise
'who have the least to sell, which is very observ-
'able in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I
'cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry*
'*but little Wool.*

'Some of these last mentioned Musicians are so
'very loud in the Sale of these trifling Manufac-
'tures, that an honest Splenetick Gentleman of
'my Acquaintance bargained with one of them
'never to come into the Street where he lived:
'But what was the Effect of this Contract? Why,
'the whole Tribe of Card-match-makers which
'frequent that Quarter, passed by his Door the
'very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after
'the same manner.

'It is another great Imperfection in our *London*
'Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure
'observed in them. Our News should indeed be
'published in a very quick Time, because it is a
'Commodity that will not keep cold. It should
'not, however, be cried with the same Precipita-
'tion as *Fire:* Yet this is generally the Case. A
'Bloody Battle alarms the Town from one End to
'another in an Instant. Every Motion of the
'*French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that
'one would think the Enemy were at our Gates.
'This likewise I would take upon me to regulate
'in such a manner, that there should be some Dis-
'tinction made between the spreading of a Victory,
'a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portu-*
'*gal* or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under
'this Head, those excessive Alarms with which
'several boisterous Rusticks infest our Streets in
'Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable,
'because these are Wares which are in no Danger
'of Cooling upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow Time,
'and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable
'than the former; the Cooper in particular swells
'his last Note in an hollow Voice, that is not with-
'out its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired
'with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear
'that sad and solemn Air with which the Public
'are very often asked, if they have any Chairs to
'mend? Your own Memory may suggest to you
'many other lamentable Ditties of the same Na-
'ture, in which the Musick is wonderfully lan-
'guishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular Time
'of the Year which is proper for the pickling of
'Dill and Cucumbers; but alas, this Cry, like the
'Song of the [Nightingale[1]], is not heard above
'two Months. It would therefore be worth while
'to consider, whether the same Air might not in
'some Cases be adapted to other Words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious
'Consideration, how far, in a well-regulated City,
'those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not
'contented with the traditional Cries of their
'Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and
'Tunes of their own: Such as was, not many
'Years since, the Pastry-man, commonly known
'by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff: and such
'as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and
'Wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes
'under the Name of *Powder-Watt.*

'I must not here omit one particular Absurdity
'which runs through this whole vociferous Gener-
'ation, and which renders their Cries very often
'not only incommodious, but altogether useless to
'the Publick; I mean, that idle Accomplishment
'which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as
'not to be understood. Whether or no they have
'learned this from several of our affected Singers,
'I will not take upon me to say; but most cer-
'tain it is, that People know the Wares they deal
'in rather by their Tunes than by their Words;
'insomuch that I have sometimes seen a Country
'Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender,
'and Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and
'Scissars. Nay so strangely infatuated are some
'very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a
'Cry, that none but their Acquaintance are able
'to guess at their Profession; for who else can
'know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the
'Signification of a Corn-Cutter?

'Forasmuch therefore as Persons of this Rank
'are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think
'it would be very proper, that some Man of good
'Sense and sound Judgment should preside over
'these Publick Cries, who should permit none to
'lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not
'tuneable Throats, and are not only able to over-
'come the Noise of the Croud, and the Rattling
'of Coaches, but also to vend their respective Mer-
'chandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most dis-
'tinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore
'humbly recommend my self as a Person rightly
'qualified for this Post; and if I meet with fitting
'Encouragement, shall communicate some other
'Projects which I have by me, that may no less
'conduce to the Emolument of the Public.

I am,

SIR, &c.,
Ralph Crotchet.

[1] [contained]

[1] [Nightingales]

TO THE

DUKE OF *MARLBOROUGH.*

My LORD,

AS it is natural to have a Fondness for what has cost us so much Time and Attention to produce, I hope Your Grace will forgive an endeavour to preserve this Work from Oblivion, by affixing to it Your memorable Name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious Passages of Your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the Subject of the most sublime Pens; but if I could convey You to Posterity in your private Character, and describe the Stature, the Behaviour and Aspect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I question not but it would

[1] John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was at this time 62 years old, and past the zenith of his fame. He was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, in 1650, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, an adherent of Charles I. At the age of twelve John Churchill was placed as page in the household of the Duke of York. He first distinguished himself as a soldier in the defence of Tangier against the Moors. Between 1672 and 1677 he served in the auxiliary force sent by our King Charles II. to his master, Louis XIV. In 1672, after the siege of Maestricht, Churchill was praised by Louis at the head of his army, and made Lieutenant-colonel. Continuing in the service of the Duke of York, Churchill, about 1680, married Sarah Jennings, favourite of the Princess Anne. In 1682 Charles II. made Churchill a Baron, and three years afterwards he was made Brigadier-general when sent to France to announce the accession of James II. On his return he was made Baron Churchill of Sandridge. He helped to suppress Monmouth's insurrection, but before the Revolution committed himself secretly to the cause of the Prince of Orange; was made, therefore, by William III., Earl of Marlborough and Privy Councillor. After some military service he was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower on suspicion of treasonous correspondence with the exiled king. In 1697 he was restored to favour, and on the breaking out of the War of the Spanish Succession in 1701 he was chief commander of the Forces in the United Provinces. In this war his victories made him the most famous captain of the age. In December, 1702, he was made Duke, with a pension of five thousand a year. In the campaign of 1704 Marlborough planned very privately, and executed on his own responsibility, the boldest and most distant march that had ever been attempted in our continental wars. France, allied with Bavaria, was ready to force the way to Vienna, but Marlborough, quitting the Hague, carried his army to the Danube, where he took by storm a strong entrenched camp of the enemy upon the Schellenberg, and cruelly laid waste the towns and villages of the Bavarians, who never had taken arms; but, as he said, 'we are now going to 'burn and destroy the Elector's country, to oblige 'him to hearken to terms.' On the 13th of August, the army of Marlborough having been joined by the army under Prince Eugène, battle was given to the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard, who had his head-quarters at the village of Plentheim, or Blenheim. At the cost of eleven thousand killed and wounded in the armies of Marlborough and Eugène, and fourteen thousand killed and wounded on the other side, a decisive victory was secured, Tallard himself being made prisoner, and 26 battalions and 12 squadrons capitulating as prisoners of war. 121 of the enemy's standards and 179 colours were brought home and hung up in Westminster Hall. Austria was saved, and Louis XIV. utterly humbled at the time when he had expected confidently to make himself master of the destinies of Europe. For this service Marlborough was made by the Emperor a Prince of the Empire, and his 'Most Illustrious Cousin' as the Prince of Mindelsheim. At home he was rewarded with the manor of Woodstock, upon which was built for him the Palace of Blenheim, and his pension of £5000 from the Post-office was annexed to his title. There followed other victories, of which the series was closed with that of Malplaquet, in 1709, for which a national thanksgiving was appointed. Then came a change over the face of home politics. England was weary of the war, which Marlborough was accused of prolonging for the sake of the enormous wealth he drew officially from perquisites out of the different forms of expenditure upon the army. The Tories gathered strength, and in the beginning of 1712 a commission on a charge of taking money from contractors for bread, and 2½ per cent. from the pay of foreign troops, having reported against him, Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments. Sarah, his duchess, had also been ousted from the Queen's favour, and they quitted England for a time, Marlborough writing, 'Pro-'vided that my destiny does not involve any preju-'dice to the public, I shall be very content with it; 'and shall account myself happy in a retreat in 'which I may be able wisely to reflect on the 'vicissitudes of this world.' It was during this season of his unpopularity that Steele and Addison dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough the fourth volume of the *Spectator*.

fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

One cannot indeed without Offence, to Your self, observe, that You excel the rest of Mankind in the least, as well as the greatest Endowments. Nor were it a Circumstance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Person were not the only Preheminence You have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater Writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising Revolutions in your Story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same Man who had carried Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had opposed the Cause of Liberty, and struck a Terrour into the Armies of *France*, had, in the midst of His high Station, a Behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first Steps towards Greatness? And if it were possible to express that easie Grandeur, which did at once perswade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his Contemporaries, that all the great Events which were brought to pass under the Conduct of so well-govern'd a Spirit, were the Blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour: and all which seem adverse fell out by divine Permission, which we are not to search into.

You have pass'd that Year of Life wherein the most able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory;[1] and Your Grace may make that Reflection with much more Justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of *Mindleheim* may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the Gift of Him whose Dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted Success of honourable Designs and Actions is not subject to Diminution; nor can any Attempts prevail against it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

We may congratulate Your Grace not only upon your high Atchievements, but likewise upon the happy Expiration of Your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune: And when your Person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place You in that higher Mansion of Bliss and Immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Lawgivers, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Envy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,
Your Grace's
Most Obedient,
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 252.] *Wednesday, December* 19, 1711. [*Steele.*

[*Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.* Virg.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM very sorry to find by your Discourse upon the Eye, that you have not thoroughly 'studied the Nature and Force of that Part of a 'beauteous Face. Had you ever been in Love, 'you would have said ten thousand things, which 'it seems did not occur to you: Do but reflect 'upon the Nonsense it makes Men talk, the 'Flames which it is said to kindle, the Transport 'it raises, the Dejection it causes in the bravest 'Men; and if you do believe those things are ex-'pressed to an Extravagance, yet you will own, 'that the Influence of it is very great which moves 'Men to that Extravagance. Certain it is, that 'the whole Strength of the Mind is sometimes 'seated there; that a kind Look imparts all, that 'a Year's Discourse could give you, in one Mo-'ment. What matters it what she says to you, 'see how she looks, is the Language of all who 'know what Love is. When the Mind is thus 'summed up and expressed in a Glance, did you 'never observe a sudden Joy arise in the Counte-'nance of a Lover? Did you never see the At-'tendance of Years paid, over-paid in an Instant? 'You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the Intel-'ligence of Affection is carried on by the Eye only; 'that Good-breeding has made the Tongue falsify 'the Heart, and act a Part of continual Con-'straint, while Nature has preserved the Eyes to 'her self, that she may not be disguised or misre-'presented. The poor Bride can give her Hand, 'and say, *I do*, with a languishing Air, to the Man 'she is obliged by cruel Parents to take for mercen-'ary Reasons, but at the same Time she cannot 'look as if she loved; her Eye is full of Sorrow, 'and Reluctance sits in a Tear, while the Offering 'of the Sacrifice is performed in what we call the 'Marriage Ceremony. Do you never go to Plays? 'Cannot you distinguish between the Eyes of those 'who go to see, from those who come to be seen? 'I am a Woman turned of Thirty, and am on the 'Observation a little; therefore if you or your 'Correspondent had consulted me in your Dis-'course on the Eye, I could have told you that 'the Eye of *Leonora* is slyly watchful while it 'looks negligent: she looks round her without the 'Help of the Glasses you speak of, and yet seems 'to be employed on Objects directly before her. 'This Eye is what affects Chance-medley, and on 'a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns 'all its Charms against an Ogler. The Eye of '*Lusitania* is an Instrument of premeditated 'Murder; but the Design being visible, destroys 'the Execution of it: and with much more Beauty

[1] [*Nescio quis Teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos.*—Virg.]

[1] Julius Cæsar.

'than that of *Leonora*, it is not half so mischievous. 'There is a brave Soldier's Daughter in Town, that 'by her Eye has been the Death of more than ever 'her Father made fly before him. A beautiful 'Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes 'Contradiction an Assent, an enraged Eye makes 'Beauty deformed. This little Member gives 'Life to every other Part about us, and I believe 'the Story of *Argus* implies no more than that 'the Eye is in every Part, that is to say, every 'other Part would be mutilated, were not its Force 'represented more by the Eye than even by it 'self. But this is Heathen *Greek* to those who 'have not conversed by Glances. This, Sir, is a 'Language in which there can be no Deceit, nor 'can a Skilful Observer be imposed upon by Looks 'even among Politicians and Courtiers. If you 'do me the Honour to print this among your 'Speculations, I shall in my next make you a Pre- 'sent of Secret History, by Translating all the 'Looks of the next Assembly of Ladies and Gen- 'tlemen into Words, to adorn some future Paper. 'I am,

SIR,
Your faithful Friend,
Mary Heartfree.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have a Sot of a Husband that lives a very 'scandalous Life, and wastes away his Body and 'Fortune in Debaucheries; and is immoveable to 'all the Arguments I can urge to him. I would 'gladly know whether in some Cases a Cudgel 'may not be allowed as a good Figure of Speech, 'and whether it may not be lawfully used by a 'Female Orator.

Your humble Servant,
Barbara Crabtree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'Though I am a Practitioner in the Law of 'some standing, and have heard many eminent 'Pleaders in my Time, as well as other eloquent 'Speakers of both Universities, yet I agree with 'you, that Women are better qualified to succeed 'in Oratory than the Men, and believe this is to 'be resolved into natural Causes. You have men- 'tioned only the Volubility of their Tongue; but 'what do you think of the silent Flattery of their 'pretty Faces, and the Perswasion which even an 'insipid Discourse carries with it when flowing 'from beautiful Lips, to which it would be cruel to 'deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are 'possessed of some Springs of Rhetorick which 'Men want, such as Tears, fainting Fits, and the 'like, which I have seen employed upon Occasion 'with good Success. You must know I am a plain 'Man and love my Money; yet I have a Spouse 'who is so great an Orator in this Way, that she 'draws from me what Sum she pleases. Every 'Room in my House is furnished with Trophies 'of her Eloquence, rich Cabinets, Piles of China, 'Japan Screens, and costly Jars: and if you were 'to come into my great Parlour, you would fancy 'your self in an *India* Ware-house: Besides this 'she keeps a Squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to 'pay for the China he breaks. She is seized with 'periodical Fits about the Time of the Subscrip- 'tions to a new Opera, and is drowned in Tears 'after having seen any Woman there in finer 'Cloaths than herself: These are Arts of Per- 'swasion purely Feminine, and which a tender 'Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore 'desire of you, is, to prevail with your Friend 'who has promised to dissect a Female Tongue, 'that he would at the same time give us the 'Anatomy of a Female Eye, and explain the 'Springs and Sluices which feed it with such ready 'Supplies of Moisture; and likewise shew by 'what means, if possible, they may be stopped at 'a reasonable Expence: Or, indeed, since there 'is something so moving in the very Image of 'weeping Beauty, it would be worthy his Art to 'provide, that these eloquent Drops may no more 'be lavished on Trifles, or employed as Servants 'to their wayward Wills; but reserved for serious 'Occasions in Life, to adorn generous Pity, true 'Penitence, or real Sorrow.

T. *I am*, &c.

[1] This letter is by John Hughes.

No. 253.] *Thursday, Dec.* 20, 1711. [*Addison.*

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.
Hor.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great Mind, than the Abhorrence of Envy and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among bad Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

As there are none more ambitious of Fame, than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the Works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of their Fellow-Writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own Pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a Level with them.

The greatest Wits that ever were produced in one Age, lived together in so good an Understanding, and celebrated one another with so much Generosity, that each of them receives an additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with Men of so extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself been the [sole Wonder[1]] of the Age. I need not tell my Reader, that I here point at the Reign of *Augustus*, and I believe he will be of my Opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained so great a Reputation in the World, had they not been the Friends and Admirers of each other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age, for whom singly we have so great an Esteem, stand up together as Vouchers for one another's Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared Foes and Calumniators.

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the

[1] [single Product]

Moderns, the Scribblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry, are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour and Ingenuity, according to those beautiful Lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his Poem on *Fletcher's* Works!

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise:
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Stroaks of this Nature into a very fine Poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was publish'd some Months since, and is a Masterpiece in its kind.[1] The Observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical Regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose Author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that Elegance and Perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allusions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur *Boileau* has so very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the lat[t]er Ages of the World, to make Observations in Criticism, Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common Sense of Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan* Age. His Way of expressing and applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this Reason I think there is nothing in the World so tiresome as the Works of those Criticks who write in a positive Dogmatick Way, without either Language, Genius, or Imagination. If the Reader would see how the best of the *Latin* Criticks writ, he may find their Manner very beautifully described in the Characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the same kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his Precepts in the very Precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three Instances of this Kind. Speaking of the insipid Smoothness which some Readers are so much in Love with, he has the following Verses.

These Equal Syllables *alone require,*
Tho' oft the Ear *the* open Vowels *tire,*
While Expletives *their feeble Aid* do *join,*
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.

The gaping of the Vowels in the second Line,

he said that should he, jealous of his own supremacy, 'damn with faint praise,' as one

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint the fault and hesitate dislike,
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worse the best:
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise:
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Addison were he?

But in this *Spectator* paper young Pope's *Essay on Criticism* certainly was not damned with faint praise by the man most able to give it a firm standing in the world.

[1] At the time when this paper was written Pope was in his twenty-fourth year. He wrote to express his gratitude to Addison and also to Steele. In his letter to Addison he said, 'Though it be the 'highest satisfaction to find myself commended 'by a Writer whom all the world commends, yet I 'am not more obliged to you for that than for 'your candour and frankness in acquainting me 'with the error I have been guilty of in speaking 'too freely of my brother moderns.' The only moderns of whom he spoke slightingly were men of whom after-time has ratified his opinion: John Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, and Luke Milbourne. When, not long afterwards, Dennis attacked with his criticism Addison's Cato, to which Pope had contributed the Prologue, Pope made this the occasion of a bitter satire on Dennis, called *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris* (a well-known quack who professed the cure of lunatics) *upon the Frenzy of J. D.* Addison then, through Steele, wrote to Pope's publisher of this 'manner of treating Mr. Dennis,' that he 'could 'not be privy' to it, and 'was sorry to hear of it.' In 1715, when Pope issued to subscribers the first volume of Homer, Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared in the same week, and had particular praise at Button's from Addison, Tickell's friend and patron. Pope was now indignant, and expressed his irritation in the famous satire first printed in 1723, and, finally, with the name of Addison transformed to Atticus, embodied in the Epistle to Arbuthnot published in 1735. Here, while seeing in Addison a man

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to live, converse, and write with ease,

the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monosyllables in the fourth, give such a Beauty to this Passage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following Lines in the same View.

A needless Alexandrine *ends the Song,*
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length along.

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
The Sound *must seem an* Eccho *to the* Sense.
Soft *is the Strain when* Zephyr *gently blows,*
And the smooth Stream *in* smoother Numbers *flows;*
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
The hoarse rough Verse *shou'd like the* Torrent *roar.*
When Ajax *strives some Rock's vast Weight to throw,*
The Line too labours, *and the Words move* slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla *scours the Plain,*
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Description in *Homer's* Odyssey, which none of the Criticks have taken notice of.[1] It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no sooner carried to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably described in the Numbers of these Verses; As in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper Breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continual Line of *Dactyls.*

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἤτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε Κραταιΐς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.—

It would be endless to quote Verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular Kind of Beauty in the Numbers; but I may take an Occasion in a future Paper to shew several of them which have escaped the Observation of others.

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its Kind; the Essay on Translated Verse,[1] the Essay on the Art of Poetry,[2] and the Essay upon Criticism. C.

[1] Odyssey Bk. XI. In Tickell's edition of Addison's works the latter part of this sentence is omitted: the same observation having been made by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

[1] Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, author of the 'Essay on Translated Verse,' was nephew and godson to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, in 1633, educated at the Protestant University of Caen, and was there when his father died. He travelled in Italy, came to England at the Restoration, held one or two court offices, gambled, took a wife, and endeavoured to introduce into England the principles of criticism with which he had found the polite world occupied in France. He planned a society for refining our language and fixing its standard. During the troubles of King James's reign he was about to leave the kingdom, when his departure was delayed by gout, of which he died in 1684. A foremost English representative of the chief literary movement of his time, he translated into blank verse Horace's Art of Poetry, and besides a few minor translations and some short pieces of original verse, which earned from Pope the credit that

in all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays,

he wrote in heroic couplets an 'Essay on Translated Verse' that was admired by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and was in highest honour wherever the French influence upon our literature made itself felt. Roscommon believed in the superior energy of English wit, and wrote himself with care and frequent vigour in the turning of his couplets. It is from this poem that we get the often quoted lines,

Immodest words admit of no Defence;
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

[2] The other piece with which Addison ranks Pope's Essay on Criticism, was by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was living when the *Spectator* first appeared. He died, aged 72, in the year 1721. John Sheffield, by the death of his father, succeeded at the age of nine to the title of Earl of Mulgrave. In the reign of Charles II. he served by sea and land, and was, as well as Marlborough, in the French service. In the reign of James II. he was admitted into the Privy Council, made Lord Chamberlain, and, though still Protestant, attended the King to mass. He acquiesced in the Revolution, but remained out of office and disliked King William, who in 1694 made him Marquis of Normanby. Afterwards he was received into the Cabinet Council, with a pension of £3000. Queen Anne, to whom Walpole says he had made love before her marriage, highly favoured him. Before her coronation she made him Lord Privy Seal, next year he was made first Duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, to exclude any latent claimant to the title, which had been extinct since the miserable death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the *Rehearsal,* When the *Spectator* appeared John Sheffield had just built Buckingham House—now a royal palace—on ground granted by the Crown, and taken office as Lord Chamberlain.

No. 254.] *Friday, December* 21, 1711. [*Steele.*

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄχος ὀφέλλει.

WHEN I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

He wrote more verse than Roscommon and poorer verse. The *Essay on Poetry*, in which he followed the critical fashion of the day, he was praised into regarding as a masterpiece. He was continually polishing it, and during his lifetime it was reissued with frequent variations. It is polished quartz, not diamond; a short piece of about 360 lines, which has something to say of each of the chief forms of poetry, from songs to epics. Sheffield shows most natural force in writing upon plays, and here in objecting to perfect characters, he struck out the often-quoted line

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

When he comes to the epics he is, of course, all for Homer and Virgil.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

And then it is supposed that 'some Angel' had disclosed to M. Bossu, the French author of the treatise upon Epic Poetry then fashionable, the sacred mysteries of Homer. John Sheffield had a patronizing recognition for the genius of Shakespeare and Milton, and was so obliging as to revise Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar and confine the action of that play within the limits prescribed in the French gospel according to the Unities. Pope, however, had in the Essay on Criticism reckoned Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, among the sounder few

Who durst assert the juster ancient Cause
And have restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws.
Such was the Muse, whose Rules and Practice tell,
Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well.

With those last words which form the second line in the *Essay on Poetry* Pope's citation has made many familiar. Addison paid young Pope a valid compliment in naming him as a critic in verse with Roscommon, and, what then passed on all hands for a valid compliment, in holding him worthy also to be named as a poet in the same breath with the Lord Chamberlain.

My dear Harriot,

'If thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, 'what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and 'agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried 'alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut 'up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my 'Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old 'Manor-House in the Country, and confined to 'the Conversation of a sober Husband and an 'awkward Chamber-maid. For Variety I suppose 'you may entertain yourself with Madam in her 'Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, 'who has by this time I am sure well furnished 'you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, 'distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and 'applying Poultices.

'Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy 'loved Retirement, which indeed you would per-'swade me is very agreeable, and different enough 'from what I have here described: But, Child, 'I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with 'Romances and Novels: After six Months Mar-'riage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the 'Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; 'one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* 'Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, 'like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave 'these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to 'live and talk like other Mortals. However, as 'I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I 'would willingly give you a little good Advice at 'your first Appearance under the Character of a 'married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me 'perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid 'you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that 'I cannot help warning you not to appear in any 'publick Places with your Husband, and never to 'saunter about St. *James's Park* together: If 'you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide-Park* 'together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you 'take the least notice of one another at the Play-'house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at 'for a very loving Couple most happily paired 'in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend 'the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your 'Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashion-'able Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen 'in the same Place with her Husband, and if they 'happen to meet, you would think them perfect 'Strangers: She never was heard to name him in 'his Absence, and takes care he shall never be 'the Subject of any Discourse that she has a 'Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a 'Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so 'silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* 'Wives much brighter Examples. I wish it may 'never come into your Head to imitate those anti-'quated Creatures so far, as to come into Publick 'in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman* Matron. 'You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. '*Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always 'thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to 'manage a Family with admirable Prudence: she 'dies to see what demure and serious Airs Wed-'lock has given you, but she says she shall never 'forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bel-'lamour* to transform him to a meer sober Hus-'band; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear,

'we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more 'than

Your humble Servant,
Lydia.

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my Appear-'ance in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, 'or make any Visits, where the Character of a 'modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild 'Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, 'and all the handsome young Women of our Ac-'quaintance, shew yourselves to no other Purpose 'than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, 'in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on 'him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, 'the Design is modest and honourable, and all 'your Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but 'to please the Man I Love; he's the End of 'every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I 'read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for 'a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's 'almost the End of my Devotions; half my 'Prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of 'him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure 'and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your 'Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of 'your Letter that there are a Set of Women who 'are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every 'Thing that is sober, decent, and proper: Matri-'mony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People 'of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to 'you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you 'tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, plea-'sant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling 'of you and Mrs. *Modish;* you would find, if you 'were too free with her, she would soon make you 'as charming as ever you were, she would make 'you blush as much as if you had never been fine 'Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to 'visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversa-'tion has brought him to enjoy many sober happy 'Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear 'Master is entertained only with his own 'Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will 'be lasting Satisfactions, when the fine Ladies, 'and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, 'are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age.

'I am,

Madam, your most humble Servant,
Mary Home.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have no Goodness in the World, and are 'not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, 'if you do not send me a plain Answer to this: I 'happened some Days past to be at the Play, 'where during the Time of Performance, I could 'not keep my Eyes off from a beautiful young 'Creature who sat just before me, and who I have 'been since informed has no Fortune. It would 'utterly ruin my Reputation for Discretion to 'marry such a one, and by what I can learn she 'has a Character of great Modesty, so that there 'is nothing to be thought on any other Way. 'My Mind has ever since been so wholly bent on 'her, that I am much in danger of doing something 'very extravagant without your speedy Advice to,

SIR, Your most humble Servant.

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Question.

Dear Correspondent,

'Would you marry to please other People, or 'your self? T.

No. 255.] *Saturday, December* 22, 1711. [*Addison.*

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.—Hor.

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The Use therefore of the Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecutions of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds; there would be but small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which [great[1]] Endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men overreached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that [a Man's Sense of his own[2]] Incapacities makes [him[3]] despair of coming at Fame, or that [he has[4]] not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to [his[5]] Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of [his Soul[6]], would not subject [him[7]] to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to [himself.[8]]

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish

[1] [all great] [2] [the Sense of their own]
[3] [them] [4] [they have]
[5] [their] [6] [their Souls]
[7] [them] [8] [themselves]

themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensation towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention; and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Sallust's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory, the more he acquired it.[1]

Men take an ill-natur'd Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to show it self) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private, lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastick Recitals of his own Performances: His Discourse generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Meanness [and[2]] Imperfection in the greatest Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Vain-Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill-nature, or of Wariness, as not to gratify [or[1]] sooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next Place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper. C.

[1] Sallust. Bell. Catil. c. 49.

[2] [and an]

No. 256.] Monday, Dec. 24, 1711. [Addison.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν—— Hes.

THERE are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like Kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Pursuits of Glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their Superior; and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

But further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Ob-

[1] [and]

servation of Mankind draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natur'd Discoveries with a secret *Pride*, and applaud themselves for the *Singularity* of their Judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not subject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of Vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or raising an imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all these secret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satyr or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of Revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmities. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same time to be attentive to the more important [Part[1]] of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwarinesses as are not incident to *Men of a contrary Disposition*.

After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and *Sullies* in its Reputation; but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through human Infirmity, any false Step be made in the more *momentous* Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them; *but a Blot of a* deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great Name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmities as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiors or Equals; by such as would set to show their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendour. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-liv'd Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated [Person[1]] labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a Pursuit; and yet if we consider the little Happiness that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Disquietudes to which the Desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or satisfy it. Most other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Sense,

[1] [Parts]

[1] [Name]

and for a while set the Appetite at Rest: But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it; an Object of Desire placed out of the Possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose Thirst after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cæsar's* Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us[1] he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *That he was satisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se satis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their Pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Disappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of old Age; but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in it self, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very Praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of our selves? But if the ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Praise it self, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Praises of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Censures. How little therefore is the Happiness of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may further observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the Thing desired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleasure, tho' the Loss or Want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praises.[1] C.

[1] Oratio pro M. Marcello.

No. 257.] *Tuesday, Dec.* 25,[2] 1711. [*Addison.*

Οὐχ' εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ' ἔστι καὶ παρὼν πόνῳ.
Incert. ex Stob.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn from many Considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulness of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulness of Joy and Pleasures for evermore.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

First, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

Secondly, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge upon them,

[1] [*I shall conclude this Subject in my next Paper.*]

[2] This being Christmas Day, Addison has continued to it a religious strain of thought.

but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two Reasons, Because no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside, and can [therefore] only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Representation: Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the Knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without Noise or Show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the entire Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a Perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjuncture of Circumstances, for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor lie concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity; some in a private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in all the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the Tryal of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of Performing. Another Reason why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, because the same Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and arise from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of so mixt a Nature, and so full of Circumstances, that as Men pry into them more or less, or observe some Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; so that the same Actions may represent a Man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account also, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions, but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last entire Finishing and Consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, want an Opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly discovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts it self to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it.

Let the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Desire of Fame this Way; and, that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the supreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who sees every Degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Worth

before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy.* C.

No. 258.] *Wednesday, Dec.* 26, 1711. [*Steele.*

Divide et Impera.

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant Attention and Labour: Where therefore publick Diversions are tolerated, it behoves Persons of Distinction, with their Power and Example, to preside over them in such a Manner as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of reasonable Creatures. As to the Diversions of this Kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Musick: My own private Opinion, with Relation to such Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankness imaginable; what concerns those Arts at present the Reader shall have from my Correspondents. The first of the Letters with which I acquit myself for this Day, is written by one who proposes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present State of Musick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am considerably obliged to you for your 'speedy Publication of my last in yours of the 18th 'Instant, and am in no small Hopes of being 'settled in the Post of *Comptroller of the Cries.* 'Of all the Objections I have hearkened after in 'publick Coffee-houses there is but one that seems 'to carry any Weight with it, *viz.* That such a 'Post would come too near the Nature of a Mo'nopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all 'Sorts of People made easy, and being willing to 'have more Strings than one to my Bow; in case 'that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since 'formed another Project, which, being grounded 'on the dividing a present Monopoly, I hope will 'give the Publick an Equivalent to their full Con'tent. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the Busi'ness of the Stage is, as the *Latin* has it, *Ju'cunda et Idonea dicere Vitæ.* Now there being 'but one Dramatick Theatre licensed for the De'light and Profit of this extensive Metropolis, I 'do humbly propose, for the Convenience of such 'of its Inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent-'Garden*, that another *Theatre of Ease* may be 'erected in some spacious Part of the City; and 'that the Direction thereof may be made a Fran'chise in Fee to me, and my Heirs for ever. And 'that the Town may have no Jealousy of my ever 'coming to an Union with the Set of Actors now 'in being, I do further propose to constitute for 'my Deputy my near Kinsman and Adventurer, '*Kit Crotchet*,[1] whose long Experience and Im'provements in those Affairs need no Recom'mendation. 'Twas obvious to every Spectator 'what a quite different Foot the Stage was upon 'during his Government: and had he not been 'bolted out of his Trap-Doors, his Garrison might 'have held out for ever, he having by long Pains 'and Perseverance arriv'd at the Art of making 'his Army fight without Pay or Provisions. I 'must confess it, with a melancholy Amazement, 'I see so wonderful a Genius laid aside, and the 'late Slaves of the Stage now become its Masters, 'Dunces that will be sure to suppress all The'atrical Entertainments and Activities that they 'are not able themselves to shine in!

'Every Man that goes to a Play is not obliged 'to have either Wit or Understanding; and I in'sist upon it, that all who go there should see 'something which may improve them in a Way of 'which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would 'have something *done* as well as *said* on the 'Stage. A Man may have an active Body, 'though he has not a quick Conception; for the 'Imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so 'speak, corporeal Wits or nimble Fellows, I 'would fain ask any of the present Mismanagers, 'Why should not Rope-dancers, Vaulters, Tum'blers, Ladder-walkers, and Posture-makers ap'pear again on our Stage? After such a Repre'sentation, a Five-bar Gate would be leaped with 'a better Grace next Time any of the Audience 'went a Hunting. Sir, these Things cry loud for 'Reformation and fall properly under the Pro'vince of SPECTATOR General; but how indeed 'should it be otherwise, while Fellows (that for 'Twenty Years together were never paid but as 'their Master was in the Humour) now presume 'to pay others more than ever they had in their 'Lives; and in Contempt of the Practice of Per'sons of Condition, have the Insolence to owe no 'Tradesman a Farthing at the End of the Week. 'Sir, all I propose is the publick Good; for no 'one can imagine I shall ever get a private Shil'ling by it: Therefore I hope you will recommend 'this Matter in one of your this Week's Papers, 'and desire when my House opens you will ac'cept the Liberty of it for the Trouble you have 'receiv'd from,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Ralph Crotchet.

P. S. I have Assurances that the Trunk-maker will declare for us.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We whose Names are subscribed,[2] think you

[1] Christopher Rich, of whom Steele wrote in No. 12 of the *Tatler* as Divito, who 'has a perfect 'art in being unintelligible in discourse and un'comeatable in business. But he, having no under'standing in his polite way, brought in upon us, 'to get in his money, ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, 'jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place 'of Shakespeare's heroes and Jonson's humorists.'

[2] Thomas Clayton (see note on p. 32) had set Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* to music at the request of Steele and John Hughes; but its performance at his house in York Buildings was a

'the properest Person to signify what we have to 'offer the Town in Behalf of our selves, and the 'Art which we profess, *Musick*. We conceive 'Hopes of your Favour from the Speculations on 'the Mistakes which the Town run into with Re-'gard to their Pleasure of this Kind; and believ-'ing your Method of judging is, that you consider 'Musick only valuable, as it is agreeable to, and 'heightens the Purpose of Poetry, we consent 'that That is not only the true Way of relishing 'that Pleasure, but also, that without it a Com-'posure of Musick is the same thing as a Poem, 'where all the Rules of Poetical Numbers are 'observed, tho' the Words have no Sense or 'Meaning; to say it shorter, meer musical Sounds 'are in our Art no other than nonsense Verses are 'in Poetry. Musick therefore is to aggravate 'what is intended by Poetry; it must always have 'some Passion or Sentiment to express, or else 'Violins, Voices, or any other Organs of Sound, 'afford an Entertainment very little above the 'Rattles of Children. It was from this Opinion 'of the Matter, that when Mr. *Clayton* had 'finished his Studies in *Italy*, and brought over 'the Opera of *Arsinoe*, that Mr. *Haym* and Mr. '*Dieupart*, who had the Honour to be well 'known and received among the Nobility and 'Gentry, were zealously inclined to assist, by 'their Solicitations, in introducing so elegant an 'Entertainment as the *Italian* Musick grafted 'upon *English* Poetry. For this End Mr. '*Dieupart* and Mr. *Haym*, according to their 'several Opportunities, promoted the Introduction 'of *Arsinoe*, and did it to the best Advantage so 'great a Novelty would allow. It is not proper 'to trouble you with Particulars of the just Com-'plaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, 'that without Regard to our obliging Pains, we 'are all equally set aside in the present Opera. 'Our Application therefore to you is only to insert 'this Letter, in your Papers, that the Town may 'know we have all Three joined together to make 'Entertainments of Musick for the future at Mr. '*Clayton's* House in *York-buildings*. What we 'promise ourselves, is, to make a Subscription of 'two Guineas, for eight Times; and that the 'Entertainment, with the Names of the Authors 'of the Poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the 'House, with an Account of the several Authors 'of the Vocal as well as the Instrumental Musick 'for each Night; the Money to be paid at the 'Receipt of the Tickets, at Mr. *Charles Lillie's*. 'It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we 'are capable of undertaking to exhibit by our 'joint Force and different Qualifications all that 'can be done in Musick; but lest you should 'think so dry a thing as an Account of our Pro-'posal should be a Matter unworthy your Paper, 'which generally contains something of publick 'Use; give us leave to say, that favouring our 'Design is no less than reviving an Art, which 'runs to ruin by the utmost Barbarism under an 'Affectation of Knowledge. We aim at estab-'lishing some settled Notion of what is Musick, 'at recovering from Neglect and Want very many 'Families who depend upon it, at making all 'Foreigners who pretend to succeed in *England* 'to learn the Language of it as we our selves 'have done, and not be so insolent as to expect 'a whole Nation, a refined and learned Nation, 'should submit to learn them. In a word, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, with all Deference and Humility, 'we hope to behave ourselves in this Undertaking 'in such a Manner, that all *English* Men who 'have any Skill in Musick may be furthered in it 'for their Profit or Diversion by what new Things 'we shall produce; never pretending to surpass 'others, or asserting that any Thing which is a 'Science is not attainable by all Men of all Na-'tions who have proper Genius for it: We say, 'Sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive 'to us by contemning others, but through the 'utmost Diligence recommending ourselves.

We are, SIR,

Your most humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton,
Nicolino Haym,
T. Charles Dieupart.

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failure. Clayton had adapted English words to Italian airs in the drama written for him by Motteux, of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, and called it his own opera. Steele and Addison were taken by his desire to nationalize the opera, and put native music to words that were English and had literature in them. After *Camilla* at Drury Lane, produced under the superintendence of Nicolino Haym, Addison's *Rosamond* was produced, with music by Clayton and Mrs. Tofts in the part of Queen Eleanor. The music killed the piece on the third night of performance. The coming of Handel and his opera of *Rinaldo* set Mr. Clayton aside, but the friendship of Steele and Addison abided with him, and Steele seems to have had a share in his enterprises at York Buildings. Of his colleagues who join in the signing of this letter, Nicola Francesco Haym was by birth a Roman, and resident in London as a professor of music. He published two good operas of sonatas for two violins and a bass, and joined Clayton and Dieupart in the service of the opera, until Handel's success superseded them. Haym was also a man of letters, who published two quartos upon Medals, a notice of rare Italian Books, an edition of Tasso's Gerusalemme, and two tragedies of his own. He wrote a *History of Music* in Italian, and issued proposals for its publication in English, but had no success. Finally he turned picture collector, and was employed in that quality by Dr. Mead and Sir Robert Walpole.

Charles Dieupart, a Frenchman, was a fine performer on the violin and harpsichord. At the representation of *Arsinoe* and the other earliest operas, he played the harpsichord and Haym the violoncello. Dieupart, after the small success of the design set forth in this letter, taught the harpsichord in families of distinction, but wanted self-respect enough to save him from declining into a player at obscure ale-houses, where he executed for the pleasure of dull ears solos of Corelli with the nicety of taste that never left him. He died old and poor in 1740.

No. 259.] *Thursday, December* 27, 1711. [*Steele.*

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—Tull.

THERE are some Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's Common Sense without the Help of an Instructor; but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word; for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great Wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe as I strole about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to salute, and stop short in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refused the Opportunity, is justly resented with a Coldness the whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour, or by any Means or for any Purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another Way, lest they should confer a Bow or a Curtsie upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their Favours of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners; he is the same civil Person he ever was; he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once, to shew he is full of Business, and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not so well formed for Courtship and elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit; let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Business is still to be well-bred to the End. I think I have read, in one of our *English* Comedies, a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place, would bow and smile in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery and smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to speak of Salutation at Church, I must take notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject, and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest, that all Regards at that Time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object, without Disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me [of] one of her Acquaintance, [who,] out of meer Pride and a Pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the most religious Woman for no other Reason but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more considerable: A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town: After the Service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eyes upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Breeding enough for our Congregations, and has sent his two [eldest [1]] Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny herself the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bashful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.

No. 260.] *Friday, December* 28, 1711. [*Steele.*

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having been the greater Part of my 'Days a Man of Pleasure, the Decay of my

[1] [elder]

'Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. But how 'is it, Sir, that my Appetites are increased upon 'me with the Loss of Power to gratify them? I 'write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to en-'ter upon what Reformation they may please to 'make in themselves in their Youth, and not ex-'pect they shall be capable of it from a fond 'Opinion some have often in their Mouths, that 'if we do not leave our Desires they will leave us. 'It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my 'Dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty Woman, 'as when in my Youth I stood upon a Bench in 'the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties. 'The Folly is so extravagant with me, and I went 'on with so little Check of my Desires, or Resign-'ation of them, that I can assure you, I very often 'meerly to entertain my own Thoughts, sit with 'my Spectacles on, writing Love-Letters to the 'Beauties that have been long since in their 'Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the 'faint Memory of Delights which were once agree-'able to me; but how much happier would my 'Life have been now, if I could have looked back 'on any worthy Action done for my Country? If 'I had laid out that which I profused in Luxury 'and Wantonness, in Acts of Generosity or Chari-'ty? I have lived a Batchelor to this Day; and 'instead of a numerous Offspring, with which, in 'the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have 'delighted my self, I have only to amuse my self 'with the Repetition of Old Stories and Intrigues 'which no one will believe I ever was concerned 'in. I do not know whether you have ever 'treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a 'better Subject, than that of the Art of growing 'old. In such a Lecture you must propose, that 'no one set his Heart upon what is transient; the 'Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing 'at her. The witty Man sinks into a Humourist 'imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all 'Things around him are in a Flux, and continually 'changing: Thus he is in the Space of ten or 'fifteen Years surrounded by a new Set of People 'whose Manners are as natural to them as his 'Delights, Method of Thinking, and Mode of 'Living, were formerly to him and his Friends. 'But the Mischief is, he looks upon the same kind 'of Errors which he himself was guilty of with an 'Eye of Scorn, and with that sort of Ill-will which 'Men entertain against each other for different 'Opinions: Thus a crasie Constitution, and an 'uneasie Mind is fretted with vexatious Passions 'for young Mens doing foolishly what it is Folly 'to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present State 'of Mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and 'envy those I contemn. The Time of Youth and 'vigorous Manhood passed the Way in which I 'have disposed of it, is attended with these Con-'sequences; but to those who live and pass away 'Life as they ought, all Parts of it are equally 'pleasant; only the Memory of good and worthy 'Actions is a Feast which must give a quicker 'Relish to the Soul than ever it could possibly 'taste in the highest Enjoyments or Jollities of 'Youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great 'Chair and begin to ponder, the Vagaries of a 'Child are not more ridiculous than the Circum-'stances which are heaped up in my Memory. 'Fine Gowns, Country Dances, Ends of Tunes, 'interrupted Conversations, and mid-night Quar-'rels, are what must necessarily compose my 'Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some 'Ladies of my Acquaintance, and my Years, may 'be perswaded to wear warm Night-caps this cold 'Season: and that my old Friend *Jack Tawdery* 'may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the Air 'of a Strut. I must add to all this, that if it were 'not for one Pleasure, which I thought a very 'mean one till of very late Years, I should have 'no one great Satisfaction left; but if I live to 'the 10th of *March*, 1714, and all my Securities 'are good, I shall be worth Fifty thousand Pound.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will infinitely oblige a distressed Lover, if 'you will insert in your very next Paper, the fol-'lowing Letter to my Mistress. You must know, 'I am not a Person apt to despair, but she has 'got an odd Humour of stopping short unaccount-'ably, and, as she her self told a Confident of hers, 'she has cold Fits. These Fits shall last her a 'Month or six Weeks together; and as she falls 'into them without Provocation, so it is to be 'hoped she will return from them without the 'Merit of new Services. But Life and Love will 'not admit of such Intervals, therefore pray let 'her be admonished as follows.

Madam,

'I Love you, and I honour you: therefore pray 'do not tell me of waiting till Decencies, till 'Forms, till Humours are consulted and gratified. 'If you have that happy Constitution as to be in-'dolent for ten Weeks together, you should con-'sider that all that while I burn in Impatiences 'and Fevers; but still you say it will be Time 'enough, tho' I and you too grow older while we 'are yet talking. Which do you think the more 'reasonable, that you should alter a State of In-'difference for Happiness, and that to oblige me, 'or I live in Torment, and that to lay no Manner 'of Obligation upon you? While I indulge your 'Insensibility I am doing nothing; if you favour 'my Passion, you are bestowing bright Desires, 'gay Hopes, generous Cares, noble Resolutions 'and transporting Raptures upon,

Madam,

Your most devoted humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Here's a Gentlewoman lodges in the same 'House with me, that I never did any Injury to 'in my whole Life; and she is always railing at 'me to those that she knows will tell me of it. 'Don't you think she is in Love with me? or would 'you have me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Footman in a great Family, and am in 'Love with the House-maid. We were all at 'Hot-cockles last Night in the Hall these Holi-'days; when I lay down and was blinded, she 'pulled off her Shoe, and hit me with the Heel

'such a Rap, as almost broke my Head to Pieces.
'Pray, Sir, was this Love or Spite? T.

No. 261.] *Saturday, December* 29, 1711. [*Addison.*

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνφρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.
Frag. vet. Poet.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations in the Courtship of a Person who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me; but as my natural Taciturnity hindred me from showing my self to the best Advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any Thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty Fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the Fair Sex. The Observations which I made in this Conjuncture, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes in Courtship, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion. Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an artful Man who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence. True Love has ten thousand Griefs, Impatiences and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he sollicits: besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Constancy, that are preceded by a long Courtship. The Passion should strike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it. A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is Nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for Life; they do not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate: Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person. They have both their Reasons. The first would procure many Conveniencies and Pleasures of Life to the Party whose Interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast. A good Person does not only raise, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished. It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a Celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her, or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms; and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it [would[1]] be imbittered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good-Nature and Evenness of Temper will give you an easie Companion for Life; Virtue and good Sense, an agreeable Friend; Love and Constancy, a good Wife or Husband. Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The World, notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipages, and all the showy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest[s]; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of human Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all Disparities, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this Respect unequally yoked, and uneasie for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their Kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a Distance, you will find many Blemishes and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries. A Marriage of Love is pleasant; a Marriage of Interest easie; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vicious Age, than the common Ridicule [which[2]] passes on this State of Life. It

[1] [will] [2] [that]

is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform Course of Virtue.

No. 262.] *Monday, December* 31, 1711. [*Steele.*

Nulla venenato Littera mista Joco est.—Ovid.

I THINK myself highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which visits them every Morning, and has in it none of those *Seasonings* that recommend so many of the Writings which are in Vogue among us.

As, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a single Word of News, a Reflection in Politics, nor a Stroak of Party; so on the other, there are no Fashionable Touches of Infidelity, no obscene Ideas, no Satyrs upon Priesthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topics of Ridicule; no private Scandal, nor any Thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Persons, Families, or Societies.

There is not one of these above-mentioned Subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by such mean and base Methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every Thing that savours of Party, every Thing that is loose and immoral, and every Thing that might create Uneasiness in the Minds of particular Persons, I find that the Demand of my Papers has encreased every Month since their first Appearance in the World. This does not perhaps reflect so much Honour upon my self, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to Discourses of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit and Parts in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my Way of Writing: But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those Men of Parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age had endeavour'd to rectify and amend it, they needed [not[1]] have sacrificed their good Sense and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is so sunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are still some hidden Seeds of Goodness and Knowledge in him; which give him a Relish of such Reflections and Speculations as have an [Aptness[2]] to improve the Mind, and make the Heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much Care I have avoided all such Thoughts as are loose, obscene or immoral; and I believe my Reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Persons. For this Reason when I draw any faulty Character, I consider all those Persons to whom the Malice of the World may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular Circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured Applications. If I write any Thing on a black Man, I run over in my Mind all the eminent Persons in the Nation who are of that Complection: When I place an imaginary Name at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Resemblance to one *that* is real. I know very well the Value which every Man sets upon his Reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the Mirth and Derision of the Publick, and should therefore scorn to divert my Reader, at the Expence of any private Man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular Person's Reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to those who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make myself merry even with a Piece of Pasteboard that is invested with a Publick Character; for which Reason I have never glanced upon the late designed Procession of his Holiness and his Attendants,[1] notwithstanding it might have afforded Matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among those Advantages, which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws Mens Minds off from the Bitterness of Party, and furnishes them with Subjects of Discourse that may be treated without Warmth or Passion. This is said to have been the first Design of those Gentlemen who set on Foot the Royal Society;[2] and had then a very good Effect, as it turned many of the greatest Genius's of that Age to the Disquisitions of natural Knowledge, who, if they had engaged in Politicks with the same Parts and Application, might have set their Country in a Flame. The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like Inventions were thrown out to those busie Spirits, as Tubs and Barrels are to a Whale, that he may let the Ship sail on without Disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent Amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation that I have forborn mentioning even such Authors as I could not name without Honour. This I must confess to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial: For as the Publick relishes nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of any Eminence, so there is nothing which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Ease. One might raise Laughter for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Person who has published but a

[1] [not to] [2] [Aptness in them]

[1] Fifteen images in waxwork, prepared for a procession on the 17th of November, Queen Elizabeth's birthday, had been seized under a Secretary of State's warrant. Swift says, in his Journal to Stella, that the devil which was to have waited on the Pope was saved from burning because it was thought to resemble the Lord Treasurer.

[2] The Royal Society was incorporated in 1663 as the Royal Society of London 'for promoting 'Natural Knowledge.' In the same year there was an abortive insurrection in the North against the infamy of Charles II.'s government.

very few Volumes. For which [Reason[1]] I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The Criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an Intention rather to discover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publish any of their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great Favour from some of my underhand Detractors, if they would break all Measures with me so far, as to give me a Pretence for examining their Performances with an impartial Eye: Nor shall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticise the Author, so long as I keep clear of the Person.

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to such Hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do Justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer Parts of Learning, and to point out such Beauties in their Works as may have escaped the Observation of others.

As the first Place among our *English* Poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular Criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* 'till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same Subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my Papers of Criticism in the Spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous Lines;

——Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

'If you have made any better Remarks of your 'own, communicate them with Candour; if not, 'make use of these I present you with.' C.

No. 263.] *Tuesday, January* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

Gratulor quod eum quem necesse erat diligere, qualiscunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.—Trebonius apud Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy Father of a very towardly 'Son, in whom I do not only see my Life, but 'also my Manner of Life, renewed. It would be 'extremely beneficial to Society, if you would fre-'quently resume Subjects which serve to bind 'these sort of Relations faster, and endear the 'Ties of Blood with those of Good-will, Protec-'tion, Observance, Indulgence, and Veneration. 'I would, methinks, have this done after an un-'common Method, and do not think any one, who 'is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to un-'dertake a Work wherein there will necessarily 'occur so many secret Instincts, and Biasses of 'human Nature which would pass unobserved by 'common Eyes. I thank Heaven I have no out-'rageous Offence against my own excellent Parents 'to answer for; but when I am now and then 'alone, and look back upon my past Life, from 'my earliest Infancy to this Time, there are many 'Faults which I committed that did not appear to 'me, even till I my self became a Father. I had 'not till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart, 'which a Man has when he sees his Child do a 'laudable Thing, or the sudden Damp which 'seizes him when he fears he will act something 'unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Re-'morse touched me for a long Train of childish 'Negligencies of my Mother, when I saw my Wife 'the other Day look out of the Window, and turn 'as pale as Ashes upon seeing my younger Boy 'sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations 'will give you to understand, that there are num-'berless little Crimes which Children take no 'notice of while they are doing, which upon Re-'flection, when they shall themselves become Fa-'thers, they will look upon with the utmost Sor-'row and Contrition, that they did not regard, 'before those whom they offended were to be no 'more seen. How many thousand Things do I 'remember, which would have highly pleased my 'Father, and I omitted for no other Reason, but 'that I thought what he proposed the Effect of 'Humour and old Age, which I am now convinced 'had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now 'go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart 'glad with an Account of a Matter which was of 'no Consequence, but that I told it, and acted in 'it. The good Man and Woman are long since 'in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the 'Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we 'were sometimes laughing at the old Folks at an-'other End of the House. The Truth of it is, 'were we merely to follow Nature in these great 'Duties of Life, tho' we have a strong Instinct 'towards the performing of them, we should be on 'both Sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome 'to the Generality of Mankind, and Growth to-'wards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resigna-'tion to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father; 'and Deference, amidst the Impulse of gay De-'sires, appears unreasonable to the Son. There 'are so few who can grow old with a good Grace, 'and yet fewer who can come slow enough into 'the World, that a Father, were he to be actuated 'by his Desires, and a Son, were he to consult 'himself only, could neither of them behave him-'self as he ought to the other. But when Reason 'interposes against Instinct, where it would carry 'either out of the Interests of the other, there 'arises that happiest Intercourse of good Offices 'between those dearest Relations of human Life. 'The Father, according to the Opportunities which 'are offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on 'the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the 'worthy Offspring of such a Father. It is after 'this manner that *Camillus* and his first-born

[1] [Reasons]

'dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and 'indolent old Age, in which Passion is subdued, 'and Reason exalted. He waits the Day of his 'Dissolution with a Resignation mixed with De- 'light, and the Son fears the Accession of his 'Father's Fortune with Diffidence, lest he should 'not enjoy or become it as well as his Predecessor. 'Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a 'Friend to the Children of his Friends, an easie 'Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Com- 'panion to his Acquaintance. He believes his 'Son's Behaviour will make him frequently re- 'membered, but never wanted. This Commerce 'is so well cemented, that without the Pomp of 'saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I 'am gone; Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, 'is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is 'to succeed him, without the Admonition of his 'mentioning it. These Gentlemen are honoured 'in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect 'which the Court has on the Manner of a King- 'dom, their Characters have on all who live within 'the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communi- 'cate our good Actions or Intentions to so many 'as these Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to 'say, my Son has, by the Applause and Appro- 'bation which his Behaviour towards me has 'gained him, occasioned that many an old Man, 'besides my self, has rejoiced. Other Men's 'Children follow the Example of mine, and I have 'the inexpressible Happiness of overhearing our 'Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Chil- 'dren, and say, with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, pass your time 'better than insinuating the Delights which these 'Relations well regarded bestow upon each other. 'Ordinary Passions are no longer such, but mu- 'tual Love gives an Importance to the most indif- 'ferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most 'insignificant. When we look round the World, 'and observe the many Misunderstandings which 'are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the 'meanest Servants between People thus related, 'how necessary will it appear that it were incul- 'cated that Men would be upon their Guard to 'support a Constancy of Affection, and that 'grounded upon the Principles of Reason, not the 'Impulses of Instinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men 'receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept 'alive from one Generation to another; and when 'Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will descend when 'good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy 'of human Life is such, that our Anger is more 'easily transferred to our Children than our Love. 'Love always gives something to the Object it 'delights in, and Anger spoils the Person against 'whom it is moved of something laudable in him: 'From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of 'Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill- 'will of our Parents, than to follow them in their 'Friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to 'make Men keep up this sort of Relation with the 'utmost Sanctity, than to examine their own 'Hearts. If every Father remembred his own 'Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, 'and every Son remembred what he expected from 'his Father, when he himself was in a State of 'Dependance, this one Reflection would preserve 'Men from being dissolute or rigid in these several 'Capacities. The Power and Subjection between 'them, when broken, make them more emphatic- 'ally Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with 'greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Disruption of 'States and Empires can possibly produce. I 'shall end this Application to you with two Letters 'which passed between a Mother and Son very 'lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'If the Pleasures, which I have the Grief to 'hear you pursue in Town, do not take up all 'your Time, do not deny your Mother so much 'of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said 'before Mr. *Letacre*, that an old Woman might 'live very well in the Country upon half my Joint- 'ure, and that your Father was a fond Fool to 'give me a Rent-Charge of Eight hundred a Year 'to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* said 'to you upon that Occasion, you ought to have 'born with more Decency, as he was your Father's 'well-beloved Servant, than to have called him '*Country-put*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must 'tell you, I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will 'make up to your Sisters for the Partiality I was 'guilty of, in making your Father do so much as he 'has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half 'my Jointure! I lived upon much less, *Frank*, when 'I carried you from Place to Place in these Arms, 'and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing 'for feeding and tending you a weakly Child, and 'shedding Tears when the Convulsions you were 'then troubled with returned upon you. By my 'Care you outgrew them, to throw away the 'Vigour of your Youth in the Arms of Harlots, 'and deny your Mother what is not yours to de- 'tain. Both your Sisters are crying to see the 'Passion which I smother; but if you please to go 'on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget 'all Regards to your self and Family, I shall im- 'mediately enter upon your Estate for the Arrear 'due to me, and without one Tear more contemn 'you for forgetting the Fondness of your Mother, 'as much as you have the Example of your Father. 'O *Frank*, do I live to omit writing myself,

Your Affectionate Mother,
A. T.

MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the 'Money on my Knees. Pray write so no more. 'I will take care you never shall, for I will be for 'ever hereafter,

Your most dutiful Son,
F. T.

'I will bring down new Heads for my Sisters. 'Pray let all be forgotten. T.

No. 264.] *Wednesday, January* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Secretum iter et fallentis Semita vitæ.*
Hor.

IT has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleasure of Solitude, amongst those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Life in that Manner. This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the Pleasures that enchant the Generality of the World. This Way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in such a Manner as disposes the Reader for the time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a Longing for that State which he is charmed with in Description. But when we consider the World it self, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophick Solitude, we shall be apt to change a Regard to that sort of Solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying Time after the Way a Man himself likes best in the World, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind, as the Features of his Face. The Felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper Bent of this Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent Method of enjoying a Man's self, and turning out of the general Tracks wherein you have Crowds of Rivals, there are those who pursue their own Way out of a Sowrness and Spirit of Contradiction: These Men do every thing which they are able to support, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fellow shall wear this or that sort of Cut in his Cloaths with great Integrity, while all the rest of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops unknown to their Ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obstinacy. But I am running from my intended Purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular Manner of passing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to contract none of the exorbitant Desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a Man's self from the World, is to give up the Desire of being known to it. After a Man has preserved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his Time spent his own Way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators derided their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant Desire of Ease and Disincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant: While he dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no one necessary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a Fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the Afflicted, supplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of Worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular Way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*, whose Condition will not admit of such Largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turned of Fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Course of ten Years time, passed in all the little Alleys, By-Paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horror which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judg'd very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life; and in the thirty sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbiness of Cloaths fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane in the Form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in St. *John Street*, at the Mansion-House of a Taylor's Widow, who washes and can clear-starch his Bands. From that Time to

this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he *skilfully* could, of being a close Hunks worth Money: No body comes to visit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so: He is the Oracle of a Neighbouring Justice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-house; the Hopes that what he has must come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect where ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has some where or other seen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correspondents tell me he can assume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slyness which diverts more than any Thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my Silence is attoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carried his Skill in Imitation so far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir ROGER in such a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having observed in *Lilly's* Grammar how 'sweetly *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a Verse: I 'have (to preserve the Amity between them) 'call'd in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profession of 'the *Theatre*. So that while some People of 'Quality are bespeaking Plays of me to be acted 'upon such a Day, and others, Hogsheads for 'their Houses against such a Time; I am wholly 'employ'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and 'Wine: Sir, I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverley's* Letter to me, which pray comply with in 'Favour of the *Bumper* Tavern. Be kind, for 'you know a Player's utmost Pride is the Approbation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' unknown,
Richard Estcourt.[1]

To Mr. *Estcourt* at his House in *Covent-Garden*.
Coverley, December the 18th 1711.

Old Comical Ones,

'The Hogsheads of Neat Port came safe, and 'have gotten thee good Reputation in these Parts; 'and I am glad to hear, that a Fellow who has 'been laying out his Money ever since he was 'born, for the meer Pleasure of Wine, has be-'thought himself of joining Profit and Pleasure 'together. Our Sexton (poor Man) having re-'ceived Strength from thy Wine since his fit of the 'Gout, is hugely taken with it: He says it is 'given by Nature for the Use of Families, that no

[1] Richard Estcourt, born at Tewkesbury in 1688, and educated in the Latin school there, stole from home at the age of 15 to join a travelling company of comedians at Worcester, and, to avoid detection, made his first appearance in woman's clothes as Roxana in '*Alexander the Great*. He was discovered, however, pursued, brought home, carried to London, and bound prentice to an apothecary in Hatton Garden. He escaped again, wandered about England, went to Ireland, and there obtained credit as an actor; then returned to London, and appeared at Drury Lane, where his skill as a mimic enabled him to perform each part in the manner of the actor who had obtained chief credit by it. His power of mimicry made him very diverting in society, and as he had natural politeness with a sprightly wit, his company was sought and paid for at the entertainments of the great.' 'Dick Estcourt' was a great favourite with the Duke of Marlborough, and when men of wit and rank joined in establishing the Beefsteak Club they made Estcourt their *Providore*, with a small gold gridiron, for badge, hung round his neck by a green ribbon. Estcourt was a writer for the stage as well as actor, and had shown his agreement with the *Spectator's* dramatic criticisms by ridiculing the Italian opera with an interlude called *Prunella*. In the Numbers of the *Spectator* for December 28 and 29 Estcourt had advertised that he would on the 1st of January open 'the 'Bumper' Tavern in James's Street, Westminster, and had laid in 'neat natural wines, fresh and in 'perfection; being bought by Brooke and Hellier, 'by whom the said Tavern will from time to time 'be supplied with the best growths that shall be 'imported; to be sold by wholesale as well as retail, 'with the utmost fidelity by his old servant, trusty 'Anthony, who has so often adorned both the the-'atres in England and Ireland; and as he is a person 'altogether unknowing in the wine trade, it cannot 'be doubted but that he will deliver the wine in the 'same natural purity that he receives it from the 'said merchants; and on these assurances he 'hopes that all his friends and acquaintance will 'become his customers, desiring a continuance of 'their favours no longer than they shall find them-'selves well served.' This is the venture which Steele here backs for his friend with the influence of the *Spectator*.

'Steward's Table can be without it, that it 'strengthens Digestion, excludes Surfeits, Fevers 'and Physick; which green Wines of any kind 'can't do. Pray get a pure snug Room, and I 'hope next Term to help fill your Bumper with 'our People of the Club; but you must have no 'Bells stirring when the *Spectator* comes; I for-'bore ringing to Dinner while he was down with 'me in the Country. Thank you for the little 'Hams and *Portugal* Onions; pray keep some 'always by you. You know my Supper is only 'good *Cheshire* Cheese, best Mustard, a golden 'Pippin, attended with a Pipe of *John Sly's* Best. 'Sir *Harry* has stoln all your Songs, and tells me 'Story of the 5th of *November* to Perfection.

Yours to serve you,
Roger de Coverley.

'We've lost old *John* since you were here. T.

No. 265.] *Thursday, January* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?—Ovid.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a Woman to be ξῶον φιλοκόσμον, *an Animal that delights in Finery.* I have already treated of the Sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have in particular observed, that in all Ages they have been more careful than the Men to adorn that Part of the Head, which we generally call the Outside.

This Observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his Understanding; whereas when we say of a Woman, she has a fine, a long or a good Head, we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has lavished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress: Whether it be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers, or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of Pinacle on the very Top of the Head. [As Nature on the contrary[1]] nas poured out her Charms in the greatest Abundance upon the Female Part of our Species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest Garnitures of Art. The Peacock in all his Pride, does not display half the Colours that appear in the Garments of a *British* Lady, when she is dressed either for a Ball or a Birth-day.

But to return to our Female Heads. The Ladies have been for some time in a kind of *moulting Season,* with regard to that Part of their Dress, having *cast* great Quantities of Ribbon, Lace, and Cambrick, and in some measure reduced that Part of the human Figure to the beautiful globular Form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of Ornament would be substituted in the Place of those antiquated Commodes. But our Female Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up with the Improvement of their Petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts upon the other Extremity, as well remembring the old Kitchen Proverb, that if you light your Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for it self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was standing in the hinder Part of the Box, I took notice of a little Cluster of Women sitting together in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw. One of them was Blue, another Yellow, and another Philomot;[1] the fourth was of a Pink Colour, and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as much Pleasure upon this little party-coloured Assembly, as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an Embassy of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in every Face, that I found them all to be *English.* Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads, could be the Growth of no other Country. The Complection of their Faces hindred me from observing any farther the Colour of their Hoods, though I could easily perceive by that unspeakable Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks, that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their Heads.

I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin already to hang out different Colours, and to shew their Principles in their Head-dress. Nay if I may believe my Friend Will. Honeycomb, there is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil,* not questioning but that among such a variety of Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend Will., who very much values himself upon his great Insights into Gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the Humour a Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of *Morocco* know the Disposition of their present Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he puts on. When *Melesinda* wraps her Head in Flame Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution. When she covers it with Purple, I would not, says he, advise her Lover to approach her; but if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may hand her out of her Box with Safety.

Will. informs me likewise, that these Hoods may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does *Cornelia* always put on a Black Hood when her Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend Honeycomb's Dreams of Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this Diversity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diversity of Complexion in the Faces of my pretty Country Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given

[1] [On the contrary as Nature]

[1] *Feuille mort,* the russet yellow of dead leaves.

some Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk to the pale Complexion; White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL., who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Sarsenet; that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky coloured Garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complexion of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the Fair Sex,[1] I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Virtue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' οὐ χρυσία.

[C.[2]]

No. 266.] *Friday, January* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere:
Mature ut cum cognôrit perpetuo oderit.
Ter. Eun. Act. 5, Sc. 4.

NO Vice or Wickedness which People fall into from Indulgence to Desire[s] which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no one which[a] you shall hear the rigider Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for her self, and only pity it in others. WILL.. HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the Outragiously Virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right Hand coming out of *James-street*, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me; and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but meerly as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood [under [b]] one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could observe as exact Features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitely Beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air; but I saw it checked with Hunger and Cold: Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her Mein genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outragiously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher's* Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe* who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book; and as she is looking over the Letter *C*, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

Her Maidenhead will yield me; let me see now;
She is not Fifteen they say: For her Complexion——

[1] 'I will not meddle with the Spectator. Let 'him *fair-sex* it to the world's end.' Swift's Journal to Stella.

[2] [T.] corrected by an erratum in No. 268.

[a] [under in]

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, *here I have her,*
Cloe, *the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;*
Her Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,
A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and rolling,
The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,
Sings most enticingly: These Helps consider'd,
Her Maidenhead will amount to some three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear it handsomly.
Her Father's poor, some little Share deducted,
To buy him a Hunting Nag———

These Creatures are very well instructed in the Circumstances and Manners of all who are any Way related to the Fair One whom they have a Design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with [350[1]] Crowns, and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Present of Plate and a little Ambition. She is made to understand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Business, and the crying down her Value for being a slight Thing, together with every other Circumstance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were to be wished the Author had added a Circumstance which should make *Leucippe's* Baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a Digression from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Discourse upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the Education of one of these Houses. But the compassionate Case of very many is, that they are taken into such Hands without any the least Suspicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The last Week I went to an Inn in the City to enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcel, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Questions and Responses of the Church-Catechism. I thought it no Breach of good Manners to peep at a Crevice, and look in at People so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful Procuress in the Town, examining a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the same Waggon with my Things, *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants and idle Fellows, of which this Town*, says she, *is too full*: At the same time, *Whether she knew enough of Breeding, as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, should give her a civil Salute, she should curtsy and be humble, nevertheless.* Her innocent *forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her Endeavour*, moved the good old Lady to take her out of the Hands of a Country Bumpkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I staid till I saw them all marched out to take Coach; the Brother loaded with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to [his] Sister. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a Prey to Lust she will be delivered over to Famine; the Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies[, these[1]] Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*,[2] and is a Master-piece of Raillery on this Vice. But to understand all the Purlieus of this Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in future Discourses, I must venture my self, with my Friend WILL. into the Haunts of Beauty and Gallantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to distressed indigent Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Brothel. T.

[1] [fifty]

No. 267.] *Saturday, January* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.[3]
Propert.

THERE is nothing in Nature [more irksome than[4]] general Discourses, especially when they

[1] [. These]
[4] [so irksom as]

[2] Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer* having given offence to many ladies, was inscribed in a satirical *billet doux* dedicatory 'To My Lady B * *.'

[3] 'Give place to him, Writers of Rome and 'Greece.' This application to Milton of a line from the last elegy (25th) in the second book of Propertius is not only an example of Addison's felicity in choice of motto for a paper, but was so bold and well-timed that it must have given a wholesome shock to the minds of many of the *Spectator's* readers. Addison was not before Steele in appreciation of Milton and diffusion of a true sense of his genius. Milton was the subject of the first piece of poetical criticism in the *Tatler;* where, in his sixth number, Steele, having said that 'all Milton's thoughts are wonderfully 'just and natural,' dwelt on the passage in which Adam tells his thoughts upon first falling asleep, soon after his creation. This passage he contrasts with 'the same apprehension of Annihilation' ascribed to Eve in a much lower sense by Dryden in his operatic version of *Paradise Lost.* In *Tatlers* and *Spectators* Steele and Addison had been equal contributors to the diffusion of a sense of Milton's genius. In Addison it had been strong, even when, at Oxford, in April, 1694, a young man trained in the taste of the day, he omitted Shakespeare from a rhymed 'Account of the chief 'English Poets,' but of Milton said:

'*Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,*
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics' nicer laws.'

Eighteen years older than he was when he wrote that, Addison now prepares by a series of Saturday Essays,—the Saturday Paper which reached many

turn chiefly upon Words. For this Reason I shall wave the Discussion of that Point which was started some Years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an Heroick Poem? Those

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subscribers only in time for Sunday reading, being always set apart in the *Spectator* for moral or religious topics,—to show that, judged also by Aristotle and the 'critics' nicer laws,' Milton was even *technically* a greater epic poet than either Homer or Virgil. This nobody had conceded. Dryden, the best critic of the outgoing generation, had said in the Dedication of the Translations of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, published in 1692, 'As 'for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so 'much Justice, his Subject is not that of an He-'roick Poem, properly so call'd: His Design is 'the Losing of our Happiness; his Event is not 'prosperous, like that of all other *Epique* Works' (Dryden's French spelling of the word Epic is suggestive. For this new critical Mode was one of the fashions that had been imported from Paris); 'His Heavenly Machines are many, and 'his Human Persons are but two. But I will not 'take Mr. *Rymer's* work out of his Hands: He 'has promised the World a Critique on that Au-'thor; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem 'for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his 'Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and 'that no Man has so happily copy'd the manner 'of Homer; or so copiously translated his Gre-'cisms and the Latin Elegancies of Virgil. 'Tis 'true he runs into a Flat of Thought, sometimes 'for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he 'is got into a Track of Scripture . . . . Neither 'will I justify *Milton* for his Blank Verse, tho' I 'may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanabal* 'Caro and other *Italians* who have used it: For 'whatever Causes he alledges for the abolishing 'of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to 'examine), his own particular Reason is plainly 'this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he had 'neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of 'it.' So Dryden, who appreciated Milton better than most of his critical neighbours, wrote of him in 1692. The promise of Rymer to discuss Milton was made in 1678, when, on the last page of his little book, *The Tragedies of the Last Age consider'd and examin'd by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a letter to Fleetwold Shepheard, Esq.* (father of two ladies who contribute an occasional letter to the *Spectator*), he said: 'With the remaining Tra-'gedies I shall also send you some reflections on 'that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are 'pleased to call a Poem, and assert Rhime against 'the slender Sophistry wherewith he attaques it.' But two years after the appearance of Dryden's *Juvenal* and *Persius* Rymer prefixed to his translation of Réné Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Poesie* some Reflections of his own on Epic Poets. Herein he speaks under the head Epic Poetry of Chaucer, 'in whose time language 'was not capable of heroic character;' of Spenser, who 'wanted a true Idea, and lost himself by 'following an unfaithful guide,' besides using a 'stanza which is *in no* wise proper for our lan-'guage;' of Sir William Davenant, who, in *Gondibert*, 'has some strokes of an extraordinary judg-'ment,' but 'is for unbeaten tracks and new ways 'of thinking;' 'his heroes are foreigners;' of Cowley, in whose *Davideis* 'David is the least 'part of the Poem,' and there is want of the 'one 'illustrious and perfect action which properly is 'the subject of an Epick Poem: all failing 'through ignorance or negligence of the Funda-'mental Rules or Laws of Aristotle. But he 'contemptuously passes over Milton without men-'tion.' Réné Rapin, that great French oracle of whom Dryden said, in the Preface to his own conversion of *Paradise Lost* into an opera, that he was 'alone sufficient, were all other critics 'lost, to teach anew the Art of Writing,' Réné Rapin in the work translated and introduced by Rymer, worshipped in Aristotle the one God of all orthodox critics. Of his Laws he said, 'There 'is no arriving at Perfection but by these Rules, 'and they certainly go astray that take a differ-'ent course. . . . And if a Poem made by these 'Rules fails of success, the fault lies not in the 'Art, but in the Artist; all who have writ of this 'Art, have followed no other Idea but that of 'Aristotle.' Again as to Style, 'to say the truth, 'what is good on this subject is all taken from 'Aristotle, who is the only source whence good 'sense is to be drawn, when one goes about to 'write.' This was the critical temper Addison resolved to meet on its own ground and do battle with for the honour of that greatest of all Epic Poets to whom he fearlessly said that all the Greeks and Latins must give place. In so doing he might suggest here and there cautiously, and without bringing upon himself the discredit of much heresy,—indeed, without being much of a heretic,—that even the Divine Aristotle sometimes fell short of perfection. The conventional critics who believed they kept the gates of Fame would neither understand nor credit him. Nine years after these papers appeared, Charles Gildon, who passed for a critic of considerable mark, edited with copious annotation as '*the Laws of Poetry*' (1721), the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay on 'Poetry,' Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated 'Verse,' and Lord Lansdowne 'on Unnatural 'Flights in Poetry,' and in the course of comment Gildon said that 'Mr. Addison in the *Spectators*, 'in his criticisms upon *Milton*, seems to have mis-'taken the matter, in endeavouring to bring that 'poem to the rules of the epopœia, which cannot 'be done. . . . It is not an Heroic Poem, but a 'Divine one, and indeed of a new species. It is 'plain that the proposition of all the heroic poems 'of the ancients mentions some one person as the 'subject of their poem. . . But Milton begins his 'poem of things, and not of men.' The Gildons are all gone; and when, in the next generation after theirs, national life began, in many parts of Europe, strongly to assert itself in literature against the pedantry of the French critical lawgivers, in Germany Milton's name was inscribed on the foremost standard of the men who represented the new spirit of the age. Gottsched, who dealt French critical law from Leipzig, by passing sentence against Milton in his 'Art of Poetry' in 1737, raised in Bodmer an opponent who led the revolt

who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem*. It will be sufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who [alledge [1]] it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be considered in an Epic Poem, is the Fable,[2] which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but One Action. Secondly, It should be an entire Action; and, Thirdly, It should be a great Action.[3] To consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of Things, as *Horace* has observed:[4] Had he gone up to *Leda's* Egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of several Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes, and [artfully [1]] interweaves, in the several succeeding Parts of it, an Account of every Thing [material] which relates to [them [2]] and had passed before that fatal Dissension. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first Appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding Parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preserving of this Unity of Action they follow them in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an Infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great Actions, which preceded, in point of Time, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable,[3] tho' at the same time that great Critick and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the *Greek* Poet, by imputing it in some measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* [also labours [4]] in this Particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as Excrescencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a Multitude of astonishing [Incidents,[5]] that it gives us at the same time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of the greatest [Simplicity; uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution [6]].

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of all that was most vigorous in German thought, and put an end to French supremacy. Bodmer, in a book published in 1740 *Vom Wunderbaren in der Poesie*, justified and exalted Milton, and brought Addison to his aid by appending to his own work a translation of these Milton papers out of the *Spectator*. Gottsched replied; Bodmer retorted. Bodmer translated Paradise Lost; and what was called the English or Milton party (but was, in that form, really a German national party) were at last left masters of the field. It was right that these papers of Addison should be brought in as aids during the contest. Careful as he was to conciliate opposing prejudices, he was yet first in the field, and this motto to the first of his series of Milton papers, 'Yield place to him, Writers of 'Greece and Rome,' is as the first trumpet note of the one herald on a field from which only a quick ear can yet distinguish among stir of all that is near, the distant tramp of an advancing host.

[1] [say]

[2] Aristotle, *Poetics*, III. § 1, after a full discussion of Tragedy, begins by saying, 'with respect 'to that species of Poetry which imitates by *Nar-* '*ration* . . . it is obvious, that the Fable ought to 'be dramatically constructed, like that of Tragedy, 'and that it should have for its Subject one entire 'and perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, 'and an end;' forming a complete whole, like an animal, and therein differing, Aristotle says, from History, which treats not of one Action, but of one Time, and of all the events, casually connected, which happened to one person or to many during that time.

[3] *Poetics*, I. § 9. 'Epic Poetry agrees so far 'with Tragic as it is an imitation of great charac- 'ters and actions.' Aristotle (from whose opinion, in this matter alone, his worshippers departed, right though he was) ranked a perfect tragedy above a perfect epic; for, he said, 'all the parts 'of the Epic poem are to be found in Tragedy, 'not all those of Tragedy in the Epic poem.'

[4] Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo,
Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit——
De Arte Poet. ll. 146-9.

[1] [with great Art] [2] [the Story]

[3] *Poetics*, V. § 3. In arguing the superiority of Tragic to Epic Poetry, Aristotle says, 'there is 'less Unity in all Epic imitation; as appears from 'this—that any Epic Poem will furnish matter for 'several Tragedies . . . The *Iliad*, for example, 'and the *Odyssey*, contain many such subordinate 'parts, each of which has a certain Magnitude and 'Unity of its own; yet is the construction of those 'Poems as perfect, and as nearly approaching to 'the imitation of a single action, as possible.'

[4] [labours also] [5] [Circumstances]

[6] [Simplicity.]

I must observe also, that as *Virgil*, in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the *Roman* Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like Art, in his Poem on the *Fall of Man*, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Besides the many other Beauties in such an Episode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In short, this is the same kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in *The Spanish Frier*, or *The Double Discovery*,[1] where the two different Plots look like Counter-parts and Copies of one another.

The second Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem, is, that it should be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is complete in all its Parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single Step should be omitted in that just and regular Progress which it must be supposed to take from its Original to its Consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance and Effects; and *Æneas's* Settlement in *Italy*, carried on thro' all the Oppositions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this Particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The Parts of it are told in the most distinct Manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural [Order[2]].

The third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatness*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such Consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroyed the Heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Æneas's* Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton's* Subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Nations, but of a whole Species. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it self interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part assigned it in this noble Poem.

In Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every Part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this Nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top,[1] and many other of the same [kind[2]] in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Censure in this Particular; but I think we may say, without [derogating from[3]] those wonderful Performances, that there is an unquestionable Magnificence in every Part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

But *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its Nature, but also in its Duration, or in other Words that it should have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just Measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude.[4] An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, because the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused Idea of the Whole, and not a distinct Idea of all its Parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an Animal of ten thousand Furlongs in length, the Eye would be so filled with a single Part of it, that it could not give the Mind an Idea of the Whole. What these Animals are to the Eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal Art in this Particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the [Invention[5]] of *Episodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story, sufficient to employ the Memory without over-

[1] Dryden's *Spanish Friar* has been praised also by Johnson for the happy coincidence and coalition of the tragic and comic plots, and Sir Walter Scott said of it, in his edition of Dryden's Works, that 'the felicity does not consist in the 'ingenuity of his original conception, but in the 'minutely artificial strokes by which the reader is 'perpetually reminded of the dependence of the 'one part of the Play on the other. These are so 'frequent, and appear so very natural, that the 'comic plot, instead of diverting our attention 'from the tragic business, recalls it to our mind by 'constant and unaffected allusion. No great event 'happens in the higher region of the camp or 'court that has not some indirect influence upon 'the intrigues of Lorenzo and Elvira; and the 'part which the gallant is called upon to act in 'the revolution that winds up the tragic interest, 'while it is highly in character, serves to bring 'the catastrophe of both parts of the play under 'the eye of the spectator, at one and the same 'time.'

[2] [Method]

[1] *Æneid*, Bk. VII. ll. 378—384, thus translated by Dryden:

'*And as young striplings whip the top for sport,*
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout:
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the Queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowds, and trundles as she goes.'

[2] [nature]

[3] [offence to]

[4] *Poetics*, II. § 4, where it is said of the magnitude of Tragedy.

[5] [Intervention]

charging it. *Milton's* Action is enriched with such a Variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much Pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Restraints he was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close an Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern Criticks have collected from several Hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton's* Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the Reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the Criticks, either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determin'd Number of Years, Days or Hours.

This Piece of Criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost *shall be carried on in [the] following* [Saturdays] *Papers.* L.

No. 268.] *Monday, January* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus Horum Hominum——— Hor.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it: I am of Opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the World the plain Letters of my Correspondents in the artless Dress in which they hastily send them, that the Reader may see I am not Accuser and Judge my self, but that the Indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the Criminal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'As you are *Spectator-General*, I apply myself 'to you in the following Case; viz. I do not 'wear a Sword, but I often divert my self at the 'Theatre, where I frequently see a Set of Fellows 'pull plain People, by way of Humour [and [1]] 'Frolick, by the Nose, upon frivolous or no Occasions. A Friend of mine the other Night applauding what a graceful Exit Mr. *Wilks* made, 'one of these Nose-wringers overhearing him, 'pinched him by the nose. I was in the Pit the 'other Night, (when it was very much crowded) 'a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, 'I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand; 'for which he pulled me by the Nose. I would not 'resent it in so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Disturbance; but have since 'reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and 'disingenuous, renders the Nose-puller odious, 'and makes the Person pulled by the Nose look 'little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am your Admirer, &c.

James Easy.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Discourse of the 29th of *December* on 'Love and Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I 'cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on 'that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that 'the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is 'adapted to give us the compleatest Happiness 'this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But 'the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise 'Choice People make for themselves, and Expectation of Happiness from Things not capable of 'giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the 'Person beloved can be a Foundation for a Love 'of Judgment and Discretion; and whoever expects Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, 'Wisdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of 'Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. 'But how few are there who seek after these 'things, and do not rather make Riches their chief 'if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, 'when he engages himself in the Thoughts of 'Marriage, to place his Hopes of having in such a 'Woman a constant, agreeable Companion? One 'who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? 'Who will manage that Share of his Estate he 'intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his House with Oeconomy and 'Discretion, and be an Ornament to *himself* and 'Family? Where shall we find the Man who 'looks out for one who places her chief Happiness 'in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty 'her continual Pleasure? No: Men rather seek 'for Money as the Complement of all their Desires; 'and regardless of what kind of Wives they take, 'they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind 'of Pleasures, and enable them to keep Mistresses, 'Horses, Hounds, to drink, feast, and game with 'their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by 'former Extravagancies, or some such vile and 'unworthy End; and indulge themselves in Pleasures which are a Shame and Scandal to humane 'Nature. Now as for the Women; how few of 'them are there who place the Happiness of their 'Marriage in the having a wise and virtuous 'Friend? one who will be faithful and just to all,

[1] This Letter was written by Mr James Heywood, many years wholesale linen-draper on Fish-street Hill, who died in 1776, at the age of 90. His 'Letters and Poems' were (including this letter at p. 100) in a second edition, in 12mo, in 1726.

[1] [or]

'and constant and loving to them? who with Care 'and Diligence will look after and improve the 'Estate, and without grudging allow whatever is 'prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are 'there who do not place their Happiness in out-'shining others in Pomp and Show? and that do 'not think within themselves when they have 'married such a rich Person, that none of their 'Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their Equip-'age, so adorned in their Persons, or so magnifi-'cent in their Furniture as themselves? Thus 'their Heads are filled with vain Ideas; and I 'heartily wish I could say that Equipage and 'Show were not the Chief Good of so many Wo-'men as I fear it is.

'After this Manner do both Sexes deceive them-'selves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon 'the most happy and most honourable State of 'Life; whereas if they would but correct their 'depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and 'place their Happiness upon proper Objects, we 'should not find Felicity in the Marriage State 'such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth insert-'ing [among[1]] your own, be pleased to give them 'a better Dress, and let them pass abroad; and 'you will oblige

Your Admirer,
A. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was this Day walking in the Street, there 'happened to pass by on the other Side of the 'Way a Beauty, whose Charms were so attracting 'that it drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, inso-'much that I neglected my own Way, and chanced 'to run my Nose directly against a Post; which 'the Lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a 'Fit of Laughter, though at the same time she 'was sensible that her self was the Cause of my 'Misfortune, which in my Opinion was the greater 'Aggravation of her Crime. I being busy wiping 'off the Blood which trickled down my Face, had 'not Time to acquaint her with her Barbarity, as 'also with my Resolution, *viz.* never to look out 'of my Way for one of her Sex more: Therefore, 'that your humble Servant may be revenged, he 'desires you to insert this in one of your next Pa-'pers, which he hopes will be a Warning to all the 'rest of the Women Gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gape.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I desire to know in your next, if the merry 'Game of *The Parson has lost his Cloak*, is not 'mightily in Vogue amongst the fine Ladies this '*Christmas*; because I see they wear Hoods of 'all Colours, which I suppose is for that Purpose: 'If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some 'of those Hoods with me to our Ladies in *York-'shire*; because they enjoyned me to bring them 'something from *London* that was very New. If 'you can tell any Thing in which I can obey their 'Commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform 'me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Dec.* 29.

'Since you appear inclined to be a Friend to 'the Distressed, I beg you would assist me in an 'Affair under which I have suffered very much. 'The reigning Toast of this Place is *Patetia*; I 'have pursued her with the utmost Diligence this 'Twelve-month, and find nothing stands in my 'Way but one who flatters her more than I can. 'Pride is her Favourite Passion; therefore if you 'would be so far my Friend as to make a favour-'able Mention of her in one of your Papers, I be-'lieve I should not fail in my Addresses. The 'Scholars stand in Rows, as they did to be sure in 'your Time, at her Pew-door: and she has all the 'Devotion paid to her by a Crowd of Youth[s] 'who are unacquainted with the Sex, and have 'Inexperience added to their Passion: However, 'if it succeeds according to my Vows, you will 'make me the happiest Man in the World, and 'the most obliged amongst all

Your humble Servants.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I came [to[1]] my Mistress's Toilet this Morn-'ing, for I am admitted when her Face is stark 'naked: She frowned, and cryed Pish when I 'said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged 'by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam, 'said I, you [shall[2]] forbear that Part of your Dress; 'it may be well in others, but you cannot place a 'Patch where it does not hide a Beauty. 'T.

No. 269.] *Tuesday, January* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas——— Ovid.

I WAS this Morning surprised with a great knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a Man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not know his Name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the Coachman of my worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his Master came to Town last Night, and would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Gray's-Inn* Walks. As I was wondring in my self what had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having lately received any Letter from him, he told me that his Master was come up to get a Sight of Prince *Eugene*,[3] and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the Curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private Discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio* (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater Man than *Scanderbeg*.

[1] [amongst]

[1] [at] [2] [should]

[3] Prince Eugene was at this time in London, and caressed by courtiers who had wished to prevent his coming, for he was careful to mark his friendship for the Duke of Marlborough, who was the subject of hostile party intrigues. During his visit he stood godfather to Steele's second son, who was named, after him, Eugene.

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn* Walks, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hems.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Beggar-Man that had asked an Alms of him. I could hear my Friend chide him for not finding out some Work; but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-pence.

Our Salutations were very hearty on both Sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of Dr. *Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the Welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob and presented me in his Name with a Tobacco-Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the Beginning of the Winter in turning great Quantities of them; and that he [made[1]] a Present of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles, and smoaks. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

Among other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country-Seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was so very high, that it blew down the End of one of his Barns. But for my own part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversions which had passed in his House during the Holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open House at *Christmas*. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat Hogs for the Season, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongst his Neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of Hogs-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the Middle of the Winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their [Poverty and Cold,[2]] if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt to my small Beer, and set it a running for twelve Days to every one that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and smutting one another. Our Friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflection of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then launched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament[1] for securing the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his House on *Christmas* Day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his Plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our Country Matters, Sir ROGER made several Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of Smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them some of his Republican Doctrines; but soon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Procession——but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of publick Matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a Stand in some convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in *Baker's* Chronicle, and other Authors, [who[2]] always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoak a Pipe with him over a Dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement* with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniencies about him.

L.

[1] [had made]
[2] [Cold and Poverty]

[1] The Act against Occasional Conformity, 10 Ann. cap. 2.

[2] [that]

No. 270.] *Wednesday, January* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat——
Hor.

I DO not know that I have been in greater Delight for these many Years, than in beholding the Boxes at the Play the last Time *The Scornful Lady*[1] was acted. So great an Assembly of Ladies placed in gradual Rows in all the Ornaments of Jewels, Silk and Colours, gave so lively and gay an Impression to the Heart, that methought the Season of the Year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill Expression of a young Fellow who stood near me, that called the Boxes Those Beds of Tulips. It was a pretty Variation of the Prospect, when any one of these fine Ladies rose up and did Honour to herself and Friend at a Distance, by curtisying; and gave Opportunity to that Friend to shew her Charms to the same Advantage in returning the Salutation. Here that Action is as proper and graceful, as it is at Church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I must take the Liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of Civilities at Church, offer at any such Indecorum during any Part of the Action of the Play. Such beautiful Prospects gladden our Minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing Ideas. He that dwells upon any one Object of Beauty, may fix his Imagination to his Disquiet; but the Contemplation of a whole Assembly together, is a Defence against the Encroachment of Desire: At least to me, who have taken pains to look at Beauty abstracted from the Consideration of its being the Object of Desire; at Power, only as it sits upon another, without any Hopes of partaking any Share of it; at Wisdom and Capacity, without any Pretensions to rival or envy its Acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any Hopes by beholding the Persons of beautiful Women, or warming my self into Ambition from the Successes of other Men, this World is not only a meer Scene, but a very pleasant one. Did Mankind but know the Freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the World, I should have more Imitators, than the powerfullest Man in the Nation has Followers. To be no Man's Rival in Love, or Competitor in Business, is a Character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to Benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this Effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their Approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your Heart on the same things which the Generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy Philosophy, I am never less at a Play than when I am at the Theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with the Action as in that Place, for most Men follow Nature no longer than while they are in their Night-Gowns, and all the busy Part of the Day are in Characters which they neither become or act in with Pleasure to themselves or their Beholders. But to return to my Ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a Crowd of them assembled at a Play, wherein the Heroine; as the Phrase is, is so just a Picture of the Vanity of the Sex in tormenting their Admirers. The Lady who pines for the Man whom she treats with so much Impertinence and Inconstancy, is drawn with much Art and Humour. Her Resolutions to be extremely civil, but her Vanity arising just at the Instant that she resolved to express her self kindly, are described as by one who had studied the Sex. But when my Admiration is fixed upon this excellent Character, and two or three others in the Play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost Indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural Representation of the Chaplain. It is possible there may be a Pedant in Holy Orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the World; but such a Driveler as Sir *Roger*, so bereft of all manner of Pride, which is the Characteristick of a Pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the Head of the same Man who drew the rest of the Play. The Meeting between *Welford* and him shews a Wretch without any Notion of the Dignity of his Function; and it is out of all common Sense that he should give an Account of himself *as one sent four or five Miles in a Morning on Foot for Eggs*. It is not to be denied, but his Part and that of the Maid whom he makes Love to, are excellently well performed; but a Thing which is blameable in it self, grows still more so by the Success in the Execution of it. It is so mean a Thing to gratify a loose Age with a scandalous Representation of what is reputable among Men, not to say what is sacred, that no Beauty, no Excellence in an Author ought to attone for it; nay, such Excellence is an Aggravation of his Guilt, and an Argument that he errs against the Conviction of his own Understanding and Conscience. Wit should be tried by this Rule, and an Audience should rise against such a Scene, as throws down the Reputation of any thing which the Consideration of Religion or Decency should preserve from Contempt. But all this Evil arises from this one Corruption of Mind, that makes Men resent Offences against their Virtue, less than those against their Understanding. An Author shall write as if he thought there was not one Man of Honour or Woman of Chastity in the House, and come off with Applause: For an Insult upon all the Ten Commandments, with the little Criticks, is not so bad as the Breach of an Unity of Time or Place. Half Wits do not apprehend the Miseries that must necessarily flow from Degeneracy of Manners; nor do they know that Order is the Support of Society. Sir *Roger* and his Mistress are Monsters of the Poets own forming; the Sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in Fools of their Education. We all know that a silly Scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the Rank of such as are really his Superiors: His Arrogance is always founded upon particular Notions of Distinction in his own Head, accompanied with a pedantick Scorn of all Fortune and Preheminence, when compared with his Knowledge and Learn-

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher's.

ing. This very one Character of Sir *Roger*, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the Disparagement of Holy Orders, and consequently of Virtue it self, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up for in the Conduct of the longest Life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but assert it from the Principles by which Mankind must always be governed. Sallies of Imagination are to be overlook'd, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praise-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of Vice, with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the People. T.

No. 271.] *Thursday, Jan.* 10, 1712. [*Addison.*

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.—Virg.

I RECEIVE a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correspondents, first as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furnish me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the Letter it self, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention; sometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own Way of Speaking and Thinking, and always (if it can be done without Prejudice to the Sense) omit the many Compliments and Applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two Advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the Letters that are sent me, they give me an Opportunity of lengthning out my Paper by the skilful Management of the subscribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Ease, both of my self and Reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to my self, and am the only punctual Correspondent I have. This Objection would indeed be material, were the Letters I communicate to the Publick stuffed with my own Commendations: and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my own Performances. But I shall leave these wise Conjecturers to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day.

SIR,

'I was last *Thursday* in an Assembly of Ladies, 'where there were Thirteen different coloured 'Hoods. Your *Spectator* of that Day lying upon 'the Table, they ordered me to read it to them, 'which I did with a very clear Voice, 'till I came 'to the *Greek* Verse at the End of it. I must 'confess I was a little startled at its popping upon 'me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my 'Confusion as well as I could, and after having 'mutter'd two or three hard Words to my self, 'laugh'd heartily, and cried, *A very good Jest, 'Faith.* The Ladies desired me to explain it to 'them; but I begged their pardon for that, and 'told them, that if it had been proper for them to 'hear, they may be sure the Author would not 'have wrapp'd it up in *Greek*. I then let drop 'several Expressions, as if there was something in 'it that was not fit to be spoken before a Company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron of the 'Assembly, who was dressed in a Cherry-coloured 'Hood, commended the Discretion of the Writer 'for having thrown his filthy Thoughts into *Greek*, 'which was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same time she declared herself 'very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive Opinion upon the new-fashioned Hoods; 'for to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he 'would have made us ashamed to shew our 'Heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since this 'unlucky Accident happened to me in a Company 'of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious Man, I have consulted one who is well 'versed in the *Greek* Language, and he assures 'me upon his Word, that your late Quotation 'means no more, than that *Manners and not 'Dress are the Ornaments of a Woman.* If this 'comes to the Knowledge of my Female Admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring my 'self off handsomely. In the mean while I give 'you this Account, that you may take care here'after not to betray any of your Well-wishers into 'the like Inconveniencies. It is in the Number 'of these that I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Tom Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Readers are so well pleased with your 'Character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that 'there appeared a sensible Joy in every Coffee'house, upon hearing the old Knight was come to 'Town. I am now with a Knot of his Admirers, 'who make it their joint Request to you, that you 'would give us publick Notice of the Window or 'Balcony where the Knight intends to make his 'Appearance. He has already given great Satisfaction to several who have seen him at *Squire's* 'Coffee-house. If you think fit to place your 'short Face at Sir ROGER'S Left Elbow, we shall 'take the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge so 'great a Favour.

I am, SIR,
Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
C. D.

SIR,

'Knowing that you are very Inquisitive after 'every thing that is Curious in Nature, I will wait 'on you if you please in the Dusk of the Evening, with my *Show* upon my Back, which I carry 'about with me in a Box, as only consisting of a 'Man, a Woman, and an Horse. The two first 'are married, in which State the little Cavalier 'has so well acquitted himself, that his Lady is 'with Child. The big-bellied Woman, and her 'Husband, with their whimsical Palfry, are so 'very light, that when they are put together into 'a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh down the 'whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his 'Nature; but when he grows cholerick I confine 'him to his Box till his Wrath is over, by which 'Means I have hitherto prevented him from doing

'Mischief. His Horse is likewise very vicious, 'for which Reason I am forced to tie him close to 'his Manger with a Pack-thread. The Woman is 'a Coquet. She struts as much as it is possible 'for a Lady of two Foot high, and would ruin me 'in Silks, were *not the* Quantity that goes to a 'large Pin-Cushion sufficient to make her a Gown 'and Petticoat. She told me the other Day, that 'she heard the Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and 'ordered me to get her one of the finest Blue. I 'am forced to comply with her Demands while 'she is in her present Condition, being very will- 'ing to have more of the same Breed. I do not 'know what she may produce me, but provided it 'be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied. Such 'Novelties should not, I think, be concealed from 'the *British Spectator;* for which Reason I hope 'you will excuse this Presumption in

Your most Dutiful,
most Obedient,
and most Humble Servant,

L. S. T.

No. 272.] *Friday, January* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———*Longa est injuria, longæ*
Ambages——— Virg.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Occasion of this Letter is of so great 'Importance, and the Circumstances of it 'such, that I know you will but think it just to in- 'sert it, in Preference of all other Matters that 'can present themselves to your Consideration. 'I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I 'am in Love. The Circumstances of my Passion 'I shall let you understand as well as a disordered 'Mind will admit. That cursed Pickthank Mrs. 'Jane! Alas, I am railing at one to you by her 'Name as familiarly as if you were acquainted 'with her as well as my self: But I will tell you 'all, as fast as the alternate Interruptions of Love 'and Anger will give me Leave. There is a most 'agreeable young Woman in the World whom I 'am passionately in Love with, and from whom I 'have for some space of Time received as great 'Marks of Favour as were fit for her to give, or 'me to desire. The successful Progress of the 'Affair of all others the most essential towards a 'Man's Happiness, gave a new Life and Spirit 'not only to my Behaviour and Discourse, but 'also a certain Grace to all my Actions in the 'Commerce of Life in all Things tho' never so re- 'mote from Love. You know the predominant 'Passion spreads its self thro' all a Man's Trans- 'actions, and exalts or depresses [him[2]] according 'to the Nature of such Passion. But alas, I have 'not yet begun my Story, and what is making 'Sentences and Observations when a Man is plead- 'ing for his Life? To begin then: This Lady has 'corresponded with me under the Names of Love, 'she my *Belinda*, I her *Cleanthes*. Tho' I am 'thus well got into the Account of my Affair, I 'cannot keep in the Thread of it so much as to 'give you the Character of Mrs. *Jane*, whom I 'will not hide under a borrowed Name; but let 'you know that this Creature has been since I 'knew her very handsome, (tho' I will not allow 'her even she *has been* for the future) and during 'the Time of her Bloom and Beauty was so great 'a Tyrant to her Lovers, so over-valued her self 'and under-rated all her Pretenders, that they 'have deserted her to a Man; and she knows no 'Comfort but that common one to all in her Con- 'dition, the Pleasure of interrupting the Amours 'of others. It is impossible but you must have 'seen several of these Volunteers in Malice, who 'pass their whole Time in the most labourous Way 'of Life in getting Intelligence, running from 'Place to Place with new Whispers, without reap- 'ing any other Benefit but the Hopes of making 'others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. *Jane* 'happened to be at a Place where I, with many 'others well acquainted with my Passion for 'Belinda, passed a *Christmas*-Evening. There 'was among the rest a young Lady so free in 'Mirth, so amiable in a just Reserve that accom- 'panied it; I wrong her to call it a Reserve, but 'there appeared in her a Mirth or Chearfulness 'which was not a Forbearance of more immoderate 'Joy, but the natural Appearance of all which 'could flow from a Mind possessed of an Habit 'of Innocence and Purity. I must have utterly 'forgot *Belinda* to have taken no Notice of one 'who was growing up to the same womanly Virtues 'which shine to Perfection in her, had I not dis- 'tinguished one who seemed to promise to the 'World the same Life and Conduct with my faith- 'ful and lovely *Belinda*. When the Company 'broke up, the fine young Thing permitted me to 'take Care of her Home. Mrs. *Jane* saw my 'particular Regard to her, and was informed of 'my attending her to her Father's House. She 'came early to *Belinda* the next Morning, and 'asked her if Mrs. *Such-a-one* had been with her? 'No. If Mr. *Such-a-one's* Lady? No. Nor 'your Cousin *Such-a-one?* No. Lord, says Mrs. '*Jane*, what is the Friendship of Woman?—— 'Nay, they may laugh at it. And did no one tell 'you any thing of the Behaviour of your Lover 'Mr. *What d'ye call* last Night? But perhaps it 'is nothing to you that he is to be married to 'young Mrs. ——— on *Tuesday* next? *Belinda* 'was here ready to die with Rage and Jealousy. 'Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a young Kinsman 'who is Clerk to a Great Conveyancer, who shall 'shew you the rough Draught of the Marriage 'Settlement. The World says her Father gives 'him Two Thousand Pounds more than he could 'have with you. I went innocently to wait on '*Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted; I writ 'to her, and my Letter was sent back unopened. 'Poor *Betty* her Maid, who is on my Side, has 'been here just now blubbering, and told me the 'whole Matter. She says she did not think I 'could be so base; and that she is now odious to 'her Mistress for having so often spoke well of 'me, that she dare not mention me more. All our 'Hopes are placed in having these Circumstances

[1] [*Ubi virus eris nostra medicabilis arte*
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis.
Ovid. Rem. Am.]

[2] [it]

'fairly represented in the SPECTATOR, which '*Betty* says she dare not but bring up as soon as 'it is brought in; and has promised when you 'have broke the Ice to own this was laid between 'us: And when I can come to an Hearing, the 'young Lady will support what we say by her 'Testimony, that I never saw her but that once in 'my whole Life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true Re'lation, nor think it too particular; for there are 'Crowds of forlorn Coquets who intermingle them'selves with other Ladies, and contract Familiari'ties out of Malice, and with no other Design but 'to blast the Hopes of Lovers, the Expectation of 'Parents, and the Benevolence of Kindred. I 'doubt not but I shall be,

SIR,

Your most obliged
humble Servant,
CLEANTHES

SIR, Will's Coffee-house, *Jan.* 10.

'The other Day entering a Room adorned with 'the Fair Sex, I offered, after the usual Manner, 'to each of them a Kiss; but one, more scornful 'than the rest, turned her Cheek. I did not think 'it proper to take any Notice of it till I had asked 'your Advice.'

Your humble Servant,
E. S.

The Correspondent is desir'd to say which Cheek the Offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Parish-Vestry, *January* 9.

All Ladies who come to Church in the New-fashioned Hoods, are desired to be there before Divine Service begins, lest they divert the Attention of the Congregation.

T. RALPH.

No. 273.] *Saturday, Jan.* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Notandi sunt tibi* Mores.—Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise Lost*, let us in the next place consider the Actors. [This is *Aristotle's* Method of considering, first the Fable, and secondly[1] the Manners; or, as we generally call them in *English*, the Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the Multitude and Variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into this Poem, acts a Part which would have been suitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much distinguished by their Manners, as by their Dominions; and even those among them, whose Characters seem wholly made up of Courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excel. In short, there is scarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not ascribe to the Person that speaks or acts, without seeing his Name at the Head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other Poets in the Variety, but also in the Novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Person who had lived thrice the Age of Man, and conversed with *Theseus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the first Race of Heroes. His principal Actor is the [Son[1]] of a Goddess, not to mention the [Offspring of other Deities, who have[2]] likewise a Place in his Poem, and the venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the Father of so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these several Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem. Tho' at the same time, to give them the greater Variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among his Mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Hero's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that Title. *Gyas*, *Mnesteus*, *Sergestus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the same Stamp and Character.

——*Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

There are indeed several very Natural Incidents in the Part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are [remote] Copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. [We must not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others, which are fine Improvements on the *Greek* Poet.] In short, there is neither that Variety nor Novelty in the Persons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we shall find that he has introduced all the Variety [his Fable[3]] was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two Persons at the Time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four distinct Characters in these two Persons. We see Man and Woman in the highest Innocence and Perfection, and in the most abject State of Guilt and Infirmity. The two last Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two first are not only more magnificent, but more new[4] than any Characters either

[1] [These are what Aristotle means by the Fable and]

[1] [Offspring] [2] [Son of Aurora who has]
[3] [that his Poem]
[4] It was especially for the novelty of *Paradise Lost*, that John Dennis had in 1704 exalted Milton above the ancients. In putting forward a prospectus of a large projected work upon 'the 'Grounds of Criticism in Poetry,' he gave as a specimen of the character of his work, the substance of what would be said in the beginning of the Criticism upon Milton. Here he gave Milton supremacy on ground precisely opposite to that chosen by Addison. He described him as 'one of

in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

Milton was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a Shadowy and Fictitious Nature, in the Persons of *Sin* and *Death*,[1] by which means he has [wrought into[2]] the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may attone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a Chymerical Existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; because there is not that measure of Probability annexed to them, which is requisite in Writings of this kind[, as I shall shew more at large hereafter].

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actress in the *Æneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*,[3] several Allegorical Persons of this Nature which are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of Opinion, [such[1]] Characters might have a Place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this Occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*,[2] as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtility of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several Parts of that Poem. But the Crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himself under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great Delight and Surprize of the Reader.

We may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak to his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Three-fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man, shews such a Dignity and Condescension in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are suitable to a Superior Nature. [The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.]

There is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a [peculiar[3]] Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes, Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story, and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes or Disappointments that befel him; as a

'the greatest and most daring Genius's that has 'appear'd in the World, and who has made his 'country a glorious present of the most lofty, but 'most irregular Poem, that has been produc'd by 'the Mind of Man. That great Man had a desire 'to give the World something like an Epick Poem; 'but he resolv'd at the same time to break thro' 'the Rules of Aristotle. Not that he was ignorant 'of them, or contemned them. . . . Milton was the 'first who in the space of almost 4000 years resolv'd 'for his Country's Honour and his own, to present 'the World with an Original Poem; that is to say, 'a Poem that should have his own thoughts, his 'own images, and his own spirit. In order to this 'he was resolved to write a Poem, that, by virtue 'of its extraordinary Subject, cannot so properly 'be said to be against the Rules as it may be af'firmed to be above them all. . . . We shall now 'shew for what Reasons the choice of Milton's 'Subject, as it set him free from the obligation 'which he lay under to the Poetical Laws, so it 'necessarily threw him upon new Thoughts, new 'Images, and an Original Spirit. In the next place 'we shall shew that his Thoughts, his Images, and 'by consequence too, his Spirit are actually new, 'and different from those of Homer and Virgil. 'Thirdly, we shall shew, that besides their New'ness, they have vastly the Advantage of *Homer* 'and *Virgil*.'

[1] Paradise Lost, Book II.

[2] [interwoven in]

[3] Sir Samuel Garth in his *Dispensary*, a mock-heroic poem upon a dispute, in 1696, among doctors over the setting up of a Dispensary in a room of the College of Physicians for relief of the sick poor, houses the God of Sloth within the College, and outside, among other allegories, personifies Disease as a Fury to whom the enemies of the Dispensary offer libation. Boileau in his *Lutrin*, a mock-heroic poem written in 1673 on a dispute between two chief personages of the chapter of a church in Paris, la Sainte Chapelle, as to the position of a pulpit, had with some minor allegory, chiefly personified Discord, and made her enter into the form of an old precentor, very much as in Garth's poem the Fury Disease

'*Shrill Colon's person took,*
'*In morals loose, but most precise in look.*'

[1] [that such]

[2] Poetics II. § 17; III. § 6.

[3] [particular]

Greek must have had the same Regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives. We have an actual Interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Criticks. 'If 'a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls 'into a Misfortune, it raises our Pity, but not our 'Terror, because we do not fear that it may be 'our own Case, who do not resemble the Suffering 'Person.' But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If we see a Man of Virtue mixt with Infirmities, 'fall into any Misfortune, it does not only raise 'our Pity but our Terror; because we are afraid 'that the like Misfortunes may happen to our 'selves, who resemble the Character of the Suffering Person.

I shall take another Opportunity to observe, that a Person of an absolute and consummate Virtue should never be introduced in Tragedy, and shall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Observation of *Aristotle*,[1] tho' it may be true in other Occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case; since we are embarked with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

In this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since his Time; since it is plain his Rules would [still have been[2]] more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid* which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

In my next, I shall go through other Parts of Milton's *Poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon* Milton, *but upon* Aristotle. L.

[1] Poetics II. § 11. But Addison misquotes the first clause. Aristotle says that when a wholly virtuous man falls from prosperity into adversity, 'this is neither terrible *nor piteous*, but (μιάρον) 'shocking. Then he adds that our pity is excited 'by undeserved misfortune, and our terror by 'some resemblance between the sufferer and our-'selves.'

[2] [have been still]

No. 274.] *Monday, January* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis—— Hor.

I HAVE upon several Occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my Thoughts the present State of Fornication) weighed with my self, in behalf of guilty Females, the Impulses of Flesh and Blood, together with the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men; and reflect with some Scorn that most Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an Habit of indulging a Pruriency that Way. It will cost some Labour to bring People to so lively a Sense of this, as to recover the manly Modesty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the bashful Grace in the Faces of my Women; but in all Cases which come into Debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter; therefore it will, in the first Place, be necessary to consider the impotent Wenchers and industrious Haggs, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the Soil. When you observe the present State of Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are such as one would think should have no Impulse to what they are pursuing; as in Business, you see sometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves, so in Pleasure, you will find old Men set up for Wenchers. This latter sort of Men are the great Basis and Fund of Iniquity in the Kind we are speaking of: You shall have an old rich Man often receive Scrawls from the several Quarters of the Town, with Descriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will please to send Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to such Indecencies as from Time to Time banish Shame and raise Desire. With these Preparatives the Haggs break their Wards by little and little, 'till they are brought to lose all Apprehensions of what shall befall them in the Possession of younger Men. It is a common Postscript of an Hagg to a young Fellow whom she invites to a new Woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one.* It pleases the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other Lovers. This is the most ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Possession of the Town: But the particular Cases of kind Keepers, skilful Pimps, and all others who drive a separate Trade, and are not in the general Society or Commerce of Sin, will require distinct Consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the Abandoned, we are apt to represent the Case of others with that Mitigation as the Circumstances demand. Calling Names does no Good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the Credit of the

Accuser, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Person accused. We shall therefore, according as the Circumstances differ, vary our Appellations of these Criminals: Those who offend only against themselves, and are not Scandals to Society, but out of Deference to the sober Part of the World, have so much Good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common Word due to the worst of Women; but Regard is to be had to their Circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy Perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Passion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alleviations which make unhappy Women resign the Characteristick of their Sex, Modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick, who thinks all Crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the Circumstances that diminish or enhance the Guilt. I am in Hopes, if this Subject be well pursued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World; and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sourness or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardness contracted at their own Houses. After these Hints on this Subject, I shall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.*

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January* 5, 1711.

'The Subject of your Yesterday's Paper is of 'so great Importance, and the thorough handling 'of it may be so very useful to the Preservation 'of many an innocent young Creature, that I 'think every one is obliged to furnish you with 'what Lights he can, to expose the pernicious 'Arts and Practices of those unnatural Women 'called Bawds. In order to this the enclosed is 'sent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter 'written by a Bawd of Figure in this Town 'to a noble Lord. I have concealed the Names of 'both, my Intention being not to expose the Per-'sons but the Thing.

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant.

My Lord,

'I having a great Esteem for your Honour, and 'a better Opinion of you than of any of the 'Quality, makes me acquaint you of an Affair 'that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a 'Niece that came to Town about a Fortnight ago. 'Her Parents being lately dead she came to me, 'expecting to a found me in so good a Condition 'as to a set her up in a Milliner's Shop. Her 'Father gave Fourscore Pounds with her for five 'Years: Her Time is out, and she is not Sixteen; 'as pretty a black Gentlewoman as ever you saw, 'a little Woman, which I know your Lordship 'likes: well shaped, and as fine a Complection 'for Red and White as ever I saw; I doubt not 'but your Lordship will be of the same Opinion. 'She designs to go down about a Month hence 'except I can provide for her, which I cannot at 'present. Her Father was one with whom all 'he had died with him, so there is four Children 'left destitute; so if your Lordship thinks fit to 'make an Appointment where I shall wait on you 'with my Niece, by a Line or two, I stay for 'your Answer; for I have no Place fitted up 'since I left my House, fit to entertain your 'Honour. I told her she should go with me to 'see a Gentleman a very good Friend of mine; 'so I desire you to take no Notice of my Letter 'by reason she is ignorant of the Ways of the 'Town. My Lord, I desire if you meet us to 'come alone; for upon my Word and Honour 'you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. 'So I remain,

Your Lordship's
Most humble Servant to Command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it.

T.

No. 275.] *Tuesday, January* 15, 1712. [*Addison.*

——tribus Anticyris caput insanabile——
Juv.

I WAS Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious Observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the Help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion, presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methoughts, to the Dissection of a *Beau's Head* and of a *Coquet's Heart*, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man; but upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only something like it; so we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The *Pineal Gland*, which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of

Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrours, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the same Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered it self to be right *Spanish*. The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falshoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended itself to a Bundle of Sonnets and little musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the *English*, Nonsense.

The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprized us, had not in them any single Blood-Vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some Places damaged with Snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small Muscle which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muscle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not discover any Difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for *a Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly; to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the Flower of his Age by the Blow of a Paring-Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tendring some Civilities to his Wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper Place, and laid it aside under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next Place to the *Coquet's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day. L.

No. 276.] *Wednesday, Jan.* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HOPE you have Philosophy enough to be 'capable of bearing the Mention of your Faults. 'Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the 'Fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indeli'cacy, which makes them unworthy to be inserted 'in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the 'World. I cannot allow that you are at Liberty to 'observe upon the Actions of Mankind with the 'Freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at 'least if you do, you should take along with you 'the Distinction of Manners of the World, accord'ing to the Quality and Way of Life of the Per'sons concerned. A Man of Breeding speaks of 'even Misfortune among Ladies without giving it 'the most terrible Aspect it can bear: And this 'Tenderness towards them, is much more to be 'preserved when you speak of Vices. All Man'kind are so far related, that Care is to be taken, 'in things to which all are liable, you do not men'tion what concerns one in Terms which shall

'disgust another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the 'Indigence of a Kinsman of his, or abruptly in-'form a virtuous Woman of the Lapse of one who 'till then was in the same degree of Esteem with 'her self, is in a kind involving each of them 'in some Participation of those Disadvantages. 'It is therefore expected from every Writer, to 'treat his Argument in such a Manner, as is most 'proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom 'his Discourse is directed. It is not necessary 'when you write to the Tea-table, that you should 'draw Vices which carry all the Horror of Shame 'and Contempt: If you paint an impertinent Self-'love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complection, 'you say all which you ought to suppose they can 'possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this 'Limitation, you behave your self so as that you 'may expect others in Conversation may second 'your Raillery; but when you do it in a Stile 'which every body else forbears in Respect to 'their Quality, they have an easy Remedy in for-'bearing to read you, and hearing no more of 'their Faults. A Man that is now and then 'guilty of an Intemperance is not to be called a 'Drunkard; but the Rule of polite Raillery, is to 'speak of a Man's Faults as if you loved him. Of 'this Nature is what was said by *Cæsar:* When 'one was railing with an uncourtly Vehemence, 'and broke out, What must we call him who was 'taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife? '*Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A careless Fel-'low.* This was at once a Reprimand for speaking 'of a Crime which in those Days had not the 'Abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as 'an Intimation that all intemperate Behaviour 'before Superiors loses its Aim, by accusing in a 'Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the 'Wise. All I mean here to say to you is, That 'the most free Person of Quality can go no further 'than being [a kind[1]] Woman; and you should 'never say of a Man of Figure worse, than that 'he knows the World.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Francis Courtly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman of an unspotted Reputation, 'and know nothing I have ever done which should 'encourage such Insolence; but here was one the 'other Day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman 'too, who took the Liberty to name the Words 'Lusty Fellow in my Presence. I doubt not but 'you will resent it in Behalf of,

SIR,
Your humble Servant,
CELIA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein 'you promise a full Account of the State of crim-'inal Love; and call all the Fair who have trans-'gressed in that Kind by one very rude Name 'which I do not care to repeat: But I desire to 'know of you whether I am or I am not of those? 'My Case is as follows. I am kept by an old 'Batchelour, who took me so young, that I knew 'not how he came by me: He is a Bencher of 'one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old 'Man; which is a lucky thing for him, who has 'been, he tells me, a Scowrer, a Scamperer, a 'Breaker of Windows, an Invader of Constables, 'in the Days of Yore when all Dominion ended 'with the Day, and Males and Females met 'helter skelter, and the Scowrers drove before 'them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule 'to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This 'is his way of Talk, for he is very gay when he 'visits me; but as his former Knowledge of the 'Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jeal-'ousy, he keeps me in a pair of Slippers, neat 'Bodice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair 'woven in Ringlets, after a Manner, he says, he 'remembers. I am not Mistress of one Farthing 'of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for 'me, under the Guard of one who procured for 'him while he had any Desires to gratify. I know 'nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation 'of it: I have a natural Voice, and a pretty un-'taught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring 'an old Fellow who has been his Servant from 'his Youth, and is gray-headed: This Man 'makes on the Violin a certain Jiggish Noise to 'which I dance, and when that is over I sing to 'him some loose Air, that has more Wantonness 'than Musick in it. You must have seen a strange 'window'd House near *Hide-Park*, which is so 'built that no one can look out of any of the 'Apartments; my Rooms are after that manner, 'and I never see Man, Woman or Child, but in 'Company with the two Persons above-mentioned. 'He sends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays, 'Operas and Songs that come out; and his utmost 'Delight in me as a Woman, is to talk over old 'Amours in my Presence, to play with my Neck, 'say *the Time was,* give me a Kiss, and bid me 'be sure to follow the Directions of my Guardian, '(the above-mentioned Lady) and I shall never 'want. The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that 'I was educated for a Purpose he did not know he 'should be unfit for when I came to Years. Now, 'Sir, what I ask of you, as a Casuist, is to tell me 'how far in these Circumstances I am innocent, 'though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

I am,
SIR,
Your constant Reader,
PUCELLA.

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,

'Forasmuch as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou 'didst promise upon thy Word, that letting alone 'the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only 'endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals of 'this our *Babylon,* I gave Credit to thy fair 'Speeches, and admitted one of thy Papers, every 'Day save *Sunday,* into my House; for the Edi-'fication of my Daughter *Tabitha,* and to the end 'that *Susannah* the Wife of my Bosom might 'profit thereby. But alas, my Friend, I find that 'thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in 'thee; else why didst thou in a Paper which thou 'didst lately put forth, make mention of those 'vain Coverings for the Heads of our Females,

[1] [an unkind]

'which thou lovest to liken unto Tulips, and which 'are lately sprung up amongst us? Nay why 'didst thou make mention of them in such a seeming, as if thou didst approve the Invention, insomuch that my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to 'wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish Vanities? Surely thou dost see with the Eyes of the 'Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily 'amend and leave off following thine own Imaginations, I will leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,
T. Hezekiah Broadbrim.

No. 277.] *Thursday, January* 17, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——fas est et ab hoste doceri.—Virg.

I PRESUME I need not inform the Polite Part of my Readers, that before our Correspondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the War, our Ladies had all their Fashions from thence; which the Milliners took care to furnish them with by means of a Jointed Baby, that came regularly over, once a Month, habited after the manner of the most Eminent Toasts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest time of the War, the Sex made several Efforts, and raised large Contributions towards the Importation of this Wooden *Madamoiselle*.

Whether the Vessel they set out was lost or taken, or whether its Cargo was seized on by the Officers of the Custom-house, as a piece of Contraband Goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain their first Attempts were without Success, to the no small Disappointment of our whole Female World; but as their Constancy and Application, in a matter of so great Importance, can never be sufficiently commended, I am glad to find that in Spight of all Opposition, they have at length carried their Point, of which I received Advice by the two following Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am so great a Lover of whatever is *French*, 'that I lately discarded an humble Admirer, be'cause he neither spoke that Tongue, nor drank 'Claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the 'Calamities of my Sex during the War, in all 'which time we have laboured under the insup'portable Inventions of *English* Tire-Women, 'who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well, 'can never compose with that *Goût* they do in '*France*.

'I was almost in Despair of ever more seeing a 'Model from that dear Country, when last *Sun'day* I over-heard a Lady, in the next Pew to me, 'whisper another, that at the *Seven Stars* in *King'street Covent-garden*, there was a *Madamoiselle* 'compleatly dressed just come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmost Impatience during the re'maining part of the Service, and as soon as ever 'it was over, having learnt the Millener's *Ad'dresse*, I went directly to her House in *King'street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was 'at a Person of Quality's in *Pall-mall*, and would 'not be back again 'till very late that Night. I 'was therefore obliged to renew my Visit very 'early this Morning, and had then a full View of 'the dear Moppet from Head to Foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridicu'lously I find we have all been trussed up during 'the War, and how infinitely the *French* Dress 'excels ours.

'The Mantua has no Leads in the Sleeves, and 'I hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies, 'so as to want that kind of Ballast; the Petticoat 'has no Whale-bone; but fits with an Air altoge'ther galant and *degagé*: the *Coiffeure* is inex'pressibly pretty, and in short, the whole Dress 'has a thousand Beauties in it, which I would not 'have as yet made too publick.

'I thought fit, however, to give this Notice, 'that you may not be surprized at my appearing '*à la mode de Paris* on the next Birth-Night.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
Teraminta.

Within an Hour after I had read this Letter, I received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

'On *Saturday* last, being the 12th Instant, 'there arrived at my House in *King-street, Covent'Garden*, a *French* Baby for the Year 1712. I 'have taken the utmost Care to have her dressed 'by the most celebrated Tyre-women and Mantua'makers in *Paris*, and do not find that I have any 'Reason to be sorry for the Expence I have been 'at in her Cloaths and Importation: However, 'as I know no Person who is so good a Judge of 'Dress as your self, if you please to call at my 'House in your Way to the City, and take a View 'of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall 'disapprove in your next Paper, before I exhibit 'her as a Pattern to the Publick.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Admirer,
and most obedient Servant,
Betty Cross-stitch.

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for the Service of my Country-women, and had much rather prevent Faults than find them, I went last Night to the House of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Cross-stitch*. As soon as I enter'd, the Maid of the Shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my coming, without asking me any Questions, introduced me to the little Damsel, and ran away to call her Mistress.

The Puppet was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Gown and Petticoat, with a short working Apron over it, which discovered her Shape to the most Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very prettily, with several Ribbons stuck up and down in it. The Millener assured me, that her Complexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies of the best Fashion in *Paris*. Her Head was extreamly high, on which Subject having long since declared my Sentiments, I shall say nothing more to it at present. I was also offended at a small Patch she wore on her Breast, which I cannot suppose is placed there with any good Design.

Her Necklace was of an immoderate Length,

being tied before in such a manner that the two Ends hung down to her Girdle; but whether these supply the Place of Kissing-Strings in our Enemy's Country, and whether our *British* Ladies have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious Consideration.

After having observed the Particulars of her Dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the Shop-maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very Curious in the tying of her Garters; but as I pay a due Respect even to a pair of Sticks when they are in Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so because she was not Talkative, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her Countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the Millener farther informed me, that with the Assistance of a Watchmaker, who was her Neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, she had also contrived another Puppet, which by the help of several little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that she had sent it over to her Correspondent in *Paris* to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Risings of the Bosom, the Curtesy and Recovery, the genteel Trip, and the agreeable Jet, as they are now practised in the Court of *France*.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my Encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a Petition of too great Importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without a Reply, and made the best of my way to WILL. HONEYCOMB's Lodgings, without whose Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this Nature. X.

No. 278.] *Friday, January* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Sermones ego mallem*
Repentes per humum—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,

'YOUR having done considerable Service in this great City, by rectifying the Disorders 'of Families, and several Wives having preferred 'your Advice and Directions to those of their 'Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this 'Time. I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a 'young Man, I find by Experience that nothing 'but the utmost Diligence both of Husband and 'Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs in 'any tolerable Order. My Wife at the Begin-'ning of our Establishment shewed her self very 'assisting to me in my Business as much as could 'lie in her Way, and I have Reason to believe 'twas with her Inclination; but of late she has 'got acquainted with a Schoolman, who values 'himself for his great Knowledge in the *Greek* 'Tongue. He entertains her frequently in the 'Shop with Discourses of the Beauties and Ex-'cellencies of that Language; and repeats to her 'several Passages out of the *Greek* Poets, wherein 'he tells her there is unspeakable Harmony and 'agreeable Sounds that all other Languages are 'wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated 'her with his Jargon, that instead of using her 'former Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects 'the Affairs of the House, and is wholly taken up 'with her Tutor in learning by Heart Scraps of '*Greek*, which she vents upon all Occasions. She 'told me some Days ago, that whereas I use some '*Latin* Inscriptions in my Shop, she advised me 'with a great deal of Concern to have them 'changed into *Greek*; it being a Language less 'understood, would be more conformable to the 'Mystery of my Profession; that our good Friend 'would be assisting to us in this Work; and that 'a certain Faculty of Gentlemen would find them-'selves so much obliged to me, that they would 'infallibly make my Fortune: In short her fre-'quent Importunities upon this and other Impertti-'nences of the like Nature make me very uneasy; 'and if your Remonstrances have no more Effect 'upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be 'obliged to ruin my self to procure her a Settle-'ment at *Oxford* with her Tutor, for she's already 'too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, Sir, you see the 'Danger my Family is exposed to, and the Like-'lihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome 'and useless, unless her reading her self in your 'Paper may make her reflect. She is so very 'learned that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth 'to argue with her. She laughed out at your 'ending a Paper in *Greek*, and said 'twas a Hint 'to Women of Literature, and very civil not to 'translate it to expose them to the Vulgar. You 'see how it is with,

SIR,
Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'If you have that Humanity and Compassion in 'your Nature that you take such Pains to make 'one think you have, you will not deny your Ad-'vice to a distressed Damsel, who intends to be 'determined by your Judgment in a Matter of 'great Importance to her. You must know then, 'There is an agreeable young Fellow, to whose 'Person, Wit, and Humour no body makes any 'Objection, that pretends to have been long in 'Love with me. To this I must add, (whether it 'proceeds from the Vanity of my Nature, or the 'seeming Sincerity of my Lover, I won't pretend 'to say) that I verily believe he has a real Value 'for me; which if true, you'll allow may justly 'augment his Merit for his Mistress. In short, I 'am so sensible of his good Qualities, and what I 'owe to his Passion, that I think I could sooner 'resolve to give up my Liberty to him than any 'body else, were there not an Objection to be 'made to his Fortunes, in regard they don't 'answer the utmost mine may expect, and are 'not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the re-'proachful Phrase so commonly used, That she 'has played the Fool. Now, tho' I am one of 'those few who heartily despise Equipage, Dia-'monds, and a Coxcomb, yet since such opposite 'Notions from mine prevail in the World, even 'amongst the best, and such as are esteemed 'the most prudent People, I can't find in my

'Heart to resolve upon incurring the Censure of 'those wise Folks, which I am conscious I shall 'do, if when I enter into a married State, I dis-'cover a Thought beyond that of equalling, if not 'advancing my Fortunes. Under this Difficulty 'I now labour, not being in the least determined 'whether I shall be governed by the vain World, 'and the frequent Examples I meet with, or 'hearken to the Voice of my Lover, and the Motions 'I find in my Heart in favour of him. Sir, Your 'Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only 'thing I know can turn the Ballance; and which 'I earnestly intreat I may receive soon; for 'till I 'have your Thoughts upon it, I am engaged not 'to give my Swain a final Discharge.

'Besides the particular Obligation you will lay 'on me, by giving this Subject Room in one of 'your Papers, 'tis possible it may be of use to some 'others of my Sex, who will be as grateful for the 'Favour as,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Florinda.

P. S. *To tell you the Truth I am Married to Him already, but pray say something to justify me.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will forgive Us Professors of Musick if 'We make a second Application to You, in order 'to promote our Design of exhibiting Entertain-'ments of Musick in *York-Buildings*. It is in-'dustriously insinuated that Our Intention is to 'destroy Operas in General, but we beg of you to 'insert this plain Explanation of our selves in your 'Paper. Our Purpose is only to improve our Cir-'cumstances, by improving the Art which we 'profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present; 'and as we were the Persons who introduced 'Operas, we think it a groundless Imputation 'that we should set up against the Opera in it self. 'What we pretend to assert is, That the Songs of 'different Authors injudiciously put together, and 'a Foreign Tone and Manner which are expected 'in every thing now performed among us, has put 'Musick it self to a stand; insomuch that the 'Ears of the People cannot now be entertained 'with any thing but what has an impertinent 'Gayety, without any just Spirit, or a Languish-'ment of Notes, without any Passion or common 'Sense. We hope those Persons of Sense and 'Quality who have done us the Honour to sub-'scribe, will not be ashamed of their Patronage 'towards us, and not receive Impressions that 'patronising us is being for or against the Opera, 'but truly promoting their own Diversions in a 'more just and elegant Manner than has been 'hitherto performed.

We are, SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.[1]

There will be no Performances in York-buildings *till after that of the Subscription.* T.

[1] See No. 258.

No. 279.] *Saturday, Jan.* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.—Hor.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost*. The Parts which remain to be considered, according to *Aristotle's* Method, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language*.[1] Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Heads, to give particular Instances out of the Poem which is now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this Piece of Criticism, or look upon it as Imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it.

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and are *just* when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of these Cases the Poet [endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise[2]] Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for [those[3]] Ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks for his Defect as to this Particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, tho' at the same time those, who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived.[4]

[1] It is in Part II. of the *Poetics*, when treating of Tragedy, that Aristotle lays down his main principles. Here after treating of the Fable and the Manners, he proceeds to the Diction and the Sentiments. By Fable, he says (§ 2), 'I mean the 'contexture of incidents, or the Plot. By Man-'ners, I mean, whatever marks the Character of 'the Persons. By Sentiments, whatever they say, 'whether proving any thing, or delivering a ge-'neral sentiment, &c.' In dividing Sentiments from Diction, he says (§ 22): The Sentiments include whatever is the Object of speech, Diction (§ 23—25) the words themselves. Concerning Sentiment, he refers his reader to the rhetoricians.

[2] [argues or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises]

[3] [these]

[4] René le Bossu says in his treatise on the Epic, published in 1675, Bk. vi. ch. 3: 'What is base and 'ignoble at one time and in one country, is not al-'ways so in others. We are apt to smile at Ho-'mer's comparing Ajax to an Ass in his Iliad. 'Such a comparison now-a-days would be indecent 'and ridiculous; because it would be indecent and 'ridiculous for a person of quality to ride upon 'such a steed. But heretofore this Animal was

It was the Fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest Part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this Particular: Nor must we omit one Consideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shews a greater Genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotspur* or *Julius Cæsar*: The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversify his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Lovers of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, could have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with [so many apt [1]] Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *Natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *Sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The Truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to distend itself with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, [second,] and sixth Book[s]. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully Sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed [1] on several Passages in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an Heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those [trifling [2]] Points and Puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect Insight into human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to [affect it [3]].

Mr. *Dryden* has in some Places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not

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'in better repute: Kings and princes did not dis-
'dain the beast so much as mere tradesmen do in
'our times. 'Tis just the same with many other
'similes which in Homer's time were allowable.
'We should now pity a Poet that should be so
'silly and ridiculous as to compare a Hero to a
'piece of Fat. Yet Homer does it in a compari-
'son he makes of Ulysses. . . The reason is that
'in these Primitive Times, wherein the Sacrifices
'. . . were living creatures, the Blood and the Fat
'were the most noble, the most august, and the
'most holy things.'

[1] [such Beautiful]

[1] Longinus on the Sublime, I. § 9. Of Discord, Homer says (Pope's tr.):

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth. (Iliad iv.)

Of horses of the gods:

Far as a shepherd from some spot on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.
Iliad v.

Longinus quotes also from the *Iliad* xix., the combat of the Gods, the description of Neptune, Iliad xi., and the Prayer of Ajax, Iliad xvii.

[2] [little]

[3] [affect it. I remember but one Line in him which has been objected against, by the Criticks, as a point of Wit. It is in his ninth Book, where *Juno*, speaking of the *Trojans*, how they survived the Ruins of their City, expresses her self in the following Words:

Num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremarunt
Pergama?

Were the Trojans *taken even after they were Captives, or did* Troy *burn even when it was in Flames?*]

remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this Respect, as I shall shew more at large in another Paper; tho' considering how all the Poets of the Age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious Taste which still prevails so much among Modern Writers.

But since several Thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are [mean [1]] and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Raillery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatness of Genius, by the Homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any Imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*,[2] among the Ancients, and Monsieur *Perrault*,[3] among the Moderns, pushed their Ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such Sentiments. There is no Blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this Head, and but [a] very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one Instance of this Impropriety of [Thought [4]] in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an Instance of the same Nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise Laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any Decency into an Heroic Poem, whose Business it is to excite Passions of a much nobler Nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan*[5] and *Thersites*,[6] in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*,[7] in his Behaviour of *Irus*,[8] and in other Passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque Character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth Book, upon *Monætes*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock. But this Piece of Mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's Mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the Evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. This Passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a String of Punns, and those too very indifferent ones.

Satan beheld their Plight,
And to his Mates thus in Derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on those Victors proud?
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front,
And Breast, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of *Composition, straight they chang'd their Minds,*
Flew off, *and into strange Vagaries fell*
As they would dance: yet for a Dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace; but I suppose
If our Proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick Result.
To whom thus Belial *in like gamesome Mood:*
Leader, the Terms we sent were Terms of Weight,
Of hard Contents, *and full of force urg'd home;*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled *many: who receives them right,*
Had need, from Head to Foot, well understand;
Not understood, *this Gift they have besides,*
They shew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing[1]——— L.

[1] [low]

[2] Zoilus, who lived about 270 B.C., in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, made himself famous for attacks upon Homer and on Plato and Isocrates, taking pride in the title of Homeromastix. Circe's men turned into swine Zoilus ridiculed as weeping porkers. When he asked sustenance of Ptolemy he was told that Homer sustained many thousands, and as he claimed to be a better man than Homer, he ought to be able to sustain himself. The tradition is that he was at last crucified, stoned, or burnt for his heresy.

[3] Charles Perrault, brother of Claude Perrault the architect and ex-physician, was himself Controller of Public Buildings under Colbert, and after his retirement from that office, published in 1690 his Parallel between the Ancients and Moderns, taking the side of the moderns in the controversy, and dealing sometimes disrespectfully with Homer. Boileau replied to him in Critical Reflections on Longinus.

[4] [Sentiments]

[5] Iliad, Bk. i., near the close. [6] Iliad, Bk. ii.

[7] Bk. v., at close. [8] Odyssey, Bk. xviii.

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk. vi. l. 609, &c. Milton meant that the devils should be shown as scoffers, and their scoffs as mean.

[2] [that]

No. 280.] *Monday, January* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

Principibus Placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
Hor.

THE Desire of Pleasing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the Motive from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleasing others arises from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Success: if from a Vanity to excel, its Disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with [the [2]] natural Bent to do acceptable things from a Delight he takes in them meerly as such; and the Affectation of that Character is what constitutes a Fop. Under these Leaders one may draw up all those who make any Manner of Figure, except in dumb Show. A rational and select Conversation

is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of Pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chastity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful Witticisms. Now and then you meet with a Man so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier, he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave. A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we will speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts too high for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the same Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperor assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power; but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak Modestly of your own Wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunies to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was someway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependent the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address; and if any suspected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Error to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing; and as the old Beau said to his Son, once for all, *Pray*, Jack, *be a fine Gentleman*, so may I, to my Reader, abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*. T.

No. 281.] *Tuesday, January* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
Virg.

HAVING already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion; I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coquet's* Heart, and communicate to the Public such Particularities as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the Coquet, as I have already done of the Beau. It is therefore in Compliance with the Request of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation to it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a Coquet, by reason of the many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glasses discern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat; though we could not discover the smallest Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a Coquet whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it shewed him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or Point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a smooth Piece of Ice.

The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other Hearts; insomuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employed in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of those little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extreamly light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the Apartments of *Rosamond's* Bower. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our Microscopes to it, appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.

We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness; for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Plaits and Foldings of the Heart; but to our great Surprize not a single Print of this nature discovered it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect either the Place or Time; when, at length, one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the several Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's* Paper.

As soon as we had finished our Dissection, we resolved to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among our selves the

Nature of its Substance, which differ'd in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phænomenon*, and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an Instant broad awake. L.

No. 282.] *Wednesday, Jan.* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———*Spes incerta futuri.*—Virg.[1]]

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and constantly uttering Sentences against the Fickleness of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themselves all the Calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Disappointment. That which produces the greatest Part of the [Delusions[2]] of Mankind, is a false Hope which People indulge with so sanguine a Flattery to themselves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantastical Advantages which they had no Reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust Measure of calculating their Happiness, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for our selves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who, in their own Favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that Probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL. HONEYCOMB, upon my observing his looking on a Lady with some particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Distresses which had laid waste that her very fine Face, and had given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Person. That Lady, and a couple of Sisters of hers, were, said WILL., fourteen Years ago, the greatest Fortunes about Town; but without having any Loss by bad Tenants, by bad Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, are reduced to very narrow Circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty Beauties in Town; and their Pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the following Scheme, according to which all their Lovers were answered.

'Our Father is a youngish Man, but then our 'Mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have 'any Children: His Estate, being 800*l. per* 'Annum, at 20 Years Purchase, is worth 16,000*l.* 'Our Uncle who is above 50, has 400*l. per Annum*, 'which at the foresaid Rate, is 8000*l.* There's 'a Widow Aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own 'Disposal left by her Husband, and an old Maiden 'Aunt who has 6000*l.* Then our Father's 'Mother has 900*l. per Annum*, which is worth '18,000*l.* and 1000*l.* each of us has of her own, 'which can't be taken from us. These summ'd 'up together stand thus.

Father's	800	—16,000
Uncle's	400	— 8000
Aunts	10,000	
	6000	—16,000
Grandmother	900	—18,000
Own	1000 each	— 3000
Total		61,000

This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l.* each; and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000*l.* Fortunes.

In Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of her own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. But *mark the End:* The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grand-mother's Estate. This cut off 43,000*l.* The Maiden Aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three Girls but their own 1000*l.* They had [by] this time passed their Prime, and got on the wrong side of Thirty; and must pass the Remainder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense and Modesty are had at present in no manner of Estimation.

I mention this Case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: For tho' Youth is the Time less capable of Reflection, it is in that Sex the only Season in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we see such Crowds of Unhappy from no other Reason, but an ill-grounded Hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a Fellow after grown old in Attendance, and after having passed half a Life in Servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all Men, and pretend to be disappointed because a Courtier broke his Word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own Property or Labour, and goes beyond the Desire of possessing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an encreasing Heap of Afflictions and Disappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from Persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these Descriptions of being capable to please or serve your Patron, when his Humour or Interests call for their Capacity either way.

[1] [*Et nulli rei nisi Pœnitentiæ natus.*]
[2] [Pollutions]

It would not methinks be an useless Comparison between the Condition of a Man who shuns all the Pleasures of Life, and of one who makes it his Business to pursue them. Hope in the Recluse makes his Austerities comfortable, while the luxurious Man gains nothing but Uneasiness from his Enjoyments. What is the Difference in the Happiness of him who is macerated by Abstinence, and his who is surfeited with Excess? He who resigns the World, has no Temptation to Envy, Hatred, Malice, Anger, but is in constant Possession of a serene Mind; he who follows the Pleasures of it, which are in their very Nature disappointing, is in constant Search of Care, Solicitude, Remorse, and Confusion.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the 14th, 1712.*

'I am a young Woman and have my Fortune 'to make; for which Reason I come constantly 'to Church to hear Divine Service, and make 'Conquests: But one great Hindrance in this my 'Design, is, that our Clerk, who was once a 'Gardener, has this *Christmas* so over-deckt the 'Church with Greens, that he has quite spoilt my 'Prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the 'young Baronet I dress at these three Weeks, 'though we have both been very constant at our 'Devotions, and don't sit above three Pews off. 'The Church, as it is now equipt, looks more like 'a Green-house than a Place of Worship: The 'middle Isle is a very pretty shady Walk, and the 'Pews look like so many Arbours of each Side of 'it. The Pulpit itself has such Clusters of Ivy, 'Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a light 'Fellow in our Pew took occasion to say, that the 'Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like '*Moses*. Sir *Anthony Love*'s Pew in particular 'is so well hedged, that all my Batteries have no 'Effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among 'the Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim. '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, unless you'll give Orders for 'removing these Greens, I shall grow a very awk-'ward Creature at Church, and soon have little 'else to do there but to say my Prayers. I am 'in haste,

Dear SIR,
Your most Obedient Servant,
T. Jenny Simper.

No. 283.] *Thursday, January* 24, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Magister artis et largitor ingeni
Venter—— Pers.

LUCIAN[1] rallies the Philosophers in his Time, who could not agree whether they should admit *Riches* into the number of *real Goods;* the Professors of the Severer Sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the World grew more Polite, the rigid Doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present, as to deny that there are very great Advantages in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of Men, tho' they may possibly despise a good Part of those things which the World calls Pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that Weight and Dignity which a moderate Share of Wealth adds to their Characters, Councils, and Actions.

We find it is a General Complaint in Professions and Trades, that the richest Members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsly imputed to the Ill-nature of Mankind, who are ever bestowing their Favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their Proceedings in this Case, we shall find them founded on undoubted Reason: Since supposing both equal in their natural Integrity, I ought, in common Prudence, to fear foul Play from an Indigent Person, rather than from one whose Circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare Temptation of Money.

This Reason also makes the Common-wealth regard her richest Subjects, as those who are most concerned for her Quiet and Interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest Imployments. On the contrary, *Cataline's* Saying to those Men of desperate Fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his Army, that *they had nothing to hope for but a Civil War*, was too true not to make the Impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in Praise of Money, will be more than sufficient with most of my Readers to excuse the Subject of my present Paper, which I intend as an Essay on *The Ways to raise a Man's Fortune*, or, *The Art of growing Rich.*

The first and most infallible Method towards the attaining of this End, is *Thrift:* All Men are not equally qualified for getting Money, but it is in the Power of every one alike to practise this Virtue, and I believe there are very few Persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past Lives, will not find that had they saved all those Little Sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been Masters of a competent Fortune. *Diligence* justly claims the next Place to *Thrift:* I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following *Italian* Proverbs,

Never do that by Proxy which you can do yourself.
Never defer that 'till To-morrow which you can do To-day.
Never neglect small Matters and Expences.

A third Instrument of growing Rich, is *Method in Business*, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by Persons of the meanest Capacities.

The famous *De Wit*, one of the greatest Statesmen of the Age in which he lived, being asked by a Friend, How he was able to dispatch that Multitude of Affairs in which he was engaged? reply'd, That his whole Art consisted in doing *one thing at once.* If, says he, I have any necessary Dispatches to make, I think of nothing else 'till those are finished; If any Domestick Affairs re-

[1] In his Auction of Philosophers.

quire my Attention, I give myself up wholly to them 'till they are set in Order.

In short, we often see Men of dull and phlegmatick Tempers, arriving to great Estates, by making a regular and orderly Disposition of their Business, and that without it the greatest Parts and most lively Imaginations rather puzzle their Affairs, than bring them to an happy Issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a Maxim, that every Man of good common Sense may, if he pleases, in his particular Station of Life, most certainly be Rich. The Reason why we sometimes see that Men of the greatest Capacities are not so, is either because they despise Wealth in Comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an Estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the Pleasures and Gratifications of Life.

But besides these ordinary Forms of growing Rich, it must be allowed that there is Room for Genius, as well in this as in all other Circumstances of Life.

Tho' the Ways of getting Money were long since very numerous; and tho' so many new ones have been found out of late Years, there is certainly still remaining so large a Field for Invention, that a Man of an indifferent Head might easily sit down and draw up such a Plan for the Conduct and support of his Life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see Methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious Men, which demonstrate the Power of Invention in this Particular.

It is reported of *Scaramouch*, the first famous *Italian* Comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great Want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the Door of a noted Perfumer in that City, and when any one came out who had been buying Snuff, never failed to desire a Taste of them: when he had by this Means got together a Quantity made up of several different Sorts, he sold it again at a lower Rate to the same Perfumer, who finding out the Trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleures*, or *Snuff of a thousand Flowers*. The Story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable Subsistence, 'till making too much haste to grow Rich, he one Day took such an unreasonable Pinch out of the Box of a *Swiss* Officer, as engaged him in a Quarrel, and obliged him to quit this Ingenious Way of Life.

Nor can I in this Place omit doing Justice to a Youth of my own Country, who, tho' he is scarce yet twelve Years old, has with great Industry and Application attained to the Art of beating the Grenadiers March on his Chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his Mother, but that he is laying up Money every Day, with a Design, if the War continues, to purchase a Drum at least, if not a Colours.

I shall conclude these Instances with the Device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great Distance from *Paris*, and without Money to bear his Expences thither. This ingenious Author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient Quantity of Brick-Dust, and having disposed of it into several Papers, writ upon one *Poyson for Monsieur*, upon a second, *Poyson for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poyson for the King*. Having made this Provision for the Royal Family of *France*, he laid his Papers so that his Landlord, who was an Inquisitive Man, and a good Subject, might get a Sight of them.

The Plot succeeded as he desired: The Host gave immediate Intelligence to the Secretary of State. The Secretary presently sent down a Special Messenger, who brought up the Traitor to Court, and provided him at the King's Expence with proper Accommodations on the Road. As soon as he appeared he was known to be the Celebrated *Rabelais*, and his Powder upon Examination being found very Innocent, the Jest was only laught at; for which a less eminent *Drole* would have been sent to the Gallies.

Trade and Commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand Ways, out of which would arise such Branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Doily* is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal Method of gratifying our Pride, we should hardly have been [able[1]] to carry on the last War.

I regard Trade not only as highly advantageous to the Commonwealth in general; but as the most natural and likely Method of making a Man's Fortune, having observed, since my being a *Spectator* in the World, greater Estates got about *Change*, than at *Whitehall* or St. *James's*. I believe I may also add, that the first Acquisitions are generally attended with more Satisfaction, and as good a Conscience.

I must not however close this Essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for Persons in the common ways of Thriving, and is not designed for those Men who from low Beginnings push themselves up to the Top of States, and the most considerable Figures in Life. My Maxim of *Saving* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *Thrift* to disappoint the Ends of *Ambition*; it being almost impossible that the Mind should [be[2]] intent upon Trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great Design.

I may therefore compare these Men to a great Poet, who, as *Longinus* says, while he is full of the most magnificent Ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little Beauties and Niceties of his Art.

I would however have all my Readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon *Genius's*, and Men above Rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this Particular. X.

[1] [able so well]

[2] [descend to and be]

No. 284.] *Friday, January* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria Ludo.*
Virg.[1]]

AN unaffected Behaviour is without question a very great Charm; but under the Notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, People take upon them to be unconcerned in any Duty of Life. A general Negligence is what they assume upon all Occasions, and set up for an Aversion to all manner of Business and Attention. *I am the carelessest Creature in the World, I have certainly the worst Memory of any Man living*, are frequent Expressions in the Mouth of a Pretender of this sort. It is a professed Maxim with these People never to *think*; there is something so solemn in Reflexion, they, forsooth, can never give themselves Time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of Man is heavy enough in his Nature to be a good Proficient in such Matters as are attainable by Industry; but alas! he has such an ardent Desire to be *what* he is not, to be too volatile, to have the Faults of a Person of Spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit Man living for any manner of Application. When this Humour enters into the Head of a Female, she gently professes Sickness upon all Occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed Air: She is offended, but her Mind is too lazy to raise her to Anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent Spleen and gentle Scorn. She has hardly Curiosity to listen to Scandal of her Acquaintance, and has never Attention enough to hear them commended. This Affectation in both Sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain Pride in their Insignificancy.

Opposite to this Folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the Impertinence of being always in a Hurry. There are those who visit Ladies, and beg Pardon afore they are well seated in their Chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend Business of Importance elsewhere the very next Moment: Thus they run from Place to Place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another Company than that which they are in. These Persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; [let[2]] all the World allow that Business is to be minded, and their Affairs will be at an end. Their Vanity is to be importuned, and Compliance with their Multiplicity of Affairs would effectually dispatch 'em. The Travelling Ladies, who have half the Town to see in an Afternoon, may be pardoned for being in constant Hurry; but it is inexcusable in Men to come where they have no Business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice Observers and Criticks, that there is nothing discovers the true Temper of a Person so much as his Letters. I have by me two Epistles, which are written by two People of the different Humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a Man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to Paper the same Man that he is in the Freedom of Conversation. I have hardly seen a Line from any of these Gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into Company. For the Folly is, that they have perswaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole Time is spent in suspense of the present Moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the End of Life is to pass away with Pretence to many things, and Execution of nothing.

SIR,

'The Post is just going out, and I have many 'other Letters of very great Importance to write 'this Evening, but I could not omit making my 'Compliments to you for your Civilities to me when 'I was last in Town. It is my Misfortune to be so 'full of Business, that I cannot tell you a Thou-'sand Things which I have to say to you. I 'must desire you to communicate the Contents of 'this to no one living; but believe me to be, with 'the greatest Fidelity,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
Stephen Courier.

Madam,

'I hate Writing, of all Things in the World; 'however, though I have drunk the Waters, and 'am told I ought not to use my Eyes so much, I 'cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have 'been to the last Degree hipped since I saw you. 'How could you entertain such a Thought, as 'that I should hear of that silly Fellow with Pa-'tience? Take my Word for it, there is nothing 'in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a 'Creature as I am undergo the Pains to assure 'you of it by taking Pen, Ink, and Paper in my 'Hand. Forgive this, you know I shall not often 'offend in this Kind. I am very much

Your Servant,
Bridget Eitherdown.

The Fellow is of your Country, pr'ythee send me Word however whether he has so great an Estate.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 24, 1712.

'I am Clerk of the Parish from whence Mrs. '*Simper* sends her Complaint, in your Yesterday's '*Spectator*. I must beg of you to publish this as 'a publick Admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. '*Simper*, otherwise all my honest Care in the 'Disposition of the Greens in the Church will have 'no Effect: I shall therefore with your Leave lay 'before you the whole Matter. I was formerly, 'as she charges me, for several Years a Gardener 'in the County of *Kent*: But I must absolutely 'deny, that 'tis out of any Affection I retain for 'my old Employment that I have placed my 'Greens so liberally about the Church, but out of 'a particular Spleen I conceived against Mrs. '*Simper* (and others of the same Sisterhood) some 'time ago. As to herself, I had one Day set the 'Hundredth *Psalm*, and was singing the first Line

[1] [*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—Hor.]
[2] [but]

'in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, 'she was all the while curtsying to Sir *Anthony* 'in so affected and indecent a manner, that the 'Indignation I conceived at it made me forget my 'self so far, as from the Tune of that *Psalm* to 'wander into *Southwell* Tune, and from thence 'into *Windsor* Tune, still unable to recover my 'self till I had with the utmost Confusion set a 'new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up 'and smile and curtsy to one at the lower End of 'the Church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri*; and 'when I have spoke the Assent to a Prayer with 'a long *Amen* uttered with decent Gravity, she 'has been rolling her Eyes around about in such a 'Manner, as plainly shewed, however she was 'moved, it was not towards an Heavenly Object. 'In fine, she extended her Conquests so far over 'the Males, and raised such Envy in the Females, 'that what between Love of those and the Jeal-'ousy of these, I was almost the only Person that 'looked in the Prayer-Book all Church-time. I 'had several Projects in my Head to put a Stop 'to this growing Mischief; but as I have long 'lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the '*Kentish* Men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying 'green Boughs over their Heads, it put me in 'mind of practising this Device against Mrs. '*Simper*. I find I have preserved many a young 'Man from her Eye-shot by this Means; there-'fore humbly pray the Boughs may be fixed, till 'she shall give Security for her peaceable Inten-'tions.

Your Humble Servant,
T. Francis Sternhold.

No. 285.] *Saturday, January* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nitet et ostro,
Migret in Obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.
Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters, and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last Place to consider the *Language*; and as the Learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions, and encline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author.

It is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both Perspicuous and Sublime.[1] In proportion as either of these two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary Qualification; insomuch that a good-natur'd Reader sometimes overlooks a little Slip even in the Grammar or *Syntax*, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's Sense. Of this Kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*.

——*God and his Son except,*
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam *the goodliest Man of Men since born*
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of these Passages according to the natural *Syntax*, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first Line are represented as created Beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemishes as these, when the Thought is great and natural, we should, with *Horace*,[1] impute to a pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weakness of human Nature, which cannot attend to each minute Particular, and give the last Finishing to every Circumstance in so long a Work. The Ancient Criticks therefore, who were acted by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of those Authors who had so many greater Beauties to attone for them.

If Clearness and Perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his Thoughts in the most plain and natural Expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious Phrases, and those which are used in ordinary Conversation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanness by passing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular Care to guard himself against Idiomatick Ways of Speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poornesses of Expression upon this Account, as taking up with the first Phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the Trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but few Failings in this Kind, of which, however, you may [meet with some Instances, as[2]] in the following Passages.

Embrios and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars,
White, Black, *and* Grey, *with all their* Trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam——
——*A while discourse they hold,*
No fear lest Dinner cool; *when thus began*
Our Author——
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*——

The Great Masters in Composition, knew very well that many an elegant Phrase becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common Use. For this Reason the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over those which are written in Languages that are now

[1] Aristotle, *Poetics*, ii. § 26. 'The excellence of 'Diction consists in being perspicuous without 'being mean.'

[1] Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.
De Ar. Poet., ll. 351-3.

[2] [see an Instance or two]

spoken. Were there any mean Phrases or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the Ear of the most delicate Modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, because we never hear them pronounced in our Streets, or in ordinary Conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the Language of an Epic Poem be Perspicuous, unless it be also Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phrases of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers it self in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extream. Among the *Greeks*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this Fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own Countrymen, *Shakespear* and *Lee*. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Stile, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the Idiomatick Stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods.[1] First, by the Use of Metaphors [: Such are those of *Milton*.[2]]

Imparadised *in one another's Arms.*
——*And in his Hand a Reed*
Stood waving tipt *with Fire.*——
The grassie Clods now calv'd,——
[Spangled *with Eyes*——]

In these and innumerable other Instances, the Metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe that the Metaphors are not [so] thick sown in *Milton*, which always savours too much of Wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle;[3] and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

Another way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make use of the Idiom of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the Greek Forms of Speech, which the Criticks call Hellenisms, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with [much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several Dialects which *Homer* has made use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Aristotle's* Rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the Beginning of it.

Nor *did they* not *perceive the evil Plight*
In which they were, or *the fierce Pains not feel.*
Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they soon obey'd.——
——*Who shall tempt with wand'ring Feet*
The dark unbottom'd Infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable Obscure *find out*
His uncouth way, or spread his airy Flight
Upborn with indefatigable Wings
Over the vast Abrupt!

[——*So both ascend*
In the Visions of God—— Book 2.]

Under this Head may be reckon'd the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the Transposition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other Foreign Modes of Speech which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater Sound, and throw it out of Prose.

The third Method mentioned by *Aristotle* is what agrees with the Genius of the *Greek* Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phrase by the Addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raising his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the Passage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, [for] what is Hermit, in common Discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great Judgment suppressed a Syllable in several Words, and shortned those of two Syllables into one, by which Method, besides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Persons and of Countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other Particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

The same Reason recommended to him several old Words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater Air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miscreated*, *Hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *English* Poet, I would recommend him to a Discourse in *Plutarch*,[1] which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same Liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned Helps, and by the Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases

[1] Poetics, ii. § 26.
[2] [, like those *in* Milton.]
[3] 'That language is elevated and remote from 'vulgar idiom which employs unusual words: 'unusual, I mean *foreign*, *metaphorical*, *ex*—all, in short, that are not common words. 'ould a poet compose his Diction entirely 'n words, the result would be either an 'a or a barbarous jargon: an enigma if 'posed of metaphors, a barbarous jargon if 'posed of foreign words. For the essence of 'enigma consists in putting together things 'pparently inconsistent and impossible, and at 'the same time saying nothing but what is true. 'Now this cannot be effected by the mere arrange-'ment of words; by the metaphorical use of them 'it may.'

[1] On Life and Poetry of Homer, wrongly ascribed to Plutarch, Bk. I. § 16.

which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater Height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's* Stile, because it is that Part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this Account; tho' after all, I must confess that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent Use of those Methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

This Redundancy of those several Ways of Speech, which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and in some Places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse. Rhyme, without any other Assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded; but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Stile, and keep it from falling into the Flatness of Prose.

Those who have not a Taste for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he departs from the common Forms of Expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author called *Euclid*,[1] for his insipid Mirth upon this Occasion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call [these[2]] sort of Men his Prose-Criticks.

[1] *Poetics*, II. § 26. 'A judicious intermixture is 'requisite. . . It is without reason, therefore, 'that some critics have censured these modes of 'speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of 'them; as old Euclid did, objecting that versifi-'cation would be an easy business, if it were per-'mitted to lengthen words at pleasure, and then 'giving a burlesque example of that sort of dic-'tion. . . In the employment of all the species of 'unusual words, moderation is necessary: for 'metaphors, foreign words, or any of the others 'improperly used, and with a design to be ridicul-'ous, would produce the same effect. But how 'great a difference is made by a proper and tem-'perate use of such words may be seen in heroic 'verse. Let any one put common words in the 'place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and others 'of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the 'truth of what I say.' He then gives two or three examples of the effect of changing poetical for common words. As, that (in plays now lost) 'the 'same Iambic verse occurs in Æschylus and Euri-'pides; but by means of a single alteration—the 'substitution of a foreign for a common and usual 'word—one of these verses appears beautiful, the 'other ordinary. For Æschylus in his Philoctetes 'says, "The poisonous wound that eats my "flesh." But Euripides for (ἐσθιει) "eats" says '(θοινᾶται) "banquets on."'

[2] [this]

I should, under this Head of the Language, consider *Milton's* Numbers, in which he has made use of several Elisions, which are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a Vowel.[1] This, and some other Innovations in the Measure of his Verse, has varied his Numbers in such a manner, as

[1] This is not particularly observed. On the very first page of P. L. we have a line with the final *y* twice sounded before a vowel,

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.

Again a few lines later,

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence.

Ten lines farther we read of the Serpent

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge.

We have only an apparent elision of *y* a few lines later in his aspiring

To set himself in glory above his peers,

for the line would be ruined were the *y* to be omitted by a reader. The extreme shortness of the two unaccented syllables, *y* and *a*, gives them the quantity of one in the metre, and allows by the turn of voice a suggestion of exuberance, heightening the force of the word glory. Three lines lower Milton has no elision of the *y* before a vowel in the line,

Against the throne and monarchy of God.

Nor eight lines after that in the words 'day and night.' There is elision of *y* in the line,

That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall.

But none a few lines lower down in

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

When the *y* stands by itself, unaccented, immediately after an accented syllable, and precedes a vowel that is part of another unaccented syllable standing immediately before an accented [illegible] Milton accepts the consequence, and does attempt to give it the force of a distinct syll But Addison's vague notion that it was Mil custom to cut off the final *y* when it preced vowel, and that for the sake of being uncomm came of inaccurate observation. For the rea just given, the *y* of the word glory runs into succeeding syllable, and most assuredly is no off, when we read of

the excess
Of Glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new
Looks through the horizontal misty air

but the *y* in 'misty' stands as a full syll cause the word air is accented. So again

Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence.

The *y* of 'tardy' is a syllable because the vowe following it is accented; the *y* also of 'day' remains, because, although an unaccented vowel follows, it is itself part of an accented syllable.

makes them incapable of satiating the Ear, and cloying the Reader, which the same uniform Measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhime never fail to do in long Narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another. L.

No. 286.] *Monday, January* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nomina Honesta prætenduntur vitiis.—Tacit.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 18, 1712.

'I PRETEND not to inform a Gentleman of so just a Taste, whenever he pleases to use it; 'but it may not be amiss to inform your Readers, 'that there is a false Delicacy as well as a true 'one. True Delicacy, as I take it, consists in 'Exactness of Judgment and Dignity of Sentiment, or if you will, Purity of Affection, as this 'is opposed to Corruption and Grossness. There 'are Pedants in Breeding as well as in Learning. 'The Eye that cannot bear the Light is not delicate but sore. A good Constitution appears in 'the Soundness and Vigour of the Parts, not in 'the Squeamishness of the Stomach; And a false 'Delicacy is Affectation, not Politeness. What 'then can be the Standard of Delicacy but Truth 'and Virtue? Virtue, which, as the Satyrist long 'since observed, is real Honour; whereas the 'other Distinctions among Mankind are meerly 'titular. Judging by that Rule, in my Opinion, 'and in that of many of your virtuous Female 'Readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. '*Courtly's* Accusation, that you seem too gentle, 'and to allow too many Excuses for an enormous 'Crime, which is the Reproach of the Age, and is 'in all its Branches and Degrees expresly forbidden by that Religion we pretend to profess; 'and whose Laws, in a Nation that calls it self 'Christian, one would think should take Place of 'those Rules which Men of corrupt Minds, and 'those of weak Understandings follow. I know 'not any thing more pernicious to good Manners, 'than the giving fair Names to foul Actions; for 'this confounds Vice and Virtue, and takes off 'that natural Horrour we have to Evil. An innocent Creature, who would start at the Name 'of Strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a 'Mistress, especially if her Seducer has taken care 'to inform her, that a Union of Hearts is the 'principal Matter in the Sight of Heaven, and 'that the Business at Church is a meer idle Ceremony. Who knows not that the Difference between obscene and modest Words expressing the 'same Action, consists only in the accessary Idea, 'for there is nothing immodest in Letters and 'Syllables. Fornication and Adultery are modest 'Words: because they express an Evil Action as 'criminal, and so as to excite Horrour and Aversion: Whereas Words representing the Pleasure 'rather than the Sin, are for this Reason indecent 'and dishonest. Your Papers would be chargeable with something worse than Indelicacy, they 'would be Immoral, did you treat the detestable 'Sins of Uncleanness in the same manner as you 'rally an impertinent Self-love and an artful 'Glance; as those Laws would be very unjust, 'that should chastise Murder and Petty Larceny 'with the same Punishment. Even Delicacy requires that the Pity shewn to distressed indigent 'Wickedness, first betrayed into, and then expelled the Harbours of the Brothel, should be 'changed to Detestation, when we consider pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy. 'The most free Person of Quality, in Mr. '*Courtly's* Phrase, that is, to speak properly, a 'Woman of Figure who has forgot her Birth and 'Breeding, dishonoured her Relations and her 'self, abandoned her Virtue and Reputation, together with the natural Modesty of her Sex, and 'risqued her very Soul, is so far from deserving 'to be treated with no worse Character than that 'of a kind Woman, (which is doubtless Mr. '*Courtly's* Meaning, if he has any,) that one can 'scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she 'sins against greater Restraints, is less exposed, 'and liable to fewer Temptations, than Beauty in 'Poverty and Distress. It is hoped therefore, 'Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous 'Design of exposing that monstrous Wickedness 'of the Town, whereby a Multitude of Innocents 'are sacrificed in a more barbarous Manner than 'those who were offered to *Moloch*. The Unchaste are provoked to see their Vice exposed, 'and the Chaste cannot rake into such Filth without Danger of Defilement; but a meer SPECTATOR may look into the Bottom, and come off 'without partaking in the Guilt. The doing so 'will convince us you pursue publick Good, and 'not meerly your own Advantage: But if your 'Zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that 'Mr. *Courtly's* Letter is but a Feint to get off 'from a Subject, in which either your own, or 'the private and base Ends of others to whom 'you are partial, or those [of] whom you are 'afraid, would not endure a Reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble Servant and Admirer, so long as you tread in the Paths of Truth, Virtue, and Honour.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

'It is my Fortune to have a Chamber-Fellow, with 'whom, tho' I agree very well in many Sentiments, 'yet there is one in which we are as contrary as 'Light and Darkness. We are both in Love: 'his Mistress is a lovely Fair, and mine a lovely 'Brown. Now as the Praise of our Mistresses 'Beauty employs much of our Time, we have 'frequent Quarrels in entering upon that Subject, 'while each says all he can to defend his Choice. 'For my own part, I have racked my Fancy to 'the utmost; and sometimes, with the greatest 'Warmth of Imagination, have told him, That 'Night was made before Day, and many more fine 'Things, tho' without any effect: Nay, last Night 'I could not forbear saying with more Heat than 'Judgment, that the Devil ought to be painted 'white. Now my Desire is, Sir, that you would

'be pleased to give us in Black and White your 'Opinion in the Matter of Dispute between us; 'which will either furnish me with fresh and pre-'vailing Arguments to maintain my own Taste, 'or make me with less Repining allow that of my 'Chamber-Fellow. I know very well that I have '*Jack Cleveland*[1] and *Bond's Horace* on my Side; 'but then he has such a Band of Rhymers and 'Romance-Writers, with which he opposes me, 'and is so continually chiming to the Tune of 'Golden Tresses, yellow Locks, Milk, Marble, 'Ivory, Silver, Swan, Snow, Daisies, Doves, and 'the Lord knows what; which he is always 'sounding with so much Vehemence in my Ears, 'that he often puts me into a brown Study how to 'answer him; and I find that I am in a fair Way 'to be quite confounded, without your timely As-'sistance afforded to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

[T.[2]] Philobrune.

No. 287.] *Tuesday, January* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα—— Menand.

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar Happiness, that were I to choose of what Religion I would be, and under what Government I would live, I should most certainly give the Preference to that Form of Religion and Government which is established in my own Country. In this Point I think I am determined by Reason and Conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by Prejudice, I am sure it is an honest Prejudice, it is a Prejudice that arises from the Love of my Country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several Papers endeavoured to express my Duty and Esteem for the Church of *England*, and design this as an Essay upon the Civil Part of our Constitution, having often entertained my self with Reflections on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers.

That Form of Government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the Equality that we find in human Nature, provided it be consistent with publick Peace and Tranquillity. This is what may properly be called Liberty, which exempts one Man from Subjection to another so far as the Order and Oeconomy of Government will permit.

Liberty should reach every Individual of a People, as they all share one common Nature; if it only spreads among particular Branches, there had better be none at all, since such a Liberty only aggravates the Misfortune of those who are depriv'd of it, by setting before them a disagreeable Subject of Comparison.

This Liberty is best preserved, where the Legislative Power is lodged in several Persons, especially if those Persons are of different Ranks and Interests; for where they are of the same Rank, and consequently have an Interest to manage peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a Despotical Government in a single Person. But the greatest Security a People can have for their Liberty, is when the Legislative Power is in the Hands of Persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular Interests of their several Ranks, they are providing for the whole Body of the People; or in other Words, when there is no Part of the People that has not a common Interest with at least one Part of the Legislators.

If there be but one Body of Legislators, it is no better than a Tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting Voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by Disputes and Contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same Inconvenience as two, and a greater Number would cause too much Confusion. I could never read a Passage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpose, without a secret Pleasure in applying it to the *English* Constitution, which it suits much better than the *Roman*. Both these great Authors give the Preeminence to a mixt Government, consisting of three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the Popular. They had doubtless in their Thoughts the Constitution of *the Roman* Commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the King, the Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People. This Division of the three Powers in the *Roman* Constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the *English* Form of Government. Among several Objections that might be made to it, I think the Chief are those that affect the Consular Power, which had only the Ornaments without the Force of the Regal Authority. Their Number had not a casting Voice in it; for which Reason, if one did not chance to be employed Abroad, while the other sat at Home, the Publick Business was sometimes at a Stand, while the Consuls pulled two different Ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the Consuls had ever a Negative Voice in the passing of a Law, or Decree of Senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief Body of the Nobility, or the first Ministers of State, than a distinct Branch of the Sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a Part, who are not a Part of the Legislature. Had the Consuls been invested with the Regal Authority to as great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any Occasions for a Dictatorship, which had in it the Power of all the three Orders, and ended in the Subversion of the whole Constitution.

Such an History as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a Succession of Absolute Princes, is to me an unanswerable Argument against Despotick Power. Where the Prince is a Man of Wisdom and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People that he is absolute; but since in the common Run of Mankind, for one that is Wise and Good you find

[1] Cleveland celebrates brown beauties in his poem of 'the Senses Festival.' John Bond, who published Commentaries on Horace and Persius, Antony à Wood calls 'a polite and rare critic 'whose labours have advanced the Commonwealth 'of Learning very much.'

[2] [Z.]

ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to stand to its Chance, or to have its publick Happiness or Misery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a single Person. Look into the [History[1]] I have mentioned, or into any Series of Absolute Princes, how many Tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleases with Impunity, you extinguish his Fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Empires, when in the Possession of them, have become such Monsters of Lust and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our Governments on Earth like that in Heaven, which, say they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodness and Justice, I should be for following this great Model; but where Goodness and Justice are not essential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myself into his Hands to be disposed of according to his particular Will and Pleasure.

It is odd to consider the Connection between Despotic Government and Barbarity, and how the making of one Person more than Man, makes the rest less. About nine Parts of the World in ten are in the lowest State of Slavery, and consequently sunk into the most gross and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Divisions of the World; and therefore it is no Wonder that those who grovel under it have many Tracks of Light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where these abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flourish. As a Man must have no slavish Fears and Apprehensions hanging upon his Mind, [who[2]] will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and push his Researches into all the abstruse Corners of Truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with Necessaries. This Point will engross our Thoughts 'till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleasures and Amusements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whose Pleasures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. These are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their Discoveries; and others seeing the Happiness of such a Learned Life, and improving by their Conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a Nation is filled with Races of wise and understanding Persons. Ease and Plenty are therefore the great Cherishers of Knowledge: and as most of the Despotick Governments of the World have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithstanding several of its Princes are absolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning; but the Reason is because the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eastern Nations, lest his Subjects should be invited to new-mould their Constitution, having so many Prospects of Liberty within their View. But in all Despotic Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may observe from *Augustus's* Reign, how the *Romans* lost themselves by Degrees till they fell to an Equality with the most barbarous Nations that surrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in different Climates, and under different Heavens, from those at present; so different are the Genius's which are formed under *Turkish* Slavery and *Grecian* Liberty.

Besides Poverty and Want, there are other Reasons that debase the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Despotic Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable Argument against that Form of Government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Institutions. L.

[1] [Historian] [2] [that]

No. 288.] *Wednesday, January* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Pavor est utrique molestus.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you spoke of the Jilts and Coquets, 'you then promised to be very impartial, 'and not to spare even your own Sex, should any 'of their secret or open Faults come under your 'Cognizance; which has given me Encouragement 'to describe a certain Species of Mankind under 'the Denomination of *Male Jilts*. They are 'Gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet, that 'they may appear to have some Sense of Gallantry, think they must pay their *Devoirs* to one 'particular Fair; in order to which they single out 'from amongst the Herd of Females her to whom 'they design to make their fruitless Addresses. 'This done, they first take every Opportunity of 'being in her Company, and then never fail upon 'all Occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her Feet, protesting the Reality of their 'Passion with a thousand Oaths, soliciting a Return, and saying as many fine Things as their 'Stock of Wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit 'of a double Interpretation; which the credulous 'Fair is apt to turn to her own Advantage, since 'it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, 'young Creature, who thinks all the World as 'sincere as her self, and so her unwary Heart becomes an easy Prey to those deceitful Monsters, 'who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they

'grow cool, and shun her whom they before 'seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act 'the same common-place Villany towards another. 'A Coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous 'Victories shall say he is sorry for the poor Fools, 'protest and vow he never thought of Matrimony, 'and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely 'misinterpreted. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, you 'that are a professed Friend to Love, will, I hope, 'observe upon those who abuse that noble Passion, 'and raise it in innocent Minds by a deceitful 'Affectation of it, after which they desert the 'Enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your Coun-'sel to those fond believing Females who already 'have or are in Danger of broken Hearts; in 'which you will oblige a great Part of this Town, 'but in a particular Manner,

SIR, Your (yet Heart-whole) Admirer, and devoted humble Servant,
Melainia.

Melainia's Complaint is occasioned by so general a Folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false Gallantry proceeds from an Impotence of Mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a Man wishes a Woman his Wife whom he dares not take for such. Tho' no one has Power over his Inclinations or Fortunes, he is a Slave to common Fame. For this Reason I think *Melainia* gives them too soft a Name in that of Male Coquets. I know not why Irresolution of Mind should not be more contemptible than Impotence of Body; and these frivolous Admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same Term with the Insufficient another Way. They whom my Correspondent calls Male Coquets, shall hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A Fribbler is one who professes Rapture and Admiration for the Woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her Consent. His Heart can flutter by the Force of Imagination, but cannot fix from the Force of Judgment. It is not uncommon for the Parents of young Women of moderate Fortune to wink at the Addresses of Fribblers, and expose their Children to the ambiguous Behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, till by the Fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of Love towards others, and by Consequence in their future Marriage lead a joyless or a miserable Life. As therefore I shall in the Speculations which regard Love be as severe as I ought on Jilts and Libertine Women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous Men. In order to this, all Visitants who frequent Families wherein there are young Females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from Places where their Presence banishes such as would pass their Time more to the Advantage of those whom they visit. It is a Matter of too great Moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young People a satisfactory Account of Appearances. *Strephon* has from the Publication hereof seven Days to explain the Riddle he presented to *Eudamia*; and *Chloris* an Hour after this comes to her Hand, to declare whether she will have *Philotas*, whom a Woman of no less Merit than her self, and of superior Fortune, languishes to call her own.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,[1]

'Since so many Dealers turn Authors, and write 'quaint Advertisements in praise of their Wares, 'one who from an Author turn'd Dealer may be 'allowed for the Advancement of Trade to turn 'Author again. I will not however set up like 'some of 'em, for selling cheaper than the most 'able honest Tradesman can; nor do I send this 'to be better known for Choice and Cheapness of 'China and Japan Wares, Tea, Fans, Muslins, 'Pictures, Arrack, and other *Indian* Goods. 'Placed as I am in *Leadenhall-street*, near the '*India-Company*, and the Centre of that Trade, 'Thanks to my fair Customers, my Warehouse is 'graced as well as the Benefit Days of my Plays 'and Operas; and the foreign Goods I sell seem 'no less acceptable than the foreign Books I 'translated, *Rabelais* and Don *Quixote*: This the 'Criticks allow me, and while they like my Wares 'they may dispraise my Writing. But as 'tis not 'so well known yet that I frequently cross the 'Seas of late, and speaking *Dutch* and *French*, 'besides other Languages, I have the Conveni-'ency of buying and importing rich Brocades, '*Dutch* Atlasses, with Gold and Silver, or with-'out, and other foreign Silks of the newest Modes 'and best Fabricks, fine *Flanders* Lace, Linnens, 'and Pictures, at the best Hand: This my new 'way of Trade I have fallen into I cannot better 'publish than by an Application to you. My 'Wares are fit only for such as your Readers; and 'I would beg of you to print this Address in your 'Paper, that those whose Minds you adorn may 'take the Ornaments for their Persons and Houses 'from me. This, Sir, if I may presume to beg it, 'will be the greater Favour, as I have lately re-'ceived rich Silks and fine Lace to a considerable 'Value, which will be sold cheap for a quick Return, 'and as I have also a large Stock of other Goods. '*Indian* Silks were formerly a great Branch of our 'Trade; and since we must not sell 'em, we must 'seek Amends by dealing in others. This I hope 'will plead for one who would lessen the Number 'of Teazers of the Muses, and who, suiting his 'Spirit to his Circumstances, humbles the Poet to 'exalt the Citizen. Like a true Tradesman, I 'hardly ever look into any Books but those of Ac-'compts. To say the Truth, I cannot, I think, 'give you a better Idea of my being a downright 'Man of Traffick, than by acknowledging I oftener 'read the Advertisements, than the Matter of even 'your Paper. I am under a great Temptation to

[1] Peter Anthony Motteux, the writer of this letter, was born in Normandy, and came as a refugee to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here he wrote about 14 plays, translated Bayle's Dictionary, Montaigne's Essays, and Don Quixote, and established himself also as a trader in Leadenhall Street. He had a wife and a fine young family when (at the age of 56, and six years after the date of this letter) he was found dead in a house of ill fame near Temple Bar under circumstances that caused a reward of fifty pounds to be offered for the discovery of his murderer.

'take this Opportunity of admonishing other 'Writers to follow my Example, and trouble the 'Town no more; but as it is my present Business 'to increase the Number of Buyers rather than 'Sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

SIR, Your most humble and most obedient Servant,

T. Peter Motteux.

No. 289.] *Thursday, January* 31, 1712. [*Addison.*

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.—Hor.

UPON taking my Seat in a Coffee-house I often draw the Eyes of the whole Room upon me, when in the hottest Seasons of News, and at a time that perhaps the *Dutch* Mail is just come in, they hear me ask the Coffee-man for his last Week's Bill of Mortality: I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a Parish Sexton, sometimes for an Undertaker, and sometimes for a Doctor of Physick. In this, however, I am guided by the Spirit of a Philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular Encrease and Diminution of Mankind, and consider the several various Ways through which we pass from Life to Eternity. I am very well pleased with these Weekly Admonitions, that bring into my Mind such Thoughts as ought to be the daily Entertainment of every reasonable Creature; and can consider, with Pleasure to my self, by which of those Deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, Distempers, I may possibly make my Escape out of this World of Sorrows, into that Condition of Existence, wherein I hope to be Happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

* * *

But this is not all the Use I make of the abovementioned Weekly Paper. A Bill of Mortality[1] is in my Opinion an unanswerable Argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing our selves under the constant Care of a Supreme Being, give any possible Account for that nice Proportion, which we find in every great City, between the Deaths and Births of its Inhabitants, and between the Number of Males and that of Females, who are brought into the World? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the Recruits of every Nation to its Losses, and divide these new Supplies of People into such equal Bodies of both Sexes? Chance could never hold the Balance with so steady a Hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with Multitudes, and at others waste away into a Desart: We should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expresses it, *a Generation of Males*, and at others a Species of Women. We may extend this Consideration to every Species of living Creatures, and consider the whole animal World as an huge Army made up of innumerable *Corps*, if I may use that Term, whose Quotas have been kept entire near five thousand Years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single Species lost during this long Tract of Time. Could we have general Bills of Mortality of every kind of Animal, or particular ones of every Species in each Continent and Island, I could almost say in every Wood, Marsh or Mountain, what astonishing Instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its Works?

I have heard of a great Man in the *Romish* Church, who upon reading those Words in the vth Chapter of *Genesis, And all the Days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty Years, and he died; and all the Days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve Years, and he died; and all the Days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine Years, and he died;* immediately shut himself up in a Convent, and retired from the World, as not thinking any thing in this Life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing in History which is so improving to the Reader, as those Accounts which we meet with of the Deaths of eminent Persons, and of their Behaviour in that dreadful Season. I may also add, that there are no Parts in History which affect and please the Reader in so sensible a manner. The Reason I take to be this, because there is no other single Circumstance in the Story of any Person, which can possibly be the Case of every one who reads it. A Battle or a Triumph are Conjunctures in which not one Man in a Million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a Person at the Point of Death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall our selves be in the same melancholy Circumstances. The General, the Statesman, or the Philosopher, are perhaps Characters which we may never act in; but the dying Man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of Reason that few Books, [written[2]] in *English*, have been so much perused as Dr. *Sherlock's* Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this Excellent Piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest Perswasives to a Religious Life that ever was written in any Language.

The Consideration, with which I shall close this Essay upon Death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten Morals that has been recommended to Mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the Grace of Novelty, adds very much to the Weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general Sense of Mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this Life nothing more than a Passenger, and that he is not to set up his Rest here, but to keep an attentive Eye upon that State of Being to which he approaches every Moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single Consider-

[1] Bills of Mortality, containing the weekly number of Christenings and Deaths, with the cause of Death, were first compiled by the London Company of Parish Clerks (for 109 parishes) after the Plague in 1592. They did not give the age at death till 1728.

[2] [which have been written]

ation would be sufficient to extinguish the Bitterness of Hatred, the Thirst of Avarice, and the Cruelty of Ambition.

I am very much pleased with the Passage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred Years before *Socrates*, which represents the Life of Man under this View, as I have here translated it Word for Word. *Be not grieved*, says he, *above measure for thy deceased Friends*[. *They*[1]] *are not dead, but have only finished that Journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take: We ourselves must go to that great Place of Reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general Rendezvous of Mankind, live together in another State of Being.*

I think I have, in a former Paper, taken notice of those beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where Life is termed a Pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth. I shall conclude this with a Story, which I have somewhere read in the Travels of Sir *John Chardin*;[2] that Gentleman after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia*, and the Eastern Countries, are called by the Name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a Relation to the following Purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he enter'd into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravansary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the House he was in was not a Caravansary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, *that it was he himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son*. 'Ah Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes 'its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a per-'petual Succession of Guests, is not a Palace but 'a *Caravansary*.' L.

[1] [; *for they*]

[2] Sir John Chardin was a jeweller's son, born at Paris, who came to England and was knighted by Charles II. He travelled into Persia and the East Indies, and his account of his voyages was translated into *English*, *German*, and *Flemish*. He was living when this paper appeared, but died in the following year, at the age of 70.

No. 290.] *Friday, February* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.* Hor.[1]]

THE Players, who know I am very much their Friend, take all Opportunities to express a Gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better Occasion of Obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to bring me to the Reading of a new Tragedy; it is called *The distressed Mother*.[2] I must confess, tho' some Days are passed since I enjoyed that Entertainment, the Passions of the several Characters dwell strongly upon my Imagination; and I congratulate to the Age, that they are at last to see Truth and humane Life represented in the Incidents which concern Heroes and Heroines. The Stile of the Play is such as becomes those of the first Education, and the Sentiments worthy those of the highest Figure. It was a most exquisite Pleasure to me, to observe real Tears drop from the Eyes of those who had long made it their Profession to dissemble Affliction; and the Player, who read, frequently threw down the Book, till he had given vent to the Humanity which rose in him at some irresistible Touches of the imagined Sorrow. We have seldom had any Female Distress on the Stage, which did not, upon cool Examination, appear to flow from the Weakness rather than the Misfortune of the Person represented: But in this Tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned Passions of such as are enamoured of each other merely as they are Men and Women, but their Regards are founded upon high Conceptions of each other's Virtue and Merit; and the Character which gives Name to the Play, is one who has behaved her self with heroic Virtue in the most important Circumstances of a Female Life, those of a Wife, a Widow, and a Mother. If there be those whose Minds have been too attentive upon the Affairs of Life, to have any Notion of the Passion of Love in such Extremes as are known only to particular Tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned Considerations, the Sorrow of the Heroine will move even the Generality of Mankind. Domestick Virtues concern all the World, and there is no one living who is not interested that *Andromache* should be an imitable Character. The generous Affection to the Memory of her deceased Husband, that tender Care for her Son, which is ever heightned with the Consideration of his Father, and these Regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the Possession of the highest Greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an Audience as at present frequents the *English* Theatre. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whisper'd me, that he feared the Piece was not busy enough for the

[1] [*Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter Audet.* Hor.]

[2] This is a third blast of the Trumpet on behalf of Ambrose Philips, who had now been adapting Racine's *Andromaque*.

present Taste. To supply this, he recommended to the Players to be very careful in their Scenes, and above all Things, that every Part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my Friend's Admonition, because there are a great many in his Class of Criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the Truth is, that as to the Work it self, it is every where Nature. The Persons are of the highest Quality in Life, even that of Princes; but their Quality is not represented by the Poet with Direction that Guards and Waiters should follow them in every Scene, but their Grandeur appears in Greatness of Sentiment[s], flowing from Minds worthy their Condition. To make a Character truly Great, this Author understands that it should have its Foundation in superior Thoughts and Maxims of Conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest Woman would make no Difficulty, tho' she had been the Wife of *Hector*, for the sake of a Kingdom, to marry the Enemy of her Husband's Family and Country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest Woman, but no Heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable in one Character, which would be in the highest Degree exceptionable in another. When *Cato Uticensis* killed himself, *Cottius* a *Roman* of ordinary Quality and Character did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, '*Cottius* 'might have lived, tho' *Cæsar* has seized the '*Roman* Liberty.' *Cottius's* Condition might have been the same, let things at the upper End of the World pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this Work, is, that the Persons are all of them laudable, and their Misfortunes arise rather from unguarded Virtue than Propensity to Vice. The Town has an Opportunity of doing itself Justice in supporting the Representation of Passion, Sorrow, Indignation, even Despair itself, within the Rules of Decency, Honour and Good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his Life will be always fortunate, they may here see Sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am appointed to act a Part in the new 'Tragedy called *The Distressed Mother:* It is 'the celebrated Grief of *Orestes* which I am to 'personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for 'I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. 'I was last Night repeating a Paragraph to my 'self, which I took to be an Expression of Rage, 'and in the middle of the Sentence there was a 'Stroke of Self-pity which quite unmanned me. 'Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter, that when I 'am oppressed in this manner at such an Interval, 'a certain Part of the Audience may not think I 'am out; and I hope with this Allowance to do it 'to Satisfaction.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
George Powell.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was walking t'other Day in the *Park*, I 'saw a Gentleman with a very short Face; I 'desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform 'me as soon as you can, lest I become the most 'heroick *Hecatissa's* Rival.

Your humble Servant to command,
SOPHIA.

Dear Madam,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was 'very ill and kept my Chamber all that Day.

Your most humble Servant,
T. *The* SPECTATOR.

No. 291.] *Saturday, February* 2, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis Offendor maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit, Aut Humana parum cavit Natura—— Hor.

I HAVE now considered *Milton's Paradise Lost* under those four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these Heads. I hope that I have made several Discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in Critical Learning. Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose Judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but also with the Ancient and Moderns who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critick, when in Reality he does not comprehend his Meaning.

It is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences and Speculations; one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own Reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little Hints that had passed in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not these previous Lights is very often an utter Stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a Man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perused the Authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and Logical Head. Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own Blunders, mistakes the Sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his Thoughts to another with Clearness and Perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the World.

Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding[1] would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the Art of distinguishing between Words and Things, and of ranging his Thoughts, and setting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions

[1] First published in 1690.

he may have, will lose himself in Confusion and Obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who has not shewn, even in the Style of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a Man to set up for a Critick, without a good Insight into all the Parts of Learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by Works of this Nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned Particulars, but plainly discover, by the Phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary Systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,[1] with a certain Cant of Words, has sometimes set up an Illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious and formidable Critick.

One great Mark, by which you may discover a Critick who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticism turns wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This part of a Critick is so very easie to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill-nature enough to turn several Passages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right Place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated Lines,

Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.[1]

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to discover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World such things as are worth their Observation. The most exquisite Words and finest Strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a Man who wants a Relish for polite Learning; and they are these, which a sower undistinguishing Critick generally attacks with the greatest Violence. *Tully* observes, that it is very easie to brand or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*,[2] or, as it may be rendered into *English*, *a glowing bold Expression*, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticism. A little Wit is equally capable of exposing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though such a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its Effect among the Generality of those whose Hands it falls into, the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in it self.

Such a Mirth as this is always unseasonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a Beauty, as well as a Blemish, the Subject of Derision. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper Subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shews it in an improper Place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule is

[1] Dryden accounted among critics 'the great-'est of his age' to be Boileau and Rapin. Boileau was the great master of French criticism. Réné Rapin, born at Tours in 1621, taught Belles Lettres with extraordinary success among his own order of Jesuits, wrote famous critical works, was one of the best Latin poets of his time, and died at Paris in 1687. His Whole Critical Works were translated by Dr. Basil Kennett in two volumes, which appeared in 1705. The preface of their publisher said of Rapin that 'he has long dictated 'in this part of letters. He is acknowledged as 'the great arbitrator between the merits of the 'best writers; and during the course of almost 'thirty years there have been few appeals from 'his sentence.' (See also a note on p. 74.) Réné le Bossu, the great French authority on Epic Poetry, born in 1631, was a regular canon of St. Geneviève, and taught the Humanities in several religious houses of his order. He died, subprior of the Abbey of St. Jean de Chartres, in 1680. He wrote, besides his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, a parallel between the philosophies of Aristotle and Descartes, which appeared a few months earlier (in 1674) with less success. Another authority was Father Bouhours, of whom see note on p. 102. Another was Bernard le Bôvier de Fontenelle, called by Voltaire the most universal genius of his age. He was born at Rouen in 1657, looking so delicate that he was baptized in a hurry, and at 16 was unequal to the exertion of a game at billiards, being caused by any unusual exercise to spit blood, though he lived to the age of a hundred, less one month and two days. He was taught by the Jesuits, went to the bar to please his father, pleaded a cause, lost it, and gave up the profession to devote his time wholly to literature and philosophy. He went to Paris, wrote plays and the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' living then with his uncle, Thomas Corneille. A discourse on the Eclogue prefixed to his pastoral poems made him an authority in this manner of composition. It was translated by Motteux for addition to the English translation of Bossu on the Epic, which had also appended to it an Essay on Satire by another of these French critics, André Dacier. Dacier, born at Castres in 1651, was educated at Saumur under Taneguy le Févre, who was at the same time making a scholar of his own daughter Anne. Dacier and the young lady became warmly attached to one another, married, united in abjuring Protestantism, and were for forty years, in the happiest concord, man and wife and fellow-scholars. Dacier and his wife, as well as Fontenelle, were alive when the *Spectator* was appearing; his wife dying, aged 69, in 1720, the husband, aged 71, in 1722. André Dacier translated and annotated the Poetics of Aristotle in 1692, and that critical work was regarded as his best performance.

[1] Annus Mirabilis, st. 39.

[2] Ad Brutum. Orator. Towards the beginning: 'Facile est enim verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita 'dicam) notare, idque restinctis jam animorum 'incendiis, irridere.'

apt to find Fault with any thing that gives him an Opportunity of exerting his beloved Talent, and very often censures a Passage, not because there is any Fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in Works of Criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both Ancient and Modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive Air.

As I intend in my next Paper to shew the Defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few Particulars, to the End that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful Work, and that I shall just point at the Imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with Ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*,[1] that the Productions of a great Genius, with many Lapses and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the Works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct Writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boccalini*,[2] which sufficiently shews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, says he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the Author a suitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a Sack of Wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn, and lay it aside by it self. The Critick applied himself to the Task with great Industry and Pleasure, and after having made the due Separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Pains.[3] L.

[1] On the Sublime, § 36.

[2] Trajan Boccalini, born at Rome in 1554, was a satirical writer famous in Italy for his fine criticism and bold satire. Cardinals Borghese and Cajetan were his patrons. His 'Ragguagli di 'Parnasso' and 'la Secretaria di Parnasso,' in which Apollo heard the complaints of the world, and dispensed justice in his court on Parnassus, were received with delight. Afterwards, in his 'Pietra di Parangone,' he satirized the Court of Spain, and, fearing consequences, retired to Venice, where in 1613 he was attacked in his bed by four ruffians, who beat him to death with sandbags. Boccalini's *Ragguagli di Parnasso* has been translated into English, in 1622, as 'News 'from Parnassus.' Also, in 1656, as 'Advertise-'ments from Parnassus,' by H. Carey, Earl of Monmouth. This translation was reprinted in 1669 and 1674, and again in 1706 by John Hughes, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.

[3] To this number of the *Spectator*, and to several numbers since that for January 8, in which it first appeared, is added an advertisement that,

The First and Second Volumes of the SPECTATOR *in 8vo are now ready to be delivered to the subscribers by* J. Tonson, *at* Shakespeare's Head, *over-against* Catherine Street *in the* Strand.

No. 292.] *Monday, February* 4, 1712.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo Vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.
Tibull. L. 4.

As no one can be said to enjoy Health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating Principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to Action: so in the Practice of every Virtue, there is some additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this or that particular Action. A Diamond may want polishing, though the Value be still intrinsically the same; and the same Good may be done with different Degrees of Lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming Manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, because there was no Time of Life in which some correspondent Duty might not be practised; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis join'd to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable Sun-shine *Titian* is said to have diffused over his Landschapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Person.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a Request or doing an Office of Kindness. *Mummius*, by his Way of consenting to a Benefaction, shall make it lose its Name; while *Carus* doubles the Kindness and the Obligation: From the first the desired Request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a Brow, that the Obliged has almost as much Reason to resent the Manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour it self. *Carus* invites with a pleasing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and consents to a Request with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in assisting the Distressed.

The Decency then that is to be observed in Liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such Cheerfulness, as may express the God-like Pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Creatures; that may shew Good-nature and Benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some Men, run upon the Tilt, and taste of the Sediments of a grutching uncommunicative Disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest Decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good Offices, I will illustrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it such a Profusion of Liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Goodnature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny's*,[1] which I shall here translate, because the

[1] Bk. vi. ep. 32.

Action will best appear in its first Dress of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to *QUINTILIAN.*

'Tho' I am fully acquainted with the Content-'ment and just Moderation of your Mind, and the 'Conformity the Education you have given your 'Daughter bears to your own Character; yet 'since she is suddenly to be married to a Person 'of Distinction, whose Figure in the World makes 'it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary 'Expence in Cloaths and Equipage suitable to her 'Husband's Quality; by which, tho' her intrinsick 'Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both 'Ornament and Lustre: And knowing your 'Estate to be as moderate as the Riches of your 'Mind are abundant, I must challenge to my self 'some part of the Burthen; and as a Parent of 'your Child, I present her with Twelve hundred 'and fifty Crowns towards these Expences; which 'Sum had been much larger, had I not feared the 'Smallness of it would be the greatest Inducement 'with you to accept of it. Farewell.

Thus should a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and shine in the strongest Point of Light; it should not only answer all the Hopes and Exigencies of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wishes: 'Tis this happy manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and softens those Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteelest Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion its self, unless Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourness and ill-Humour: But this shews Virtue in her first original Form, adds a Comeliness to Religion, and gives its Professors the justest Title to the Beauty of Holiness. A Man fully instructed in this Art, may assume a thousand Shapes, and please in all: He may do a thousand Actions shall become none other but himself; not that the Things themselves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

If you examine each Feature by its self, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handsome; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot suffer the Comparison: Tho one is full of numberless nameless Graces, the other of as many nameless Faults.

The Comeliness of Person, and Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Persons of no Effect, and leave a Displeasure in the Minds of those they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raise, even in the most Profligate, a Sense of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible: Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! saw, and pin'd
His Loss.[1]

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest Minds to their last Moments. They avoided even an indecent Posture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæsar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when she stabbed her self, was, that her Body should lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

——Ne non procumbat honeste
Extrema hæc etiam cura, cadentis erat.[2]

'Twas her last Thought, How decently to fall.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman without a Fortune; but 'of a very high Mind: That is, Good Sir, I am 'to the last degree Proud and Vain. I am ever 'railing at the Rich, for doing Things, which, upon Search into my Heart, I find I am only angry 'because I cannot do the same my self. I wear 'the hooped Petticoat, and am all in Callicoes 'when the finest are in Silks. It is a dreadful 'thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you 'please, a Lecture on that Subject for the Satisfaction of

Your Uneasy Humble Servant,
Z. JEZEBEL.

No. 293.] *Tuesday, February* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐυφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.
Frag. Vet. Po.

THE famous *Gratian*,[3] in his little Book wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the Fortunate, and to shun the Company of the Unfortunate: which, notwithstanding the Baseness of the Precept to an honest Mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their Interest in the World. It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, rises out of right or wrong Measures, and Schemes of Life. When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal *Richelieu* used to say, that Unfortunate and Imprudent were but two Words for the same Thing. As the Cardinal himself had a great Share both of Prudence and Good-For-

[1] Par. L., Bk. iv. ll. 844-9.
[2] Ovid. Fast., iii. 833.
[3] Balthasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit, who died in 1658, rector of the Jesuits' College of Tarragona, wrote many books in Spanish on Politics and Society, among others the one here referred to on the Courtier; which was known to Addison, doubtless, through the French translation by Amelot de la Houssaye.

tune, his famous Antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the Court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any Success in his Undertakings. This, says an Eminent Author, was *indirectly* accusing him of Imprudence.

Cicero recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three Accounts, as he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and Good-Fortune. It was perhaps, for the Reason above-mentioned, namely, that a Series of Good-Fortune supposes a prudent Management in the Person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their Medals, among their other Titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or Fortunate. The Heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a Man more for his Good-Fortune than for any other Quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong Belief of another World. For how can I conceive a Man crowned with many distinguishing Blessings, that has not some extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme Eye, tho' perhaps it is not discovered by my Observation? What is the Reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Heroes do not form a Resolution, or strike a Blow, without the Conduct and Direction of some Deity? Doubtless, because the Poets esteemed it the greatest Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the best Way of praising a Man was to recount those Favours which naturally implied an extraordinary Merit in the Person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future State of Rewards and Punishments act very absurdly, if they form their Opinions of a Man's Merit from his Successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole Circle of our Being was concluded between our Births and Deaths, I should think a Man's Good-Fortune the Measure and Standard of his real Merit, since Providence would have no Opportunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but in the present Life. A Virtuous Unbeliever, who lies under the Pressure of Misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his Death, *O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a Substantial Good, but I find thou art an empty Name.*

But to return to our first Point. Tho' Prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill Fortune in the World, it is certain there are many unforeseen Accidents and Occurrences, which very often pervert the finest Schemes that can be laid by Human Wisdom. The Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can have an absolute Command over Fortune; the highest Degree of it which Man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous Events, and to such Contingencies as may rise in the Prosecution of our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that Prudence, which has always in it a great Mixture of Caution, hinders a Man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A Person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the Dictates of Human Prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen Successes, which are often the effect of a Sanguine Temper, or a more happy Rashness; and this perhaps may be the Reason, that according to the common Observation, Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since Man is so short-sighted a Creature, and the Accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotson's* Opinion in another Case, that were there any Doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite Wisdom and Goodness, on whose Direction we might rely in the Conduct of Human Life.

It is a great Presumption to ascribe our Successes to our own Management, and not to esteem our selves upon any Blessing, rather as it is the Bounty of Heaven, than the Acquisition of our own Prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the Defeat of the Invincible Armada, to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary Event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others, who were the Enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her Glory, ascribed the Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of Storms and Tempests, than to the Bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, valued herself upon such a signal Favour of Providence, and accordingly [in [1]] the Reverse of the Medal above mentioned, [has represented] a Fleet beaten by a Tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that Religious Inscription, *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered.*

It is remarked of a famous *Grecian* General, whose Name I cannot at present recollect,[2] and who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune, that upon recounting his Victories among his Friends, he added at the End of several great Actions, *And in this Fortune had no Share.* After which it is observed in History, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As Arrogance, and a Conceitedness of our own Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own Schemes or Prudence have no Share in our Advancement[s].

Since on this Subject I have already admitted several Quotations which have occurred to my Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* Fable. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud into the Sea, and finding it self lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflection: 'Alas! 'What an [insignificant[3]] Creature am I in this pro-

[1] Corrected by an erratum to [you see in], but in reprint altered by the addition of [has represented]

[2] Timotheus the Athenian.

[3] Altered by an erratum to [inconsiderable] to avoid the repetition 'insignificant,' and 'insignifi-'cancy;' but in the reprint the second word was changed.

'digious Ocean of Waters; my Existence is of no '[Concern[1]] to the Universe, I am reduced to a 'Kind of Nothing, and am less then the least of the 'Works of God.' It so happened, that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this [its[2]] humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay a great while hardning in the Shell, 'till by Degrees it was ripen'd into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the *Persian* Diadem. L.

No. 294.] *Wednesday, February* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui semper secunda fortuna sit usus.—Tull. ad Herennium.

INSOLENCE is the Crime of all others which every Man is most apt to rail at; and yet is there one Respect in which almost all Men living are guilty of it, and that is in the Case of laying a greater Value upon the Gifts of Fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very Language, as a Propriety of Distinction, to say, when we would speak of Persons to their Advantage, they are People of Condition. There is no doubt but the proper Use of Riches implies that a Man should exert all the good Qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a Man of Condition or Quality, one who, according to the Wealth he is Master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that Term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest Veneration; but when Wealth is used only as it is the Support of Pomp and Luxury, to be rich is very far from being a Recommendation to Honour and Respect. It is indeed the greatest Insolence imaginable, in a Creature who would feel the Extreams of Thirst and Hunger, if he did not prevent his Appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common Necessity of Human Nature, as never to cast an Eye upon the Poor and Needy. The Fellow who escaped from a Ship which struck upon a Rock in the West, and join'd with the Country People to destroy his Brother Sailors and make her a Wreck, was thought a most execrable Creature; but does not every Man who enjoys the Possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied Distress of other Men, betray the same Temper of Mind? When a Man looks about him, and with regard to Riches and Poverty beholds some drawn in Pomp and Equipage, and they and their very Servants with an Air of Scorn and Triumph overlooking the Multitude that pass by them; and, in the same Street, a Creature of the same Make crying out in the Name of all that is Good and Sacred to behold his Misery, and give him some Supply against Hunger and Nakedness, who would believe these two Beings were of the same Species? But so it is, that the Consideration of Fortune has taken up all our Minds, and, as I have often complained, Poverty and Riches stand in our Imaginations in the Places of Guilt and Innocence. But in all Seasons there will be some Instances of Persons who have Souls too large to be taken with popular Prejudices, and while the rest of Mankind are contending for Superiority in Power and Wealth, have their Thoughts bent upon the Necessities of those below them. The Charity-Schools which have been erected of late Years, are the greatest Instances of publick Spirit the Age has produced: But indeed when we consider how long this Sort of Beneficence has been on Foot, it is rather from the good Management of those Institutions, than from the Number or Value of the Benefactions to them, that they make so great a Figure. One would think it impossible, that in the Space of fourteen Years there should not have been five thousand Pounds bestowed in Gifts this Way, nor sixteen hundred Children, including Males and Females, put out to Methods of Industry. It is not allowed me to speak of Luxury and Folly with the severe Spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any Lady in a Hoop-Petticoat, if she gives the Price of one half Yard of the Silk towards Cloathing, Feeding and Instructing an Innocent helpless Creature of her own Sex in one of these Schools. The Consciousness of such an Action will give her Features a nobler Life on this illustrious Day,[1] than all the Jewels that can hang in her Hair, or can be clustered at her Bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher Words to the Fair, but to Men one may take a little more Freedom. It is monstrous how a Man can live with so little Reflection, as to fancy he is not in a Condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of Mankind, while he enjoys Wealth, and exerts no Benevolence or Bounty to others. As for this particular Occasion of these Schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous Mind. Would you do an handsome thing without Return? do it for an Infant that is not sensible of the Obligation: Would you do it for publick Good? do it for one who will be an honest Artificer: Would you do it for the Sake of Heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the Worship of him for whose Sake you gave it. It is methinks a most laudable Institution this, if it were of no other Expectation than that of producing a Race of good and useful Servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious Education. What would not a Man do, in common Prudence, to lay out in Purchase of one about him, who would add to all his Orders he gave the Weight of the Commandments to inforce an Obedience to them? for one who would consider his Master as his Father, his Friend, and Benefactor, upon the easy Terms, and in Expectation of no other Return but moderate Wages and gentle Usage? It is the common Vice of Children to run too much among the Servants; from such as are educated in these Places they would see nothing but Lowliness in the Servant, which would not be disingenuous in the Child. All the ill Offices and defamatory

[1] [significancy] [2] [his]

[1] Queen Anne's birthday. She was born Feb. 6, 1665, and died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49.

Whispers which take their Birth from Domesticks, would be prevented, if this Charity could be made universal; and a good Man might have a Knowledge of the whole Life of the Persons he designs to take into his House for his own Service, or that of his Family or Children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing Dependencies: and the Obligation would have a paternal Air in the Master, who would be relieved from much Care and Anxiety from the Gratitude and Diligence of an humble Friend attending him as his Servant. I fall into this Discourse from a Letter sent to me, to give me Notice that Fifty Boys would be Cloathed, and take their Seats (at the Charge of some generous Benefactors) in St. *Bride's* Church on *Sunday* next. I wish I could promise to my self any thing which my Correspondent seems to expect from a Publication of it in this Paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned Men have said on this Occasion: But that there may be something here which would move a generous Mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome Paragraph of Dr. *Snape's* Sermon on these Charities, which my Correspondent enclosed with his Letter.

The wise Providence has amply compensated the Disadvantages of the Poor and Indigent, in wanting many of the Conveniencies of this Life, by a more abundant Provision for their Happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this Manner of Education, of which those only enjoy the Benefit, who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such Advantages without Money, and without Price, as the Rich cannot purchase with it. The Learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others: Thus do they become more exalted in Goodness, by being depressed in Fortune, and their Poverty is, in Reality, their Preferment.[1]

T.

No. 295.] *Thursday, February* 7[8] 1712. [*Addison.*

Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia constent.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM turned of my great Climacteric, and am naturally a Man of a meek Temper. About 'a dozen Years ago I was married, for my Sins, to 'a young Woman of a good Family, and of an 'high Spirit; but could not bring her to close 'with me, before I had entered into a Treaty with 'her longer than that of the Grand Alliance. 'Among other Articles, it was therein stipulated, 'that she should have 400*l.* a Year for *Pin-money*, 'which I obliged my self to pay Quarterly into 'the hands of one who had acted as her Plenipotentiary in that Affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn Agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had 'several Children since I married her; to which, 'if I should credit our malicious Neighbours, her '*Pin-money* has not a little contributed. The 'Education of these my Children, who, contrary 'to my Expectation, are born to me every Year, 'streightens me so much, that I have begged 'their Mother to free me from the Obligation of 'the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go 'towards making a Provision for her Family. 'This Proposal makes her noble Blood swell in 'her Veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy 'in her last Quarter's Payment, she threatens me 'every Day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as 'to tell me, that if I do not do her Justice, I shall 'die in a Juyl. To this she adds, when her Passion will let her argue calmly, that she has 'several Play-Debts on her Hand, which must be 'discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot 'lose her Money as becomes a Woman of her 'Fashion, if she makes me any Abatements in 'this Article. I hope, Sir, you will take an Occasion from hence to give your Opinion upon a Subject which you have not yet touched, and inform 'us if there are any Precedents for this Usage 'among our Ancestors; or whether you find any 'mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, 'or any other of the Civilians.

I am ever
the humblest of your Admirers,
Josiah Fribble, *Esq.*

As there is no Man living who is a more professed Advocate for the Fair Sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges; but as the Doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our Modern Ladies, I think it is for the Interest of both Sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a Man's Wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with Arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own Dishonour. We may indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a Woman is more or less Beautiful, and her Husband advanced in Years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a Treaty of Marriage, rises or falls in her Demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high Quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage Reckoning.

But where the Age and Circumstances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a

[1] From January 24 there occasionally appears the advertisement.

'Just Published.

'A very neat Pocket Edition of the SPECTATOR, 'in two volumes 12 mo. Printed for S. Buckley, 'at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and J. Tonson, 'at Shakespear's Head, over-against Catherine-'Street in the Strand.'

Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred Pounds a Year for this use? Should a Man unacquainted with our Customs be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Island? *A Pin a Day*, says our frugal Proverb, *is a Groat a Year*, so that according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble's* Wife must every Year make use of Eight Millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British* Ladies allege they comprehend under this general Term several other Conveniencies of Life; I could therefore wish, for the Honour of my Countrywomen, that they had rather called it *Needle-Money*, which might have implied something of Good-housewifry, and not have given the malicious World occasion to think, that Dress and Trifles have always the uppermost Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know several of my fair Reasoners urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a necessary Provision they make for themselves, in case their Husband proves a Churl or a Miser; so that they consider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to, without actually separating from their Husbands. But with Submission, I think a Woman who will give up her self to a Man in Marriage, where there is the least Room for such an Apprehension, and trust her Person to one whom she will not rely on for the common Necessaries of Life, may very properly be accused (in the Phrase of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wise and Pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battel without securing a Retreat, in case the Event should not answer their Expectations; on the other hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the Engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a Woman who takes such Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how she may live happily, without the Affection of one to whom she joins herself for Life. Separate Purses between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as separate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleasures, Inclinations, and Interests of both Parties are not the same. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Sense of a Person's depending upon him for her Ease and Happiness; as a Woman uses all her Endeavours to please the Person whom she looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

For this Reason I am not very much surprized at the Behaviour of a rough Country 'Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath, 'As much as she thought him her Slave, he would 'shew all the World he did not care a Pin for her. Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great Tract of Lands, and enquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide Field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil*; and that in the same Manner there was a large Portion of Ground set aside for every part of Her Majesty's Dress. These Lands might not be improperly called the Queen of *Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this Passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the Perverse Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had disposed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her Wedding-Day she should have carried on her Head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his Estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Cole-pit to keep her in clean Linnen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have presented her once in three Years with the Sheering of his Sheep [for her[1]] Under-Petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Cloaths himself, there should not have been a Woman in the Country better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the Humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Estate to mark out so many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*.

L.

No. 296.] *Friday, February* 8, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Nugis addere pondus.*—Hor.

Dear SPEC.

'HAVING lately conversed much with the 'Fair Sex on the Subject of your Specula-'tions, (which since their Appearance in Publick, 'have been the chief Exercise of the Female 'loquacious Faculty) I found the fair Ones pos-'sess'd with a Dissatisfaction at your prefixing '*Greek* Motto's to the Frontispiece of your late 'Papers; and, as a Man of Gallantry, I thought 'it a Duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, 'in Hopes of a Reformation, which is only to be 'effected by a Restoration of the *Latin* to the 'usual Dignity in your Papers, which of late, the '*Greek*, to the great Displeasure of your Female 'Readers, has usurp'd; for tho' the *Latin* has the 'Recommendation of being as unintelligible to 'them as the *Greek*, yet being written of the same 'Character with their Mother-Tongue, by the 'Assistance of a Spelling-Book it's legible; which

[1] [to keep her in]

'Quality the *Greek* wants: And since the Introduction of Operas into this Nation, the Ladies 'are so charmed with Sounds abstracted from 'their Ideas, that they adore and honour the 'Sound of *Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I am a 'Sollicitor for the Fair Sex, and therefore think 'my self in that Character more likely to be prevalent in this Request, than if I should subscribe 'myself by my proper Name.

T. M.

I desire you may insert this in one of your Speculations, to shew my Zeal for removing the Dissatisfaction of the Fair Sex, and restoring you to their Favour.

SIR,

'I was some time since in Company with a 'young Officer, who entertained us with the Con'quest he had made over a Female Neighbour of 'his; when a Gentleman who stood by, as I sup'pose, envying the Captain's good Fortune, asked 'him what Reason he had to believe the Lady ad'mired him? Why, says he, my Lodgings are 'opposite to hers, and she is continually at her 'Window either at Work, Reading, taking Snuff, 'or putting her self in some toying Posture on 'purpose to draw my Eyes that Way. The Con'fession of this vain Soldier made me reflect on 'some of my own Actions; for you must know, 'Sir, I am often at a Window which fronts the 'Apartments of several Gentlemen, who I doubt 'not have the same Opinion of me. I must own 'I love to look at them all, one for being well 'dressed, a second for his fine Eye, and one par'ticular one, because he is the least Man I ever 'saw; but there is something so easie and pleasant 'in the Manner of my little Man, that I observe 'he is a Favourite of all his Acquaintance. I 'could go on to tell you of many others that I 'believe think I have encouraged them from my 'Window: But pray let me have your Opinion of 'the Use of the Window in a beautiful Lady: and 'how often she may look out at the same Man, 'without being supposed to have a Mind to jump 'out to him.

Yours,

Aurelia Careless.

Twice.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Time made Love to a Lady, 'who received it with all the kind Returns I 'ought to expect. But without any Provocation, 'that I know of, she has of late shunned me with 'the utmost Abhorrence, insomuch that she went 'out of Church last *Sunday* in the midst of Divine 'Service, upon my coming into the same Pew. 'Pray, Sir, what must I do in this Business?

Your Servant,

Euphues.

Let her alone Ten Days.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 20, 1711-12.

'We have in this Town a sort of People who 'pretend to Wit and write Lampoons: I have 'lately been the Subject of one of them. The 'Scribler had not Genius enough in Verse to turn 'my Age, as indeed I am an old Maid, into Rail'lery, for affecting a youthier Turn than is con'sistent with my Time of Day; and therefore he 'makes the Title to his Madrigal, The Character 'of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in the Year [1680.[1]] 'What I desire of you is, That you disallow that 'a Coxcomb who pretends to write Verse, should 'put the most malicious Thing he can say in Prose. 'This I humbly conceive will disable our Country 'Wits, who indeed take a great deal of Pains to 'say any thing in Rhyme, tho' they say it very ill.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Susanna Lovebane.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are several of us, Gentlemen and Ladies, 'who Board in the same House, and after Dinner 'one of our Company (an agreeable Man enough 'otherwise) stands up and reads your Paper to us 'all. We are the civillest People in the World to 'one another, and therefore I am forced to this 'way of desiring our Reader, when he is doing 'this Office, not to stand afore the Fire. This 'will be a general Good to our Family this cold 'Wea'her. He will, I know, take it to be our 'common Request when he comes to these Words, '*Pray, Sir, sit down*; which I desire you to in'sert, and you will particularly oblige

Your Daily Reader,

Charity Frost.

SIR,

'I am a great Lover of Dancing, but cannot 'perform so well as some others; however, by my 'Out-of-the-Way Capers, and some original Grim'aces, I don't fail to divert the Company, particu'larly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately all the 'Time. Some, who pretend to be my Friends, 'tell me they do it in Derision, and would advise 'me to leave it off, withal that I make my self 'ridiculous. I don't know what to do in this 'Affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon 'any Account, 'till I have the Opinion of the 'SPECTATOR.

Your humble Servant,

John Trott.

If Mr. *Trott* is not awkward out of Time, he has a Right to Dance let who will Laugh: But if he has no Ear he will interrupt others; and I am of Opinion he should sit still. Given under my Hand this Fifth of *February*, 1711-12.

T. *The* SPECTATOR.

No. 297.] *Saturday, February* 9, 1712. [*Addison.*

——velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos.—Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* Paper, I shall enter on the Subject of this without further Preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the Extenuation of such Defects. The first Imperfection which I

[1] [1780.]

shall observe in the Fable is that the Event of it is unhappy.

The Fable of every Poem is, according to *Aristotle's* Division, either *Simple* or *Implex*.[1] It is called Simple when there is no change of Fortune in it: Implex, when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

The Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his Way through a long Series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Prosperity, as we see in the [Story of *Ulysses*.[2]] In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent Pitch of Honour and Prosperity, into Misery and Disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a State of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject Condition of Sin and Sorrow.

The most taking Tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *Œdipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man.[3] I have taken some Pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late Years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary Plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several Expedients; particularly by the Mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in [a[4]] beautiful Passage of the Tenth Book; and likewise by the Vision wherein *Adam* at the close of the Poem sees his Off-spring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

There is another Objection against *Milton's* Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occasion to Mr. *Dryden's* Reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton's* Hero.[5] I think I have obviated this Objection in my first Paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic [or a] Narrative Poem, [and] he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended; [but[1]] if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the *Messiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the [chief Episodes.[2]] Paganism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind, which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a [sublimer[3]] Nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the Greatness of Plan, Regularity of Design, and masterly Beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next Place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some Particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the Picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other Passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather savour of the Spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the Structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many Digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who are his Principal Actors.[4] *Aristotle* has given no reason for this Precept; but I presume it is because the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own Persons. Besides that assuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination, and raise the Ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us,[5] mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

[1] Poetics, cap. x. Addison got his affected word 'implex' by reading Aristotle through the translation and notes of André Dacier. Implex was the word used by the French, but the natural English translation of Aristotle's ἁπλοῖ and πεπλεγμένοι is into simple and complicated.

[2] [Stories of *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and *Æneas*.]

[3] Poetics, cap. xi. [4] [that]

[5] Dedication of the Æneid; where, after speaking of small claimants of the honours of the Epic, he says, 'Spenser has a better plea for his "Fairy 'Queen" had his action been finished, or been 'one; and Milton if the Devil had not been his hero, 'instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the 'knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to 'wander through the world with his lady-errant; 'and if there had not been more machining per-'sons than human in his poem.'

[1] [or] [2] [Episode] [3] [greater]

[4] Poetics, cap. xxv. The reason he gives is that when the Poet speaks in his own person 'he is 'not then the Imitator.' Other Poets than Homer, Aristotle adds, 'ambitious to figure through-'out themselves, imitate but little and seldom. 'Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immedi-'ately introduces a man or woman or some other 'character, for all have their character.' Of Lucan, as an example of the contrary practice, Hobbes said in his 'Discourse concerning the Vir-'tues of an Heroic Poem,' 'No Heroic Poem 'raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath 'done, though not so great admiration of the per-'sons he introduceth.'

[5] Letters to Atticus, Bk. xiii., Ep. 44.

If the Reader would be at the Pains to see how the Story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those Persons who act in it, he will be surprized to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great Rule; insomuch that there is scarce a third Part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some Good or Evil Spirit who is engaged either in their Destruction or Defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that Digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his Narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his Narration sleep for the sake of any Reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret Admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Æneid* is in that Passage of the Tenth Book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the Mind of Man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear prosperous Fortune with Moderation? The Time will come when* Turnus *shall wish that he had left the Body of* Pallas *untouched, and curse the Day on which he dressed himself in these Spoils.* As the great Event of the *Æneid*, and the Death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the Spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflection upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's Memory. *Lucan*, who was an Injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary Digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them.[1] If he gives us an Account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the Occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his Evil Fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real Weight, but by the Apprehension of it. *Milton's* Complaint [for[2]] his Blindness, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the Angels eating, and several other Passages in his Poem, are liable to the same Exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a Beauty in these very Digressions, that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the *Characters of Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my Opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are sometimes defective under the following Heads: First, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into Punns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the First Book, where speaking of the Pigmies, he calls them,

> ——*The small* Infantry
> *Warr'd on by Cranes* ——

[1] Poetices, Lib. iii. cap. 25.

[2] [of]

Another Blemish [that[1]] appears in some of his Thoughts, is his frequent Allusion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a Piece with the Divine Subject, of which he treats. I do not find fault with these Allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some Places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of Fact. The Limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Instances of this kind; the Reader will easily remark them in his Perusal of the Poem.

A third fault in his Sentiments, is an unnecessary Ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their Times, but it shews it self in their Works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his Excursions on Free-Will and Predestination, and his many Glances upon History, Astronomy, Geography, and the like, as well as by the Terms and Phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the *Language* of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old Words, Transpositions, and Foreign Idioms. *Seneca's* Objection to the Style of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum nihil lene*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refuse it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton's* Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully Sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full Strength and Beauty, without having recourse to these Foreign Assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul, which furnished him with such glorious Conceptions.

A second Fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his Words, as in the following Passages, and many others:

> *And brought into the* World *a* World *of Woe.*
> ——*Begirt th' Almighty throne*
> Beseeching *or* besieging——
> *This* tempted *our* attempt——
> *At one slight* bound *high overleapt all* bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of Speech, that some of the greatest Ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the Beauties of that Art.[2] But as it is in its self poor and

[1] [which]

[2] Rhetoric, iii. ch. 11, where he cites such verbal jokes as, You wish him πέρσαι (i. e. to side with Persia—to ruin him), and the saying of Isocrates concerning Athens, that its sovereignty (ἀρχὴ) was to the city a beginning (ἀρχὴ) of evils. As this closes Addison's comparison of Milton's practice with Aristotle's doctrine (the following papers being expressions of his personal appreciation of

trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the Masters of Polite Writing.

The last Fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* Style, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or Terms of Art. It is one of the great Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse [of [1]] it self in such easy Language as may be understood by ordinary Readers: Besides, that the Knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from Books and Systems. I have often wondered how Mr. *Dryden* could translate a Passage out of *Virgil* after the following manner.

Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea.
Veer Star-board Sea and Land.——

Milton makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon Building he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave.* When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Eccliptic* and *Eccentric*, the *trepidation, Stars dropping from the Zenith, Rays culminating from the Equator.* To which might be added many Instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next [Papers[2]] give an Account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this Piece of Criticism. L.

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the several books of Paradise Lost), we may note here that Milton would have been quite ready to have his work tried by the test Addison has been applying. In his letter to Samuel Hartlib, sketching his ideal of a good Education, he assigns to advanced pupils logic and then 'rhetoric taught 'out of the rules of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, 'Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry 'would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather 'precedent, as being less subtile and fine, but more 'simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not 'here the prosody of a verse, which they could not 'but have hit on before among the rudiments of 'grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and 'others, *teaches what the laws are of a true epic 'poem*, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what 'decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to 'observe. This would make them soon perceive 'what despicable creatures our common rhymers 'and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might 'be made of poetry, both in divine and human 'things.'

[1] [in] [2] [*Saturday's* Paper]

No. 298.] *Monday, February* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nusquam Tuta fides—— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Feb.* 9, 1711-12.

'I AM a Virgin, and in no Case despicable; but yet such as I am I must remain, or else 'become, 'tis to be feared, less happy: for I find 'not the least good Effect from the just Correction 'you some time since gave, that too free, that 'looser Part of our Sex which spoils the Men; the 'same Connivance at the Vices, the same easie 'Admittance of Addresses, the same vitiated 'Relish of the Conversation of the greatest of 'Rakes (or in a more fashionable Way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the World 'most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

'The humble Petition therefore of many of the 'most strictly virtuous, and of my self, is, That 'you'll once more exert your Authority, and that 'according to your late Promise, your full, your 'impartial Authority, on this sillier Branch of our 'Kind: For why should they be the uncontroulable Mistresses of our Fate? Why should they 'with Impunity indulge the Males in Licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal Hazard and Plague of reforming them when married? 'Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our 'maiden Hopes, our gilded Hopes of nuptial Felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you your 'self, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, will, by smoothing 'over immodest Practices with the Gloss of soft 'and harmless Names, for ever forfeit our Esteem. 'Nor think that I'm herein more severe than need 'be: If I have not reason more than enough, do 'you and the World judge from this ensuing Account, which, I think, will prove the Evil to be 'universal.

'You must know then, that since your Reprehension of this Female Degeneracy came out, 'I've had a Tender of Respects from no less than 'five Persons, of tolerable Figure too as Times 'go: But the Misfortune is, that four of the five 'are professed Followers of the Mode. They 'would face me down, that all Women of good 'Sense ever were, and ever will be, Latitudinarians in Wedlock; and always did, and will, 'give and take what they profanely term Conjugal 'Liberty of Conscience.

'The two first of them, a Captain and a Merchant, to strengthen their Argument, pretend to 'repeat after a Couple, a Brace of Ladies of 'Quality and Wit, That *Venus* was always kind to '*Mars;* and what Soul that has the least spark of 'Generosity, can deny a Man of Bravery any 'thing? And how pitiful a Trader that, whom no 'Woman but his own Wife will have Correspondence and Dealings with? Thus these; whilst 'the third, the Country Squire, confessed, That 'indeed he was surprized into good Breeding, 'and entered into the Knowledge of the World 'unawares. That dining t'other Day at a Gentleman's House, the Person who entertained was 'obliged to leave him with his Wife and Nieces; 'where they spoke with so much Contempt of an

'absent Gentleman for being slow at a Hint, that 'he had resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid for the future at a Friend's 'House; and on a hunting Morning, not to pursue the Game either with the Husband abroad, 'or with the Wife at home.

'The next that came was a Tradesman, [no[1]] less 'full of the Age than the former; for he had the 'Gallantry to tell me, that at a late Junket which 'he was invited to, the Motion being made, and 'the Question being put, 'twas by Maid, Wife 'and Widow resolved *nemine contradicente*, That 'a young sprightly Journeyman is absolutely ne'cessary in their Way of Business: To which 'they had the Assent and Concurrence of the 'Husbands present. I dropped him a Curtsy, 'and gave him to understand that was his Audi'ence of Leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many 'Advances besides these; but have been very 'averse to hear any of them, from my Observa'tion on these above-mentioned, 'till I hoped 'some Good from the Character of my present 'Admirer, a Clergyman. But I find even amongst 'them there are indirect Practices in relation to 'Love, and our Treaty is at present a little in 'Suspence, 'till some Circumstances are cleared. 'There is a Charge against him among the Wo'men, and the Case is this: It is alledged, That 'a certain endowed Female would have appropri'ated her self to and consolidated her self with a 'Church, which my Divine now enjoys; (or, which 'is the same thing, did prostitute her self to her 'Friend's doing this for her): That my Ecclesias'tick, to obtain the one, did engage himself to 'take off the other that lay on Hand; but that on 'his Success in the Spiritual, he again renounced 'the Carnal.

'I put this closely to him, and taxed him with 'Disingenuity. He to clear himself made the 'subsequent Defence, and that in the most solemn 'Manner possible: That he was applied to and 'instigated to accept of a Benefice: That a con'ditional Offer thereof was indeed made him at 'first, but with Disdain by him rejected: That 'when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this 'Nature could bring him to their Purpose, Assur'ance of his being entirely unengaged before-hand, 'and safe from all their After-Expectations (the 'only Stratagem left to draw him in) was given 'him: That pursuant to this the Donation it self 'was without Delay, before several reputable 'Witnesses, tendered to him *gratis*, with the open 'Profession of not the least Reserve, or most mi'nute Condition; but that yet immediately after 'Induction, his insidious Introducer (or her 'crafty Procurer, which you will) industriously 'spread the Report, which had reached my Ears, 'not only in the Neighbourhood of that said 'Church, but in *London*, in the University, in 'mine and his own County, and where-ever else 'it might probably obviate his Application to any 'other Woman, and so confine him to this alone: 'And, in a Word, That as he never did make any 'previous Offer of his Service, or the least Step 'to her Affection; so on his Discovery of these 'Designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but 'afterwards, in Justice to himself, vindicate both 'his Innocence and Freedom by keeping his 'proper Distance.

'This is his Apology, and I think I shall be 'satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my 'tedious Epistle, without recommending to you 'not only to resume your former Chastisement, 'but to add to your Criminals the Simoniacal 'Ladies, who seduce the sacred Order into the 'Difficulty of either breaking a mercenary Troth 'made to them whom they ought not to deceive, 'or by breaking or keeping it offending against 'him whom they cannot deceive. Your Assistance 'and Labours of this sort would be of great 'Benefit, and your speedy Thoughts on this Sub'ject would be very seasonable to,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,
T. Chastity Loveworth.

[1] [nor]

No. 299.] *Tuesday, February* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, Mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem
In castris, et cum totâ Carthagine migra.—Juv.

IT is observed, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Person eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the finest Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the same manner a Representation of those Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man suffers from wrong Measures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impression upon our Minds, than the wisest Maxims and Instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Indiscretions on our own private Conduct. It is for this Reason that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any Reflections of my own upon the Subject Matter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having carefully perused a Letter sent you by '*Josiah Fribble*, Esq., with your subsequent Dis'course upon *Pin-Money*, I do presume to trouble 'you with an Account of my own Case, which I 'look upon to be no less deplorable than that of 'Squire *Fribble*. I am a Person of no Extraction, 'having begun the World with a small parcel of 'Rusty Iron, and was for some Years commonly 'known by the Name of *Jack Anvil*.[1] I have 'naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, 'insomuch that by the Age of Five and twenty I 'had scraped together Four thousand two hun'dred Pounds Five Shillings, and a few odd 'Pence. I then launched out into considerable 'Business, and became a bold Trader both by Sea 'and Land, which in a few Years raised me a

[1] This has been said to refer to a Sir Ambrose Crowley, who changed his name to Crawley.

'very [great[1]] Fortune. For these my Good 'Services I was Knighted in the thirty fifth Year 'of my Age, and lived with great Dignity among 'my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir *John* '*Anvil*. Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I 'was now bent upon making a Family, and ac- 'cordingly resolved that my Descendants should 'have a Dash of Good Blood in their Veins. In 'order to this, I made Love to the Lady *Mary* '*Oddly*, an Indigent young Woman of Quality. 'To cut short the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a '*Charte Blanche*, as our News Papers call it, de- 'siring her to write upon it her own Terms. She 'was very concise in her Demands, insisting only 'that the Disposal of my Fortune, and the Regu- 'lation of my Family, should be entirely in her 'Hands. Her Father and Brothers appeared ex- 'ceedingly averse to this Match, and would not 'see me for some time; but at present are so well 'reconciled, that they Dine with me almost every 'Day, and have borrowed considerable Sums of 'me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me 'with, when she would shew me how kind her 'Relations are to me. She had no Portion, as I 'told you before, but what she wanted in Fortune, 'she makes up in Spirit. She at first changed my 'Name to Sir *John Envil*, and at present writes 'her self *Mary Enville*. I have had some Children 'by her, whom she has Christened with the Sirnames 'of her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear 'out the Homeliness of their Parentage by the 'Father's Side. Our eldest Son is the Honourable '*Oddly Enville*, Esq., and our eldest Daughter '*Harriot Enville*. Upon her first coming into 'my Family, she turned-off a parcel of very care- 'ful Servants, who had been long with me, and 'introduced in their stead a couple of Black-a- 'moors, and three or four very genteel Fellows in 'Laced Liveries, besides her *French* woman, who 'is perpetually making a Noise in the House in a 'Language which no body understands, except 'my Lady *Mary*. She next set her self to reform 'every Room of my House, having glazed all my 'Chimney-pieces with Looking-glass, and planted 'every Corner with such heaps of *China*, that I 'am obliged to move about my own House with 'the greatest Caution and Circumspection, for 'fear of hurting some of our Brittle Furniture. 'She makes an Illumination once a Week with 'Wax-Candles in one of the largest Rooms, in 'order, as she phrases it, to see Company. At 'which time she always desires me to be Abroad, 'or to confine my self to the Cock-loft, that I may 'not disgrace her among her Visitants of Quality. 'Her Footmen, as I told you before, are such 'Beaus that I do not much care for asking them 'Questions; when I do, they answer me with a 'sawcy Frown, and say that every thing, which I 'find Fault with, was done by my Lady *Mary's* 'Order. She tells me that she intends they shall 'wear Swords with their next Liveries, having 'lately observed the Footmen of two or three 'Persons of Quality hanging behind the Coach 'with Swords by their Sides. As soon as the first 'Honey-Moon was over, I represented to her the 'Unreasonableness of those daily Innovations 'which she made in my Family, but she told me 'I was no longer to consider my self as Sir *John* '*Anvil*, but as her Husband; and added, with a 'Frown, that I did not seem to know who she 'was. I was surprized to be treated thus, after 'such Familiarities as had passed between us. 'But she has since given me to know, that what- 'ever Freedoms she may sometimes indulge me 'in, she expects in general to be treated with the 'Respect that is due to her Birth and Quality. 'Our Children have been trained up from their 'Infancy with so many Accounts of their Mother's 'Family, that they know the Stories of all the 'great Men and Women it has produced. Their 'Mother tells them, that such an one commanded 'in such a Sea. Engagement, that their Great 'Grandfather had a Horse shot under him at '*Edge-hill*, that their Uncle was at the Siege of '*Buda*, and that her Mother danced in a Ball at 'Court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with 'abundance of Fiddle-faddle of the same Nature. 'I was, the other Day, a little out of Countenance 'at a Question of my little Daughter *Harriot*, 'who asked me, with a great deal of Innocence, 'why I never told them of the Generals and Ad- 'mirals that had been in *my* Family. As for my 'Eldest Son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by 'his Mother, that if he does not mend his Manners 'I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his 'Sword upon me before he was nine years old, 'and told me, that he expected to be used like a 'Gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for 'his Insolence, my Lady *Mary* stept in between 'us, and told me, that I ought to consider there 'was some Difference between his Mother and 'mine. She is perpetually finding out the Fea- 'tures of her own Relations in every one of my 'Children, tho', by the way, I have a little Chub- 'faced Boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst 'say so; but what most angers me, when she 'sees me playing with any of them upon my Knee, 'she has begged me more than once to converse 'with the Children as little as possibly, that they 'may not learn any of my awkward Tricks.

'You must farther know, since I am opening 'my Heart to you, that she thinks her self my 'Superior in Sense, as much as she is in Quality, 'and therefore treats me like a plain well-mean- 'ing Man, who does not know the World. She 'dictates to me in my own Business, sets me right 'in Point of Trade, and if I disagree with her 'about any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I 'will dispute with her, when I know very well 'that her Great Grandfather was a Flag Officer.

'To compleat my Sufferings, she has teazed me 'for this Quarter of [a[1]] Year last past, to remove 'into one of the Squares at the other End of the 'Town, promising for my Encouragement, that I 'shall have as good a Cock-loft as any Gentleman 'in the Square; to which the Honourable *Oddly* '*Enville*, Esq., always adds, like a Jack-a-napes 'as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as near the Court 'as possible.

'In short, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I am so much out 'of my natural Element, that to recover my old

[1] [considerable] corrected by an erratum in No. 301.

[1] [an].

'Way of Life I would be content to begin the 'World again, and be plain *Jack Anvil*; but 'alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to sub- 'scribe my self, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your humble Servant,

L. John Enville, *Knt.*

No. 300.] *Wednesday, February* 13, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Diversum vitio vitium prope majus.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you talk of the Subject of Love, and 'the Relations arising from it, methinks 'you should take Care to leave no Fault unob- 'served which concerns the State of Marriage. 'The great Vexation that I have observed in it, 'is, that the wedded Couple seem to want Oppor- 'tunities of being often enough alone together, 'and are forced to quarrel and be fond before 'Company. Mr. *Hotspur* and his Lady, in a 'Room full of their Friends, are ever saying 'something so smart to each other, and that but 'just within Rules, that the whole Company stand 'in the utmost Anxiety and Suspence for fear of 'their falling into Extremities which they could 'not be present at. On the other Side, *Tom Fad- dle* and his pretty Spouse where-ever they come 'are billing at such a Rate, as they think must do 'our Hearts good who behold 'em. Cannot you 'possibly propose a Mean between being Wasps 'and Doves in Publick? I should think if you ad- 'vised to hate or love sincerely it would be better: 'For if they would be so discreet as to hate from 'the very Bottom of their Hearts, their Aversion 'would be too strong for little Gibes every Mo- 'ment; and if they loved with that calm and 'noble Value which dwells in the Heart, with a 'Warmth like that of Life-Blood, they would not 'be so impatient of their Passion as to fall into 'observable Fondness. This Method, in each 'Case, would save Appearances; but as those who 'offend on the fond Side are by much the fewer, 'I would have you begin with them, and go on to 'take Notice of a most impertinent Licence mar- 'ried Women take, not only to be very loving to 'their Spouses in Publick, but also make nau- 'seous Allusions to private Familiarities, and the 'like. *Lucina* is a Lady of the greatest Discre- 'tion, you must know, in the World; and withal 'very much a Physician: Upon the Strength of 'these two Qualities there is nothing she will not 'speak of before us Virgins; and she every Day 'talks with a very grave Air in such a Manner, as 'is very improper so much as to be hinted at but 'to obviate the greatest Extremity. Those whom 'they call good Bodies, notable People, hearty 'Neighbours, and the purest goodest Company in 'the World, are the great Offenders in this Kind. 'Here I think I have laid before you an open 'Field for Pleasantry; and hope you will shew 'these People that at least they are not witty: 'In which you will save from many a Blush a 'daily Sufferer, who is very much

Your most humble Servant,

Susanna Loveworth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In yours of *Wednesday* the 30th past, you and 'your Correspondent are very severe on a sort of 'Men, whom you call Male Coquets; but without 'any other Reason, in my Apprehension, than 'that of paying a shallow Compliment to the fair 'Sex, by accusing some Men of imaginary Faults, 'that the Women may not seem to be the more 'faulty Sex; though at the same time you suppose 'there are some so weak as to be imposed upon 'by fine Things and false Addresses. I can't per- 'suade my self that your Design is to debar the 'Sexes the Benefit of each other's Conversation 'within the Rules of Honour; nor will you, I dare 'say, recommend to 'em, or encourage the com- 'mon Tea-Table Talk, much less that of Politicks 'and Matters of State: And if these are forbidden 'Subjects of Discourse, then, as long as there are 'any Women in the World who take a Pleasure in 'hearing themselves praised, and can bear the 'Sight of a Man prostrate at their Feet, so long I 'shall make no Wonder that there are those of the 'other Sex who will pay them those impertinent 'Humiliations. We should have few People such 'Fools as to practise Flattery, if all were so wise 'as to despise it. I don't deny but you would do 'a meritorious Act, if you could prevent all Im- 'positions on the Simplicity of young Women; 'but I must confess I don't apprehend you have 'laid the Fault on the proper Person, and if I 'trouble you with my Thoughts upon it I promise 'my self your Pardon. Such of the Sex as are 'raw and innocent, and most exposed to these 'Attacks, have, or their Parents are much to blame 'if they have not, one to advise and guard 'em, 'and are obliged themselves to take Care of 'em: 'but if these, who ought to hinder Men from all 'Opportunities of this sort of Conversation, instead 'of that encourage and promote it, the Suspicion 'is very just that there are some private Reasons 'for it; and I'll leave it to you to determine on 'which Side a Part is then acted. Some Women 'there are who are arrived at Years of Discretion, 'I mean are got out of the Hands of their Parents 'and Governours, and are set up for themselves, 'who yet are liable to these Attempts; but if these 'are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay 'the Fault upon them, that their Wisdom is not 'grown with their Years. My Client, Mr. *Stre- 'phon*, whom you summoned to declare himself, 'gives you Thanks however for your Warning, 'and begs the Favour only to inlarge his Time for 'a Week, or to the last Day of the Term, and 'then he'll appear *gratis*, and pray no Day over.

Yours,

Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was last Night to visit a Lady who I much 'esteem, and always took for my Friend; but met 'with so very different a Reception from what I 'expected, that I cannot help applying my self to 'you on this Occasion. In the room of that Civili- 'ty and Familiarity I used to be treated with by 'her, an affected Strangeness in her Looks, and 'Coldness in her Behaviour, plainly told me I was 'not the welcome Guest which the Regard and 'Tenderness she has often expressed for me gave

'me Reason to flatter my self to think I was. 'Sir, this is certainly a great Fault, and I assure 'you a very common one; therefore I hope you 'will think it a fit Subject for some Part of a '*Spectator*. Be pleased to acquaint us how we 'must behave our selves towards this valetudinary 'Friendship, subject to so many Heats and Colds, 'and you will oblige,

SIR, Your humble Servant,
Miranda.

SIR,

'I cannot forbear acknowledging the Delight 'your late *Spectators* on *Saturdays* have given 'me; for it is writ in the honest Spirit of Criticism, 'and called to my Mind the following four Lines 'I had read long since in a Prologue to a Play 'called *Julius Cæsar*,[1] which has deserved a better 'Fate. The Verses are addressed to the little 'Criticks.

Shew your small Talent, and let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays:
You'll ne'er arrive at Knowing when to praise.

T. Yours, *D. G.*

No. 301.] *Thursday, February* 14, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Possint ut Juvenes visere fervidi
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.—Hor.

WE are generally so much pleased with any little Accomplishments, either of Body or Mind, which have once made us remarkable in the World, that we endeavour to perswade our selves it is not in the Power of Time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same Methods which first procured us the Applauses of Mankind. It is from this Notion that an Author writes on, tho' he is come to Dotage; without ever considering that his Memory is impaired, and that he has lost that Life, and those Spirits, which formerly raised his Fancy, and fired his Imagination. The same Folly hinders a Man from submitting his Behaviour to his Age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated Dancer at five and twenty, still love to hobble in a Minuet, tho' he is past Threescore. It is this, in a Word, which fills the Town with elderly Fops, and superannuated Coquets.

Canidia, a Lady of this latter Species, passed by me Yesterday in her Coach. *Canidia* was an haughty Beauty of the last Age, and was followed by Crowds of Adorers, whose Passions only pleased her, as they gave her Opportunities of playing the Tyrant. She then contracted that awful Cast of the Eye and forbidding Frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the Insolence of Beauty without its Charms. If she now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; and the Men, who always enjoy an ill-natured Pleasure in seeing an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same Satisfaction that a free Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer of the Gallantries in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, lately communicated to me a Letter written by a Wit of that Age to his Mistress, who it seems was a Lady of *Canidia's* Humour; and tho' I do not always approve of my Friend WILL's Taste, I liked this Letter so well, that I took a Copy of it, with which I shall here present my Reader.

To CLOE.

MADAM,

'Since my waking Thoughts have never been 'able to influence you in my Favour, I am re'solved to try whether my Dreams can make any 'Impression on you. To this end I shall give you 'an Account of a very odd one which my Fancy 'presented to me last Night, within a few Hours 'after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed 'into the most delicious Place mine Eyes ever 'beheld, it was a large Valley divided by a River 'of the purest Water I had ever seen. The 'Ground on each Side of it rose by an easie 'Ascent, and was covered with Flowers of an in'finite Variety, which as they were reflected in the 'Water doubled the Beauties of the Place, or rather 'formed an Imaginary Scene more beautiful than 'the real. On each Side of the River was a 'Range of lofty Trees, whose Boughs were loaden 'with almost as many Birds as Leaves. Every 'Tree was full of Harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when 'I perceived that it was terminated by a most mag'nificent Temple. The Structure was ancient, 'and regular. On the Top of it was figured the 'God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that 'the Poets usually represent *Time*.

'As I was advancing to satisfie my Curiosity by 'a nearer View, I was stopped by an Object far 'more beautiful than any I had before discovered 'in the whole Place. I fancy, Madam, you will 'easily guess that this could hardly be any thing 'but your self; in reality it was so; you lay ex'tended on the Flowers by the side of the River, 'so that your Hands which were thrown in a negli'gent Posture, almost touched the Water. Your 'Eyes were closed; but if your Sleep deprived 'me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me 'at leisure to contemplate several other Charms, 'which disappear when your Eyes are open. I 'could not but admire the Tranquility you slept 'in, especially when I considered the Uneasiness 'you produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these Reflec'tions, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a 'very great Noise; and lifting up my Eyes, I saw 'two Figures, in human Shape, coming into the 'Valley. Upon a nearer Survey, I found them 'to be YOUTH and LOVE. The first was encircled 'with a kind of Purple Light, that spread a Glory 'over all the Place; the other held a flaming

[1] By William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (who died in 1640); one of his four 'Monarchicke 'Tragedies.' He received a grant of Nova Scotia to colonize, and was secretary of state for Scotland.

'Torch in his Hand. I could observe, that all the 'way as they came towards us, the Colours of the 'Flowers appeared more lively, the Trees shot out 'in Blossoms, the Birds threw themselves into 'Pairs, and Serenaded them as they passed: The 'whole Face of Nature glowed with new Beauties. 'They were no sooner arrived at the Place where 'you lay, when they seated themselves on each 'Side of you. On their Approach, methought I 'saw a new Bloom arise in your Face, and new 'Charms diffuse themselves over your whole Per-'son. You appeared more than Mortal; but, to 'my great Surprise, continued fast asleep, tho' 'the two Deities made several gentle Efforts to 'awaken you.

'After a short Time, YOUTH (displaying a Pair 'of Wings, which I had not before taken notice 'of) flew off. LOVE still remained, and holding 'the Torch which he had in his Hand before your 'Face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. 'The glaring of the Light in your Eyes at length 'awakened you; when, to my great Surprise, in-'stead of acknowledging the Favour of the Deity, 'you frowned upon him, and struck the Torch out 'of his Hand into the River. The God after 'having regarded you with a Look that spoke at '[once[1]] his Pity and Displeasure, flew away. Im-'mediately a kind of Gloom overspread the whole 'Place. At the same time I saw an hideous 'Spectre enter at one end of the Valley. His 'Eyes were sunk into his Head, his Face was 'pale and withered, and his Skin puckered up in 'Wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the 'Bank the River froze, the Flowers faded, the 'Trees shed their Blossoms, the Birds dropped 'from off the Boughs, and fell dead at his Feet. 'By these Marks I knew him to be OLD-AGE. 'You were seized with the utmost Horror and 'Amazement at his Approach. You endeavoured 'to have fled, but the Phantome caught you in his 'Arms. You may easily guess at the Change you 'suffered in this Embrace. For my own Part, 'though I am still too full of the [frightful[2]] Idea, I 'will not shock you with a Description of it. I 'was so startled at the Sight that my Sleep imme-'diately left me, and I found my self awake, at lei-'sure to consider of a Dream which seems too 'extraordinary to be without a Meaning. I am, 'Madam, with the greatest Passion,

Your most Obedient,
X. *most Humble Servant,* &c.

No. 302.] *Friday, February* 15, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.
Vir. Æn. 5.

I READ what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleasure, and pub-lish it just as it came to my Hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for *Emilia.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'If this Paper has the good Fortune to be hon-'oured with a Place in your Writings, I shall be 'the more pleased, because the Character of *Emilia* 'is not an imaginary but a real one. I have in-'dustriously obscured the whole by the Addition 'of one or two Circumstances of no Consequence, 'that the Person it is drawn from might still be 'concealed; and that the Writer of it might not be 'in the least suspected, and for [other[2]] Reasons, 'I chuse not to give it the Form of a Letter: But 'if, besides the Faults of the Composition, there 'be any thing in it more proper for a Correspond-'ent than the SPECTATOR himself to write, I sub-'mit it to your better Judgment, to receive any 'other Model you think fit.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a Prospect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both these Excel-lencies in the same Person, is a Character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weaning self-sufficient thing, careless of pro-viding it self any more substantial Ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own Interests, that it too often defeats it self by betraying that Inno-cence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman ap-pear more beautiful, so Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am con-sidering these two Perfections gloriously united in one Person, I cannot help representing to my Mind the Image of *Emilia.*

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breast at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderness of virtuous Friendship? The un-studied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleasing Accents of her Tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a silent Reproof to the Impulses of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create Desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetness and Good-humour which is so visible in her Face, naturally diffuses it self into every Word and Action: A Man must be a Savage, who at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratifie himself. Her Person, as it is thus studiously embellished by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modest Hope, and chearful Resignation.

[1] [the same time] [2] [dreadful]

[1] The character of Emilia in this paper was by Dr. Bromer, a clergyman. The lady is said to have been 'the mother of Mr. Ascham, of Coning-'ton, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of Lady 'Hatton.' The letter has been claimed also for John Hughes (Letters of John Hughes, &c., vol. iii. p. 8), and Emilia identified with Anne, Count-ess of Coventry.

[2] [some other]

Many of the prevailing Passions of Mankind do undeservedly pass under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to express itself in Action, according to the Nature of the Constitution in which it resides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in some is little better than Sullenness and Reserve, in many Fear, in others the Despondings of a melancholly Complexion, in others the Formality of insignificant unaffecting Observances, in others Severity, in others Ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reason and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and consistent Tenour of Action; It is strict without Severity, compassionate without Weakness; it is the Perfection of that good Humour which proceeds from the Understanding, not the Effect of an easy Constitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel our selves disposed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Distress, is an Object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: It softens the most manly Heart with the tenderest Sensations of Love and Compassion, till at length it confesses its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a Story: But when I consider her alone in the midst of her Distresses, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I see her in Conversation thoughtless and easie as if she were the most happy Creature in the World, I am transported with Admiration. Surely never did such a Philosophic Soul inhabit such a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege against Thought and Reflection; it laughs at Wisdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Instructions.

Were I able to represent *Emilia's* Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of so excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Interest in her Person, all that I can say of her is but impartial Praise extorted from me by the prevailing Brightness of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in so fair an Example!

Honoria's Disposition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conquest and arbitrary Power. That she has some Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Esteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Person and Conversation; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for *Honoria:* She waves that Title to Respect as a mean Acquisition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol; for this Reason her natural Desire of Life is continually checked with an inconsistent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal Charms, tho' she seems to be so; but she will not hold her Happiness upon so precarious a Tenure, whilst her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and lasting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we saw her surrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, she took no Pleasure in Slaughter and Destruction, gave no false deluding Hopes which might encrease the Torments of her disappointed Lovers; but having for some Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyness, and examined the Merit of their several Pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent Passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Master of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly encreased to a plentiful Estate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of Evil Company and a sensual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reason. Her Ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his Passions and refining his Pleasures. She shewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is consistent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without 'em. Her good Sense readily instructed her, that a silent Example and an easie unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perswasive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is so much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, that an obstinate Man must only take the Hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unseen Perswasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thoughts, and seconding it as his Proposal. By this Means she has gained an Interest in some of his leading Passions, and made them accessary to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia's* Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To some perhaps it may at first Sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable Circumstance; but for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Observation, and to be recommended to the Consideration of the fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dress which passes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readiest Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies, who have been surprized by Company in such a Deshabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Husband and I were sitting all alone by our selves, and I did not expect to see such good Company*—This by the way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Answers

and a churlish Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Observation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects cast a Blemish upon a great Character; so the Neglect of Apparel, even among the most intimate Friends, does insensibly lessen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the Importance of those Things which the Generality account Trifles; and considers every thing as a Matter of Consequence, that has the least Tendency towards keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him she esteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for Life.

By the Help of these, and a thousand other nameless Arts, which 'tis easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the Obstinacy of her Goodness and unprovoked Submission, in spight of all her Afflictions and ill Usage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Sense and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye guardian Angels to whose Care Heaven has entrusted its dear *Emilia*, guide her still forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Insolence and Wrongs of this undiscerning World; at length when we must no more converse with such Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better Place, where by an easie Transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an Angel of Light. T.

No. 303.] *Saturday, February* 16, 1712. [*Addison.*

——volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hor.

I HAVE seen in the Works of a Modern Philosopher, a Map of the Spots in the Sun. My last Paper of the Faults and Blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a Piece of the same Nature. To pursue the Allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright Parts of the Luminous Body above mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger Light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's* Poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take Notice of such Beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. *Milton* has proposed the Subject of his Poem in the following Verses.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, *till one greater Man*
Restore us, and regain the blisful Seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse——

These Lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem, in which Particular the Author has conformed himself to the Example of *Homer* and the Precept of *Horace*.

His Invocation to a Work which turns in a great measure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired *Moses* in those Books from whence our Author drew his Subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first Production of Nature. This whole Exordium rises very happily into noble Language and Sentiment, as I think the Transition to the Fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The Nine Days Astonishment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful Overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the use of Thought or Speech, is a noble *Circumstance*, and very finely imagined. The Division of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the same furious Element, with that particular Circumstance of the Exclusion of *Hope* from those Infernal Regions, are Instances of the same great and fruitful Invention.

The Thoughts in the first Speech and Description of *Satan*, who is one of the Principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obstinacy, Despair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first Speech is a Complication of all those Passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his Speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with such Incidents as are very apt to raise and terrifie the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the Book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Posture on the burning Lake, his rising from it, and the Description of his Shield and Spear.

Thus Satan *talking to his nearest Mate,*
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood——
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and rowl'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight——
——His pondrous Shield
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Thro' Optick Glass the Tuscan *Artist views*
At Ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, *to descry new Lands,*
Rivers, or Mountains, on her spotted Globe.
His Spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian *Hills to be the Mast*
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasie Steps
Over the burning Marl——

To which we may add his Call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and stupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded——

But there is no single Passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Person is described in those celebrated Lines:

——He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Tower, &c.

His Sentiments are every way answerable to his Character, and suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved Nature. Such is that in which he takes Possession of his Place of Torments.

——Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.

And Afterwards,

——Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.

Amidst those Impieties which this Enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a Religious Reader; his Words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Semblance of Worth, not Substance.* He is likewise with great Art described as owning his Adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse Interpretation he puts on the Justice, Mercy, and other Attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only Consideration which could support his Pride under the Shame of his Defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful Circumstance of his bursting out in Tears, upon his Survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same Guilt and Ruin with himself.

——He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of Scorn
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth——

The Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great measure from [its[1]] describing the Places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful Marks of Rivers so frequent among the Ancient Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer's* Catalogue of Ships, and *Virgil's* List of Warriors, in his View. The Characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's Mind for their respective Speeches and Behaviour in the second and sixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz* is finely Romantick, and suitable to what we read among the Ancients of the Worship which was paid to that Idol.

[1] [his]

[——Thammuz *came next behind,*
Whose annual Wound in Lebanon *allur'd*
The Syrian *Damsels to lament his fate,*
In am'rous Ditties all a Summer's day,
While smooth Adonis *from his native Rock*
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with Blood
Of Thammuz *yearly wounded: the Love tale*
Infected Zion's *Daughters with like Heat,*
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel *saw, when by the Vision led*
His Eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah.——

The Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful Passage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell*[1] of this Ancient Piece of Worship, and probably the first Occasion of such a Superstition. 'We came to a 'fair large River—doubtless the Ancient River '*Adonis*, so famous for the Idolatrous Rites per-'formed here in Lamentation of *Adonis*. We had 'the Fortune to see what may be supposed to be 'the Occasion of that Opinion which *Lucian* re-'lates, concerning this River, *viz.* That this 'Stream, at certain Seasons of the Year, especial-'ly about the Feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody 'Colour; which the Heathens looked upon as 'proceeding from a kind of Sympathy in the 'River for the Death of *Adonis*, who was killed 'by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which 'this Stream rises. Something like this we saw 'actually come to pass; for the Water was stain'd 'to a surprizing Redness; and, as we observ'd in 'Travelling, had discolour'd the Sea a great way 'into a reddish Hue, occasion'd doubtless by a sort 'of Minium, or red Earth, washed into the River 'by the Violence of the Rain, and not by any 'Stain from *Adonis's* Blood.]

The Passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by Contractions or Enlargement of their Dimensions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for several surprizing Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very End of the first Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the Passage last mentioned. As soon as the Infernal Palace is finished, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small Compass, that

[1] A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter, A.D. 1697. By Henry Maundrell, M.A? It was published at Oxford in 1703, and was in a new edition in 1707. It reached a seventh edition in 1749. Maundrell was a Fellow of Exeter College, which he left to take the appointment of chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo. The brief account of his journey is in the form of a diary, and the passage quoted is under the date, March 15, when they were two days' journey from Tripoli. The stream he identifies with the Adonis was called, he says, by the Turks Ibrahim Pasha. It is near Gibyle, called by the Greeks Byblus, a place once famous for the birth and temple of Adonis. The extract from *Paradise Lost* and the passage from Maundrell were interpolated in the first reprint of the *Spectator.*

there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without Number, still amidst the Hall
Of that Infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own Dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demy-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full———

The Character of *Mammon*, and the Description of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of Beauties.

There are several other Strokes in the first Book wonderfully poetical, and Instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the Description of *Azazel's* Stature, and of the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls: as also of that ghastly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

The Seat of Desolation, void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful———

The Shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel Array:

———The universal Host up sent
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos *and old* Night.

The Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army:

———He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods.
Their Number last he sums; and now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories———

The Flash of Light which appear'd upon the drawing of their Swords:

He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; *the sudden Blaze*
Far round illumin'd Hell———

The sudden Production of the *Pandæmonium*:

Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices sweet.

The Artificial Illuminations made in it:

———From the arched Roof
Pendent by subtle Magick, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Crescets, fed
With Naphtha *and* Asphaltus, *yielded Light*
As from a Sky———

There are also several noble Similes and Allusions in the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occasion that gave Birth to it. The Resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint till he has raised out of it some glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of Entertainment, which is suitable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. Those who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of Writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of Structure in *Milton's* Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taste upon the quaint Similes, and little Turns of Wit, which are so much in Vogue among Modern Poets, cannot relish these Beauties which are of a much higher Nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* Comparisons in which they do not see any surprizing Points of Likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this viciated Relish, and for that very Reason has endeavoured to turn into Ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaisons a longue queue, Long-tail'd Comparisons*.[1] I shall conclude this Paper on the First Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occasion; 'Comparisons, says he, in 'Odes and Epic Poems, are not introduced only 'to illustrate and embellish the Discourse, but 'to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by 'frequently disengaging him from too painful an 'Attention to the Principal Subject, and by leading him into other agreeable Images. *Homer*, 'says he, excelled in this Particular, whose Com'parisons abound with such Images of Nature as 'are proper to relieve and diversifie his Subjects. 'He continually instructs the Reader, and makes 'him take notice, even in Objects which are every 'Day before our Eyes, of such Circumstances as 'we should not otherwise have observed. *To*

[1] See note to No. 279. Charles Perrault made himself a lasting name by his Fairy Tales, a charming embodiment of French nursery traditions. The four volumes of his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, published in 1692-6, included the good general idea of human progress, but worked it out badly, dealing irreverently with Plato as well as Homer and Pindar, and exalting among the moderns not only Molière and Corneille, but also Chapelain, Scudéri, and Quinault, whom he called 'the greatest lyrical and dramatic 'poet that France ever had.' The battle had begun with a debate in the Academy: Racine having ironically complimented Perrault on the ingenuity with which he had elevated little men above the ancients in his poem (published 1687), *le Siècle de Louis le Grand*. Fontenelle touched the matter lightly, as Perrault's ally, in his *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes*, but afterwards drew back, saying, 'I do not belong to the party which 'claims me for its chief.' The leaders on the respective sides, unequally matched, were Perrault and Boileau.

this he adds, as a Maxim universally acknowledged, 'That it is not necessary in Poetry for the 'Points of the Comparison to correspond with one 'another exactly, but that a general Resemblance 'is sufficient, and that too much Nicety in this 'Particular favours of the Rhetorician and Epi-'grammatist.

In short, if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Episodes are so many short Fables, and their Similes so many short Episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the Sleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees swarming about their Hive, of the Fairy Dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great Beauties that are in each of those Passages.

L.

No. 304.] *Monday, February* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.—Virg.

THE Circumstances of my Correspondent, whose Letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want Compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the Town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* Bargain for Children, that if this Lover carries his Point, and observes the Rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him Success, but also that it may animate others to follow his Example. I know not one Motive relating to this Life which would produce so many honourable and worthy Actions, as the Hopes of obtaining a Woman of Merit: There would ten thousand Ways of Industry and honest Ambition be pursued by young Men, who believed that the Persons admired had Value enough for their Passion to attend the Event of their good Fortune in all their Applications, in order to make their Circumstances fall in with the Duties they owe to themselves, their Families, and their Country; All these Relations a Man should think of who intends to go into the State of Marriage, and expects to make it a State of Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Years indulged a Passion for 'a young Lady of Age and Quality suitable to 'my own, but very much superior in Fortune. It 'is the Fashion with Parents (how justly I leave 'you to judge) to make all Regards give way to 'the Article of Wealth. From this one Consider-'ation it is that I have concealed the ardent Love 'I have for her; but I am beholden to the Force 'of my Love for many Advantages which I reaped 'from it towards the better Conduct of my Life. 'A certain Complacency to all the World, a strong 'Desire to oblige where-ever it lay in my Power, 'and a circumspect Behaviour in all my Words 'and Actions, have rendered me more particularly 'acceptable to all my Friends and Acquaintance. 'Love has had the same good Effect upon my 'Fortune; and I have encreased in Riches in pro-'portion to my Advancement in those Arts which 'make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a 'certain Sympathy which will tell my Mistress 'from these Circumstances, that it is I who writ 'this for her Reading, if you will please to insert 'it. There is not a downright Enmity, but a 'great Coldness between our Parents; so that if 'either of us declared any kind Sentiment for each 'other, her Friends would be very backward to 'lay an Obligation upon our Family, and mine to 'receive it from hers. Under these delicate Cir-'cumstances it is no easie Matter to act with 'Safety. I have no Reason to fancy my Mistress 'has any Regard for me, but from a very disin-'terested Value which I have for her. If from 'any Hint in any future Paper of yours she gives 'me the least Encouragement, I doubt not but I 'shall surmount all other Difficulties; and inspired 'by so noble a Motive for the Care of my Fortune, 'as the Belief she is to be concerned in it, I will 'not despair of receiving her one Day from her 'Father's own Hand.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

Clytander.

To his Worship the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, Stationer, in the Centre of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner and his Fore-Fathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial; That your Petitioner's Ancestor, *Crouchback Title-Page*, was the first of that Vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the Corner of *Lothbury*, was by way of Eminency called *the Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear: That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built: That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom, and hopes you never had Reason to complain of your Penny-worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's* Grammar, and at the same Time a *Wit's Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where you often practised for Hours together, sometimes on his Books upon the Rails, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphicks either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* Woman on the other Side of the Shop had wrought in Ginger-bread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

From these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, That he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner there-

fore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those Refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of *London* and *Westminster*.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the Parish of St. *Martins in the Fields*, in Behalf of himself and Neighbours,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have with great Industry and Application arrived at the most exact Art of Invitation or Entreaty: That by a beseeching Air and perswasive Address, they have for many Years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth Passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their Shops, to come in and buy; and from that Softness of Behaviour, have arrived among Tradesmen at the gentle Appellation of *the Fawners*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain Persons of *Monmouth-street* and *Long-lane*, who by the Strength of their Arms, and Loudness of their Throats, draw off the Regard of all Passengers from your said Petitioners; from which Violence they are distinguished by the Name of *the Worriers*.

That while your Petitioners stand ready to receive Passengers with a submissive Bow, and repeat with a gentle Voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;* the Worriers reach out their Hands at Pistol-shot, and seize the Customers at Arms Length.

That while the Fawners strain and relax the Muscles of their Faces in making Distinction between a Spinster in a coloured Scarf and an Handmaid in a Straw-Hat, the Worriers use the same Roughness to both, and prevail upon the Easiness of the Passengers, to the Impoverishment of your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town; and that *Round-Court* may remain a Receptacle for Buyers of a more soft Education.

And your Petitioners, &c.

The Petition of the New-Exchange, *concerning the Arts of Buying and Selling, and particularly praising Goods by the Complexion of the Seller, will be considered on another Occasion.* T.

No. 305.] *Tuesday, February* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget———— Virg.

OUR late News-Papers being full of the Project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for establishing a Political Academy, and I my self having received Letters from several Virtuoso's among my Foreign Correspondents, which give some Light into that Affair, I intend to make it the Subject of this Day's Speculation. A general Account of this Project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last *Friday* in the following Words, translated from the Gazette of *Amsterdam*.

Paris, February 12. "'Tis confirmed that the 'King has resolved to establish a new Academy 'for Politicks, of which the Marquis *de Torcy*, 'Minister and Secretary of State, is to be Protec-'tor. Six Academicians are to be chosen, endow-'ed with proper Talents, for beginning to form 'this Academy, into which no Person is to be 'admitted under Twenty-five Years of Age: 'They must likewise each have an Estate of Two 'thousand Livres a Year, either in Possession, or to 'come to 'em by Inheritance. The King will 'allow to each a Pension of a Thousand Livres. 'They are likewise to have able Masters to teach '"em the necessary Sciences, and to instruct them 'in all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and 'others, which have been made in several Ages 'past. These Members are to meet twice a Week 'at the *Louvre*. From this Seminary are to be 'chosen Secretaries to Ambassies, who by degrees 'may advance to higher Employments.

Cardinal *Richelieu's* Politicks made *France* the Terror of *Europe*. The Statesman who have appeared in the Nation of late Years, have on the contrary rendered it either the Pity or Contempt of its Neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the Parts of Polite Learning to the greatest Height. His chief Design in that Institution was to divert the Men of Genius from meddling with Politicks, a Province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* seems resolved to make several young Men in *France* as Wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a Nursery of Statesman.

Some private Letters add, that there will also be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at the Feet of Madam *de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into Foreign Courts upon any Emergencies of State; but as the News of this last Project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther Notice of it.

Several of my Readers may doubtless remember that upon the Conclusion of the last War, which had been carried on so successfully by the Enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors; but the Conduct of those who have commanded in the present War, has, it seems, brought so little Honour and Advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his Affairs no longer in the Hands of those Military Gentlemen.

The Regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our Attention. The Students are to have in Possession, or Reversion, an Estate of two thousand *French* Livres *per Annum*, which, as the present Exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty six Pounds *English*. This, with the Royal Allowance of a Thousand Livres, will enable them to find themselves in

Coffee and Snuff; not to mention News-Papers, Pen and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like Necessaries for Politicians.

A Man must be at least Five and Twenty before he can be initiated into the Mysteries of this Academy, tho' there is no Question but many grave Persons of a much more advanced Age, who have been constant Readers of the *Paris* Gazette, will be glad to begin the World a-new, and enter themselves upon this List of Politicians.

The Society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the Direction of six Professors, who, it seems, are to be Speculative Statesmen, and drawn out of the Body of the Royal Academy. These six wise Masters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following Parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the Students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the Impression of a Seal, to split a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious Feats of Dexterity and Art. When the Students have accomplished themselves in this Part of their Profession, they are to be delivered into the Hands of their second Instructor, who is a kind of *Posture-Master*.

This Artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their Shoulders in a dubious Case, to connive with either Eye, and in a Word, the whole Practice of *Political Grimace*.

The Third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the Style proper for a Foreign Minister in his ordinary Discourse. And to the End that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the Political Style, they are to make use of it in their common Conversations, before they are employed either in Foreign or Domestick Affairs. If one of them asks another, what a-clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the Question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg Time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a Whisper. If he be asked the News of the late *Gazette*, or the Subject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; Or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his Brow up in Wrinkles, or elevate the Left Shoulder.

The Fourth Professor is to teach the whole Art of Political Characters and Hieroglyphics; and to the End that they may be perfect also in this Practice, they are not to send a Note to one another (tho' it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavil*, which is not written in Cypher.

Their Fifth Professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the Society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the Controversies of probable Doctrines, mental Reservation, and the Rights of Princes. This Learned Man is to instruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and construing Part of *Treaty-Latin*; how to distinguish between the Spirit and the Letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same Form of Words may lay an Obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the Art of finding Flaws, Loop-holes, and Evasions, in the most solemn Compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revived of late Years by the Fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory Interpretations of the same Article may both of them be true and valid.

When our Statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several Instructors, they are to receive their last Polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them Lectures upon those important Points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Stair Head*, to instruct them in the different Situations of the Right-Hand, and to furnish them with Bows and Inclinations of all Sizes, Measures and Proportions. In short, this Professor is to give the Society their *Stiffening*, and infuse into their Manners that beautiful Political Starch, which may qualifie them for Levees, Conferences, Visits, and make them shine in what vulgar Minds are apt to look upon as Trifles.

I have not yet heard any further Particulars, which are to be observed in this Society of unfledged Statesmen; but I must confess, had I a Son of five and twenty, that should take it into his Head at that Age to set up for a Politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a Block-head. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same Arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between Man and Man. There is no Question but these young *Machiavils* will, in a little time, turn their College upside-down with Plots and Stratagems, and lay as many Schemes to Circumvent one another in a Frog or a Sallad, as they may hereafter put in Practice to over-reach a Neighbouring Prince or State.

We are told, that the *Spartans*, tho' they punished Theft in their young Men when it was discovered, looked upon it as Honourable if it succeeded. Provided the Conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a Youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the Historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private Negotiations. Whether any such Relaxations of Morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I shall leave to the Wisdom of their Founder.

In the mean time we have fair Warning given us by this doughty Body of Statesmen; and as *Sylla* saw many *Marius's* in *Cæsar*, so I think we may discover many *Torcy's* in this College of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of our selves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or St *James's* will be a Match for it. Our Coffee-houses are, indeed, very good Institutions, but whether or no these our *British* Schools of Politicks may furnish out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is set apart for that Purpose, will deserve our serious Consideration, especially if we remember that our Country is more famous for producing Men of Integrity than Statesmen; and that on the contrary, *French* Truth and *British* Policy make a Conspicuous Figure *in* NOTHING, as the Earl of *Rochester* has very well observed in his admirable Poem upon that Barren Subject.

No. 306.] *Wednesday, February* 20, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper*
Imputet? —— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[1]

'I WRITE this to communicate to you a Misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory Discourse on the Subject. I was within this Half-Year in the Possession of as much Beauty and as many Lovers as any young Lady in *England*. But my Admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their Behaviour. I have within that Time had the Small-Pox; and this Face, which (according to many amorous Epistles which I have by me) was the Seat of all that is beautiful in Woman, is now disfigured with Scars. It goes to the very Soul of me to speak what I really think of my Face; and tho' I think I did not over-rate my Beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanc'd in its value with me now it is lost. There is one Circumstance which makes my Case very particular; the ugliest Fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my Favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an Obligation which he owes me, in liking a Person that is not amiable;—— But there is, I fear, no Possibility of making Passion move by the Rules of Reason and Gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived her self, and knows not how to act in a new Being. My Lovers are at the Feet of my Rivals, my Rivals are every Day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting Reflection upon what I was. Consider the Woman I was did not die of old Age, but I was taken off in the Prime of my Youth, and according to the Course of Nature may have Forty Years After-Life to come. I have nothing of my self left which I like, but that

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Parthenissa.

When *Lewis* of *France* had lost the Battle of *Ramelies*, the Addresses to him at that time were full of his Fortitude, and they turned his Misfortune to his Glory; in that, during his Prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroick Constancy under Distresses, and so the World had lost the most eminent Part of his Character. *Parthenissa's* Condition gives her the same Opportunity; and to resign Conquests is a Task as difficult in a Beauty as an Hero. In the very Entrance upon this Work she must burn all her Love-Letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her Lovers who follow her no longer Unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new Life from that of a Beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest Inscription, *Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox*. I have known but one Instance, where a Matter of this Kind went on after a like Misfortune, where the Lady, who was a Woman of Spirit, writ this Billet to her Lover.

SIR,

'If you flattered me before I had this terrible 'Malady, pray come and see me now: But if you 'sincerely liked me, stay away; for I am not the 'same

Corinna.

The Lover thought there was something so sprightly in her Behaviour, that he answered,

Madam,

'I am not obliged, since you are not the same 'Woman, to let you know whether I flattered you 'or not; but I assure you, I do not, when I tell 'you I now like you above all your Sex, and hope 'you will bear what may befall me when we are 'both one, as well as you do what happens to 'your self now you are single; therefore I am 'ready to take such a Spirit for my Companion as 'soon as you please.

Amilcar.

If *Parthenissa* can now possess her own Mind, and think as little of her Beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great Diminution of her Charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easie Behaviour will more than make up for the Loss of them. Take the whole Sex together, and you find those who have the strongest Possession of Men's Hearts are not eminent for their Beauty: You see it often happen that those who engage Men to the greatest Violence, are such as those who are Strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that End. The fondest Lover I know, said to me one Day in a Crowd of Women at an Entertainment of Musick, You have often heard me talk of my Beloved: That Woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my Eye, is her very Picture. The Lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for Beauty of any in the whole Assembly; but having my Curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my Eyes off of her. Her Eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden Surprize she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little Act explain'd the Secret: She did not understand herself for the Object of Love, and therefore she was so. The Lover is a very honest plain Man; and what charmed him was a Person that goes along with him in the Cares and Joys of Life, not taken up with her self, but sincerely attentive with a ready and chearful Mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Parthenissa* for her Comfort, That the Beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of Women. An apparent Desire of Admiration, a Reflection upon their own Merit, and a precious Behaviour in their general Conduct, are almost inseparable

[1] Mr. John Duncombe ascribed this letter to his relative, John Hughes, and said that by Parthenissa was meant a Miss Rotherham, afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted School, in Essex. The name of Parthenissa is from the heroine of a romance by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

Accidents in Beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to Importunity and Sollicitation for what did not deserve so much of your Time, and you recover from the Possession of it, as out of a Dream.

You are ashamed of the Vagaries of Fancy which so strangely mis-led you, and your Admiration of a Beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable Reflection upon your self: The chearful good-humoured Creatures, into whose Heads it never entred that they could make any Man unhappy, are the Persons formed for making Men happy. There's Miss *Liddy* can dance a Jigg, raise Paste, write a good Hand, keep an Account, give a reasonable Answer, and do as she is bid; while her elder Sister Madam *Martha* is out of Humour, has the Spleen, learns by Reports of People of higher Quality new Ways of being uneasie and displeased. And this happens for no Reason in the World, but that poor *Liddy* knows she has no such thing as a certain Negligence *that is so becoming*, that there is not I know not what in *her Air*: And that if she talks like a Fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, but *every Thing pleases when she speaks it.*

Ask any of the Husbands of your great Beauties, and they'll tell you that they hate their Wives Nine Hours of every Day they pass together. There is such a Particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their Charms in all they say or do. They pray at publick Devotions as they are Beauties. They converse on ordinary Occasions as they are Beauties. Ask *Belinda* what it is a Clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a Beauty should answer you. In a Word, I think, instead of offering to administer Consolation to *Parthenissa*, I should congratulate her Metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the Prosperity of her Charms, she was enough so to find she may make her self a much more agreeable Creature in her present Adversity. The Endeavour to please is highly promoted by a Consciousness that the Approbation of the Person you would be agreeable to, is a Favour you do not deserve; for in this Case Assurance of Success is the most certain way to Disappointment. Good-Nature will always supply the Absence of Beauty, but Beauty cannot long supply the Absence of Good-Nature.

P. S.

Madam, *February* 18.

'I have yours of this Day, wherein you twice bid me not to disoblige you, but you must explain 'yourself further before I know what to do.

Your most obedient Servant,

T. The SPECTATOR.

No. 307.] *Thursday, February* 21, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——Versate diu quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri—— Hor.

I AM so well pleased with the following Letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable Present to the Publick.

SIR,

'Though I believe none of your Readers more 'admire your agreeable manner of working up 'Trifles than my self, yet as your Speculations are 'now swelling into Volumes, and will in all Probability pass down to future Ages, methinks I 'would have no single Subject in them, wherein 'the general Good of Mankind is concern'd, left 'unfinished.

'I have a long time expected with great Impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary 'Mistakes which are committed in the Education 'of our Children. I the more easily flattered my 'self that you would one time or other resume 'this Consideration, because you tell us that your '168th Paper was only composed of a few broken 'Hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, 'I have ventur'd to send you my own Thoughts 'on this Subject.

'I remember *Pericles* in his famous Oration at 'the Funeral of those *Athenian* young Men who 'perished in the *Samian* Expedition, has a 'Thought very much celebrated by several Ancient Criticks, namely, That the Loss which the 'Commonwealth suffered by the Destruction of its 'Youth, was like the Loss which the Year would 'suffer by the Destruction of the Spring. The 'Prejudice which the Publick sustains from a 'wrong Education of Children, is an Evil of the 'same Nature, as it in a manner starves Posterity, 'and defrauds our Country of those Persons who, 'with due Care, might make an eminent Figure 'in their respective Posts of Life.

'I have seen a Book written by *Juan Huartes*,[1] 'a *Spanish* Physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first 'Positions, that Nothing but Nature can qualifie a 'Man for Learning; and that without a proper 'Temperament for the particular Art or Science 'which he studies, his utmost Pains and Application, assisted by the ablest Masters, will be to 'no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the Example of *Tully's* 'Son *Marcus*.

'*Cicero*, in order to accomplish his Son in that 'sort of Learning which he designed him for, sent 'him to *Athens*, the most celebrated Academy at 'that time in the World, and where a vast Concourse, out of the most Polite Nations, could not 'but furnish a young Gentleman with a Multitude 'of great Examples, and Accidents that might in-

[1] Juan Huarte was born in French Navarre, and obtained much credit in the sixteenth century for the book here cited. It was translated into Latin and French. The best edition is of Cologne, 1610.

'sensibly have instructed him in his designed 'Studies: He placed him under the Care of *Cra-'tippus*, who was one of the greatest Philosophers 'of the Age, and, as if all the Books which were 'at that time written had not been sufficient for 'his Use, he composed others on purpose for 'him: Notwithstanding all this, History informs 'us, that *Marcus* proved a meer Blockhead, and 'that Nature, (who it seems was even with the 'Son for her Prodigality to the Father) rendered 'him incapable of improving by all the Rules 'of Eloquence, the Precepts of Philosophy, his 'own Endeavours, and the most refined Conversa-'tion in *Athens*. This Author therefore proposes, 'that there should be certain Tryers or Examiners 'appointed by the State to inspect the Genius of 'every particular Boy, and to allot him the Part 'that is most suitable to his natural Talents.

'*Plato* in one of his Dialogues tells us, that '*Socrates*, who was the Son of a Midwife, used to 'say, that as his Mother, tho' she was very skilful 'in her Profession, could not deliver a Woman, 'unless she was first with Child; so neither could 'he himself raise Knowledge out of a Mind, where 'Nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly the Method this Philosopher took, 'of instructing his Scholars by several Interro-'gatories or Questions, was only helping the Birth, 'and bringing their own Thoughts to Light.

'The *Spanish* Doctor above mentioned, as his 'Speculations grow more refined, asserts that 'every kind of Wit has a particular Science corre-'sponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly 'Excellent. As to those Genius's, which may 'seem to have an equal Aptitude for several things, 'he regards them as so many unfinished Pieces 'of Nature wrought off in haste.

'There are, indeed, but very few to whom Na-'ture has been so unkind, that they are not capable 'of shining in some Science or other. There is a 'certain Byass towards Knowledge in every Mind, 'which may be strengthened and improved by 'proper Applications.

'The Story of *Clavius*[1] is very well known; he 'was entered in a College of Jesuits, and after 'having been tryed at several Parts of Learning, 'was upon the Point of being dismissed as an 'hopeless Blockhead, 'till one of the Fathers took 'it into his Head to make an assay of his Parts in 'Geometry, which it seems hit his Genius so 'luckily that he afterwards became one of the 'greatest Mathematicians of the Age. It is com-'monly thought that the Sagacity of these Fathers, 'in discovering the Talent of a young Student, 'has not a little contributed to the Figure which 'their Order has made in the World.

'How different from this manner of Education 'is that which prevails in our own Country? 'Where nothing is more usual than to see forty 'or fifty Boys of several Ages, Tempers and In-'clinations, ranged together in the same Class, 'employed upon the same Authors, and enjoyned 'the same Tasks? Whatever their natural Genius 'may be, they are all to be made Poets, Histori-'ans, and Orators alike. They are all obliged to 'have the same Capacity, to bring in the same 'Tale of Verse, and to furnish out the same Por-'tion of Prose. Every Boy is bound to have as 'good a Memory as the Captain of the Form. To 'be brief, instead of adapting Studies to the par-'ticular Genius of a Youth, we expect from the 'young Man, that he should adapt his Genius to 'his Studies. This, I must confess, is not so much 'to be imputed to the Instructor, as to the Parent, 'who will never be brought to believe, that his 'Son is not capable of performing as much as his 'Neighbour's, and that he may not make him 'whatever he has a Mind to.

'If the present Age is more laudable than those 'which have gone before it in any single Particu-'lar, it is in that generous Care which several 'well-disposed Persons have taken in the Educa-'tion of poor Children; and as in these Charity-'Schools there is no Place left for the over-ween-'ing Fondness of a Parent, the Directors of them 'would make them beneficial to the Publick, if 'they considered the Precept which I have been 'thus long inculcating. They might easily, by 'well examining the Parts of those under their In-'spection, make a just Distribution of them into 'proper Classes and Divisions, and allot to them 'this or that particular Study, as their Genius 'qualifies them for Professions, Trades, Handi-'crafts, or Service by Sea or Land.

'How is this kind of Regulation wanting in the 'three great Professions!

'Dr. *South* complaining of Persons who took 'upon them Holy Orders, tho' altogether unquali-'fied for the Sacred Function, says somewhere, 'that many a Man runs his Head against a Pulpit, 'who might have done his Country excellent 'Service at a Plough-tail.

'In like manner many a Lawyer, who makes 'but an indifferent Figure at the Bar, might have 'made a very elegant Waterman, and have shined 'at the *Temple* Stairs, tho' he can get no Business 'in the House.

'I have known a Corn-cutter, who with a right 'Education would have been an excellent Physi-'cian.

'To descend lower, are not our Streets filled 'with sagacious Draymen, and Politicians in 'Liveries? We have several Taylors of six Foot 'high, and meet with many a broad pair of 'Shoulders that are thrown away upon a Barber, 'when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy 'Porter reeling under a Burthen, who might have 'managed a Needle with much Dexterity, or have 'snapped his Fingers with great Ease to himself, 'and Advantage to the Publick.

'The *Spartans*, tho' they acted with the Spirit 'which I am here speaking of, carried it much far-

[1] Christopher Clavius, a native of Bamberg, died in 1612, aged 75, at Rome, whither he had been sent by the Jesuits, and where he was regarded as the Euclid of his age. It was Clavius whom Pope Gregory XIII. employed in 1581 to effect the reform in the Roman Calendar promulgated in 1582, when the 5th of October became throughout Catholic countries the 15th of the New Style, an improvement that was not admitted into Protestant England until 1752. Clavius wrote an Arithmetic and Commentaries on Euclid, and justified his reform of the Calendar against the criticism of Scaliger.

'ther than what I propose: Among them it was not 'lawful for the Father himself to bring up his 'Children after his own Fancy. As soon as they 'were seven Years old they were all listed in 'several Companies, and disciplined by the 'Publick. The old Men were Spectators of their 'Performances, who often raised Quarrels among 'them, and set them at Strife with one another, 'that by those early Discoveries they might see 'how their several Talents lay, and without any 'regard to their Quality, dispose of them accord-'ingly for the Service of the Commonwealth. By 'this Means *Sparta* soon became the Mistress of '*Greece*, and famous through the whole World for 'her Civil and Military Discipline.

'If you think this Letter deserves a place among 'your Speculations, I may perhaps trouble you 'with some other Thoughts on the same Subject.

X. *I am*, &c.

No. 308.] *Friday, February* 22, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Jam proterva*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I GIVE you this Trouble in order to propose 'my self to you as an Assistant in the weighty 'Cares which you have thought fit to undergo for 'the publick Good. I am a very great Lover of 'Women, that is to say honestly, and as it is 'natural to study what one likes, I have industri-'ously applied my self to understand them. The 'present Circumstance relating to them, is, that 'I think there wants under you, as SPECTATOR, 'a Person to be distinguished and vested in the 'Power and Quality of a Censor on Marriages. I 'lodge at the *Temple*, and know, by seeing Wo-'men come hither, and afterwards observing them 'conducted by their Council to Judges Chambers, 'that there is a Custom in Case of making Con-'veyance of a Wife's Estate, that she is carried to 'a Judge's Apartment and left alone with him, to 'be examined in private whether she has not been 'frightened or sweetned by her Spouse into the 'Act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own 'free Will. Now if this be a Method founded upon 'Reason and Equity, why should there not be also 'a proper Officer for examining such as are entring 'into the State of Matrimony, whether they are 'forced by Parents on one Side, or moved by In-'terest only on the other, to come together, and 'bring forth such awkward Heirs as are the Pro-'duct of half Love and constrained Compliances? 'There is no Body, though I say it my self, would 'be fitter for this Office than I am: For I am an 'ugly Fellow of great Wit and Sagacity. My 'Father was an hail Country-Squire, my Mother 'a witty Beauty of no Fortune: The Match was 'made by Consent of my Mother's Parents against 'her own: and I am the Child of a Rape on the 'Wedding-Night; so that I am as healthy and as 'homely as my Father, but as sprightly and 'agreeable as my Mother. It would be of great 'Ease to you if you would use me under you, that 'Matches might be better regulated for the future, 'and we might have no more Children of Squab-'bles. I shall not reveal all my Pretensions till I 'receive your Answer; and am,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Mules Palfrey.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am one of those unfortunate Men within the 'City-Walls, who am married to a Woman of 'Quality, but her Temper is something different 'from that of Lady *Anvil*. My Lady's whole 'Time and Thoughts are spent in keeping up to 'the Mode both in Apparel and Furniture. All 'the Goods in my House have been changed three 'times in seven Years. I have had seven Children 'by her; and by our Marriage Articles she was to 'have her Apartment new furnished as often as 'she lay in. Nothing in our House is useful but 'that which is fashionable; my Pewter holds out 'generally half a Year, my Plate a full Twelve-'month; Chairs are not fit to sit in that were made 'two Years since, nor Beds fit for any thing but to 'sleep in that have stood up above that Time. My 'Dear is of Opinion that an old-fashioned Grate 'consumes Coals, but gives no Heat: If she drinks 'out of Glasses of last Year, she cannot distinguish 'Wine from Small-Beer. Oh dear Sir you may 'guess all the rest.

Yours.

'*P. S.* I could bear even all this, if I were not 'obliged also to eat *fashionably*. I have a plain 'Stomach, and have a constant Loathing of what-'ever comes to my own Table; for which Reason 'I dine at the *Chop-House* three Days a Week: 'Where the good Company wonders they never 'see you of late. I am sure by your unprejudiced 'Discourses you love Broth better than Soup.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Will's, Feb.* 19.

'You may believe you are a Person as much 'talked of as any Man in Town. I am one of 'your best Friends in this House, and have laid a 'Wager you are so candid a Man and so honest a 'Fellow, that you will print this Letter, tho' it is 'in Recommendation of a new Paper called *The* '*Historian*.[1] I have read it carefully, and find it 'written with Skill, good Sense, Modesty, and 'Fire. You must allow the Town is kinder to you 'than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have 'so much Sense of the World, Change of Humour, 'and instability of all humane Things, as to un-'derstand, that the only Way to preserve Favour, 'is to communicate it to others with Good-Nature 'and Judgment. You are so generally read, that 'what you speak of will be read. This with Men 'of Sense and Taste is all that is wanting to re-'commend *The Historian*.

I am, SIR,
Your daily Advocate,
Reader Gentle.

[1] Steele's papers had many imitations, as the *Historian*, here named; the *Rhapsody, Observator, Moderator, Growler, Censor, Hermit, Surprize, Silent Monitor, Inquisitor, Pilgrim, Restorer, Instructor, Grumbler*, &c. There was also in 1712 a *Rambler*, anticipating the name of Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* of 1750-2.

I was very much surprised this Morning, that any one should find out my Lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my Closet-Door, and knock at it, to give me the following Letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw by a very strong Pair of Shoes and a warm Coat the Bearer had on, that he walked all the Way to bring it me, tho' dated from *York*. My Misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the Messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite Discerning hid under a shrewd Rusticity: He delivered the Paper with a *Yorkshire* Tone and a Town Leer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Privilege you have indulged *John Trot* 'has proved of very bad Consequence to our il-'lustrious Assembly, which, besides the many ex-'cellent Maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable 'for the extraordinary Decorum always observed 'in it. One Instance of which is that the *Carders*, '(who are always of the first Quality) never begin 'to play till the *French*-Dances are finished, and 'the Country-Dances begin: But *John Trot* hav-'ing now got your Commission in his Pocket, '(which every one here has a profound Respect 'for) has the Assurance to set up for a Minuit-'Dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down 'upon us the whole Body of the *Trots*, which are 'very numerous, with their Auxiliaries the Hobblers 'and the Skippers, by which Means the Time is so 'much wasted, that unless we break all Rules of 'Government, it must redound to the utter Sub-'version of the *Brag-Table*, the discreet Members 'of which value Time as *Fribble's* Wife does her 'Pin-Money. We are pretty well assured that 'your Indulgence to *Trot* was only in relation to 'Country-Dances; however we have deferred the 'issuing an Order of Council upon the Premisses, 'hoping to get you to join with us, that *Trot*, nor 'any of his Clan, presume for the future to dance 'any but Country-Dances, unless a Horn-Pipe 'upon a Festival-Day. If you will do this you 'will oblige a great many Ladies, and particularly.

Your most humble Servant,

York, Feb. 16. Eliz. Sweepstakes.

I never meant any other than that Mr. *Trott* should confine himself to Country-Dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own Relations according to their Nearness of Blood, but any Gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21. *The* SPECTATOR.

T.

No. 309.] *Saturday, February* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.—Virg.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the Persons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always discover such Sentiments and Behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective Characters. Every Circumstance in their Speeches and Actions is with great Justness and Delicacy adapted to the Persons who speak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this Consistency of his Characters, I shall beg Leave to consider several Passages of the Second Book in this Light. That superior Greatness and Mock-Majesty, which is ascribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preserved in the Beginning of this Book. His opening and closing the Debate; his taking on himself that great Enterprize at the Thought of which the whole Infernal Assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous Phantom who guarded the Gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his Terrors, are Instances of that proud and daring Mind which could not brook Submission even to Omnipotence.

Satan *was now at hand; and from his Seat*
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode,
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd———

The same Boldness and Intrepidity of Behaviour discovers it self in the several Adventures which he meets with during his Passage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Address to those tremendous Powers who are described as presiding over it.

The Part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its Circumstances full of that Fire and Fury which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen Angels. He is described in the first Book as besmeared with the Blood of Human Sacrifices, and delighted with the Tears of Parents and the Cries of Children. In the Second Book he is marked out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven: and if we consider the Figure which he makes in the Sixth Book, where the Battle of the Angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged Character.

———*Where the might of* Gabriel *fought,*
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.———

It may be worth while to observe, that *Milton* has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried only by such precipitate Passions, as the *first* that rises in that Assembly, to give his Opinion upon their present Posture of Affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for War, and appears incensed at his Companions, for losing so much Time as even to deliberate upon it. All his Sentiments are Rash, Audacious and Desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their Tortures, and turning their Punishments upon him who inflicted them.

———*No, let us rather chuse,*
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heavens high tow'rs to force resistless way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the Noise
Of his almighty Engine he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean *Sulphur, and strange Fire,*
His own invented Torments——

His preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is also highly suitable to his Character; as the Comfort he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a Sentiment truly Diabolical, and becoming the Bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

Belial is described in the first Book, as the Idol of the Lewd and Luxurious. He is in the Second Book, pursuant to that Description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the Sixth Book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that scoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a Piece, in these three several Views, we find his Sentiments in the Infernal Assembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehensions of a second Battel, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the Contrast of Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

Mammon's Character is so fully drawn in the First Book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the Infernal Place, where the Evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every way suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the Mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his Mind dazled with the outward Pomps and Glories of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the Beatifick Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

——*This deep World*
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscured,
And with the Majesty of Darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep Thunders roar
Mustering their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This desart Soil
Wants not her hidden Lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in Dignity that fell, and is, in the First Book, the second that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite Parties, and proposes a third Undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in search of a new World is grounded upon a Project devised by *Satan*, and cursorily proposed by him in the following Lines of the first Book.

Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rife
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he erelong
Intended to create, and therein plant
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under Darkness cover. But these Thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: ——

It is on this Project that *Beelzebub* grounds his Proposal.

——*What if we find*
Some easier Enterprise? There is a Place
(If ancient and prophetick Fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy Seat
Of some new Race call'd MAN, *about this Time*
To be created like to us, though less
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his Will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole Circumference, confirm'd.

The Reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the First Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns: As also that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper Person to give it Birth, and that the next to him in Dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully Beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination in this ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could shew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Existence. They are represented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their State of Pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpse of them even before they are in Being.

The rising of this great Assembly is described in a very Sublime and Poetical Manner.

Their rising all at once was as the Sound
Of Thunder heard remote——

The Diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Diversions

are every way suitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge misapplied, Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Feats of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

Others with vast Typhæan *rage more fell*
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.

Their Musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Discourse in sounding the unfathomable Depths of Fate, Free-will and Fore-knowledge.

The several Circumstances in the Description of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which disgorge themselves into the Sea of Fire, the Extreams of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The monstrous Animals produced in that Infernal World are represented by a single Line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer Description would have done.

————*Nature breeds,*
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgon's, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

This Episode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the Mind of the Reader from its Attention to the Debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many Circumstances to a great Length, and by that means have weakned, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

The Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished Piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a Part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the several Persons is contrived with great Delicacy. *Sin* is the Daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the Offspring of *Sin*. The incestuous Mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces those Monsters and Hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the Bowels of her who gave them Birth. These are the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the Apprehensions of *Death*. This last beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Issue, she adds,

Before mine Eyes in Opposition sits
Grim *Death* my Son and Foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other Prey, but that he knows
His End with mine involv'd————

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumstance in the last Part of this Quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three Persons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common Interest to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portress of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates to that World of Tortures.

The descriptive Part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of Sublime Ideas. The Figure of *Death*, [the Regal Crown upon his Head,] his Menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are Circumstances too noble to be past over in Silence, and extreamly suitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the Justness of Thought which is observed in the Generation of these several Symbolical Persons; that *Sin* was produced upon the first Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appear'd soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the Terrors of Conscience were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torments. The Description of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's* Spirit.

————*On a sudden open fly*
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest Bottom shook
Of Erebus. *She open'd, but to shut*
Excell'd her Pow'r; the Gates wide open stood,
That with extended Wings a banner'd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose Array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace Mouth
Cast forth redounding Smoak and ruddy Flame.

In *Satan's* Voyage through the *Chaos* there are several Imaginary Persons described, as residing in that immense Waste of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the Taste of those Criticks who are pleased with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners ascribed to it; but for my own Part, I am pleased most with those Passages in this Description which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the Smoke that rises from the Infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage: his springing upward like a Pyramid of Fire, with his laborious Passage through that Confusion of Elements which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave.

The Glimmering Light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost Verge of the Creation, with the distant discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical. L.

No. 310.] *Monday, February* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Connubio jungam stabili———— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a certain young Woman that love a certain 'young Man very heartily; and my Father and 'Mother were for it a great while, but now they 'say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They 'bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. 'What must I do? speak quickly.

Biddy Dow-bake.

Dear SPEC, *Feb.* 19, 1712.

I have lov'd a Lady entirely for this Year and 'Half, tho' for a great Part of the Time (which 'has contributed not a little to my Pain) I have 'been debarred the Liberty of conversing with 'her. The Grounds of our Difference was this; 'that when we had enquired into each other's 'Circumstances, we found that at our first setting 'out into the World, we should owe five hundred 'Pounds more than her Fortune would pay off. 'My Estate is seven hundred Pounds a Year, be- 'sides the benefit of Tin-Mines. Now, dear SPEC, 'upon this State of the Case, and the Lady's posi- 'tive Declaration that there is still no other Ob- 'jection, I beg you'll not fail to insert this, with 'your Opinion as soon as possible, whether this 'ought to be esteemed a just Cause or Impedi- 'ment why we should not be join'd, and you will 'for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,
Dick Lovesick.

'*P. S.* Sir, if I marry this Lady by the Assist- 'ance of your Opinion, you may expect a Favour 'for it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have the misfortune to be one of those un- 'happy Men who are distinguished by the Name 'of discarded Lovers; but I am the less mortified 'at my Disgrace, because the young Lady is one 'of those Creatures who set up for Negligence of 'Men, are forsooth the most rigidly Virtuous in 'the World, and yet their Nicety will permit 'them, at the Command of Parents, to go to Bed 'to the most utter Stranger that can be proposed 'to them. As to me my self, I was introduced by 'the Father of my Mistress; but find I owe my 'being at first received to a Comparison of my 'Estate with that of a former Lover, and that I 'am now in like manner turned off, to give Way 'to an humble Servant still richer than I am. 'What makes this Treatment the more extravagant 'is, that the young Lady is in the Management of 'this way of Fraud, and obeys her Father's Or- 'ders on these Occasions without any Manner of 'Reluctance, and does it with the same Air that 'one of your Men of the World would signifie the 'Necessity of Affairs for turning another out of 'Office. When I came home last Night I found 'this Letter from my Mistress.

SIR,

"I hope you will not think it is any manner of "Disrespect to your Person or Merit, that the in- "tended Nuptials between us are interrupted. "My Father says he has a much better Offer for "me than you can make, and has ordered me to "break off the Treaty between us. If it had pro- "ceeded, I should have behaved my self with all "suitable Regard to you, but as it is, I beg we "may be Strangers for the Future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

'This great Indifference on this Subject, and 'the mercenary Motives for making Alliances, is 'what I think lies naturally before you, and I beg 'of you to give me your Thoughts upon it. My 'Answer to *Lydia* was as follows, which I hope 'you will approve; for you are to know the Wo- 'man's Family affect a wonderful Ease on these 'Occasions, tho' they expect it should be painfully 'received on the Man's Side.

MADAM,

"I have received yours, and knew the Prudence "of your House so well, that I always took Care "to be ready to obey your Commands, tho' they "should be to see you no more. Pray give my "Service to all the good Family.

Adieu,

"The Opera Subscrip- Clitophon.
"tion is full.

Memorandum. *The Censor of Marriage to consider this Letter, and report the common Usages on such Treaties, with how many Pounds or Acres are generally esteemed sufficient Reason for preferring a new to an old Pretender; with his Opinion what is proper to be determined in such Cases for the future.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is an elderly Person, lately left off Busi- 'ness and settled in our Town, in order, as he 'thinks, to retire from the World; but he has 'brought with him such an Inclination to Tale- 'bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all 'our Neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this Frail- 'ty, the honest Gentleman is so happy as to have 'no Enemy: At the same time he has not one 'Friend who will venture to acquaint him with 'his Weakness. It is not to be doubted but if 'this Failing were set in a proper Light, he would 'quickly perceive the Indecency and evil Conse- 'quences of it. Now, Sir, this being an Infirmity 'which I hope may be corrected, and knowing 'that he pays much Deference to you, I beg that 'when you are at Leisure to give us a Speculation 'on Gossiping, you would think of my Neigh- 'bour: You will hereby oblige several who will 'be glad to find a Reformation in their gray-hair'd 'Friend: And how becoming will it be for him, 'instead of pouring forth Words at all Adventures 'to set a Watch before the Door of his Mouth, to 'refrain his *Tongue*, to check its Impetuosity, and 'guard against the Sallies of that *little, pert, for- 'ward, busie Person*; which, under a sober Con- 'duct, might prove a useful Member of a Society. 'In Compliance with whose Intimations, I have 'taken the Liberty to make this Address to you.

I am, SIR,
Your most obscure Servant
Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 16, 1712.

'This is to Petition you in Behalf of my self and 'many more of your gentle Readers, that at any 'time when you have private Reasons against 'letting us know what you think your self, you 'would be pleased to pardon us such Letters of 'your Correspondents as seem to be of no use but 'to the Printer.

'It is further our humble Request, that you 'would substitute Advertisements in the Place of 'such Epistles; and that in order hereunto *Mr. 'Buckley* may be authorized to take up of your 'zealous Friend Mr. *Charles Lillie*, any Quantity 'of Words he shall from time to time have occa- 'sion for.

'The many useful parts of Knowledge which 'may be communicated to the Publick this Way, 'will, we hope, be a Consideration in favour of 'your Petitioners.

And your Petitioners, &c.

Note, That particular Regard be had to this Petition; and the Papers marked Letter R may be carefully examined for the future.[1] T.

No. 311.] *Tuesday, February* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM amazed that among all the Variety of 'Characters, with which you have enriched 'your Speculations, you have never given us a 'Picture of those audacious young Fellows among 'us, who commonly go by the Name of *Fortune-* '*Stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who 'live in a continual Apprehension of this sort of 'People that lye in wait, Day and Night, for our 'Children, and may be considered as a kind of 'Kidnappers within the Law. I am the Father of 'a Young Heiress, whom I begin to look upon as 'Marriageable, and who has looked upon her self 'as such for above these Six Years. She is now 'in the Eighteenth Year of her Age. The For- 'tune-hunters have already cast their Eyes upon 'her, and take care to plant themselves in her 'View whenever she appears in any Publick As- 'sembly. I have my self caught a young Jacka- 'napes with a pair of Silver Fringed Gloves, in 'the very Fact. You must know, Sir, I have 'kept her as a Prisoner of State ever since she 'was in her Teens. Her Chamber Windows are 'cross-barred, she is not permitted to go out of 'the House but with her Keeper, who is a stay'd 'Relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her 'the use of Pen and Ink for this Twelve-Month 'last past, and do not suffer a Ban-box to be car- 'ried into her Room before it has been searched. 'Notwithstanding these Precautions, I am at my 'Wits End for fear of any sudden Surprize. There 'were, two or three Nights ago, some Fiddles 'heard in the Street, which I am afraid portend 'me no Good; not to mention a tall *Irish*-Man, 'that has been seen walking before my House 'more than once this Winter. My Kinswoman 'likewise informs me, that the Girl has talked to 'her twice or thrice of a Gentleman in a Fair Wig, 'and that she loves to go to Church more than 'ever she did in her Life. She gave me the slip 'about a Week ago, upon which my whole House 'was in Alarm. I immediately dispatched a Hue 'and Cry after her to the Change, to her Mantua- 'maker, and to the young Ladies that Visit her; 'but after above an Hour's search she returned of 'herself, having been taking a Walk, as she told 'me, by *Rosamond's* Pond. I have hereupon 'turned off her Woman, doubled her Guards, and 'given new Instructions to my Relation, who, to 'give her her due, keeps a watchful Eye over all 'her Motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual 'Anxiety, and makes me very often watch when 'my Daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even 'with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would 'desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering 'Tribe of young Fellows, who are for making 'their Fortunes by these indirect Means, that 'stealing a Man's Daughter for the sake of her 'Portion, is but a kind of Tolerated Robbery; 'and that they make but a poor Amends to the 'Father, whom they plunder after this Manner, 'by going to bed with his Child. Dear Sir, be 'speedy in your Thoughts on this Subject, that, 'if possible, they may appear before the Disband- 'ing of the Army.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Tim. Watchwell.

Themistocles, the great *Athenian* General, being asked whether he would chuse to marry his Daughter to an indigent Man of Merit, or to a worthless Man of an Estate, replied, That he should prefer a Man without an Estate, to an Estate without a Man. The worst of it is, our Modern Fortune-Hunters are those who turn their Heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young Fellow finds he can make nothing of *Cook* and *Littleton*, he provides himself with a Ladder of Ropes and by that means very often enters upon the Premises.

The same Art of Scaling has likewise been practised with good Success by many military Ingineers. Stratagems of this nature make Parts and Industry superfluous, and cut short the way to Riches.

Nor is Vanity a less Motive than Idleness to this kind of Mercenary Pursuit. A Fop who admires his Person in a Glass, soon enters into a Resolution of making his Fortune by it, not questioning but every Woman that falls in his way will do him as much Justice as he does himself. When an Heiress sees a Man throwing particular Graces into his Ogle, or talking loud within her Hearing, she ought to look to her self; but if withal she observes a pair of Red-Heels, a Patch, or any other Particularity in his Dress, she cannot take too much care of her Person. These are Baits not to be trifled with, Charms that have done a world of Execution, and made their way into Hearts which have been thought impregnable. The Force of a Man with these Qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several Female Undertakers about the Change, who upon the Arrival of a likely Man out of a neighbouring Kingdom, will furnish him with proper Dress from Head to Foot, to be paid for at a double Price on the Day of Marriage.

We must however distinguish between Fortune-Hunters and Fortune-Stealers. The first are those assiduous Gentlemen who employ their whole Lives in the Chace, without ever coming at the Quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at

[1] R. is one of Steele's signatures, but he had not used it since No. 134 for August 3, 1711, every paper of his since that date having been marked with a T.

the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a Side Box, 'till he has grown wrinkled under their Eyes. He is now laying the same Snares for the present Generation of Beauties, which he practised on their Mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his Applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley's* Ballad of Mistresses, was at last smitten with a City Lady of 20,000*l.* Sterling: but died of old Age before he could bring Matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy Friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the Club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a Childless rich Man, he immediately drew on his Boots, called for his Horse, and made up to the Widow. When he is rallied upon his ill Success, WILL. with his usual Gaiety tells us, that he always found [her[1]] Pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great Game of your Fortune-Hunters. There is scarce a young Fellow in the Town of six Foot high, that has not passed in Review before one or other of these wealthy Relicts. *Hudibrass's Cupid*, who

> ———*took his Stand*
> *Upon a Widow's Jointure Land*,[2]

is daily employed in throwing Darts, and kindling Flames. But as for Widows, they are such a Subtle Generation of People, that they may be left to their own Conduct; or if they make a false Step in it, they are answerable for it to no Body but themselves. The young innocent Creatures who have no Knowledge and Experience of the World, are those whose Safety I would principally consult in this Speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my Opinion, be as punishable as a Rape. Where there is no Judgment there is no Choice; and why the inveigling a Woman before she is come to Years of Discretion, should not be as Criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten Years old, I am at a Loss to comprehend. L.

No. 312.] *Wednesday, February* 27, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quod huic Officium, quæ laus, quod Decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum colore Corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decrevit?—Tull. de Dolore tolerando.

IT is a very melancholy Reflection, that Men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know Sorrow and Pain to be in their right Senses. Prosperous People (for Happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond Sense of their present Condition, and thoughtless of the Mutability of Fortune: Fortune is a Term which we must use in such Discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen Hand of the Disposer of all Things. But methinks the Disposition of a Mind which is truly great, is that which makes Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befall our selves, great and lamentable when they befall other Men. The most unpardonable Malefactor in the World going to his Death and bearing it with Composure, would win the Pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his Calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own Misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the Weight of his Distresses. On the other hand, without any Touch of Envy, a temperate and well-govern'd Mind looks down on such as are exalted with Success, with a certain Shame for the Imbecility of human Nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to Calamity, as to grow giddy with only the Suspence of Sorrow, which is the Portion of all Men. He therefore who turns his Face from the unhappy Man, who will not look again when his Eye is cast upon modest Sorrow, who shuns Affliction like a Contagion, does but pamper himself up for a Sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater Aptitude to Misery by attempting to escape it. A Gentleman where I happened to be last Night, fell into a Discourse which I thought shewed a good Discerning in him: He took Notice that whenever Men have looked into their Heart for the Idea of true Excellency in human Nature, they have found it to consist in Suffering after a right Manner and with a good Grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing Sorrows, struggling with Adversities, undergoing all kinds of Hardships, and having in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers. The Gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret Sense of the high Merit which there is in Patience under Calamities, that the Writers of Romances, when they attempt to furnish out Characters of the highest Excellence, ransack Nature for things terrible; they raise a new Creation of Monsters, Dragons, and Giants: Where the Danger ends, the Hero ceases; when he won an Empire, or gained his Mistress, the rest of his Story is not worth relating. My Friend carried his Discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher Beings than Men to join Happiness and Greatness in the same Idea; but that in our Condition we have no Conception of superlative Excellence, or Heroism, but as it is surrounded with a Shade of Distress.

It is certainly the proper Education we should give our selves, to be prepared for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with in a Life sentenced to be a Scene of Sorrow: But instead of this Expectation, we soften our selves with Prospects of constant Delight, and destroy in our Minds the Seeds of Fortitude and Virtue, which should support us in Hours of Anguish. The constant Pursuit of Pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our Being. There is a pretty sober Liveliness in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud Mirth, or immoderate Sorrow, Inequality of Behaviour either in Prosperity or Adversity, are alike ungraceful in Man that is born to die. Moderation in both Circumstances is peculiar to generous Minds: Men of that Sort ever taste the Gratifications of

[1] [thém]
[2] Hudibras, Part I., Canto 3, ll. 310-11.

Health, and all other Advantages of Life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a Greatness of Mind which shews they know their Value and Duration. The Contempt of Pleasure is a certain Preparatory for the Contempt of Pain: Without this, the Mind is as it were taken suddenly by any unforeseen Event: but he that has always, during Health and Prosperity, been abstinent in his Satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of Difficulties, the Reflection, that his Anguish is not aggravated with the Comparison of past Pleasures which upbraid his present Condition. *Tully* tells us a Story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good Taste of the pleasant Manner the Men of Wit and Philosophy had in old Times of alleviating the Distresses of Life by the Force of Reason and Philosophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a Curiosity to visit the famous Philosopher *Possidonius*; but finding him in his sick Bed, he bewailed the Misfortune that he should not hear a Discourse from him: But you may, answered *Possidonius*; and immediately entered into the Point of Stoical Philosophy, which says Pain is not an Evil. During the Discourse, upon every Puncture he felt from his Distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an Evil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen in several of your Papers, a Concern for the Honour of the Clergy, and their 'doing every thing as becomes their Character, 'and particularly performing the publick Service 'with a due Zeal and Devotion; I am the more 'encouraged to lay before them, by your Means, 'several Expressions used by some of them in 'their Prayers before Sermon, which I am not 'well satisfied in: As their giving some Titles and 'Epithets to great Men, which are indeed due to 'them in their several Ranks and Stations, but 'not properly used, I think, in our Prayers. Is it 'not Contradiction to say, Illustrious, Right 'Reverend, and Right Honourable poor Sinners? 'These Distinctions are suited only to our State 'here, and have no place in Heaven: We see 'they are omitted in the Liturgy; which I think 'the Clergy should take for their Pattern in their 'own Forms of [Devotion.[1]] There is another Expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned Congregation, to bring in the last Petition of the Prayer in these Words, *O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once*; as if there was no Difference between *Abraham's* interceding for *Sodom*, for which he had no Warrant as we can find, and our asking those Things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more Reason to fear his Anger if they did not make such Petitions to him. There is another pretty Fancy: When a young Man has a Mind to let us know who gave him his Scarf, he speaks a Parenthesis to the Almighty, Bless, *as I am in Duty bound to pray*, the right honourable the Countess; is not that as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I am her Chaplain?

Your humble Servant,

T. J. O.

[1] [Devotion. Another Expression which I take to be improper, is this, the whole Race of Mankind, when they pray for all Men; for Race signifies Lineage or Descent; and if the Race of Mankind may be used for the present generation, (though I think not very fitly) the whole Race takes in all from the Beginning to the End of the World. I don't remember to have met with that Expression in their sense anywhere but in the old Version of *Psal.* 14, which those Men, I suppose, have but little Esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all Schools and Nurserys of good Learning and True Religion, especially the two Universities, add these Words, Grant that from them and all other Places dedicated to thy Worship and Service, may come forth such Persons. But what do they mean by all other Places? It seems to me that this is either a Tautology, as being the same with all Schools and Nurserys before expressed, or else it runs too far; for there are general Places dedicated to the Divine Service which cannot properly be intended here.]

No. 313.] *Thursday, February* 28, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit——— Juv.

I SHALL give the following Letter no other Recommendation, than by telling my Readers that it comes from the same Hand with that of last *Thursday*.

SIR,

'I send you, according to my Promise, some 'farther Thoughts on the Education of Youth, in 'which I intend to discuss that famous Question, '*Whether the Education at a publick School, or 'under a private Tutor, is to be preferr'd?*

'As some of the greatest Men in most Ages 'have been of very different Opinions in this Matter, I shall give a short Account of what I think 'may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards 'leave every Person to determine for himself.

'It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the *Romans* 'thought the Education of their Children a busi'ness properly belonging to the Parents them'selves; and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Marcus* '*Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his Son was capa'ble of Learning, *Cato* would suffer no Body to 'Teach him but himself, tho' he had a Servant 'named *Chilo*, who was an excellent Grammarian, 'and who taught a great many other Youths.

'On the contrary, the *Greeks* seemed more in'clined to Publick Schools and Seminaries.

'A private Education promises in the first place 'Virtue and Good-Breeding; a publick School 'Manly Assurance, and an early Knowledge in 'the Ways of the World.

'Mr. *Locke* in his celebrated Treatise *of Edu'cation*,[1] confesses that there are Inconveniencies

[1] *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, § 70.

'to be feared on both sides; *If*, says he, *I keep 'my Son at Home, he is in danger of becoming 'my young Master; If I send him Abroad, it is 'scarce possible to keep him from the reigning 'Contagion of Rudeness and Vice. He will per-'haps be more Innocent at Home, but more ig-'norant of the World, and more sheepish when 'he comes Abroad.* However, as this learned 'Author asserts, That Virtue is much more diffi-'cult to be attained than Knowledge of the 'World; and that Vice is a more stubborn, as 'well as a more dangerous Fault than Sheepish-'ness, he is altogether for a private Education; 'and the more so, because he does not see why a 'Youth, with right Management, might not attain 'the same Assurance in his Father's House, as at 'a publick School. To this end he advises Pa-'rents to accustom their Sons to whatever strange 'Faces come to the House; to take them with 'them when they Visit their Neighbours, and to 'engage them in Conversation with Men of Parts 'and Breeding.

'It may be objected to this Method, that Con-'versation is not the only thing necessary, but 'that unless it be a Conversation with such as are 'in some measure their Equals in Parts and Years, 'there can be no room for Emulation, Contention, 'and several of the most lively Passions of the 'Mind; which, without being sometimes moved 'by these means, may possibly contract a Dulness 'and Insensibility.

'One of the greatest Writers our Nation ever 'produced observes, That a Boy who forms 'Parties, and makes himself Popular in a School 'or a College, would act the same Part with equal 'ease in a Senate or a Privy Council; and Mr. '*Osborn* speaking like a Man versed in the Ways 'of the World, affirms, that the well laying and 'carrying on of a design to rob an Orchard, trains 'up a Youth insensibly to Caution, Secrecy and 'Circumspection, and fits him for Matters of 'greater Importance.

'In short, a private Education seems the most 'natural Method for the forming of a virtuous 'Man; a Publick Education for making a Man of 'Business. The first would furnish out a good 'Subject for *Plato's* Republick, the latter a Mem-'ber for a Community over-run with Artifice and 'Corruption.

'It must however be confessed, that a Person 'at the head of a publick School has sometimes so 'many Boys under his Direction, that it is im-'possible he should extend a due proportion of 'his Care to each of them. This is, however, in 'reality, the Fault of the Age, in which we often 'see twenty Parents, who tho' each expects his 'Son should be made a Scholar, are not contented 'altogether to make it worth while for any Man 'of a liberal Education to take upon him the Care 'of their Instruction.

'In our great Schools indeed this Fault has 'been of late Years rectified, so that we have at 'present not only Ingenious Men for the chief 'Masters, but such as have proper Ushers and 'Assistants under them; I must nevertheless own, 'that for want of the same Encouragement in the 'Country, we have many a promising Genius 'spoiled and abused in those Seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this Opinion, having 'my self experienced the Usage of two Rural 'Masters, each of them very unfit for the Trust 'they took upon them to discharge. The first 'imposed much more upon me than my Parts, tho' 'none of the weakest, could endure; and used 'me barbarously for not performing Impossibili-'ties. The latter was of quite another Temper; 'and a Boy, who would run upon his Errands, 'wash his Coffee-pot, or ring the Bell, might have 'as little Conversation with any of the Classicks as 'he thought fit. I have known a Lad at this 'Place excused his Exercise for assisting the 'Cook-maid; and remember a Neighbouring 'Gentleman's Son was among us five Years, most 'of which time he employed in airing and water-'ing our Master's grey Pad. I scorned to Com-'pound for my Faults, by doing any of these 'Elegant Offices, and was accordingly the best 'Scholar, and the worst used of any Boy in the 'School.

'I shall conclude this Discourse with an Ad-'vantage mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompany-'ing a Publick way of Education, which I have 'not yet taken notice of; namely, That we very 'often contract such Friendships at School, as are 'a Service to us all the following Part of our Lives.

'I shall give you, under this Head, a Story 'very well known to several Persons, and which 'you may depend upon as a real Truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with *West-'minster*-School, knows that there is a Curtain 'which used to be drawn a-cross the Room, to 'separate the upper School from the lower. A 'Youth happened, by some Mischance, to tear the 'above-mentioned Curtain: The Severity of the 'Master[1] was too well known for the Criminal to 'expect any Pardon for such a Fault; so that the 'Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was terrified 'to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance, 'when his Friend, who sat next to him, bad him 'be of good Cheer, for that he would take the 'Fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. 'As soon as they were grown up to be Men the 'Civil War broke out, in which our two Friends 'took the opposite Sides, one of them followed 'the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

'As their Tempers were different, the Youth, 'who had torn the Curtain, endeavoured to raise 'himself on the Civil List, and the other, who had 'born the Blame of it, on the Military: The first 'succeeded so well, that he was in a short time 'made a Judge under the Protector. The other 'was engaged in the unhappy Enterprize of *Pen-'ruddock* and *Groves* in the West. I suppose, 'Sir, I need not acquaint you with the Event of 'that Undertaking. Every one knows that the 'Royal Party was routed, and all the Heads of 'them, among whom was the Curtain Champion, 'imprisoned at *Exeter*. It happened to be his 'Friend's Lot at that time to go the Western Cir-'cuit: The Tryal of the Rebels, as they were 'then called, was very short, and nothing now re-

The references to Suetonius and Plutarch's Life of Cato are from the preceding section.

[1] Richard Busby; appointed in 1640.

'mained but to pass Sentence on them: when the 'Judge hearing the Name of his old Friend, and 'observing his Face more attentively, which he 'had not seen for many Years, asked him, if he 'was not formerly a *Westminster*-Scholar; by 'the Answer, he was soon convinced that it was 'his former generous Friend; and, without say-'ing any thing more at that time, made the best 'of his Way to *London*, where employing all his 'Power and Interest with the Protector, he saved 'his Friend from the Fate of his unhappy Asso-'ciates.

'The Gentleman, whose Life was thus pre-'serv'd by the Gratitude of his School-Fellow, 'was afterwards the Father of a Son, whom he 'lived to see promoted in the Church, and who 'still deservedly fills one of the highest Stations 'in it.[1] X.

No. 314.] *Friday, February* 29, 1712. [*Steele.*

Tandem desine Matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.—Hor. Od. 23.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young Man about eighteen Years of 'Age, and have been in Love with a young 'Woman of the same Age about this half Year. I 'go to see her six Days in the Week, but never 'could have the Happiness of being with her 'alone. If any of her Friends are at home, she 'will see me in their Company; but if they be 'not in the Way, she flies to her Chamber. I can 'discover no Signs of her Aversion; but either a 'Fear of falling into the Toils of Matrimony, or a 'childish Timidity, deprives us of an Interview 'apart, and drives us upon the Difficulty of lan-'guishing out our Lives in fruitless Expectation. 'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, if you think us ripe for 'Oeconomy, perswade the dear Creature, that to 'pine away into Barrenness and Deformity under 'a Mother's Shade, is not so honourable, nor does 'she appear so amiable, as she would in full 'Bloom. [*There is a great deal left out before he concludes.*]

Mr. SPECTATOR,
Your humble Servant,
Bob Harmless.

If this Gentleman be really no more than Eighteen, I must do him the Justice to say he is the most knowing Infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another Woman; therefore, till he has given a further Account of himself, the young Lady is hereby directed to keep close to her Mother.

The SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the Request in Mr. *Trott's* Letter; but let it go just as it came to my Hands, for being so familiar with the old Gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. *Trott* has an Ambition to make him his Father-in-Law, he ought to treat him with more Respect; besides, his Style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: Moreover, his Mistress shall continue in her Confinement, till he has found out which Word in his Letter is not wrightly spelt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I shall ever own my self your obliged humble 'Servant for the Advice you gave me concerning 'my Dancing; which unluckily came too late: 'For, as I said, I would not leave off Capering 'till I had your Opinion of the Matter; was at 'our famous Assembly the Day before I received 'your Papers, and there was observed by an old 'Gentleman, who was informed I had a Respect 'for his Daughter; told me I was an insignificant 'little Fellow, and said that for the future he 'would take Care of his Child; so that he did not 'doubt but to crosse my amerous Inclinations. 'The Lady is confined to her Chamber, and for 'my Part, am ready to hang my self with the 'Thoughts that I have danced my self out of Fa-'vour with her Father. I hope you will pardon 'the Trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty 'Favour, if you will give me a little more of your 'Advice to put me in a write Way to cheat the 'old Dragon and obtain my Mistress. I am once 'more,

SIR,
York, Feb. 23, *Your obliged humble Servant.*
1711-12. John Trott.

'Let me desire you to make what Alterations 'you please, and insert this as soon as possible. 'Pardon Mistake by Haste.

I never do pardon Mistakes by Haste.

The SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Feb.* 27, 1711-12.

'Pray be so kind as to let me know what you 'esteem to be the chief Qualification of a good 'Poet, especially of one who writes Plays; and 'you will very much oblige,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
N. B.

To be a very well-bred Man.

The SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You are to know that I am naturally Brave, 'and love Fighting as well as any Man in *Eng-'land.* This gallant Temper of mine makes me 'extremely delighted with Battles on the Stage. I 'give you this Trouble to complain to you, that '*Nicolini* refused to gratifie me in that Part of the 'Opera for which I have most Taste. I observe 'it's become a Custom, that whenever any Gen-'tlemen are particularly pleased with a Song, at 'their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the Per-'former is so obliging as to sing it over again. I 'was at the Opera the last time *Hydaspes* was 'performed. At that Part of it where the Heroe 'engages with the Lion, the graceful Manner with 'which he put that terrible Monster to Death 'gave me so great a Pleasure, and at the same 'time so just a Sense of that Gentleman's Intre-

[1] The allusion is to Colonel Wake, father of Dr. William Wake, who was Bishop of Lincoln when this paper was written, and became in 1716 Archbishop of Canterbury. The trials of Penruddock and his friends were in 1655.

'pidity and Conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a Repetition of it, by crying out *Altro Volto* in a very audible Voice; and my Friends flatter me, that I pronounced those Words with a tolerable good Accent, considering that was but the third Opera I had ever seen in my Life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little Regard had to me, that the Lion was carried off, and went to Bed, without being killed any more that Night. Now, Sir, pray consider that I did not understand a Word of what Mr. *Nicolini* said to this cruel Creature; besides, I have no Ear for Musick; so that during the long Dispute between 'em, the whole Entertainment I had was from my Eye; Why then have not I as much Right to have a graceful Action repeated as another has a pleasing Sound, since he only hears as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray, Sir, settle the Business of this Claim in the Audience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto, Anglicè, again, again*, for the Future. I am an *Englishman*, and expect some Reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your Answer.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Toby Rentfree.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 29.

'You must give me Leave, amongst the rest of your Female Correspondents, to address you about an Affair which has already given you many a Speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy Influence over the adult Part of our Sex: But as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the Pursuit of the Vanities which have been bred up with us from our Infancy, and all of us quitting the Stage whilst you are prompting us to act our Part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your Instructions for the Benefit of that Part of our Sex, who are yet in their native Innocence, and ignorant of the Vices and that Variety of Unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr SPECTATOR, that it is as much a Part of your Office to oversee the Education of the female Part of the Nation, as well as of the Male; and to convince the World you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the Male Administration of Governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of Pedagogues; and rescue our Sex from the Prejudice and Tyranny of Education as well as that of your own, who without your seasonable Interposition are like to improve upon the Vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the Dignity of your Post, as SPECTATOR, and the Authority a skilful Eye ought to bear in the Female World, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your Advice in so critical a Point, as is that of the Education of young Gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient House in a good Air, I'm not without Hope but that you will promote this generous Design. I must farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my Conduct, beside the usual Accomplishments of the Needle, Dancing, and the *French* Tongue, shall not fail to be your constant Readers. It is therefore my humble Petition, that you will entertain the Town on this important Subject, and so far oblige a Stranger, as to raise a Curiosity and Enquiry in my Behalf, by publishing the following Advertisement.

I am, SIR,
Your constant Admirer,
M. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, *being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it at the two Golden-Balls, and much more convenient in every Respect; where, beside the common Instructions given to young Gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole Art of Paistrey and Preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make Tryal of the Vigilance and Ability of the Persons concerned may enquire at the two Golden-Balls on* Mile-End-Green *near* Stepney, *where they will receive further Satisfaction.*

This is to give Notice, that the SPECTATOR *has taken upon him to be Visitant of all Boarding-Schools, where young Women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said Office after the same Manner that the Visitants of Colleges do in the two famous Universities of this Land.*

All Lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, *are desired to forbear one Expression which is in most of the Letters to him, either out of Laziness, or want of Invention, and is true of not above two thousand Women in the whole World; viz.* She has in her all that is valuable in Woman.

T.

No. 315.] *Saturday, March* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit——— Hor.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius.[1] *Milton* seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore chosen a Subject entirely conformable to those Talents, of which he was Master. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole System of the intellectual World; the *Chaos*, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the Constitution of his Poem.

Having in the First and Second Books represented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite Regions of Bliss and Glory.

If *Milton's* Majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those Parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a

[1] De Arte Poetica, ll. 38—40.

kind of Fear and Trembling, whilst he describes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full Play, but chuses to confine himself to such Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the most Orthodox Divines, and to such Expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The Beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these Speeches, are not of a Poetical Nature, nor so proper to fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur, as with Thoughts of Devotion. The Passions, which they are designed to raise, are a Divine Love and Religious Fear. The Particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book, consists in that Shortness and Perspicuity of Style, in which the Poet has couched the greatest Mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the abstruse Doctrines of Predestination, Free-Will and Grace, as also the great Points of Incarnation and Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man) with great Energy of Expression, and in a clearer and stronger Light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As these Points are dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular Art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

The Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a Prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is described to have cast his Eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively Manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
(From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height) bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utt'rance: On his right
The radiant Image of his Glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of Joy and Love;
Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love
In blissful Solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the Gulph between, and Satan *there*
Coasting the Wall of Heaven on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Satan's Approach to the Confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the Speech, which immediately follows. The Effects of this Speech in the blessed Spirits, and in the Divine Person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the Mind of the Reader with a secret Pleasure and Complacency.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new Joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace.

I need not point out the Beauty of that Circumstance, wherein the whole Host of Angels are represented as standing Mute; nor shew how proper the Occasion was to produce such a Silence in Heaven. The Close of this Divine Colloquy, with the Hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole Passage, if the Bounds of my Paper would give me leave.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitudes of Angels with a shout
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest Voices) utt'ring Joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.——

Satan's Walk upon the Outside of the Universe, which, at a Distance, appeared to him of a globular Form, but, upon his nearer Approach, looked like an unbounded Plain, is natural and noble: As his Roaming upon the Frontiers of the Creation between that Mass of Matter, which was wrought into a World, and that shapeless unformed Heap of Materials, which still lay in Chaos and Confusion, strikes the Imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermost Surface of the Universe, and shall here explain my self more at large on that, and other Parts of the Poem, which are of the same Shadowy Nature.

Aristotle observes,[1] that the Fable of an Epic Poem should abound in Circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the *French* Criticks chuse to phrase it, the Fable should be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole Art of Poetry.

If the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true History; if it is only Marvellous, it is no better than a Romance. The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry is to relate such Circumstances, as may produce in the Reader at the same time both Belief and Astonishment. This is brought to pass in a *well-chosen* Fable, by the Account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received Opinions of Mankind. *Mil-*

[1] Poetics, iii. 4. 'The surprising is necessary 'in tragedy; but the Epic Poem goes farther, and 'admits even the improbable and incredible, from 'which the highest degree of the surprising re-'sults, because there the action is not seen.'

is a Masterpiece of this Nature; as in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen the State of Innocence, and Temptation Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they very astonishing in themselves, are not only edible, but actual Points of Faith.

The next *Method* of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy Invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces Agents of a superior Nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* Ship being turned into a Rock, and *Æneas's* Fleet into a Shoal of Water Nymphs; though they are very surprising Accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with such Circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the Reader the most pleasing Passion that can rise in the Mind of Man, which is Admiration. If there be any Instance in the *Æneid* liable to Exception upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the Third Book, where *Æneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood. To qualifie this wonderful Circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a Story from the Root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is represented as proceeding from Natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God, or other Supernatural Power capable of producing it. The Spears and Arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the Modern Help of an Enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton's* Fable, though we find it full of surprizing Incidents, they are generally suited to our Notions of the Things and Persons described, and tempered with a due Measure of Probability. I must only make an Exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These Passages are astonishing, but not credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them; they are the Description of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Persons. I know that many Criticks look upon the Stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poet, might possibly have been according to the Letter. The Persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the Circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the Ancient Tragick Writers made use of the Names of such great Men as had actually lived in the World, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the Subject more Credible. In a Word, besides the hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain litteral Sense ought to appear Probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever Natural, Moral, or Political Truth may be discovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the Surface, or outmost Wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His Sitting upon the Brink of this Passage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illustrating this Circumstance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as surprizing and glorious an Idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast Hollow of the Universe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the Kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the Wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the Poles of Heaven, and takes in at one View the whole Round of the Creation.

His Flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular Description of the Sun, are set forth in all the Wantonness of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquisite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous Part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a Circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a Poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apostle in Sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the Answer which this Angel returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The Part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This World's material Mould, came to a Heap:
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confin'd,
Till at his second Bidding Darkness fled,
Light shon, &c.

In the following Part of the Speech he points out the Earth with such Circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant View of it.

Look downward on the Globe whose hither Side
With Light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the Seat of Man, that Light
His Day, &c.

I must not conclude my Reflections upon this Third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking Notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton*

with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the Praises that have been given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excrescence, than as an essential Part of the Poem. The same Observation might be applied to that beautiful Digression upon Hypocrisie, in the same Book. L.

No. 316.] *Monday, March* 3, 1712. [*John Hughes.*

Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit Inertem.
Virg. Ecl. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a Letter which is sent with the more Pleasure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have Reason to hope for a favourable Acceptance; and if Time be the most irretrievable Loss, the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Desire of resisting the further Encroachments of Idleness, make me apply to you; and the Uneasiness with which I recollect the past Years, and the Apprehensions with which I expect the Future, soon determined me to it.

'Idleness is so general a Distemper that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it; and thousands besides my self spend more Time in an idle Uncertainty which to begin first of two Affairs, that would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct my self by. Were one's Time a little straitned by Business, like Water inclosed in its Banks, it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Use or Motion.

'When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battels he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters upon wearing me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of *John Trott* for Dancing, and a Specifick to lessen the Inclination Mrs. *Fidget* has to Motion, and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mummy was ever half so useful in Physick, as I should be to these feaverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

'I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Sollicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be lost in a Storm, as to lye thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to an Equality; and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the meanest Understanding: A Faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares not use it.

'To-Morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified: To-Morrow comes, it goes, and still I please my self with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality; unmindful that the present Time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced.

'The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Numbers of Years, but by the Use has been made of it; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a sollicitous Improvement of every part of Time; 'tis a Report must be shunned as one tenders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the Dreadful Character of a laborious Plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation, by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucelius*[1] assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something,

[1] Ep. 2.

'or read and epitomize some good Author; and I 'remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he 'gives an Account of the various Methods he used 'to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several 'Imployments which he enumerates; sometimes, 'says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me 'a Pocket-Book, that whilst my Servants are 'busied in disposing of the Nets and other Mat-'ters I may be employed in something that may 'be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss 'of my Game, I may at the least bring home some 'of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the 'Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.[1]

'Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I re-'call to Mind, and what Arguments I use with 'my self, to regain my Liberty: But as I am 'afraid 'tis no Ordinary Perswasion that will be of 'Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this 'Subject, with the greatest Impatience, especially 'since the Good will not be confined to me alone, 'but will be of Universal Use. For there is no 'Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleased 'with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness 'is a desirable Character: Whether it be that they 'like the State it self, or that they think it gives 'them a new Lustre when they do exert them-'selves, seemingly to be able to do that without 'Labour and Application, which others attain to 'but with the greatest Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

Clytander to *Cleone.*

Madam,

'Permission to love you is all I desire, to con-'quer all the Difficulties those about you place in 'my Way, to surmount and acquire all those 'Qualifications you expect in him who pretends 'to the Honour of being,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Z. Clytander.

No. 317.] *Tuesday, March* 4, 1712. [*Addison.*

——— *fruges consumere nati.*—Hor.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then,* says he, *go off the Stage with your Applause;* using the Expression with which the *Roman* Actors made their *Exit* at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrist, or the Good Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will redound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, [n]or celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose: I have often seen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. [Since[1]] the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoaked three Pipes of *Virginia.* Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

[1] Ep. I. 6.

[1] [As]

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion about the Peace.
Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Rose as usual.
Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soaled Shoes.
Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Islington.*
One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.
Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.
Three. Nap as usual.
From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier strangled.
From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Account of the Great Turk.
Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my Shooe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.
Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.
Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg asked me how Stocks went.
From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.
From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an half.
Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.
Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.
From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.
Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.
Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Staid within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy;* who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.
Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef overcorned.
Three. Could not take my Nap.
Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cookmaid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy. Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy,* who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.
Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.
Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.
From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.
Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.
Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.
Twelve. Caught in a Shower.
One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dryed my self.
Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier.*
Three a-Clock. Overslept my self.
Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead.
etc.

I question not but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise, or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectifie the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

No. 318.] *Wednesday, March* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*——non omnia possumus omnes.*—Virg.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A CERTAIN Vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by 'you as growing so deep in the Heart of Man, 'that the Affectation outlives the Practice of it. 'You must have observed that Men who have 'been bred in Arms preserve to the most extreme 'and feeble old Age a certain Daring in their As'pect: In like manner, they who have pass'd their 'Time in Gallantry and Adventure, keep up, as 'well as they can, the Appearance of it, and carry

[1] [*Rideat et pulset Lasciva decentius Ætas.*—Hor.]

'a petulant Inclination to their last Moments. 'Let this serve for a Preface to a Relation I am 'going to give you of an old Beau in Town, that 'has not only been amorous, and a Follower of 'Women in general, but also, in Spite of the Ad-'monition of grey Hairs, been from his sixty-'third Year to his present seventieth, in an actual 'Pursuit of a young Lady, the Wife of his Friend, 'and a Man of Merit. The gay old *Escalus* has 'Wit, good Health, and is perfectly well bred; 'but from the Fashion and Manners of the Court 'when he was in his Bloom, has such a natural 'Tendency to amorous Adventure, that he thought 'it would be an endless Reproach to him to make 'no use of a Familiarity he was allowed at a 'Gentleman's House, whose good Humour and 'Confidence exposed his Wife to the Addresses of 'any who should take it in their Head to do him 'the good Office. It is not impossible that *Esca-'lus* might also resent that the Husband was par-'ticularly negligent of him; and tho' he gave 'many Intimations of a Passion towards the Wife, 'the Husband either did not see them, or put him 'to the Contempt of over-looking them. In the 'mean time *Isabella*, for so we shall call our 'Heroine, saw his Passion, and rejoiced in it as a 'Foundation for much Diversion, and an Oppor-'tunity of indulging her self in the dear Delight 'of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, 'with no ill Consequence to her Reputation. This 'Lady is of a free and disengaged Behaviour, 'ever in good Humour, such as is the Image of 'Innocence with those who are innocent, and an 'Encouragement to Vice with those who are 'abandoned. From this Kind of Carriage, and an 'apparent Approbation of his Gallantry, *Escalus* 'had frequent Opportunities of laying amorous 'Epistles in her Way, of fixing his Eyes atten-'tively upon her Action, of performing a thou-'sand little Offices which are neglected by the Un-'concerned, but are so many Approaches towards 'Happiness with the Enamoured. It was now, as 'is above hinted, almost the End of the seventh 'Year of his Passion, when *Escalus* from general 'Terms, and the ambiguous Respect which crimi-'nal Lovers retain in their Addresses, began to 'bewail that his Passion grew too violent for him 'to answer any longer for his Behaviour towards 'her; and that he hoped she would have Con-'sideration for his long and patient Respect, to 'excuse the Motions of a Heart now no longer 'under the Direction of the unhappy Owner of it. 'Such for some Months had been the Language 'of *Escalus* both in his Talk and his Letters to '*Isabella*; who returned all the Profusion of 'kind Things which had been the Collection of 'fifty Years with *I must not hear you; you will 'make me forget that you are a Gentleman, I 'would not willingly lose you as a Friend*; and 'the like Expressions, which the Skilful interpret 'to their own Advantage, as well knowing that a 'feeble Denial is a modest Assent. I should have 'told you, that *Isabella*, during the whole Pro-'gress of this Amour, communicated it to her 'Husband; and that an Account of *Escalus's* 'Love was their usual Entertainment after half a 'Day's Absence: *Isabella* therefore, upon her 'Lover's late more open Assaults, with a Smile 'told her Husband she could hold out no longer, 'but that his Fate was now come to a Crisis. 'After she had explained her self a little farther, 'with her Husband's Approbation she proceeded 'in the following Manner. The next Time that '*Escalus* was alone with her, and repeated his 'Importunity, the crafty *Isabella* looked on her 'Fan with an Air of great Attention, as consider-'ing of what Importance such a Secret was to 'her; and upon the Repetition of a warm Ex-'pression, she looked at him with an Eye of 'Fondness, and told him he was past that Time 'of Life which could make her fear he would 'boast of a Lady's Favour; then turned away 'her Head with a very well-acted Confusion, 'which favoured the Escape of the aged *Escalus*. 'This Adventure was Matter of great Pleasantry 'to *Isabella* and her Spouse; and they had en-'joyed it two Days before *Escalus* could recollect 'himself enough to form the following Letter.

MADAM,

"What happened the other Day, gives me a "lively Image of the Inconsistency of human "Passions and Inclinations. We pursue what we "are denied, and place our Affections on what is "absent, tho' we neglected it when present. As "long as you refused my Love, your Refusal did "so strongly excite my Passion, that I had not "once the Leisure to think of recalling my Rea-"son to aid me against the Design upon your "Virtue. But when that Virtue began to com-"ply in my Favour, my Reason made an Effort "over my Love, and let me see the Baseness of "my Behaviour in attempting a Woman of Hon-"our. I own to you, it was not without the most "violent Struggle that I gained this Victory over "my self; nay, I will confess my Shame, and ac-"knowledge I could not have prevailed but by "Flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will "believe a Moment's Weakness has not destroyed "the Esteem I had for you, which was confirmed "by so many Years of Obstinate Virtue. You "have Reason to rejoice that this did not happen "within the Observation of one of the young Fel-"lows, who would have exposed your Weakness, "and gloried in his own Brutish Inclinations.

I am, Madam,
Your most devoted Humble Servant.

'*Isabella*, with the Help of her Husband, re-'turned the following Answer.

SIR,

"I cannot but account my self a very happy "Woman, in having a Man for a Lover that can "write so well, and give so good a Turn to a Dis-"appointment. Another Excellence you have "above all other Pretenders I ever heard of; on "Occasions where the most reasonable Men lose "all their Reason, you have yours most power-"ful. We are each of us to thank our Genius, "that the Passion of one abated in Proportion as "that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet "come into your Head, to imagine that I knew "my Compliance was the greatest Cruelty I could "be guilty of towards you? In Return for your "long and faithful Passion, I must let you know "that you are old enough to become a little more

"Gravity; but if you will leave me and coquet it "any where else, may your Mistress yield.

T. *ISABELLA.*

No. 319.] *Thursday, March* 6, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
HOR.

I HAVE endeavoured, in the Course of my Papers, to do Justice to the Age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep my self a Neuter between both Sexes. I have neither spared the Ladies out of Complaisance, nor the Men out of Partiality; but notwithstanding the great Integrity with which I have acted in this Particular, I find my self taxed with an Inclination to favour my own half of the Species. Whether it be that the Women afford a more fruitful Field for Speculation, or whether they run more in my Head than the Men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the Charge as it is laid against me in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I always make one among a Company of young 'Females, who peruse your Speculations every 'Morning. I am at present Commissioned, by 'our whole Assembly, to let you know, that we 'fear you are a little enclined to be partial towards 'your own Sex. We must however acknowledge, 'with all due Gratitude, that in some Cases you 'have given us our Revenge on the Men, and done 'us Justice. We could not easily have forgiven 'you several Strokes in the Dissection of the '*Coquet's Heart*, if you had not, much about the 'same time, made a Sacrifice to us of a *Beau's* '*Scull*.

'You may, however, Sir, please to remember, 'that long since you attacked our Hoods and 'Commodes in such manner, as, to use your own 'Expression, made very many of us ashamed to 'shew our Heads. We must, therefore, beg leave 'to represent to you, that we are in Hopes, if you 'would please to make a due Enquiry, the Men 'in all Ages would be found to have been little 'less whimsical in adorning that Part, than our 'selves. The different Forms of their Wiggs, 'together with the various Cocks of their Hats, 'all flatter us in this Opinion.

'I had an humble Servant last Summer, who 'the first time he declared himself, was in a Full-'Bottom'd Wigg; but the Day after, to my no 'small Surprize, he accosted me in a thin Natural 'one. I received him, at this our second Inter-'view, as a perfect Stranger, but was extreamly 'confounded, when his Speech discovered who he 'was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his Face in my 'Memory for the future; but as I was walking in 'the Park the same Evening, he appeared to me 'in one of those Wiggs that I think you call a '*Night-cap*, which had altered him more effect-'ually than before. He afterwards played a Couple 'of Black Riding Wiggs upon me, with the same 'Success; and, in short, assumed a new Face al-'most every Day in the first Month of his Court-'ship.

'I observed afterwards, that the Variety of 'Cocks into which he moulded his Hat, had not a 'little contributed to his Impositions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to 'distinguish their Heads, you must, doubtless, 'Sir, have observed, that great Numbers of young 'Fellows have, for several Months last past, taken 'upon them to wear Feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may, with as 'much Justice, be called *Indian Princes*, as you 'have styled a Woman in a coloured Hood an '*Indian* Queen; and that you will, in due time, 'take these airy Gentlemen into Consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you would put 'a Stop to this Practice, since it has already lost 'us one of the most agreeable Members of our 'Society, who after having refused several good 'Estates, and two Titles, was lured from us last 'Week by a *mixed Feather*.

'I am ordered to present you the Respects of 'our whole Company, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
DORINDA.

Note, *The Person wearing the Feather, tho' our Friend took him for an Officer in the Guards, has proved to be* [*an arrant Linnen-Draper.*[1]]

I am not now at leisure to give my Opinion upon the Hat and Feather; however to wipe off the present Imputation, and gratifie my Female Correspondent, I shall here print a Letter which I lately received from a Man of Mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary Genius in his way.

SIR,

'I presume I need not inform you, that among 'Men of Dress it is a common Phrase to say *Mr.* 'Such an one *has struck a bold Stroke*; by which 'we understand, that he is the first Man who has 'had Courage enough to lead up a Fashion. Ac-'cordingly, when our Taylors take Measure of us, 'they always demand *whether we will have a* '*plain Suit, or strike a bold Stroke.* I think I 'may without Vanity say, that I have struck some 'of the boldest and most successful Strokes of any 'Man in *Great Britain*. I was the first that 'struck the Long Pocket about two Years since: 'I was likewise the Author of the Frosted Button, 'which when I saw the Town came readily into, 'being resolved to strike while the Iron was hot, 'I produced much about the same time the Scallop 'Flap, the knotted Cravat, and made a fair Push 'for the Silver-clocked Stocking.

'A few Months after I brought up *the modish* '*Jacket*, or the Coat with close Sleeves. I struck 'this at first in a plain *Doily*; but that failing, I 'struck it a second time in blue Camlet; and re-'peated the Stroke in several kinds of Cloth, till 'at last it took effect. There are two or three 'young Fellows at the other End of the Town, 'who have always their Eye upon me, and answer 'me Stroke for Stroke. I was once so unwary as 'to mention my Fancy in relation to the new-'fashioned *Surtout* before one of these Gentlemen, 'who was disingenuous enough to steal my

[1] [*only an Ensign in the Train Bands.*]

'Thought, and by that means prevented my intended Stroke.

'I have a Design this Spring to make very considerable Innovations in the Wastcoat, and have already begun with a *Coup d'essai* upon the Sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage or at least to connive at me, that it is my Design to strike such a Stroke the Beginning of the next Month, as shall surprise the whole Town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the Particulars of my intended Dress; but will only tell you, as a Sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at *White's* in a *Cherry-coloured Hat*. I took this Hint from the Ladies Hoods, which I look upon as the boldest Stroke that Sex has struck for these hundred Years last past.

I am, SIR,
Your most Obedient, most Humble Servant.
Will. Sprightly.

[I have not Time at present to make any Reflections on this Letter, but must not however omit that having shewn it to WILL. HONEYCOMB, he desires to be acquainted with the Gentleman who writ it.] X.

No. 320.] *Friday, March* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

[——— *non pronuba Juno,*
Non Hymenæus adest, non illi Gratia lecto,
Eumenides strovere torum ——— Ovid.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given many Hints in your Papers to the Disadvantage of Persons of your own Sex, who lay Plots upon Women. Among other hard Words you have published the Term *Male-Coquets*, and been very severe upon such as give themselves the Liberty of a little Dalliance of Heart, and playing fast and loose, between Love and Indifference, till perhaps an easie young Girl is reduced to Sighs, Dreams and Tears; and languishes away her Life for a careless Coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an Effect from what in him was all but common Civility. Thus you have treated the Men who are irresolute in Marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the Information I now give you, of a certain Set of Women who never Coquet for the Matter, but with an high Hand marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my Part, I should not have concerned my self with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them, to be married, against my Will, to one I never saw in my Life. It has been my Misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful Fortune, of which I am Master, to bespeak a fine Chariot, to give Direction for two or three handsome Snuff-Boxes, and as many Suits of fine Cloaths; but before any of these were ready, I heard Reports of my being to be married to two or three different young Women. Upon my taking Notice of it to a young Gentleman who is often in my Company he told me smiling, I was in the Inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a Description of my Person from the Tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. SPECTATOR, Whatever the World may think of me, I am more Coxcomb than Fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this Head, not a little pleased with the Novelty. My Friend told me there were a certain Set of Women of Fashion whereof the Number of Six made a Committee, who sat thrice a Week, under the Title of the Inquisition on Maids and Batchelors. It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay Thing as my self to Town, he must want all Manner of Necessaries, or be put into the Inquisition by the first Tradesman he employs. They have constant Intelligence with Cane-Shops, Perfumers, Toymen, Coach-makers, and China-houses. From these several Places, these Undertakers for Marriages have as constant and regular Correspondence, as the Funeral-men have with Vintners and Apothecaries. All Batchelors are under their immediate Inspection, and my Friend produced to me a Report given into their Board, wherein an old Unkle of mine, who came to Town with me, and my self, were inserted, and we stood thus; the Unkle smoaky, rotten, poor; the Nephew raw, but no Fool, sound at present, very rich. My Information did not end here, but my Friend's Advices are so good, that he could shew me a Copy of the Letter sent to the young Lady who is to have me; which I enclose to you.

Madam,

'This is to let you know, that you are to be Married to a Beau that comes out on *Thursday* Six in the Evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a Virgin Fop; they have a Mind to look saucy, but are out of Countenance. The Board has denied him to several good Families. I wish you Joy.

Corinna.

What makes my Correspondent's Case the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the Report from my Censor of Marriages, the Friend he speaks of is employed by the Inquisition to take him in, as the Phrase is. After all that is told him, he has Information only of one Woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the Lady-Commissioners have devoted him to another than the Person against whom they have employed their Agent his Friend to alarm him. The Plot is laid so well about this young Gentleman, that he has no Friend to retire to, no Place to appear in, or Part of the Kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the Notice, and be subject to the Power of the Inquisition. They have their Emissaries and Substitutes in all Parts of this united Kingdom. The first Step they usually take, is to find from a Correspondence, by their Messengers and Whis-

[1] [*Hæ sunt qui tenui sudant in Cyclade.*—Hor.]

perers with some Domestick of the Batchelor (who is to be hunted into the Toils they have laid for him) what are his Manners, his Familiarities, his good Qualities or Vices; not as the Good in him is a Recommendation, or the Ill a Diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main Enquiry, What Estate he has in him? When this Point is well reported to the Board, they can take in a wild roaring Fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young Fop of the Town. The Way is to make all Places uneasie to him, but the Scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His Brother Huntsmen, Bottle Companions, his Fraternity of Fops, shall be brought into the Conspiracy against him. Then this Matter is not laid in so bare-faced a Manner before him, as to have it intimated Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper Wife; but by the Force of their Correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. *Waller* said of the Marriage of the Dwarfs) as impracticable to have any Woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refused *Eve*. The Man named by the Commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in Fashion, nor dare ever to appear in Company, should he attempt to evade their Determination.

The Female Sex wholly govern domestick Life; and by this Means, when they think fit, they can sow Dissentions between the dearest Friends, nay make Father and Son irreconcilable Enemies, in spite of all the Ties of Gratitude on one Part, and the Duty of Protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where Love is not a Motive to a Man's chusing one whom they allot, they can, with very much Art, insinuate Stories to the Disadvantage of his Honesty or Courage, 'till the Creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill Reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed Wedlock for Shelter. I have a long Letter bearing Date the fourth Instant, which gives me a large Account of the Policies of this Court; and find there is now before them a very refractory Person who has escaped all their Machinations for two Years last past: But they have prevented two successive Matches which were of his own Inclination, the one, by a Report that his Mistress was to be married, and the very Day appointed, Wedding-Clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time, by insinuating to all his Mistress's Friends and Acquaintance, that he had been false to several other Women, and the like. The poor Man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single Life; but the Inquisition gives out to all his Acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own Welfare and Happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a Life without Pain or Reproach; Pleasure, Honour or Riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this and what else he may defend himself with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a suitable Humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, Every Body tells him all this is Spleen, and he must have a Wife; while all the Members of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain Woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private Person whatsoever.

SIR, *Temple, March* 3, 1711.

'Your Speculation this Day on the Subject of 'Idleness, has employed me, ever since I read it, 'in sorrowful Reflections on my having loitered 'away the Term (or rather the Vacation) of ten 'Years in this Place, and unhappily suffered a 'good Chamber and Study to lie idle as long. 'My Books (except those I have taken to sleep 'upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord '*Coke* and other venerable Authors were never so 'slighted in their Lives. I spent most of the Day 'at a Neighbouring Coffee-House, where we have 'what I may call a lazy Club. We generally 'come in Night-Gowns, with our Stockings about 'our Heels, and sometimes but one on. Our 'Salutation at Entrance is a Yawn and a Stretch, 'and then without more Ceremony we take our 'Place at the Lolling Table; where our Discourse 'is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore 'shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily 'lament this Loss of Time, and am now resolved '(if possible, with double Diligence) to retrieve 'it, being effectually awakened by the Arguments 'of Mr. *Slack* out of the Senseless Stupidity that 'has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate 'that Penitence accompanies my Confession, and 'Constancy my Resolutions, I have locked my 'Door for a Year, and desire you would let my 'Companions know I am not within. I am with 'great Respect,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T. N. B.

No. 321.[1] *Saturday, March* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.
Hor.

THOSE, who know how many Volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the Length of my Discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest Production, or at least the noblest Work of Genius in our Language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* Reader in its full Beauty. For this Reason, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my Six First Papers, I thought my self obliged to bestow one upon every Book in particular. The Three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the Fourth. I need not

[1] From this date to the end of the series the Saturday papers upon Milton exceed the usual length of a Spectator essay. That they may not occupy more than the single leaf of the original issue, they are printed in smaller type; the columns also, when necessary, encroach on the bottom margin of the paper, and there are few advertisements inserted.

acquaint my Reader that there are Multitudes of Beauties in this great Author, especially in the Descriptive Parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my Intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Criticks who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their Opinions of the great Beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several Master-Strokes, which have escaped the Observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not, but any Writer who shall treat of this Subject after me, may find several Beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest Masters of Critical Learning differ among one another, as to some particular Points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the Rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the Liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the Reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the Beauties of the Fourth Book under three Heads. In the first are those Pictures of Still-Life, which we meet with in the Description of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's* Bower, *&c.* In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the Speeches and Behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the Principal Actors in the Poem.

In the Description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle's* Rule of lavishing all the Ornaments of Diction on the weak unactive Parts of the Fable, which are not supported by the Beauty of Sentiments and Characters.[1] Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the Expressions are more florid and elaborate in these Descriptions, than in most other Parts of the Poem. I must further add, that tho' the *Drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead Pieces of Nature, are justly censured in an Heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the Description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the Principal Action, but as it is requisite to give us an Idea of that Happiness from which our first Parents fell. The Plan of it is wonderfully Beautiful, and formed upon the short Sketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. *Milton's* Exuberance of Imagination has poured forth such a Redundancy of Ornaments on this Seat of Happiness and Innocence, that it would be endless to point out each Particular.

I must not quit this Head, without further observing, that there is scarce a Speech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the Sentiments and Allusions are not taken from this their delightful Habitation. The Reader, during their whole Course of Action, always finds himself in the Walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Criticks have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the Thoughts ought always to take a Tincture from the Woods, Fields and Rivers, so we may observe, that our first Parents seldom lose Sight of their happy Station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to use the Expression, that their Thoughts are always *Paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the Machines of the Fourth Book. *Satan* being now within Prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the Glories of the Creation, is filled with Sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The Place inspires him with Thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy Condition from which he fell, and breaks forth into a Speech that is softned with several transient Touches of Remorse and Self-accusation: But at length he confirms himself in Impenitence, and in his Design of drawing Man into his own State of Guilt and Misery. This Conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of Art, as the opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly Voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere.

This Speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his Discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the Walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the Shape of a Cormorant upon the Tree of Life, which stood in the Center of it, and overtopped all the other Trees of the Garden, his alighting among the Herd of Animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himself into different Shapes, in order to hear their Conversation, are Circumstances that give an agreeable Surprize to the Reader, and are devised with great Art, to connect that Series of Adventures in which the Poet has engaged [this[1]] Artificer of Fraud.

The Thought of *Satan's* Transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himself on the Tree of Life, seems raised upon that Passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities are described, as perching on the Top of an Oak in the shape of Vultures.

His planting himself at the Ear of *Eve* under the [form[2]] of a Toad, in order to produce vain Dreams and Imaginations, is a Circumstance of

[1] At the end of the third Book of the Poetics. 'The diction should be most laboured in the idle 'parts of the poem; those in which neither man-'ners nor sentiments prevail; for the manners 'and the sentiments are only obscured by too 'splendid a diction.'

[1] [this great] [2] [shape]

the same Nature; as his starting up in his own Form is wonderfully fine, both in the Literal Description, and in the Moral which is concealed under it. His Answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an Account of himself, [is[1]] conformable to the Pride and Intrepidity of his Character.

Know ye not then, said Satan, *fill'd with Scorn,*
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
Not to know Me argues your selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; ——

Zephon's Rebuke, with the Influence it had on *Satan*, is exquisitely Graceful and Moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the Guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradise*. His disdainful Behaviour on this Occasion is so remarkable a Beauty, that the most ordinary Reader cannot but take Notice of it. *Gabriel's* discovering his Approach at a Distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of Imagination.

O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble Feet
Hasting this Way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel *and* Zephon *through the shade;*
And with them comes a third of Regal Port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;
Not likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

The Conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with Sentiments proper for the Occasion, and suitable to the Persons of the two Speakers. *Satan* cloathing himself with Terror when he prepares for the Combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer's* Description of Discord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their Feet standing upon the Earth, and their Heads reaching above the Clouds.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpning in mooned Horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, &c.
——*On th' other side* Satan *alarm'd,*
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff, *or* Atlas, *unremov'd.*
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat horror plumed; ——

I must here take [notice,[2]] that *Milton* is every where full of Hints and sometimes literal Translations, taken from the greatest of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reserve for a Discourse by it self, because I would not break the Thread of these Speculations, that are designed for *English* Readers, with such Reflections as would be of no use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this Place, that the breaking off the Combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the Golden Scales in Heaven, is a Refinement upon *Homer's* Thought, who tells us, that before the Battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the Event of it in a pair of Scales. The Reader may see the whole Passage in the 22nd *Iliad*.

Virgil, before the last decisive Combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful Circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert it as a Poetical Embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the Combat between the two Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. [To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this Passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked Prince, some few Hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been *weighed in the Scales, and to have been found wanting*.]

I must here take Notice under the Head of the Machines, that *Uriel's* gliding down to the Earth upon a Sunbeam, with the Poet's Device to make him *descend*, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a Prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the Genius of *Milton*. The Description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly Round in *Paradise*, is of another Spirit.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the Moon;——

as that Account of the Hymns which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their Midnight Walks, is altogether Divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the Imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the Fourth Book. The Description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Astonishment, and those Emotions of Envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked Majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin *Locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.

There is a fine Spirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a Bed of Flowers by the side of a Fountain, amidst a mixed Assembly of Animals.

[1] [are]

[2] [notice by the way,]

The Speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from Passion and Sincerity. The Professions they make to one another are full of Warmth: but at the same time founded on Truth. In a Word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradise:*

——*When* Adam *first of Men* ——
Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thy self than all; ——
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful Task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve *reply'd. O thou for whom,*
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve's* Speech, in which she gives an Account of her self upon her first Creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a Passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These Passages are all worked off with so much Art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of less Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled [these'] tender Parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a State of Innocence; to have described the Warmth of Love, and the Professions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole: to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural Dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the Modesty of her Character; in a Word, to adjust the Prerogatives of Wisdom and Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Loveliness. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the Conclusion of it in the following Lines.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of Conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior Love. ——

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the sight of so much Happiness.

We have another View of our first Parents in their Evening Discourses, which is full of pleasing Images and Sentiments suitable to their Condition and Characters. The Speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the Masterly Transition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worship in the following Lines.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky, ador'd
The God that made both [Sky,] Air, Earth and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,
And Starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night, Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, &c.

Most of the Modern Heroick Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a Speech without premising, that the Person said thus or thus; but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the Omission of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Instance of this Kind out of *Homer*, in the Twenty Third Chapter of *Longinus*. L.

[1] [those]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF *WHARTON*.[1]

My LORD,

THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to your Perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of human Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular Distinction that you are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution: It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in your Lordship's Character, at the same time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent your Generous Designs for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with which You pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of your great Admirers, and, in a very particular Manner,

My LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most Obliged,
And most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 322.] *Monday, March* 10, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.
Hor.

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, It is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following Relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such Simplicity, and there are so many artless Touches of Distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

[1] This is the Thomas, Earl of Wharton, who in 1708 became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and took Addison for his Chief Secretary. He was the son of Philip, Baron Wharton, a firm Presbyterian, sometimes called the good Lord Wharton, to distinguish him from his son and grandson. Philip Wharton had been an opponent of Stuart encroachments, a friend of Algernon Sidney, and one of the first men to welcome William III. to England. He died, very old, in 1694. His son Thomas did not inherit the religious temper of his father, and even a dedication could hardly have ventured to compliment him on his private morals. But he was an active politician, was with his father in the secret of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and was made by William Comptroller of the Household. Thwarted in his desire to become a Secretary of State, he made himself formidable as a bold, sarcastic speaker and by the strength of his parliamentary interest. He is said to have returned at one time thirty members, and to have spent eighty thousand pounds upon the maintenance of his political position. He was apt, by his manners, to make friends of the young men of influence. He spent money freely also on the turf, and upon his seat of Winchenden, in Wilts. Queen Anne, on her accession, struck his name with her own hand from the list of Privy Councillors, but he won his way not only to restoration of that rank, but also in December, 1706, at the age of 67, to his title of Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton. In November, 1708, he became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Addison for secretary. He took over with him also Clayton the musician, and kept a gay court, easily accessible, except to Roman Catholics, whom he would not admit to his presence, and against whom he enforced the utmost rigour of the penal code. He had himself conformed to the Church of England. Swift accused him, as Lord-lieutenant, of shameless depravity of manners, of injustice, greed, and gross venality. This Lord Wharton died in 1715, and was succeeded by his son Philip, whom George I., in 1718, made Duke of Wharton for his father's vigorous support of the Hanoverian succession. His character was much worse than that of his father, the energetic politician and the man of cultivated taste and ready wit to whom Steele and Addison here dedicated the Fifth Volume of the Spectator.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Some Years ago it happened that I lived in the 'same House with a young Gentleman of Merit; 'with whose good Qualities I was so much taken, 'as to make it my Endeavour to shew as many as 'I was able in my self. Familiar Converse im-'proved general Civilities into an unfeigned Pas-'sion on both Sides. He watched an Opportunity 'to declare himself to me; and I, who could not 'expect a Man of so great an Estate as his, re-'ceived his Addresses in such Terms, as gave 'him no reason to believe I was displeased by 'them, tho' I did nothing to make him think me 'more easy than was decent. His Father was a 'very hard worldly Man, and proud; so that there 'was no reason to believe he would easily be 'brought to think there was any thing in any 'Woman's Person or Character that could bal-'lance the Disadvantage of an unequal Fortune. 'In the mean time the Son continued his Applica-'tion to me, and omitted no Occasion of demon-'strating the most disinterested Passion imaginable 'to me; and in plain direct Terms offer'd to 'marry me privately, and keep it so till he 'should be so happy as to gain his Father's Ap-'probation, or become possessed of his Estate. I 'passionately loved him, and you will believe I 'did not deny such a one what was my Interest 'also to grant. However I was not so young, as 'not to take the Precaution of carrying with me 'a faithful Servant, who had been also my Mother's 'Maid, to be present at the Ceremony. When 'that was over I demanded a Certificate, signed 'by the Minister, my Husband, and the Servant 'I just now spoke of. After our Nuptials, we 'conversed together very familiarly in the same 'House; but the Restraints we were generally 'under, and the Interviews we had, being stolen 'and interrupted, made our Behaviour to each 'other have rather the impatient Fondness which 'is visible in Lovers, than the regular and grati-'fied Affection which is to be observed in Man 'and Wife. This Observation made the Father 'very anxious for his Son, and press him to a 'Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve 'my Husband from this Importunity, and conceal 'the Secret of our Marriage, which I had reason 'to know would not be long in my power in Town, 'it was resolved that I should retire into a remote 'Place in the Country, and converse under feigned 'Names by Letter. We long continued this 'Way of Commerce; and I with my Needle, a 'few Books, and reading over and over my Hus-'band's Letters, passed my Time in a resigned 'Expectation of better Days. Be pleased to take 'notice, that within four Months after I left my 'Husband I was delivered of a Daughter, who 'died within few Hours after her Birth. This 'Accident, and the retired Manner of Life I led, 'gave criminal Hopes to a neighbouring Brute of 'a Country Gentleman, whose Folly was the 'Source of all my Affliction. This Rustick is one 'of those rich Clowns, who supply the Want of all 'manner of Breeding by the Neglect of it, and 'with noisy Mirth, half Understanding, and am-'ple Fortune, force themselves upon Persons and 'Things, without any Sense of Time and Place. 'The poor ignorant People where I lay conceal'd, 'and now passed for a Widow, wondered I could 'be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the 'Squire; and were bribed by him to admit him 'whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sit-'ting in a little Parlour which belonged to my 'own Part of the House, and musing over one of 'the fondest of my Husband's Letters, in which I 'always kept the Certificate of my Marriage, 'when this rude Fellow came in, and with the 'nauseous Familiarity of such unbred Brutes, 'snatched the Papers out of my Hand. I was 'immediately under so great a Concern, that I 'threw my self at his Feet, and begged of him to 'return them. He with the same odious Pretence 'to Freedom and Gaiety, swore he would read 'them. I grew more importunate, he more curi-'ous, till at last, with an Indignation arising from 'a Passion I then first discovered in him, he 'threw the Papers into the Fire, swearing that 'since he was not to read them, the Man who 'writ them should never be so happy as to have 'me read them over again. It is insignificant to 'tell you my Tears and Reproaches made the 'boisterous Calf leave the Room ashamed and out 'of Countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate 'on this Accident with more than ordinary Sor-'row: However, such was then my Confidence 'in my Husband, that I writ to him the Misfor-'tune, and desired another Paper of the same 'kind. He deferred writing two or three Posts, 'and at last answered me in general, That he 'could not then send me what I asked for, but 'when he could find a proper Conveyance, I 'should be sure to have it. From this time his 'Letters were more cold every Day than the other, 'and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. 'This has at last brought me to Town, where I 'find both the Witnesses of my Marriage dead, 'and that my Husband, after three Months Co-'habitation, has buried a young Lady whom he 'married in Obedience to his Father. In a word, 'he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the 'House and confront him, the Father would join 'in supporting him against me, though he believed 'my Story; should I talk it to the World, what 'Reparation can I expect for an Injury I cannot 'make out? I believe he means to bring me, 'through Necessity, to resign my Pretentions to 'him for some Provision for my Life; but I will 'die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, 'and how he was charmed when he laughed at 'the heedless Discovery I often made of my self; 'let him remember how awkward I was in my 'dissembled Indifference towards him before Com-'pany; ask him how I, who could never conceal 'my Love for him, at his own Request, can part 'with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensi-'ble Spirits know no Indifference in Marriage; 'what then do you think is my piercing Affliction? '——— I leave you to represent my Distress your 'own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if 'you have Compassion for Innocence exposed to 'Infamy. *Octavia.*

T.

No. 323.] *Tuesday, March* 11, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Modo Vir, modo Fœmina*[1] —— Virg.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on *Tuesday* last, has brought me in several Letters, with Accounts of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entituled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last *Tuesday's* Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable kind of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your Readers an Exercise in 'one of your last Week's Papers, I have perform'd 'mine according to your Orders, and herewith 'send it you enclosed. You must know, *Mr.* 'SPECTATOR, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good 'Fortune, who have had several Matches offered 'me for these ten Years last past, and have at 'present warm Applications made to me by a very 'pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I 'come up to Town every Winter, and pass my 'Time in it after the manner you will find in the 'following Journal, which I begun to write upon 'the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that 'Subject.

TUESDAY *Night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. *From Eight 'till Ten,* Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator.*

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Gave Orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the *Change.* Cheapned a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. *Mem.* Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. *From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning.* Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth.*

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe*[1] abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny.* Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth. Mem.* locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. Fontange, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton:* His Account of the *Mohocks.* His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. *Eight in the Morning.* Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny.*

Ten a-Clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes aked and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe.*

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. *Mem.* Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth,* I am sure it is not true.

[1] A quotation from memory of Virgil's 'Et juvenis quondam nunc fœmina.' Æn. vi. 448.

[1] Dryden's.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. *Froth* lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora.*[1]

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny.*

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. *Froth* till the beginning of the second Act. Mr *Froth* talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Bowed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. *Froth* and his Friend clapp'd *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. *Froth* cried out *Ancora.* Mr. *Froth* led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. *Froth.*

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty.* *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man,[2] according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a *G. Mem.* The Conjurer was within a Letter of Mr. *Froth's* Name, *&c.*

'Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find 'that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my 'Time well or ill; and indeed never thought of 'considering how I did it before I perused your 'Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a 'single Action in these five Days that I can 'thoroughly approve of, except the working upon 'the Violet-Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the 'first Day I am at leisure. As for Mr. *Froth* and 'Veny, I did not think they took up so much of 'my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon 'my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off, 'if you insist upon it; and if Mr. *Froth* does not 'bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I 'will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your humble Servant,
Clarinda.

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author[1] on Sir *Philip Sidney's* Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda.* The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke.*

Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's *Sister,* Pembroke's *Mother:*
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee. L.

[1] The heroine of *Aurengzebe.*

[2] Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight. In 1732 there appeared 'Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. 'D. Campbell. . . . written by himself. . . with 'an Appendix by way of vindicating Mr. C. 'against the groundless aspersion cast upon him, 'that he but pretended to be deaf and dumb.'

No. 324.] *Wednesday, March* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes.* Pers.[2]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Materials you have collected together 'towards a general History of Clubs, make 'so bright a Part of your Speculations, that I 'think it is but a Justice we all owe the learned 'World to furnish you with such Assistances as 'may promote that useful Work. For this Rea'son I could not forbear communicating to you 'some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men (if 'you will allow them a place in that Species of 'Being) who have lately erected themselves into a 'Nocturnal Fraternity, under the Title of the 'Mohock Club, a Name borrowed it seems from 'a sort of *Cannibals* in *India,* who subsist by 'plundering and devouring all the Nations about 'them. The President is styled *Emperor of the* 'Mohocks; and his Arms are a *Turkish* Crescent, 'which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a 'very extraordinary manner engraven upon his 'Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avow'ed design of their Institution is Mischief; and 'upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders 'are framed. An outrageous Ambition of doing 'all possible hurt to their Fellow-Creatures, is the 'great Cement of their Assembly, and the only 'Qualification required in the Members. In or'der to exert this Principle in its full Strength 'and Perfection, they take care to drink them'selves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility 'of attending to any Motions of Reason and Hu'manity; then make a general Sally, and attack 'all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets 'through which they patrole. Some are knock'd 'down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. 'To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify 'some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a 'Coup d'éclat. The particular Talents by which

[1] Ben Jonson.

[2] [*Sævis inter se convenit Ursis.*—Juv.]

'these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one 'another, consist in the various kinds of Barbari- 'ties which they execute upon their Prisoners. 'Some are celebrated for a happy Dexterity in 'tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed 'by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and 'boring out the Eyes with their Fingers: Others 'are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their 'Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' 'their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally '*French* I cannot tell: A third sort are the Tum- 'blers, whose office it is to set Women on their 'Heads, and commit certain Indecencies, or rather 'Barbarities, on the Limbs which they expose. 'But these I forbear to mention, because they 'can't but be very shocking to the Reader as well 'as the SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry 'on a War against Mankind; and by the standing 'Maxims of their Policy, are to enter into no 'Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and De- 'fensive with all Bawdy-Houses in general, of 'which they have declared themselves Protectors 'and Guarantees.[1]

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken inco- 'herent Memoirs of this wonderful Society, but 'they are the best I have been yet able to pro- 'cure; for being but of late Establishment, it is 'not ripe for a just History; And to be serious, 'the chief Design of this Trouble is to hinder it 'from ever being so. You have been pleas'd, out 'of a concern for the good of your Countrymen, 'to act under the Character of SPECTATOR, not 'only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of 'their Actions; and whenever such Enormities as 'this infest the Town, we immediately fly to you 'for Redress. I have reason to believe, that some 'thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of 'Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be dis- 'tinguished for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly 'hurry'd into this senseless scandalous Project: 'Such will probably stand corrected by your Re- 'proofs, especially if you inform them, that it is 'not Courage for half a score Fellows, mad with 'Wine and Lust, to set upon two or three soberer 'than themselves; and that the Manners of *Indian* 'Savages are no becoming Accomplishments to an '*English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have 'been Bullies and Scowrers of a long standing, 'and are grown Veterans in this kind of Service, 'are, I fear, too hardned to receive any Impres- 'sions from your Admonitions. But I beg you 'would recommend to their Perusal your ninth 'Speculation: They may there be taught to take 'warning from the Club of Duellists; and be put 'in mind, that the common Fate of those Men of 'Honour was to be hang'd.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
March the 10th, 1711-12. Philanthropos.

[1] Gay tells also in his *Trivia* that the Mohocks rolled women in hogsheads down Snow hill. Swift wrote of the Mohocks, at this time, in his Journal to Stella, 'Grub-street papers about them 'fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty 'put into several prisons, and all a lie, and I be- 'gin to think there is no truth, or very little, in 'the whole story.' On the 18th of March an attempt was made to put the Mohocks down by Royal Proclamation.

The following Letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the Reader may observe at the same View, how amiable Ignorance may be when it is shewn in its Simplicities, and how detestable in Barbarities. It is written by an honest Countryman to his Mistress, and came to the Hands of a Lady of good Sense wrapped about a Thread-Paper, who has long kept it by her as an Image of artless Love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. '*Margaret Clark*, I pray you let Affection ex- 'cuse Presumption. Having been so happy as 'to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance 'and comely Body, sometimes when I had occa- 'sion to buy Treacle or Liquorish Powder at the 'Apothecary's Shop, I am so enamoured *with you*, 'that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire 'to become your Servant. And I am the more 'bold now to write to your sweet self, because I 'am now my own Man, and may match where I 'please; for my Father is taken away, and now I 'am come to my Living, which is Ten Yard Land, 'and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land 'in our Field but it is as well worth ten Pound a 'Year, as a Thief is worth a Halter; and all my 'Brothers and Sisters are provided for: Besides I 'have good Houshold-stuff, though I say it, both 'Brass and Pewter, Linnens and Woollens; and 'though my House be thatched, yet, if you and I 'match, it shall go hard but I will have one half 'of it slated. If you think well of this Motion, 'I will wait upon you as soon as my new Cloaths 'is made and Hay Harvest is in. I could, though 'I say it, have good —— The rest is torn off;[1] and Posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. *Margaret Clark* was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the Name of her Lover. T.

[1] This letter is said to have been really sent to one who married Mr. Cole, a Northampton attorney, by a neighbouring freeholder named Gabriel Bullock, and shown to Steele by his friend the antiquary, Browne Willis. See also No. 328. p. 477.

No. 325.] *Thursday, March* 13, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——Quid frustra Simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.—Ovid.

WILL. HONEYCOMB diverted us last Night with an Account of a young Fellow's first discovering his Passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable Opinion of him, and

was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his Advances. As he was one day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was by way of Raillery, recommending a Wife to him; when, to the no small Surprize of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, that his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal; but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person, she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window, she was very agreeably surprized to find there was nothing within the Lid but a little Looking-Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL. fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses; and applying himself to me, asked, if there were any Looking-Glasses in the Times of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for that he had often observed in the Translations of Poems out of those Languages, that People generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. *Dryden* in his *Ovid* tells us of a swingeing Fellow, called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking-Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

My Friend WILL. to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking-Glasses among them; and that he had lately read a Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dress their Heads over a Bason of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL.'s last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before.

SIR,

'I have read your last *Saturday's* Observations 'on the Fourth Book of *Milton* with great Satis-'faction, and am particularly pleased with the 'hidden Moral, which you have taken notice of in 'several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this 'Letter is to desire your Thoughts, whether there 'may not also be some Moral couched under that 'Place in the same Book where the Poet lets us 'know, that the first Woman immediately after her 'Creation ran to a Looking-Glass, and became so 'enamoured of her own Face, that she had never 'removed to view any of the other Works of Na-'ture, had not she been led off to a Man. If you 'think fit to set down the whole Passage from '*Milton*, your Readers will be able to judge for 'themselves, and the Quotation will not a little 'contribute to the filling up of your Paper.

Your humble Servant,
R. T.

The last Consideration urged by my Querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole Poem.

That Day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring Sound
Of Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' Expanse of Heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd Thought, and laid me down
On the green Bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love; there I had fix'd
Mine Eyes till now, and pined with vain Desire,
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft Embraces, he
Whose Image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,
But follow streight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry Image: back I turn'd,
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His Flesh, his Bone; to give thee Being, I lent
Out of my Side to thee, nearest my Heart,
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual Solace dear.
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half!——With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How Beauty is excell'd by manly Grace,
And Wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general Mother,—— X.

No. 326.] *Friday, March* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to For-'tune-Hunters, and your subsequent Dis-'course upon it, have given me Encouragement to 'send you a State of my Case, by which you will 'see, that the Matter complained of is a common 'Grievance both to City and Country.

'I am a Country Gentleman of between five and 'six thousand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have 'a very fine Park and an only Daughter; upon 'which account I have been so plagu'd with Deer-'Stealers and Fops, that for these four Years past 'I have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look 'upon my self to be in a State of War, and am 'forc'd to keep as constant watch in my Seat, as a 'Governour would do that commanded a Town 'on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have 'indeed pretty well secur'd my Park, having for this 'purpose provided my self of four Keepers, who 'are Left-handed, and handle a Quarter-Staff be-'yond any other Fellow in the Country. And for 'the Guard of my House, besides a Band of Pen-'sioner-Matrons and an old Maiden Relation, 'whom I keep on constant Duty, I have Blunder-'busses always charged, and Fox-Gins planted in 'private Places about my Garden, of which I have 'given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood; yet 'so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every 'now and then have a saucy Rascal ride by *re-'connoitring* (as I think you call it) under my 'Windows, as sprucely drest as if he were going 'to a Ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a 'Mistress on Horseback, having heard that it is a 'common Practice in *Spain;* and have therefore 'taken care to remove my Daughter from the 'Road-side of the House, and to lodge her next 'the Garden. But to cut short my Story; what 'can a Man do after all? I durst not stand for 'Member of Parliament last Election, for fear of 'some ill Consequence from my being off of my 'Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, 'to promote a Project I have set on foot; and upon 'which I have writ to some of my Friends; and 'that is, that care may be taken to secure our 'Daughters by Law, as well as our Deer; and 'that some honest Gentleman of a publick Spirit, 'would move for Leave to bring in a Bill *For the 'better preserving of the Female Game.*

I am,
SIR,
Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'Here is a young Man walks by our Door every 'Day about the Dusk of the Evening. He looks 'up at my Window, as if to see me; and if I steal 'towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, 'and looks frightened at finding what he was 'looking for. The Air is very cold; and pray let 'him know that if he knocks at the Door, he will 'be carry'd to the Parlour Fire; and I will come 'down soon after, and give him an Opportunity to 'break his Mind.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
Mary Comfitt.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time 'to recover himself, and ask him how he does.

Dear SIR,

'I beg you to print this without Delay, and by 'the first Opportunity give us the natural Causes 'of Longing in Women; or put me out of Fear 'that my Wife will one time or other be deliver'd 'of something as monstrous as any thing that has 'yet appeared to the World; for they say the 'Child is to bear a Resemblance of what was de-'sir'd by the Mother. I have been marry'd up-'wards of six Years, have had four Children, and 'my Wife is now big with the fifth. The Expences 'she has put me to in procuring what she has 'longed for during her Pregnancy with them, 'would not only have handsomely defray'd the 'Charges of the Month, but of their Education too; 'her Fancy being so exorbitant for the first Year 'or two, as not to confine it self to the usual Ob-'jects of Eatables and Drinkables, but running 'out after Equipage and Furniture, and the like 'Extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few 'of them: When she was with Child of *Tom*, my 'eldest Son, she came home one day just fainting, 'and told me she had been visiting a Relation, 'whose Husband had made her a Present of a 'Chariot and a stately pair of Horses; and that 'she was positive she could not breathe a Week 'longer, unless she took the Air in the Fellow to 'it of her own within that time: This, rather than 'lose an Heir, I readily comply'd with. Then 'the Furniture of her best Room must be instantly 'changed, or she should mark the Child with 'some of the frightful Figures in the old-fashion'd 'Tapestry. Well, the Upholsterer was called, 'and her Longing sav'd that bout. When she 'went with *Molly*, she had fix'd her Mind upon a 'new Set of Plate, and as much China as would 'have furnished an *India* Shop: These also I 'chearfully granted, for fear of being Father to 'an *Indian Pagod*. Hitherto I found her De-'mands rose upon every Concession; and had she 'gone on, I had been ruined: But by good For-'tune, with her third, which was *Peggy*, the 'Height of her Imagination came down to the 'Corner of a Venison Pasty, and brought her once 'even upon her Knees to gnaw off the Ears of a 'Pig from the Spit. The Gratifications of her 'Palate were easily preferred to those of her Vani-'ty; and sometimes a Partridge or a Quail, a 'Wheat-Ear or the Pestle of a Lark, were chear-'fully purchased; nay, I could be contented tho' 'I were to feed her with green Pease in *April*, or 'Cherries in *May*. But with the Babe she now 'goes, she is turned Girl again, and fallen to eat-'ing of Chalk, pretending 'twill make the Child's 'Skin white; and nothing will serve her but I 'must bear her Company, to prevent its having a 'Shade of my Brown: In this however I have

'ventur'd to deny her. No longer ago than yes-
'terday, as we were coming to Town, she saw a
'parcel of Crows so heartily at Break-fast upon a
'piece of Horse-flesh, that she had an invincible
'Desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite
'Surprize) begged the Coachmen to cut her off a
'Slice as if 'twere for himself, which the Fellow
'did: and as soon as she came home she fell to it
'with such an Appetite, that she seemed rather to
'devour than eat it. What her next Sally will be,
'I cannot guess: but in the mean time my Re-
'quest to you is, that if there be any way to come
'at these wild unaccountable Rovings of Imagina-
'tion by Reason and Argument, you'd speedily
'afford us your Assistance. This exceeds the
'Grievance of Pin-Money, and I think in every
'Settlement there ought to be a Clause inserted,
'that the Father should be answerable for the
'Longings of his Daughter. But I shall impa-
'tiently expect your Thoughts in this Matter and
'am *SIR*,

Your most Obliged, and
most Faithful Humble Servant,
T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next
'Child will love Horses as much as *Molly* does
'China-Ware. T.

No. 327.] *Saturday, March* 15, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.*—Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the evil Spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride, and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mention'd Circumstance, the first Part of the fifth Book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is describ'd with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as the Whisper with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was convey'd to a Lover's Ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet Rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with Looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces: then, with Voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus *on* Flora *breathes,*
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My Fairest, my Espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best Gift, my ever-new Delight!
Awake: the Morning shines, and the fresh Field
Calls us, we lose the Prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy
Reed,
How Nature paints her Colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled
Eye
On Adam, *whom embracing, thus she spake:*
O Sole, in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
My Glory, my Perfection! glad I see
Thy Face, and Morn return'd———

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the Conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry; and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my Love, my Fair one, and come away; for lo the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone, the Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vines with the tender Grape give a good Smell. Arise my Love, my Fair-one and come away.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth.

His preferring the Garden of *Eden*, to that

———*Where the* Sapient *King*
Held Dalliance with his fair Egyptian *Spouse,*

shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his mind.

Eve's Dream is full of those *high Conceits engendring Pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavour'd to instill into her. Of this kind is that Part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful Lines.

Why sleep'st thou Eve? *now is the pleasant Time,*
The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd Song; now
reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more [*pleasing*[1]]
Light
Shadowy sets off the Face of things: In vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's Desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with Ravishment,
Attracted by thy Beauty still to gaze!

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole Work in such Sentiments as these: But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produc'd on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be

[1] [*pleasant*]

obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely presag'd on this Occasion, the Particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon Truth, the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

So chear'd he his fair Spouse, and she was chear'd,
But silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious Drops, that ready stood
Each in their chrystal Sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious Sign of sweet Remorse
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous Parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that Divine Enthusiasm, which is so natural to Devotion. But if this calling upon the dead Parts of Nature, is at all times a proper kind of Worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topicks of Praise which might afford Matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet [gives[1]] of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and the Flight thro' the Choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of it self upon the Approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

——'Till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine, the Sovereign Architect had framed.

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on Golden Wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods, and, when there was no more Use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this Point, as M. *Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer* the Marvellous does not lose sight of the Probable. As the miraculous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heaven that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with *living* Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

——Forth rush'd with Whirlwind sound
The Chariot of paternal Deity
Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit——

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

Raphael's Descent to the Earth, with the Figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian* and *English* Poets have given a Loose to their Imaginations in the Description of Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his Heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength of Fancy.

——Like Maia's *Son he stood,*
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.——

Raphael's Reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets; his distant Appearance to *Adam*, have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestick Employments.

So saying, with dispatchful Looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable Thoughts intent,
What Choice to chuse for Delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after Taste, upheld with kindliest Change;
Bestirs her then, &c.——

Though in this, and other Parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifry of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable Parts in this Divine Work.

The natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive Behaviour to the Superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the

[1] [gives us]

Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministring at the Table, are Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's Behaviour is every way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at Table with *Adam*, and eating of the Fruits of *Paradise*. The Occasion naturally leads him to his Discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of his Obedience, and makes natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employ'd in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

Had I followed Monsieur *Bossu's* Method in my first Paper of *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate Beginning in the first Book, than from its remote Beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining Piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate Beginning, as proceding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote Beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The Occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in Holy Writ, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following Lines.

At length into the Limits of the North
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, *(so call*
That Structure in the Dialect of Men
Interpreted)——

Homer mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods are call'd by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual Judgment in this particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority of Scripture to justifie him. The Part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Moral of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraphim breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends Heroic Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present State of Degeneracy and Corruption.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, *faithful found*
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd;
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal:
Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant Mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through [hostile] Scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd ought;
And, with retorted Scorn, his Back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift Destruction doom'd.

L.

No. 328.[1] *Monday, March* 17, 1712. [*Steele.*

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.
Petron. Arb.

THAT useful Part of Learning which consists in Emendations, Knowledge of different Readings, and the like, is what in all Ages Persons extremely wise and learned have had in great Veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoyce at the following Epistle, which lets us into the true Author of the Letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the Honour to publish in a former Paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical Learning; but finding my self not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter my self I may deserve from some professed Patrons of Learning, I could not but do my self the Justice to shew I am not a Stranger to such Erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However this only to let the World see what I could do; and shall not give my Reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the Ostentation I shew at present.

SIR, March 13, 1712.

'Upon reading your Paper of yesterday,[2] I took 'the Pains to look out a Copy I had formerly 'taken, and remembered to be very like your last

[1] This paper is No. 328 in the original issue, but Steele omitted it from the reprint and gave in its place the paper by Addison which here stands next to it marked with the same number, 328. The paper of Addison's had formed no part of the original issue. Of the original No. 328 Steele inserted a censure at the end of No. 330.

[2] See No. 324.

'Letter: Comparing them, I found they were the 'very same, and have, underwritten, sent you that 'Part of it which you say was torn off. I hope 'you will insert it, that Posterity may know 'twas 'Gabriel Bullock that made Love in that natural 'Stile of which you seem to be fond. But, to let 'you see I have other Manuscripts in the same 'Way, I have sent you Enclosed three Copies, 'faithfully taken by my own Hand from the Ori-'ginals, which were writ by a Yorkshire gentle-'man of a good estate to Madam Mary, and an 'Uncle of hers, a Knight very well known by the 'most ancient Gentry in that and several other 'Counties of Great Britain. I have exactly fol-'lowed the Form and Spelling. I have been 'credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock, the 'famous Comedian, is the descendant of this 'Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great 'grandfather on the Body of the above-mentioned 'Mrs. Margaret Clark. But neither Speed, nor 'Baker, nor Selden, taking notice of it, I will not 'pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter 'may be reprinted, and what is here recovered 'may be in *Italic*.

I am, SIR,

Your daily Reader.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. 'Margaret Clark, I pray you let Affection excuse 'Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy 'the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely 'Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy 'Treacle or Liquorish Power at the apothecary's 'shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can 'no more keep close my flaming Desire to become 'your Servant. And I am the more bold now to 'write to your sweet self, because I am now my 'own Man, and may match were I please; for my 'Father is taken away; and now I am come to 'my Living, which is ten yard Land, and a House; 'and there is never a Yard Land[1] in our Field but 'is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief's 'worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters 'are provided for: besides I have good Household 'Stuff, though I say it, both Brass and Pewter, 'Linnens and Woollens; and though my House 'be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go 'hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you 'shall think well of this Motion, I will wait upon 'you as soon as my new Cloaths is made, and 'Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, 'have good *Matches in our Town; but my Mother '(God's Peace be with her) charged me upon her 'Death-Bed to marry a Gentlewoman, one who 'had been well trained up in Sowing and Cookery. 'I do not think but that if you and I can agree to 'marry, and lay our Means together, I shall be 'made grand Jury-man e'er two or three Years 'come about, and that will be a great Credit to 'us. If I could have got a Messenger for Six-'pence, I would have sent one on Purpose, and 'some Trifle or other for a Token of my Love; 'but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. 'So hoping you will take this Letter in good Part, 'and answer it with what Care and Speed you 'can, I rest and remain,*

Yours, if my own, MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK, now my father is dead.

Swepston, Leicestershire.

'When the Coal Carts come, I shall send 'oftener; and may come in one of them my self.

For sir William to go to london at westminster, remember a parlement.

'Sir

'William, i hope that you are well. i write to 'let you know that i am in troubel abbut a lady 'you nease; and I do desire that you will be my 'frend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, 'i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at 'topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; 'but i desire that you will be our frends, for it is 'no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did 'make us all. i wish that i might see you, for 'thay say that you are a good man: and many 'doth wounder at it, but madam norton is abuesed 'and ceated two i beleive. i might a had many a 'lady, but i con have none but her with a good 'consons, for there is a God that know our harts. 'if you and madam norton will come to York, 'there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you 'pleased. so be not angterie till you know the 'trutes of things.

George Nelson. I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aysenby, and to madam norton, March, the 19th; 1706.

This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York.

'Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady, i 'hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they 'will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs. 'Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and 'ceat you. go from to another Place, and we will 'gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to 'you, for if they gate you to london they will keep 'you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will 'both go. so if you go to london, you rueing 'your self. so heed not what none of them saith 'to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to 'gader any time. i will do any thing for you to 'my poore. i hope the devill will faile them all, 'for a hellish Company there be.* from there 'cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless 'and deliver both you and me.

I think to be at york the 24 day.

This is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

'Madam Mary, i hope you are well. i am 'soary that you went away from York. deare 'loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i 'do remain faithful; and if can let me know 'where i can meet you, i will wed you, and I will 'do any thing to my poor; for you are a good 'woman, and will be a loving Misteris. i am in 'troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will 'wed you. so with speed come, and i will have 'none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to

[1] In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of Land.

'say to me, and with speed come: heed not what 'none of them say to you; your Maid makes you 'believe ought.

'So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with 'speed; i sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put 'me in prison all the night for me pains, and non 'new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

'But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from 'home, for in york and round about she is known; 'to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor 'soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

R. * March 19th, 1706.

No. 328.] *Monday, March* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I believe this is the first Complaint that 'ever was made to you of this nature, so 'you are the first Person I ever could prevail upon 'my self to lay it before. When I tell you I have 'a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful Estate, 'no inordinate Desires, and am married to a 'virtuous lovely Woman, who neither wants Wit 'nor Good-Nature, and by whom I have a numer-'ous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will 'naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, not-'withstanding these promising Appearances, I am 'so far from it, that the prospect of being ruin'd 'and undone, by a sort of Extravagance which of 'late Years is in a less degree crept into every 'fashionable Family, deprives me of all the Com-'forts of my Life, and renders me the most anxious 'miserable Man on Earth. My Wife, who was 'the only Child and darling Care of an indulgent 'Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning all 'those Accomplishments we generally understand 'by good Breeding and polite Education. She 'sings, dances, plays on the Lute and Harpsicord, 'paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the '*French* Tongue, and has made a considerable 'Progress in *Italian*. She is besides excellently 'skill'd in all domestick Sciences, as Preserving, 'Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our 'own Growth, Embroydering, and Needleworks 'of every Kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think 'there is very little Cause of Complaint; but sus-'pend your Opinion till I have further explain'd 'my self, and then I make no question you will 'come over to mine. You are not to imagine I 'find fault that she either possesses or takes de-'light in the Exercise of those Qualifications I 'just now mention'd; 'tis the immoderate Fond-'ness she has to them that I lament, and that 'what is only design'd for the innocent Amuse-'ment and Recreation of Life, is become the 'whole Business and Study of her's. The six 'Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally 'divided between that and the Country) from al-'most Break of Day till Noon, the whole Morn-'ing is laid out in practising with her several Mas-'ters; and to make up the Losses occasion'd by 'her Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week 'their Attendance is requir'd; and as they all are 'People eminent in their Professions, their Skill 'and Time must be recompensed accordingly: So 'how far these Articles extend, I leave you to 'judge. Limning, one would think, is no ex-'pensive Diversion, but as she manages the Mat-'ter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to her Dis-'bursements; Which you will easily believe, when 'you know she paints Fans for all her Female Ac-'quaintance, and draws all her Relations Pictures 'in Miniature; the first must be mounted by no 'body but *Colmar*, and the other set by no body 'but *Charles Mather*. What follows, is still 'much worse than the former; for, as I told you, 'she is a great Artist at her Needle, 'tis incredible 'what Sums she expends in Embroidery; For be-'sides what is appropriated to her personal Use, 'as Mantua's, Petticoats, Stomachers, Handker-'chiefs, Purses, Pin-cushions, and Working 'Aprons, she keeps four *French* Protestants con-'tinually employ'd in making divers Pieces of 'superfluous Furniture, as Quilts, Toilets, Hang-'ings for Closets, Beds, Window-Curtains, easy 'Chairs, and Tabourets: Nor have I any hopes 'of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance, 'while she obstinately persists in thinking it a 'notable piece of good Housewifry, because they 'are made at home, and she has had some share 'in the Performance. There would be no end of 'relating to you the Particulars of the annual 'Charge, in furnishing her Store-Room with a 'Profusion of Pickles and Preserves; for she is 'not contented with having every thing, unless it 'be done every way, in which she consults an 'Hereditary Book of Receipts; for her female 'Ancestors have been always fam'd for good 'Housewifry, one of whom is made immortal, by 'giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two sorts 'of Puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all 'her medicinal Preparations, as Salves, Cere-'cloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia, 'Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-Brandy, to-'gether with innumerable sorts of Simple Waters. 'But there is nothing I lay so much to Heart, as 'that detestable Catalogue of counterfeit Wines, 'which derive their Names from the Fruits, Herbs, 'or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly com-'pounded: They are loathsome to the Taste, and 'pernicious to the Health; and as they seldom 'survive the Year, and then are thrown away, 'under a false Pretence of Frugality, I may af-'firm they stand me in more than if I entertain'd 'all our Visiters with the best Burgundy and 'Champaign. Coffee, Chocolate, Green, Im-'perial, Peco, and Bohea-Tea seem to be Trifles; 'but when the proper Appurtenances of the Tea-'Table are added, they swell the Account higher 'than one would imagine. I cannot conclude 'without doing her Justice in one Article; where 'her Frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny 'her the Merit of it, and that is in relation to her 'Children, who are all confin'd, both Boys and 'Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part of 'the House, with Bolts on the Doors and Bars to 'the Windows, under the Care and Tuition of an 'old Woman, who had been dry Nurse to her 'Grandmother. This is their Residence all the

'Year round; and as they are never allow'd to 'appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at 'any Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eld- 'est Daughter to this day would have neither read 'nor writ, if it had not been for the Butler, who 'being the Son of a Country Attorney, has taught 'her such a Hand as is generally used for en- 'grossing Bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have 'sufficiently tired your Patience with my domes- 'tick Grievances; which I hope you will agree 'could not well be contain'd in a narrower Com- 'pass, when you consider what a Paradox I un- 'dertook to maintain in the Beginning of my 'Epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but 'too melancholy a Truth. And now I heartily 'wish the Relation I have given of my Misfor- 'tunes may be of Use and Benefit to the Publick. 'By the Example I have set before them, the truly 'virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those Errors 'which have so unhappily mis-led mine, and which 'are visibly these three. First, in mistaking the 'proper Objects of her Esteem, and fixing her Af- 'fections upon such things as are only the Trap- 'pings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, 'In not distinguishing what becomes the different 'Stages of Life. And, Lastly, The Abuse and 'Corruption of some excellent Qualities, which, 'if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would have 'been the Blessing and Prosperity of her Family, 'but by a vicious Extreme are like to be the Bane 'and Destruction of it. L.

No. 329.] *Tuesday, March* 18, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me t'other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Westminster-Abby*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's Head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last Summer upon *Baker's* Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his Disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abby*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner Dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Trueby's* Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a Dram of it at the same time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I [had] made several wry Faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick:* When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call [a[1]] Hackney-Coach, and take care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

He then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's* Water, telling me that the Widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the County: That she distilled every Poppy that grew within five Miles of her; that she distributed her Water *gratis* among all Sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure, and that the whole Country would fain have it a Match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling him he had calfed a Coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axeltree was good; upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his Head, called the Coach-man down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-end of the *Abby*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man, I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his Hand that way, and cry'd Sir *Cloudsly Shovel!* a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's* Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man! he whipp'd my Grandfather; a very great Man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead; a very great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifry, who died by the prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was

[1] [an]

very inquisitive into her Name and Family; and after having regarded her Finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation-Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair; and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothick* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if WILL. WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward* the Third's Sword, and leaning upon the Pummel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince:* concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us there was fine Reading in the Casualties in that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since: Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir ROGER; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the Body too, if you don't take care.

THE glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abby.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which reason he shook him by the Hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at leisure. L.

No. 330.] *Wednesday, March* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—— Juv.

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

SIR,

'I have long expected, that in the Course of 'your Observations upon the several Parts of human Life, you would one time or other fall upon 'a Subject, which, since you have not, I take the 'liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is 'the Patronage of young modest Men to such as are 'able to countenance and introduce them into the 'World. For want of such Assistances, a Youth 'of Merit languishes in Obscurity or Poverty, 'when his Circumstances are low, and runs into 'Riot and Excess when his Fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make my self better understood, 'than by sending you an History of my self, which 'I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it being the only Way I have of expressing my Gratitude for the highest Obligations imaginable.

'I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of '*London*, who, by many Losses, was reduced 'from a very luxuriant Trade and Credit to very 'narrow Circumstances, in Comparison to that 'his former Abundance. This took away the 'Vigour of his Mind, and all manner of Attention 'to a Fortune, which he now thought desperate; 'insomuch that he died without a Will, having 'before buried my Mother in the midst of his 'other Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age 'when I lost my Father; and an Estate of £200 'a Year came into my Possession, without Friend 'or Guardian to instruct me in the Management 'or Enjoyment of it. The natural Consequence 'of this was, (though I wanted no Director, and 'soon had Fellows who found me out for a smart 'young Gentleman, and led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my 'Companions and I could not well be supplied 'without my running in Debt, which I did very 'frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed with a 'Guard strong enough for the most desperate Assassine, to a Bayliff's House, where I lay four 'Days, surrounded with very merry, but not very 'agreeable Company. As soon as I had extricated 'my self from this shameful Confinement, I reflected upon it with so much Horror, that I 'deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took 'Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution 'to study the Law with all possible Application. 'But I trifled away a whole Year in looking over 'a thousand Intricacies, without Friend to apply 'to in any Case of Doubt; so that I only lived 'there among Men, as little Children are sent to 'School before they are capable of Improvement, 'only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of 'this State of Suspence, not knowing how to dis'pose of my self, I was sought for by a Relation of

'mine, who, upon observing a good Inclination in 'me, used me with great Familiarity, and carried 'me to his Seat in the Country. When I came 'there, he introduced me to all the good Company 'in the County; and the great Obligation I have 'to him for this kind Notice and Residence with 'him ever since, has made so strong an Impres-'sion upon me, that he has an Authority of a 'Father over me, founded upon the Love of a 'Brother. I have a good Study of Books, a good 'Stable of Horses always at my command; and 'tho' I am not now quite eighteen Years of Age, 'familiar Converse on his Part, and a strong In-'clination to exert my self on mine, have had an 'effect upon me that makes me acceptable wher-'ever I go. Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, by this Gen-'tleman's Favour and Patronage, it is my own 'fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I 'live. I speak this as well by subscribing the 'initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to 'incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. It 'would be a worthy Work to shew what great 'Charities are to be done without Expence, and 'how many noble Actions are lost, out of Inad-'vertency in Persons capable of performing them, 'if they were put in mind of it. If a Gentleman 'of Figure in a County would make his Family a 'Pattern of Sobriety, good Sense, and Breeding, 'and would kindly endeavour to influence the 'Education and growing Prospects of the younger 'Gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would 'save him a great deal of stale Beer on a publick 'Occasion, and render him the Leader of his 'Country from their Gratitude to him, instead of 'being a Slave to their Riots and Tumults in or-'der to be made their Representative. The same 'thing might be recommended to all who have 'made any Progress in any Parts of Knowledge, 'or arrived at any Degree in a Profession; others 'may gain Preferments and Fortunes from their 'Patrons, but I have, I hope, receiv'd from mine 'good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, 'my Request to print this, in return for all the 'Evil an helpless Orphan shall ever escape, and 'all the Good he shall receive in this Life; both 'which are wholly owing to this Gentleman's Fa-'vour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty 'Pleasure in Learning. I have been at the *Latin* 'School four Years. I don't know I ever play'd '[truant,[1]] or neglected any Task my Master set me 'in my Life. I think on what I read in School as 'I go home at noon and night, and so intently, 'that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, 'not minding whither I went. Our Maid tells me, 'she often hears me talk *Latin* in my sleep. And 'I dream two or three Nights in the Week I am 'reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems 'as well pleased with my Performances as any 'Boy's in the same Class. I think, if I know my 'own Mind, I would chuse rather to be a Scholar, 'than a Prince without Learning. I have a very '[good[1]] affectionate Father; but tho' very rich, yet 'so mighty near, that he thinks much of the 'Charges of my Education. He often tells me, 'he believes my Schooling will ruin him; that I cost 'him God-knows what in Books. I tremble to 'tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my 'Pocket-Mony, and lay it out for a Book, now 'and then, that he don't know of. He has or-'der'd my Master to buy no more Books for me, 'but says he will buy them himself. I asked him 'for *Horace* t'other Day, and he told me in a 'Passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but 'only my Master had a Mind to make him think 'I had got a great way in my Learning. I am 'sometimes a Month behind other Boys in getting 'the Books my Master gives Orders for. All the 'Boys in the School, but I, have the Classick 'Authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and letter'd on 'the Back. My Father is often reckoning up 'how long I have been at School, and tells me he 'fears I do little good. My Father's Carriage so 'discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and 'melancholy. My Master wonders what is the 'matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he 'is a Man that loves to encourage Learning, and 'would be apt to chide my Father, and, not know-'ing my Father's Temper, may make him worse. 'Sir, if you have any Love for Learning, I beg 'you would give me some Instructions in this case, 'and persuade Parents to encourage their Children 'when they find them diligent and desirous of 'Learning. I have heard some Parents say, they 'would do any thing for their Children, if they 'would but mind their Learning: I would be 'glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my 'Boldness. If you will but consider and pity my 'case, I will pray for your Prosperity as long as 'I live.

London, March 2, 1711.

Your humble Servant,

T. James Discipulus.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *March the* 18*th.*

The ostentation you showed yesterday would have been pardonable had you provided better for the two Extremities of your Paper, and placed in one the letter R., in the other *Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis.* A Word to the wise.

I am your most humble Servant,

T. Trash.

According to the Emendation of the above Correspondent, the Reader is desired in the Paper of the 17th to read R. for T.[2]

[1] [at truant]

No. 331.] *Thursday, March* 20, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.

Pers.

WHEN I was last with my Friend Sir ROGER in *Westminster-Abby*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the Bust of a

[1] [loving]

[2] Steele had discontinued the signature R. since No. 134, for August 3, 1711.

venerable old Man. I was at a loss to guess the Reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the Figure, and asked me if I did not think that our Forefathers looked much wiser in their Beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my Gallery in the Country, and see my Ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my Age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old Patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle Smock-fac'd young Fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old Pieces of Tapestry, with Beards below their Girdles, that cover half the Hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my Papers, and endeavour to restore human Faces to their Ancient Dignity, that upon a Month's warning he would undertake to lead up the Fashion himself in a pair of Whiskers.

I smiled at my Friend's Fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the Metamorphoses our Faces have undergone in this Particular.

The Beard, conformable to the Notion of my Friend Sir ROGER, was for many Ages look'd upon as the Type of Wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the Philosophers of his Time, who endeavour'd to rival one another in Beard; and represents a learned Man who stood for a Professorship in Philosophy, as unqualify'd for it by the Shortness of his Beard.

Ælian, in his Account of *Zoilus*, the pretended Critick, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his Breast, but no Hair upon his Head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the Hairs of his Head as so many Suckers, which if they had been suffer'd to grow, might have drawn away the Nourishment from his Chin, and by that means have starved his Beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refus'd to accept an Edition of a Saint's Works, which were presented to him, because the Saint in his Effigies before the Book, was drawn without a Beard.

We see by these Instances what Homage the World has formerly paid to Beards; and that a Barber was not then allow'd to make those Depredations on the Faces of the Learned, which have been permitted him of later Years.

Accordingly several wise Nations have been so extremely Jealous of the least Ruffle offer'd to their Beard, that they seem to have fixed the Point of Honour principally in that Part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this Particular. Don *Quevedo*, in his third Vision on the Last Judgment, has carry'd the Humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious Countrymen, after having receiv'd Sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil Spirits; but that his Guides happening to disorder his Mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a Pair of Curling-Irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the History of our own Nation, we shall find that the Beard flourish'd in the *Saxon* Heptarchy, but was very much discourag'd under the *Norman* Line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several Reigns under different Shapes. The last Effort it made seems to have been in Queen *Mary's* Days, as the curious Reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the Figures of Cardinal *Poole*, and Bishop *Gardiner*; tho' at the same time, I think it may be question'd, if Zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant Painters to extend the Beards of these two Persecutors beyond their natural Dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few Beards worth taking notice of in the Reign of King *James* the First.

During the Civil Wars there appeared one, which makes too great a Figure in Story to be passed over in Silence; I mean that of the redoubted *Hudibras*, an Account of which *Butler* has transmitted to Posterity in the following Lines:

His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face;
In Cut and Dye so like a Tyle,
A sudden View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.

The Whisker continu'd for some time among us after the Expiration of Beards; but this is a Subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct Treatise, which I keep by me in Manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe*.

If my Friend Sir ROGER's Project, of introducing Beards, should take effect, I fear the Luxury of the present Age would make it a very expensive Fashion. There is no question but the Beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest Colours, and the most immoderate Lengths. A fair Beard, of the Tapestry-Size Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty Guineas. The famous Golden Beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the Extravagance of the Fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the Ladies would not come into the Mode, when they take the Air on Horse-back. They already appear in Hats and Feathers, Coats and Perriwigs; and I see no reason why we not suppose that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the same Occasion.

I may give the Moral of this Discourse in another Paper. X.

No. 332.] *Friday, March* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—— Hor.

Dear Short-Face,

'IN your Speculation of *Wednesday* last, you 'have given us some Account of that worthy 'Society of Brutes the *Mohocks*; wherein you 'have particularly specify'd the ingenious Per'formance of the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-'Masters, and the Tumblers: But as you acknow'ledge you had not then a perfect History of the 'whole Club, you might very easily omit one of

'the most notable Species of it; the Sweaters, 'which may be reckon'd a sort of Dancing-Masters 'too. It is it seems the Custom for half a dozen, 'or more, of these well-dispos'd Savages, as soon 'as they have inclos'd the Person upon whom they 'design the Favour of a Sweat, to whip out their 'Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, 'they describe a sort of Magick Circle round about 'him with the Points. As soon as this Piece of 'Conjuration is perform'd, and the Patient with-'out doubt already beginning to wax warm, to 'forward the Operation, that Member of the 'Circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his 'Back first, runs his Sword directly into that Part 'of the Patient wherein School-boys are punished; 'and, as it is very natural to imagine this will soon 'make him tack about to some other Point, every 'Gentleman does himself the same Justice as often 'as he receives the Affront. After this Jig has 'gone two or three times round, and the Patient 'is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very 'handsomly rubb'd down by some Attendants, 'who carry with them Instruments for that pur-'pose, and so discharged. This Relation I had 'from a Friend of mine, who has lately been under 'this Discipline. He tells me he had the Honour 'to dance before the Emperor himself, not without 'the Applause and Acclamations both of his Im-'perial Majesty, and the whole Ring; tho' I dare 'say, neither I or any of his Acquaintance ever 'dream'd he would have merited any Reputation by 'his Activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. SPEC, I was very near 'being qualify'd to have given you a faithful and 'painful Account of this walking Bagnio, if I may 'so call it, my self: For going the other night 'along *Fleet-street*, and having, out of curiosity, 'just enter'd into Discourse with a wandring Fe-'male who was travelling the same Way, a couple of 'Fellows advanced towards us, drew their Swords, 'and cry'd out to each other, A Sweat! a Sweat! 'Whereupon suspecting they were some of the 'Ringleaders of the Bagnio, I also drew my 'Sword, and demanded a Parly; but finding none 'would be granted me, and perceiving others be-'hind them filing off with great diligence to take 'me in Flank, I began to sweat for fear of being 'forced to it: but very luckily betaking my self to 'a Pair of Heels, which I had good Reason to be-'lieve would do me justice, I instantly got pos-'session of a very snug Corner in a neighbouring 'Alley that lay in my Rear; which Post I main-'tain'd for above half an hour with great Firmness 'and Resolution, tho' not letting this Success so 'far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of 'the Circumspection that was necessary to be ob-'serv'd upon my advancing again towards the 'Street; by which Prudence and good Manage-'ment I made a handsome and orderly Retreat, 'having suffer'd no other Damage in this Action 'than the Loss of my Baggage, and the Disloca-'tion of one of my Shoe-heels, which last I am 'just now inform'd is in a fair way of Recovery. 'These Sweaters, by what I can learn from my 'Friend, and by as near a View as I was able to 'take of them my self, seem to me to have at 'present but a rude kind of Discipline amongst 'them. It is probable, if you would take a little 'Pains with them, they might be brought into 'better order. But I'll leave this to your own 'Discretion; and will only add, that if you think 'it worth while to insert this by way of Caution to 'those who have a mind to preserve their Skins 'whole from this sort of Cupping, and tell them 'at the same time the Hazard of treating with 'Night-Walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, 'as well as

Your very humble Servant,
Jack Lightfoot.

'*P. S.* My Friend will have me acquaint you, 'That though he would not willingly detract from 'the Merit of that extraordinary Strokes-Man Mr. '*Sprightly*, yet it is his real Opinion, that some 'of those Fellows, who are employ'd as Rubbers 'to this new-fashioned Bagnio, have struck as 'bold Strokes as ever he did in his Life.

'I had sent this four and twenty Hours sooner, 'if I had not had the Misfortune of being in a 'great doubt about the Orthography of the word 'Bagnio. I consulted several Dictionaries, but 'found no relief; at last having recourse both to 'the Bagnio in *Newgate-street*, and to that in '*Chancery-lane*, and finding the original Manu-'scripts upon the Sign-posts of each to agree 'literally with my own Spelling, I returned home, 'full of Satisfaction, in order to dispatch this 'Epistle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the Circumstances 'of human Life into your Consideration, we, the 'under-written, thought it not improper for us 'also to represent to you our Condition. We are 'three Ladies who live in the Country, and the 'greatest Improvements we make is by reading. 'We have taken a small Journal of our Lives, and 'find it extremely opposite to your last *Tuesday's* 'Speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the 'beginning of each Day in Devotion, and looking 'into those Affairs that fall within the Occurrences 'of a retired Life; in the Afternoon we some-'times enjoy the Company of some Friend or 'Neighbour, or else work or read; at Night we 'retire to our Chambers, and take Leave of each 'other for the whole Night at Ten of Clock. We 'take particular Care never to be sick of a *Sunday*. '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, We are all very good Maids, 'but are ambitious of Characters which we think 'more laudable, that of being very good Wives. 'If any of your Correspondents enquire for a 'Spouse for an honest Country Gentleman, whose 'Estate is not dipped, and wants a Wife that can 'save half his Revenue, and yet make a better 'Figure than any of his Neighbours of the same 'Estate, with finer bred Women, you shall have 'further notice from,

SIR,
Your courteous Readers,
Martha Busie.
Deborah Thrifty.
T. Alice Early.[1]

[1] To this number there is added after a repeated advertisement of the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff in 4 vols. 8vo, a repetition in Italic type of the advertisement of the Boarding School on Mile-

No. 333.] *Saturday, March* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

——vocat in Certamina Divos.—Virg.

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's Expectation, and prepared him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the Subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflam'd with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the Beginning of his Poem:

——Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.

We have likewise several noble Hints of it in the Infernal Conference.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to War,
Too well I see and rue the dire Event,
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible Destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry Victor has recall'd
His Ministers of Vengeance and Pursuit,
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulph'rous Hail
Shot after us in Storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling: and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

There are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the First Book, as also in the Second.

What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A Refuge from those Wounds——

In short, the Poet never mentions anything of this Battel but in such Images of Greatness and Terror as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that Passage, where the Power, who is described as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the Third Book.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring Speech, and Visage incompos'd,
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made Head against Heaven's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's Gates
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing——

It requir'd great Pregnancy of Invention, and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Battel with such Circumstances as should raise and astonish the Mind of the Reader; and at the same time an Exactness of Judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surprized to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in Horrour, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is usher'd in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carry'd on under a Cope of Fire, occasion'd by the Flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows, which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories; till, in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the Fulness of Majesty and Terror. The Pomp of his Appearance amidst the Roarings of his Thunders, the Flashes of his Lightnings, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with the utmost Flights of Human Imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last Day's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

The second Day's Engagement is apt to startle an Imagination, which has not been raised and qualify'd for such a Description, by the reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first Use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well suppos'd to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the Thoughts of that Being, who is all along describ'd as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the Hills, was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an Incident by the Description of the Giants' War, which we meet with among the Ancient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Fable of the Giants' War, which makes so great a noise in Antiquity, [and gave birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod's* Works was[1]] an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

end Green (ending at the words 'render them accomplish'd') to which a conspicuous place was given, with original additions by Steele, in No. 314.

[1] [is]

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and at the same time improved every great Hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copy'd after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty in his singling out by Name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a Beauty as the Scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Giants' War, has given full scope to that Wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his Arms, and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the Sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us that the River flow'd down his Back, as he held it up in that Posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas savour more of Burlesque, than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather divert the Mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image.

From their Foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated Hills, with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods; and by the shaggy Tops
Up-lifting bore them in their Hands———

We have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improv'd by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the Notice of the most ordinary Reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful Strokes of Poetry in this Book, and such a variety of Sublime Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done by my hand at the End of my Lord *Roscommon's* Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master Strokes in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, tho' at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his Assistance all the Helps he could meet with among the Ancient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which makes so great [a[1]] havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

———But the Sword
Of Michael *from the Armory of God*
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that Edge: It met
The Sword of Satan, with steep Force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ———

This Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal Forge. As the Moral in this Place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heaven such an allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of Thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the *Jewish* Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much Glory and Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the Hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound
Pass'd thro' him; but th' Ethereal Substance clos'd
Not long divisible; and from the Gash
A Stream of Nectarous Humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial Spirits may bleed)
And all his Armour stain'd ———

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the Wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of Blood, which was not bred from mortal Viands; and that tho' the Pain was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrify'd on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horrour of this Image, without running into the Ridicule of it.

———Where the Might of Gabriel *fought,*
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep Array
Of Moloch, *furious King! who him defy'd,*
And at his Chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his Tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the Waste, with shatter'd Arms
And uncouth Pain fled bellowing. ———

Milton has likewise raised his Description in this

[1] [an]

Book with many Images taken out of the poetical Parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy.

The following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a Sublime Passage in the Psalms.

Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's Might!
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That shake Heav'n's Basis; bring forth all my War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my Almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh.

The Reader will easily discover many other Strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he enter'd upon this Engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods, mix'd together in Battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight. *Jupiter* at the same time Thunders over their Heads; while *Neptune* raises such a Tempest, that the whole Field of Battel and all the Tops of the Mountains shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose Habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a Rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, cover'd seven Acres in his Fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horrour. The Shout of Armies, the Rattling of Brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action. With what Art has the Poet represented the whole Body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then,
All Earth had to its Center shook ——

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's Chariot, with that Exception to the Throne of God?

——*Under his burning Wheels*
The stedfast Empyrean *shook throughout,*
All but the Throne it self of God ——

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much Terrour and Majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him, beyond what he himself was able to describe.

Yet half his Strength he put not forth, but checkt
His Thunder in mid Volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.

In a Word, *Milton's* Genius, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subject, which was the most Sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the Arts of affecting the Mind, [he knew it was necessary to give[1]] it certain Restingplaces and Opportunities of recovering it self from time to time: He has [therefore] with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes, and the like Reliefs to diversify his Narration, and ease the Attention of [the[2]] Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action, and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler Parts of his Description. L.

No. 334.] *Monday, March* 24, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Voluisti, in suo Genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.*
Cicero de Gestu.

It is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration. The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser Part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions. What I mean, is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great Abilities, who bewail'd the Want of this Part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life. He observ'd that there was not occasion for the common Use of great Talents; that they are but seldom in Demand; and that these very great Talents were often render'd useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mein (a becoming Motion, Gesture and Aspect) is natural to some Men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carriage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirm'd and heightned from the Force of Reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the Force of Reason on such a Subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View: and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well fashion'd Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters; but Habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like Children, to

[1] [had he not given] [2] [his]

recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gesture in any part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be to read without Hesitation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such, tho' he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World; in like Manner the reaching out of the Arm, and the most ordinary Motion, discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth* in the Character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his Throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step; but perhaps, tho' no other Man could perform that Incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the Author of the following Letter[1] has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a Manner, that I am beholden to him for a Resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since there are scarce any of the Arts or 'Sciences that have not been recommended to the 'World by the Pens of some of the Professors, 'Masters, or Lovers of them, whereby the Use'fulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from 'them, both as to the speculative and practical 'Part, have been made publick, to the great Ad'vantage and Improvement of such Arts as 'Sciences; why should Dancing, an Art cele'brated by the Ancients in so extraordinary a 'Manner, be totally neglected by the Moderns, 'and left destitute of any Pen to recommend its 'various Excellencies and substantial Merit to 'Mankind?

'The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, 'is altogether owing to this Silence. The Art is 'esteem'd only as an amusing Trifle; it lies alto'gether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen un'der the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanick: 'And as *Terence* in one of his Prologues, com'plains of the Rope-dancers drawing all the Spec'tators from his Play, so may we well say, that 'Capering and Tumbling is now preferred to, and 'supplies the Place of just and regular Dancing 'on our Theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, 'high time that some one should come in to its 'Assistance, and relieve it from the many gross 'and growing Errors that have crept into it, and 'over-cast its real Beauties; and to set Dancing 'in its true light, would shew the Usefulness and 'Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure and Instruc'tion produc'd from it; and also lay down some 'fundamental Rules, that might so tend to the 'Improvement of its Professors, and Information 'of the Spectators, that the first might be the 'better enabled to perform, and the latter ren'der'd more capable of judging, what is (if there 'be any thing) valuable in this Art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen 'capable of so generous an Undertaking, and in 'some measure to relieve Dancing from the Dis'advantages it at present lies under, I, who teach 'to dance, have attempted a small Treatise as an 'Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which 'I have enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and 'Use, and shewn what Esteem the Ancients had 'for it: I have likewise considered the Nature 'and Perfection of all its several Parts, and how 'beneficial and delightful it is, both as a Qualifi'cation and an Exercise; and endeavoured to 'answer all Objections that have been maliciously 'rais'd against it. I have proceeded to give an 'Account of the particular Dances of the *Greeks* 'and *Romans*, whether religious, warlike, or 'civil; and taken particular notice of that Part of 'Dancing relating to the ancient Stage, and in 'which the *Pantomimes* had so great a share: 'Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical 'Account of some particular Masters excellent in 'that surprising Art. After which, I have ad'vanced some Observations on the modern Danc'ing, both as to the Stage, and that Part of it so 'absolutely necessary for the Qualification of Gen'tlemen and Ladies; and have concluded with 'some short Remarks on the Origin and Progress 'of the Character by which Dances are writ down, 'and communicated to one Master from another. 'If some great Genius after this would arise, and 'advance this Art to that Perfection it seems 'capable of receiving, what might not be expected 'from it? For if we consider the Origin of Arts 'and Sciences, we shall find that some of them 'took rise from Beginnings so mean and unpro'mising, that it is very wonderful to think that 'ever such surprizing Structures should have been 'raised upon such ordinary Foundations. But 'what cannot a great Genius effect? Who would 'have thought that the clangorous Noise of a 'Smith's Hammers should have given the first rise 'to Musick? Yet *Macrobius* in his second Book 'relates, that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a Smith's 'Shop, found that the Sounds proceeding from 'the Hammers were either more grave or acute, 'according to the different Weights of the Ham'mers. The Philosopher, to improve this Hint, 'suspends different Weights by Strings of the 'same Bigness, and found in like manner that the 'Sounds answered to the Weights. This being 'discover'd, he finds out those Numbers which 'produc'd Sounds that were Consonants: As, that 'two Strings of the same Substance and Tension, 'the one being double the Length of the other, 'give that Interval which is called *Diapason*, or 'an Eighth; the same was also effected from two 'Strings of the same Length and Size, the one 'having four times the Tension of the other. By 'these Steps, from so mean a Beginning, did this 'great Man reduce, what was only before Noise, 'to one of the most delightful Sciences, by marry-

[1] John Weaver.

'ing it to the Mathematicks; and by that means 'caused it to be one of the most abstract and 'demonstrative of Sciences. Who knows there-'fore but Motion, whether Decorous or Repre-'sentative, may not (as it seems highly probable it 'may) be taken into consideration by some Person 'capable of reducing it into a regular Science, 'tho' not so demonstrative as that proceeding 'from Sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a Place 'among the magnify'd Arts.

'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, as you have declared 'your self Visitor of Dancing-Schools, and this 'being an Undertaking which more immediately 'respects them, I think my self indispensably 'obliged, before I proceed to the Publication of 'this my Essay, to ask your Advice, and hold it 'absolutely necessary to have your Approbation; 'and in order to recommend my Treatise to the 'Perusal of the Parents of such as learn to dance, 'as well as to the young Ladies, to whom, as 'Visitor, you ought to be Guardian.

Salop, March 19, 1711-12. *I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.*

T.

No. 335.] *Tuesday, March* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we last met together at the Club, told me, that he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy[1] with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-*England* Comedy.[2] He then proceeded to enquire of me who this Distrest Mother was; and upon hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when he was a School-boy he had read his Life at the end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should be 'Abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I observed two or three lusty black Men that follow'd me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continu'd the Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in Town ever since. I might have shown them very good Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodg'd, and have play'd them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir ROGER added, that if these Gentleman had any such Intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the End of *Norfolk street*, where I doubled the Corner, and got shelter in my Lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four a-Clock, that we may be at the House before it is full, I will have my own Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear nothing, for that he had put on the same Sword which he made use of at the Battel of *Steenkirk*. Sir ROGER'S Servants, and among the rest my old Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their Master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his Coach, with my self at his Left-Hand, the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoy'd him in safety to the Play-house, where, after having marched up the Entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and looked about him with that Pleasure, which a Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in its self, at the sight of a Multitude of People who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common Entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper Center to a Tragick Audience. Upon the entring of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not believe the King of *France* himself had a better Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the Play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little

[1] This is a fourth puff (see Nos. 223, 229, 290) of Addison's friend Ambrose Philips. The art of 'packing a house' to secure applause was also practised on the first night of the acting of this version of *Andromaque*.

[2] The *Committee*, or *the Faithful Irishman*, was written by Sir Robert Howard soon after the Restoration, with for its heroes two Cavalier colonels, whose estates are sequestered, and their man Teg (Teague), an honest blundering Irishman. The Cavaliers defy the Roundhead Committee, and 'the day may come,' says one of them, 'when those that suffer for their consciences and 'honour may be rewarded.' Nobody who heard this from the stage in the days of Charles II. could feel that the day *had* come. Its comic Irishman kept the *Committee* on the stage, and in Queen Anne's time the thorough Tory still relished the stage caricature of the maintainers of the Commonwealth in Mr Day with his greed, hypocrisy, and private incontinence; his wife, who had been cookmaid to a gentleman, but takes all the State matters on herself; and their empty son Abel, who knows Parliament-men and Sequestrators, and whose 'profound contemplations are 'caused by the conservation of his spirits for the 'nation's good.'

while after as much for *Hermione:* and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whisper'd me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatning afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering, he took for *Astyanax;* but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap; to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time; And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three Waggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should Smoke the Knight, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, that *Orestes, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something*.

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man. L.

No. 336.] *Wednesday, March* 26, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote Learning and good Sense, I think myself 'obliged to suggest to your Consideration what-'ever may promote or prejudice them. There is 'an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to 'Generation, which grey Hairs and tyrannical 'Custom continue to support; I hope your Spec-'tatorial Authority will give a seasonable Check 'to the Spread of the Infection; I mean old Mens 'overbearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors 'by the mere Force of Seniority; so that for a 'young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of 'Age to give a reasonable Contradiction to his 'Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, 'and regarded as a reversing the Decrees of Na-'ture. I am a young Man, I confess, yet I hon-'our the grey Head as much as any one; how-'ever, when in Company with old Men, I hear 'them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously '(into which Absurdities, Prejudice, Pride, or In-'terest, will sometimes throw the wisest) I count 'it no Crime to rectifie their Reasoning, unless 'Conscience must truckle to Ceremony, and Truth 'fall a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest 'Arguments are enervated, and the brightest Evi-'dence disappears, before those tremendous Rea-'sonings and dazling Discoveries of venerable old 'Age: You are young giddy-headed Fellows, 'you have not yet had Experience of the World. 'Thus we young Folks find our Ambition cramp'd, 'and our Laziness indulged, since, while young, 'we have little room to display our selves; and, 'when old, the Weakness of Nature must pass for 'Strength of Sense, and we hope that hoary Heads 'will raise us above the Attacks of Contradiction. 'Now, Sir, as you would enliven our Activity in 'the pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Con-'sideration; and, with a Gloss on brave *Elihu's* 'Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and pre-'vent the pernicious Incroachments of Age. The 'generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would 'adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert 'them, not doubting but that they will give good

'Entertainment to the most intelligent of your 'Readers.

'*So these three Men ceased to answer* Job, *be-* 'cause he was righteous in his own Eyes. *Then* 'was kindled the Wrath of Elihu *the Son of* 'Barachel *the* Buzite, *of the Kindred of* Ram: 'Against Job *was his Wrath kindled, because he* 'justified himself rather than God. *Also against* 'his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, be- 'cause they had found no Answer, and yet had 'condemned Job. *Now* Elihu *had waited till* 'Job *had spoken, because they were elder than he.* 'When Elihu *saw there was no Answer in the* 'Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was 'kindled. *And* Elihu *the Son of* Barachel *the* Buzite *answered and said, I am young, and ye* 'are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst 'not shew you mine Opinion. I said, Days should 'speak, and Multitude of Years should teach 'Wisdom. But there is a Spirit in Man; and 'the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them 'Understanding. Great Men are not always 'wise: Neither do the Aged understand Judg- 'ment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also 'will shew mine Opinion. Behold, I waited for 'your Words; I gave ear to your Reasons, 'whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I 'attended unto you: And behold there was none 'of you that convinced Job, or that answered 'his Words; lest ye should say, we have found 'out Wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not 'Man. Now he hath not directed his Words 'against me: Neither will I answer him with 'your Speeches. They were amazed, they an- 'swered no more: They left off speaking. When 'I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still 'and answered no more) I said, I will answer 'also my Part, I also will shew mine Opinion. 'For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within me 'constraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine 'which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new 'Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: 'I will open my Lips, and answer. Let me not, 'I pray you, accept any Man's Person, neither 'let me give flattering Titles unto Man. For I 'know not to give flattering Titles; in so doing 'my Maker would soon take me away.'[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have formerly read with great Satisfaction 'your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of 'Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where Women 'officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take '*India* and *China* Shops into Consideration: But 'since you have pass'd us over in silence, either 'that you have not as yet thought us worth your 'Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have 'escaped your discerning Eye, I must make my 'Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it 'because you seem a little at leisure at this present 'Writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China- 'Women about Town; and though I say it, keep 'as good Things, and receive as fine Company as 'any o' this End of the Town, let the other be 'who she will: In short, I am in a fair Way to be 'easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes, 'who under pretence of taking their innocent 'Rambles, forsooth, and diverting the Spleen, 'seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a-day to 'cheapen Tea, or buy a Skreen; *What else should* 'they mean?* as they often repeat it. These 'Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who 'having nothing to do, employ themselves in 'tumbling over my Ware. One of these No-Cus- 'tomers (for by the way they seldom or never buy 'any thing) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another 'for a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and 'even to the Punch Bowl, there's scarce a piece in 'my Shop but must be displaced, and the whole 'agreeable Architecture disordered; so that I can 'compare 'em to nothing but to the Night-Goblins 'that take a Pleasure to over-turn the Disposition 'of Plates and Dishes in the Kitchens of your 'housewifely Maids. Well, after all this Racket 'and Clutter, this is too dear, that is their Aver- 'sion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: 'The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I am 'not a Shilling the better for it. Lord! what sig- 'nifies one poor Pot of Tea, considering the 'Trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTA- 'TOR, are terrible Things: for though I am not 'possess'd by them my self, I suffer more from 'em than if I were. Now I must beg you to ad- 'monish all such Day-Goblins to make fewer 'Visits, or to be less troublesome when they come 'to one's Shop; and to convince 'em, that we hon- 'est Shopkeepers have something better to do, 'than to cure Folks of the Vapours *gratis*. A 'young Son of mine, a School-Boy, is my Secret- 'ary, so I hope you'll make Allowances.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

March the 22nd. *and very humble Servant,*

T. Rebecca *the Distress'd.*

[1] Job, ch. xxxii.

No. 337.] *Thursday, March* 27, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Fingit equum teneræ docilem cervice Magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques—— Hor.

I HAVE lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader.

SIR,

'If I had not been hindered by some extraordin- 'ary Business, I should have sent you sooner my 'further Thoughts upon Education. You may 'please to remember, that in my last Letter I en- 'deavoured to give the best Reasons that could 'be urged in favour of a private or publick Edu- 'cation. Upon the whole it may perhaps be 'thought that I seemed rather enclin'd to the 'latter, tho' at the same time I confess'd that Vir- 'tue, which ought to be our first and principal 'Care, was more usually acquired in the former.

'I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at 'Methods, by which I conceive Boys might be made 'to improve in Virtue, as they advance in Letters.

'I know that in most of our public Schools 'Vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is

'found out; but this is far from being sufficient, 'unless our Youth are at the same time taught to 'form a right Judgment of Things, and to know 'what is properly Virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the Lives and 'Actions of such Men as have been famous in 'their Generation, it should not be thought enough 'to make them barely understand so many *Greek* 'or *Latin* Sentences, but they should be asked 'their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and 'obliged to give their Reasons why they take it to 'be good or bad. By this means they would in-'sensibly arrive at proper Notions of Courage, 'Temperance, Honour and Justice.

'There must be great Care taken how the Ex-'ample of any particular Person is recommended 'to them in gross; instead of which, they ought 'to be taught wherein such a Man, tho' great in 'some respects, was weak and faulty in others. 'For want of this Caution, a Boy is often so 'dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, 'that he confounds its Beauties with its Blemishes, 'and looks even upon the faulty Parts of it with 'an Eye of Admiration.

'I have often wondered how *Alexander*, who 'was naturally of a generous and merciful Dispos-'ition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an Ac-'tion as that of dragging the Governour of a Town 'after his Chariot. I know this is generally 'ascribed to his Passion for *Homer;* but I lately 'met with a Passage in *Plutarch*, which, if I am 'not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer 'Light into the Motives of this Action. *Plutarch* 'tells us, that *Alexander* in his Youth had a 'Master named *Lysimachus*, who, tho' he was a 'Man destitute of all Politeness, ingratiated him-'self both with *Philip* and his Pupil, and became 'the second Man at Court, by calling the King '*Peleus*, the Prince *Achilles*, and himself *Phœnix*. 'It is no wonder if *Alexander* having been thus 'used not only to admire, but to personate '*Achilles*, should think it glorious to imitate him 'in this piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

'To carry this Thought yet further, I shall sub-'mit it to your Consideration, whether instead of 'a Theme or Copy of Verses, which are the usual 'Exercises, as they are called in the School-phrase, 'it would not be more proper that a Boy should be 'tasked once or twice a Week to write down his 'Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur 'to him in his Reading; that he should descant 'upon the Actions of *Turnus* and *Æneas*, shew 'wherein they excelled or were defective, censure 'or approve any particular Action, observe how it 'might have been carried to a greater Degree of 'Perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of 'another. He might at the same time mark what 'was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed 'with the Character of the Person speaking. This 'Exercise would soon strengthen his Judgment in 'what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him 'an early Seasoning of Morality.

'Next to those Examples which may be met 'with in Books, I very much approve *Horace's* 'Way of setting before Youth the infamous or 'honourable Characters of their Contemporaries: 'That Poet tells us, this was the Method his 'Father made use of to incline him to any par-'ticular Virtue, or give him an Aversion to any 'particular Vice. If, says *Horace*, my Father 'advised me to live within Bounds, and be con-'tented with the Fortune he should leave me; Do 'not you see (says he) the miserable Condition of '*Burrus*, and the Son of *Albus?* Let the Mis-'fortunes of those two Wretches teach you to 'avoid Luxury and Extravagance. If he would 'inspire me with an Abhorrence to Debauchery, 'do not (says he) make your self like *Sectanus*, 'when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of 'lawful Pleasures. How scandalous (says he) is 'the Character of *Trebonius*, who was lately 'caught in Bed with another Man's Wife? To 'illustrate the Force of this Method, the Poet 'adds, That as a headstrong Patient, who will 'not at first follow his Physician's Prescriptions, 'grows orderly when he hears that his Neighbours 'die all about him; so Youth is often frighted 'from Vice, by hearing the ill Report it brings 'upon others.

'*Xenophon's* Schools of Equity, in his Life of '*Cyrus* the Great, are sufficiently famous: He 'tells us, that the *Persian* Children went to 'School, and employ'd their Time as diligently in 'learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, 'as the Youth in other Countries did to acquire 'the most difficult Arts and Sciences: their 'Governors spent most part of the Day in hearing 'their mutual Accusations one against the other, 'whether for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or In-'gratitude; and taught them how to give Judg-'ment against those who were found to be any 'ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story 'of the long and short Coat, for which *Cyrus* him-'self was punished, as a Case equally known with 'any in *Littleton*.

'The Method, which *Apuleius* tells us the *In-'dian Gymnosophists* took to educate their Dis-'ciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His 'Words are as follow: When their Dinner is 'ready, before it is served up, the Masters enquire 'of every particular Scholar how he has em-'ploy'd his Time since Sun-rising; some of them 'answer, that having been chosen as Arbiters be-'tween two Persons they have composed their 'Differences, and made them Friends; some, that 'they have been executing the Orders of their 'Parents; and others, that they have either found 'out something new by their own Application, or 'learnt it from the Instruction of their Fellows: 'But if there happens to be any one among them, 'who cannot make it appear that he has employed 'the Morning to advantage, he is immediately ex-'cluded from the Company, and obliged to work, 'while the rest are at Dinner.

'It is not impossible, that from these several 'Ways of producing Virtue in the Minds of Boys, 'some general Method might be invented. What 'I would endeavour to inculcate, is, that our 'Youth cannot be too soon taught the Principles 'of Virtue, seeing the first Impressions which are 'made on the Mind are always the strongest.

'The Archbishop of *Cambray* makes *Telema-'chus* say, that tho' he was young in Years, he 'was old in the Art of knowing how to keep both 'his own and his Friend's Secrets. When my 'Father, says the Prince, went to the Siege of

'*Troy*, he took me on his Knees, and after having 'embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded 'by the Nobles of *Ithaca*, O my Friends, says he, 'into your Hands I commit the Education of my 'Son; if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in 'your Care towards him; but above all, do not 'omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in 'keeping a Secret. These Words of my Father, 'says *Telemachus*, were continually repeated to 'me by his Friends in his Absence; who made no 'scruple of communicating to me in their Uneasi-'ness to see my Mother surrounded with Lovers, 'and the Measures they designed to take on that 'Occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at 'being thus treated like a Man, and at the Confid-'ence reposed in him, that he never once abused 'it; nor could all the Insinuations of his Father's 'Rivals ever get him to betray what was com-'mitted to him under the Seal of Secrecy.

'There is hardly any Virtue which a Lad might 'not thus learn by Practice and Example.

'I have heard of a good Man, who used at cer-'tain times to give his Scholars Six Pence apiece, 'that they might tell him the next day how they 'had employ'd it. The third part was always to 'be laid out in Charity, and every Boy was blamed 'or commended as he could make it appear that 'he had chosen a fit Object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our pub-'lick Schools, than that the Masters of them 'should use the same care in fashioning the Man-'ners of their Scholars, as in forming their Tongues 'to the learned Languages. Where-ever the for-'mer is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. '*Locke*, That a Man must have a very strange 'Value for Words, when preferring the Languages 'of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made 'them such brave Men, he can think it worth 'while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his 'Son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*.

'As the Subject of this Essay is of the highest 'Importance, and what I do not remember to have 'yet seen treated by any Author, I have sent you 'what occurr'd to me on it from my own Observa-'tion or Reading, and which you may either sup-'press or publish as you think fit.

X. *I am, SIR, Yours*, &c.

No. 338.] *Friday, March* 28, 1712. [

[—*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi.—Hor.[1]]

I FIND the Tragedy of the *Distrest Mother* is publish'd to-day: The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *dull with Design*; and the Gentleman who writ the Epilogue,[2] has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against Gayety at the end of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a Practice which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Happiness the other Night of sitting 'very near you, and your worthy Friend Sir 'ROGER, at the acting of the new Tragedy, which 'you have in a late Paper or two so justly re-'commended. I was highly pleased with the 'advantageous Situation Fortune had given me in 'placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of 'which I was sure to hear such Reflections on the 'several Incidents of the Play, as pure Nature 'suggested, and from the other such as flowed 'from the exactest Art and Judgment: Tho' I 'must confess that my Curiosity led me so much 'to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was 'not so well at leisure to improve my self by 'yours. Nature, I found, play'd her Part in the 'Knight pretty well, till at the last concluding 'Lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, 'Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have 'been well entertained at a new Tragedy, to 'make my Retreat before the facetious Epilogue 'enters: not but that those Pieces are often very 'well writ, but having paid down my Half Crown, 'and made a fair Purchase of as much of the 'pleasing Melancholy as the Poet's Art can afford 'me, or my own Nature admit of, I am willing to 'carry some of it home with me; and can't en-'dure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the 'wittiest Dexterity in the World. However, I 'kept my Seat t'other Night, in hopes of finding 'my own Sentiments of this Matter favour'd by 'your Friend's; when, to my great Surprize, I 'found the Knight entering with equal Pleasure 'into both Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. '*Oldfield's* Gaiety, as he had been before with '*Andromache's* Greatness. Whether this were no 'other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar 'Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all 'the tragical Doings every thing was safe and 'well, I don't know. But for my own part, 'I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was 'sorry the Poet had saved *Andromache*, and

[1] [—*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Hor.]

[2] The Prologue was by Steele. Of the Epilogue Dr. Johnson said (in his Lives of the Poets, when telling of Ambrose Philips), 'It was known 'in Tonson's family and told to Garrick, that 'Addison was himself the author of it, and that 'when it had been at first printed with his name, 'he came early in the morning, before the copies 'were distributed, and ordered it to be given to 'Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicita-'tion which he was then making for a place.' Johnson calls it 'the most successful Epilogue 'that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. 'The three first nights it was recited twice,' and whenever afterwards the play was acted the Epilogue was still expected and was spoken. This is a fifth paper for the benefit of Ambrose Philips, inserted, perhaps, to make occasion for a sixth (No. 341) in the form of a reply to Physibulus.

'could heartily have wished that he had left her 'stone-dead upon the Stage. For you cannot 'imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Mischief she was 'reserv'd to do me. I found my Soul, during the 'Action, gradually work'd up to the highest 'Pitch; and felt the exalted Passion which all 'generous Minds conceive at the Sight of Virtue 'in Distress. The Impression, believe me, Sir, 'was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if 'I had been let alone in it, I could at an Ex-'tremity have ventured to defend your self and 'Sir ROGER against half a Score of the fiercest '*Mohocks:* But the ludicrous Epilogue in the 'Close extinguish'd all my Ardour, and made me 'look upon all such noble Atchievements, as 'downright silly and romantick. What the rest 'of the Audience felt, I can't so well tell: For 'my self, I must declare, that at the end of the 'Play I found my Soul uniform, and all of a 'Piece; but at the End of the Epilogue it was so 'jumbled together, and divided between Jest and 'Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extrava-'gant Fancy, I will here set it down. I could not 'but fancy, if my Soul had at that Moment quitted 'my Body, and descended to the poetical Shades 'in the Posture it was then in, what a strange 'Figure it would have made among them. They 'would not have known what to have made of 'my motley Spectre, half Comick and half Tra-'gick, all over resembling a ridiculous Face, that 'at the same time laughs on one side and cries o' 't'other. The only Defence, I think, I have ever 'heard made for this, as it seems to me, most un-'natural Tack of the Comick Tail to the Tragick 'Head, is this, that the Minds of the Audience 'must be refreshed, and Gentlemen and Ladies 'not sent away to their own Homes with too dis-'mal and melancholy Thoughts about them: For 'who knows the Consequence of this? We are 'much obliged indeed to the Poets for the great 'Tenderness they express for the Safety of our 'Persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if 'that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we 'are none of us like to come to any great Harm; 'and that, let them do their best, we shall in all 'probability live out the Length of our Days, and 'frequent the Theatres more than ever. What 'makes me more desirous to have some Reforma-'tion of this matter, is because of an ill Conse-'quence or two attending it: For a great many of 'our Church-Musicians being related to the The-'atre, they have, in Imitation of these Epilogues, 'introduced in their farewell Voluntaries a sort of 'Musick quite foreign to the design of Church-'Services, to the great Prejudice of well-disposed 'People. Those fingering Gentlemen should be 'informed, that they ought to suit their Airs to 'the Place and Business; and that the Musician 'is obliged to keep to the Text as much as the 'Preacher. For want of this, I have found by 'Experience a great deal of Mischief: For when 'the Preacher has often, with great Piety and 'Art enough, handled his Subject, and the judi-'cious Clark has with utmost Diligence culled out 'two Staves proper to the Discourse, and I have 'found in my self and in the rest of the Pew good 'Thoughts and Dispositions, they have been all 'in a moment dissipated by a merry Jigg from 'the Organ-Loft. One knows not what further 'ill Effects the Epilogues I have been speaking of 'may in time produce: But this I am credibly in-'formed of, that *Paul Lorrain*[1] has resolv'd 'upon a very sudden Reformation in his tragical 'Dramas; and that at the next monthly Perform-'ance, he designs, instead of a Penitential Psalm, 'to dismiss his Audience with an excellent new 'Ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do 'what you can to put a stop to those growing 'Evils, and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant,
Physibulus.

No. 339.] *Saturday, March* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum pauliatim sumere formas.
[Virg.[2]]

LONGINUS has observed,[3] that there may be a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no Passion, and brings Instances out of ancient Authors to support this his Opinion. The Pathetick, as that great Critick observes, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the Passions, very often want the Talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a Master in both these ways of Writing. The Seventh Book, which we are now entring upon, is an Instance of that Sublime which is not mixed and worked up with Passion. The Author appears in a kind of composed and sedate Majesty; and tho' the Sentiments do not give so great an Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent Ideas. The Sixth Book, like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in Confusion; the seventh Affects the Imagination like the Ocean in a Calm, and fills the Mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like Tumult or Agitation.

The Critick above mentioned, among the Rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in Works of the same nature;[4] as in particular, that if he writes on a poetical Subject, he should consider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an Occasion. By this means one great Genius often catches the Flame from another, and writes in his Spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

[1] Paul Lorrain was the Ordinary of Newgate. He died in 1719. He always represented his convicts as dying Penitents, wherefore in No. 63 of the *Tatler* they had been called 'Paul Lorrain's 'Saints.'

[2] [Ovid.]

[3] On the Sublime, § 8.

[4] § 14.

Milton, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this Book, which gives us an Account of the six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime Manner in which the Lawgiver of the *Jews* has describ'd the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*;[1] and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this Subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his Judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high Strains of *Eastern* Poetry, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder Climates.

Adam's Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an Account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the Day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race, though steep, suspense in Heav'n
Held by thy Voice; thy potent Voice he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His Generation, &c.

The Angel's encouraging our first Parent[s] in a modest pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Worlds were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and cloathed with such a Majesty as becomes his entring upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, [appears[2]] the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author raised upon that Hint in one of the Prophets. *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass.*[3]

About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub *and* Seraph, *Potentates and Thrones,*
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From th' Armoury of Gold, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn Day, harness'd at hand;
Celestial Equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious Sound!
On golden Hinges moving———

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven; and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious Heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation.

On Heavenly Ground they stood, and from the Shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious Winds
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heaven's height, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, Peace!
Said then th' Omnific Word, your Discord end:
Nor staid; but, on the Wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, *and the World unborn;*
For Chaos *heard his Voice. Him all His Train*
Follow'd in bright Procession, to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of his Might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his Hand
He took the Golden Compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal Store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created Things:
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round, through the vast Profundity obscure;
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World!

The Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's Ægis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear, which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities: The Golden Compasses in the above-mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, meting out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing

[1] Longinus, §9:—"So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law. 'And God said,'—*What?* 'Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let the Earth be, and the Earth was.'"
[2] [looks like]:— [3] Zechariah vi. i.

the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it: And in another place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has express'd in the following Verse:

And Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center hung.

The Beauties of Description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

——Thus was the first Day Ev'n and Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with Joy and Shout
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of Thought in the third Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made.

Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious Bed of Waters——

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable World described in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have lavish'd on their Descriptions of the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several Glories of the Heav'ns make their Appearance on the Fourth Day.

First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day; and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rays, jocund to round
His Longitude through Heav'n's high Road: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades *before him danced,*
Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the Moon,
But opposite in level'd West was set,
His Mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other Lights she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till Night; then in the East her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Stars! that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemisphere——

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his Description of the six Days Works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his Account of the Fifth and Sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our View the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in [the [1]] World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his Obedience, which was the principal Design of this his Visit.

The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly Sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many Glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph thro' the Everlasting Gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation; when every Part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence; when the Morning-Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day:
Yet not 'till the Creator from his Work
Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high Abode;
Thence to behold this new created World,
Th' Addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great Idea: Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps, that tuned
Angelick Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
Resounding (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung;
The Planets in their Station listning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; let in
The great Creator from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his six Days Work, a World!

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under that Title.[2] The Work was

[1] [this]

[2] Sir Richard Blackmore's *Creation* appeared in 1712. Besides this praise of it from Addison, its religious character caused Dr. Johnson to say that if Blackmore 'had written nothing else it 'would have transmitted him to posterity among 'the first favourites of the English muse.' But even with the help of all his epics it has failed to secure him any such place in the estimation of posterity. This work is not an epic, but described on its title-page as 'a Philosophical, Poem, De-

undertaken with so good an Intention, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our *English* Verse. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable Instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his Works.* L.

No. 340.] *Monday, March* 31, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus Hospes? Quem sese Ore ferens! quam forti Pectore et Armis!—Virg.

I TAKE it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind, to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may arrive at: He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity; and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is Wise or Valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or assumes to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiration into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it; but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a Thing in which every Man bears a Share: It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is Possessor of it; and all Men who are Strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Feature, and Shape of him, in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have [a yearning [1]] Curiosity to behold a Man of heroick Worth; and I have had many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mein, the Aspect of the Prince [2] who lately visited *England*, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the sort of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of, by the Action mentioned when they desire a Description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man, who had marched

'monstrating the Existence and Providence of a 'God.' It argues in blank verse, in the first two of its seven books, the existence of a Deity from evidences of design in the structure and qualities of earth and sea, in the celestial bodies and the air; in the next three books it argues against objections raised by Atheists, Atomists, and Fatalists; in the sixth book proceeds with evidences of design, taking the structure of man's body for its theme; and in the next, which is the last book, treats in the same way of the Instincts of Animals and of the Faculties and Operations of the Soul. This is the manner of the Poem:

The Sea does next demand our View; and there
No less the Marks of perfect skill appear.
When first the Atoms to the Congress came,
And by their Concourse form'd the mighty Frame,
What did the Liquid to th' Assembly call
To give their Aid to form the pond'rous Ball?
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In such a disproportion to the Dry?
Why were the Moist in Number so outdone,
That to a Thousand Dry, they are but one.

It is hardly a 'mark of perfect skill' that there are five or six thousand of such dry lines in Blackmore's poem, and not even one that should lead a critic to speak in the same breath of Blackmore and Milton.

[1] [an earning]

[2] Prince Eugene of Savoy, grandson of a duke of Savoy, and son of Eugene Maurice, general of the Swiss, and Olympia Mancini, a niece of Mazarin, was born at Paris in 1663, and intended for the church, but had so strong a bent towards a military life, that when refused a regiment in the French army he served the Emperor as volunteer against the Turks. He stopped the march of the French into Italy when Louis XIV. declared war with Austria, and refused afterwards from Louis a Marshal's staff, a pension, and the government of Champagne. Afterwards in Italy, by the surprise of Cremona he made Marshal Villeroi his prisoner, and he was Marlborough's companion in arms at Blenheim and in other victories. It was he who saved Turin, and expelled the French from Italy. He was 49 years old in 1712, and had come in that year to England to induce the court to continue the war, but found Marlborough in disgrace and the war very unpopular. He had been feasted by the city, and received from Queen Anne a sword worth £5000, which he wore at her birthday reception. He had also stood as godfather to Steele's third son, who was named after him.

an Army and all its Baggage over the *Alps;* and, if possible, to learn whether the Peasant who shew'd him the Way, and is drawn in the Map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had Opportunity, in observing the whole Interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Mens Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances; but all pay a Respect, mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head; nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know what an artful Glance there is in his Countenance who surprized *Cremona;* how daring he appears who forced the Trenches of *Turin;* But in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man most easily become all Parts of Exercise, has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and no less adapted for Agility and Dispatch: his Aspect is erect and compos'd; his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his Action and Address the most easy imaginable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the Company, instead of receiving the Courtship of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Presence of much Company, instead of taking Delight in it; and he appeared in Publick while with us, rather to return Good-will, or satisfy Curiosity, than to gratify any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence: A great Soul is affected in either Case, no further than in considering the properest Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Hero has the strong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justness, Propriety, and good Sense of *Cæsar*. It is easy to observe in him a Mind as capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy it; which noble Faculties in conjunction, banish all Vain-Glory, Ostentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him, the Exertion of his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit: Should you be told That was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one Man;[1] over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest an Esteem for him in his Adversity. T.

No. 341.] *Tuesday, April* 1, 1712. [*Budgell.*[2]

——Revocate animos mœstumque timorem
Mittite—— Virg.

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Physibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

SIR,

'I am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in 'your last *Friday's* Paper, which has been so 'generally applauded by the Town, and receiv'd 'such Honours as were never before given to any 'in an *English* Theatre.

'The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* 'to go off the Stage the first Night, till she had 'repeated it twice; the second Night the Noise 'of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she was 'again obliged to speak it twice: the third Night 'it was still called for a second time; and, in 'short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are 'dropt after the third Representation of the Play, 'this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own I am the more surprized to find 'this Censure in Opposition to the whole Town, 'in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for 'the Candour of its Criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy 'Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be 'learned, I could tell him that the Prologue and 'Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; 'but every one knows that on the *British* Stage 'they are distinct Performances by themselves, 'Pieces entirely detached from the Play, and no 'way essential to it.

'The moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is 'no more *Andromache*, but Mrs *Oldfield*; and 'tho' the Poet had left *Andromache stone-dead* 'upon the Stage, as your ingenious Correspondent 'phrases it, Mrs *Oldfield* might still have spoke a 'merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this

[1] Marlborough.

[2] Budgell here defends with bad temper the Epilogue which Addison ascribed to him. Probably it was of his writing, but transformed by Addison's corrections.

'in a Tragedy[1] where there is not only a Death 'but a Martyrdom. St. *Catherine* was there per- 'sonated by *Nell Gwin*; she lies *stone dead upon* 'the *Stage*, but upon those Gentlemens offering 'to remove her Body, whose Business it is to 'carry off the Slain in our *English* Tragedies, she 'breaks out into that abrupt Beginning of what 'was a very ludicrous, but at the same time 'thought a very good Epilogue.

Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.

'This diverting Manner was always practised 'by Mr. *Dryden*, who if he was not the best 'Writer of Tragedies in his time, was allowed by 'every one to have the happiest Turn for a Pro- 'logue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleo-* '*menes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*, '*Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all 'Precedents of this Nature.

'I might further justify this Practice by that 'excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years 'since, after the Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippo-* 'litus; with a great many others, in which the 'Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience 'merry. If they have not all succeeded so well 'as the Writer of this, they have however shewn 'that it was not for want of Good-will.

'I must further observe, that the Gaiety of it 'may be still the more proper, as it is at the end 'of a *French* Play; since every one knows that 'Nation, who are generally esteem'd to have as 'polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close 'their Tragick Entertainments with what they call 'a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely design'd to 'raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well 'pleased. The same Person who has supported 'the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often 'plays the principal Part in the *Petite Piece*; so 'that I have my self seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and '*Lubin* acted the same Night by the same Man.

'Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have your self in 'a former Speculation found fault with very justly, 'because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while 'they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all 'to the present Case, where they have already 'had their full Course.

'As the new Epilogue is written conformable to 'the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such 'an one which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says 'in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other 'Play; but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of 'the Piece it was composed for.

'The only Reason your mournful Correspond- 'ent gives against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he 'calls it, is, that he has mind to go home *melan-* 'choly. I wish the Gentleman may not be more 'Grave than Wise. For my own part, I must 'confess I think it very sufficient to have the 'Anguish of a fictitious Piece remain upon me 'while it is representing, but I love to be sent 'home to bed in a good humour. If *Physibulus* 'is however resolv'd to be inconsolable, and not 'to have his Tears dried up, he need only con- 'tinue his old Custom, and when he has had his 'half Crown's worth of Sorrow, slink out before 'the Epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical 'Genius complaining of the *great Mischief An-* 'dromache had done him: What was that? Why, 'she made him laugh. The poor Gentleman's Suf- 'ferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's* Case, who 'was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after, 'thro' a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that 'during the whole Action he was so very sorry, 'that he thinks he could have attack'd *half a score* 'of the fiercest Mohocks in the Excess of his Grief. 'I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident, 'that a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Afflic- 'tion, was diverted from this Fit of outragious 'Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in 'his Distress, brings to one's memory the *Knight* 'of the sorrowful Countenance, who lays about 'him at such an unmerciful rate in an old Ro- 'mance. I shall readily grant him that his Soul, 'as he himself says, *would have made a very* 'ridiculous Figure, had it quitted the Body, and 'descended to the Poetical Shades, in such an 'Encounter.

'As to his Conceit of tacking a *Tragic Head* 'with a *Comic Tail*, in order to *refresh the Au-* 'dience, it is such a piece of *Jargon*, that I don't 'know what to make of it.

'The elegant Writer makes a very sudden 'Transition from the Play-house to the Church, 'and from thence, to the Gallows.

'As for what relates to the Church, he is of 'Opinion, that these Epilogues have given occa- 'sion to those *merry Jigs from the Organ-Loft* 'which have dissipated those good Thoughts, and 'Dispositions he has found in himself, and the 'rest of the Pew, upon the singing of two Staves 'cull'd out by the judicious and diligent Clark.

'He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn*; 'and seems very apprehensive lest there should 'happen any Innovations in the Tragedies of his 'Friend *Paul Lorrain*.

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy Writer, 'who is so mightily scandaliz'd at a gay Epilogue 'after a serious Play, speaking of the Fate of 'those unhappy Wretches who are condemned to 'suffer an ignominious Death by the Justice of 'our Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry 'on so improper an occasion, by those poor Bur- 'lesque Expressions of *Tragical Dramas*, and '*Monthly Performances*.

I am, Sir, with great Respect,
Your most obedient, most humble Servant,
X. Philomeides.

[1] Dryden's *Maximin*.

No. 342.] *Wednesday, April* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Verecundiæ non offendere.—Tull.

AS Regard to Decency is a great Rule of Life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the Female World, I cannot overlook the following Letter which describes an egregious Offender.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was this Day looking over your Papers, and 'reading in that of *December* the 6th with great 'delight, the amiable Grief of *Asteria* for the Ab- 'sence of her Husband, it threw me into a great 'deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this arose 'very much from the Circumstances of my own 'Life, who am a Soldier, and expect every Day to 'receive Orders; which will oblige me to leave 'behind me a Wife that is very dear to me, and 'that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am 'sure, no way below your *Asteria* for Conjugal 'Affection: But I see the Behaviour of some 'Women so little suited to the Circumstances 'wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is 'with a Reluctance I never knew before, I am 'going to my Duty. What puts me to present 'Pain, is the Example of a young Lady, whose 'Story you shall have as well as I can give it you. '*Hortensius*, an Officer of good Rank in her 'Majesty's Service, happen'd in a certain Part of '*England* to be brought to a Country-Gentle- 'man's House, where he was receiv'd with that 'more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men 'of domestick Lives entertain such few Soldiers 'whom a military Life, from the variety of Ad- 'ventures, has not render'd over-bearing, but hu- 'mane, easy, and agreeable: *Hortensius* stay'd 'here some time, and had easy Access at all hours, 'as well as unavoidable Conversation at some 'parts of the Day with the beautiful *Sylvana*, 'the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in 'Cities are wonderfully struck with every little 'Country Abode they see when they take the Air; 'and 'tis natural to fancy they could live in every 'neat Cottage (by which they pass) much happier 'than in their present Circumstances. The tur- 'bulent way of Life which *Hortensius* was used 'to, made him reflect with much Satisfaction on 'all the Advantages of a sweet Retreat one day; 'and among the rest, you'll think it not improba- 'ble, it might enter into his Thought, that such a 'Woman as *Sylvana* would consummate the Hap- 'piness. The World is so debauched with mean 'Considerations, that *Hortensius* knew it would 'be receiv'd as an Act of Generosity, if he asked 'for a Woman of the Highest Merit, without fur- 'ther Questions, of a Parent who had nothing to 'add to her personal Qualifications. The Wedding 'was celebrated at her Father's House: When 'that was over, the generous Husband did not 'proportion his Provision for her to the Circum- 'stances of her Fortune, but considered his Wife 'as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity, or 'rather that it was in the Woman he had chosen 'that a Man of Sense could shew Pride or Vanity 'with an Excuse, and therefore adorned her with 'rich Habits and valuable Jewels. He did not 'however omit to admonish her that he did his 'very utmost in this; that it was an Ostentation 'he could not but be guilty of to a Woman he had 'so much Pleasure in, desiring her to consider it 'as such; and begged of her also to take these 'Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the 'Gowns, the Laces would still become her better, 'if her Air and Behaviour was such, that it might 'appear she dressed thus rather in Compliance to 'his Humour that Way, than out of any Value she 'her self had for the Trifles. To this Lesson, too 'hard for Woman, *Hortensius* added, that she 'must be sure to stay with her Friends in the 'Country till his Return. As soon as *Hortensius* 'departed, *Sylvana* saw in her Looking-glass that 'the Love he conceiv'd for her was wholly owing 'to the Accident of seeing her: and she is con- 'vinced it was only her Misfortune the rest of 'Mankind had not beheld her, or Men of much 'greater Quality and Merit had contended for one 'so genteel, tho' bred in Obscurity; so very witty, 'tho' never acquainted with Court or Town. She 'therefore resolved not to hide so much Excel- 'lence from the World, but without any Regard 'to the Absence of the most generous Man alive, 'she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and 'has shut out the Thoughts of her Husband by a 'constant Retinue of the vainest young Fellows 'this Age has produced: to entertain whom, she 'squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to supply 'her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no 'less Difficulty than the Hazard of his Life.

'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, would it not be a 'Work becoming your Office to treat this Crimi- 'nal as she deserve[s]? You should give it the 'severest Reflections you can: You should tell 'Women, that they are more accountable for Be- 'haviour in Absence than after Death. The 'Dead are not dishonour'd by their Levities; the 'Living may return, and be laugh'd at by empty 'Fops, who will not fail to turn into Ridicule the 'good Man who is so unseasonable as to be still 'alive, and come and spoil good Company.

I am,
SIR,
your most Obedient
Humble Servant.

All Strictness of Behaviour is so unmercifully laugh'd at in our Age, that the other much worse Extreme is the more common Folly. But let any Woman consider which of the two Offences an Husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please Company, or raising the Desires of the whole Room to his disadvantage: and she will easily be able to form her Conduct. We have indeed carry'd Womens Characters too much into publick Life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of Fame: but I cannot help venturing to dis- oblige them for their Service, by telling them, that the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in Domestick Life; she is blameable or praise- worthy according as her Carriage affects the House of her Father or her Husband. All she has to do in this World, is contain'd within the Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a Mother: All these may be well performed, tho' a Lady should not be the very finest Woman at an Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise con- sistent with a moderate share of Wit, a plain Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very Brains of the Sex are turned, and they place their Ambition on Circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their Industry, Pleasure and Ambition on things, which will naturally make the Gratifi-

cations of Life last, at best, no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own Condition as Years advance, with a disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the Derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition to excell will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their Lives want Opportunities of being shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, or Children. T.

No. 343.] *Thursday, April* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Errat et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster—— Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern Parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this day. Sir *Paul Rycaut*,[1] says he, gives us an Account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at *Algiers*. You must know, says WILL. the Reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or Sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL. that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Brute, which he resembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of *us*.

As I was wondring what this profusion of Learning would end in, WILL. told us that *Jack Freelove*, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their Fondness [on'] Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this Hint. *Jack*, says he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows; till at length observing a Pen and Ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Mistress, in the Person of the Monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Business.

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL., whether it was written by *Jack* or the Monkey.

Madam,

'Not having the Gift of Speech, I have a long 'time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making 'myself known to you; and having at present the 'Conveniences of Pen, Ink, and Paper by me, I 'gladly take the occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by word of 'Mouth. You must know, Madam, that about 'a thousand Years ago I was an *Indian* Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets 'which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learned from our Fraternity. I had so ingratiated my self by my 'great Skill in the occult Sciences with a Dæmon 'whom I used to converse with, that he promised 'to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I 'desire that my Soul might never pass into the 'Body of a brute Creature; but this he told me 'was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd 'that into whatever Creature I should chance to 'Transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, 'and be conscious that I was the same Person 'who lived in different Animals. This he told me 'was within his Power, and accordingly promised 'on the word of a Dæmon that he would grant me 'what I desired. From that time forth I lived so 'very unblameably, that I was made President of 'a College of Brachmans, an Office which I discharged with great Integrity till the day of my 'Death.

'I was then shuffled into another Human Body, 'and acted my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned upon 'the Banks of the *Ganges*. I here lived in great 'Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost all 'the Innocence of the Brachman, being obliged 'to rifle and oppress the People to enrich my 'Sovereign; till at length I became so odious that 'my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me thro' the Heart with an Arrow, as 'I was one day addressing my self to him at the 'Head of his Army.

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut, the son of a London merchant, after an education at Trinity College, Cambridge, went in 1661 to Constantinople as Secretary to the Embassy. He published in 1668 his 'Present State of the Ottoman Empire,' in three Books, and in 1670 the work here quoted, 'A Particular Description of the Mahometan Religion, the Seraglio, the Maritime and Land 'Forces of Turkey,' abridged in 1701 in Savage's History of the Turks, and translated into French by Bespier in 1707. Consul afterwards at Smyrna, he wrote by command of Charles II. a book on 'The Present State of the Greek and American 'Churches,' published 1679. After his return from the East he was made Privy Councillor and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty. He was knighted by James II., and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society. He published between 1687 and 1700, the year of his death, Knolles's History of the Turks, with a continuation of his own, and also translated Platina's Lives of the Popes and Garcilaso de la Vega's History of Peru.

[1] [upon]

'Upon my next remove I found my self in the 'Woods, under the shape of a Jack-call, and soon 'listed my self in the Service of a Lion. I used 'to yelp near his Den about midnight, which was 'his time of rouzing and seeking after his Prey. 'He always followed me in the Rear, and when I 'had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or an 'Hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon 'it himself, would now and then throw me a Bone 'that was but half picked for my Encouragement; 'but upon my Being unsuccessful in two or three 'Chaces, he gave me such a confounded Gripe in 'his Anger, that I died of it.

'In my next Transmigration I was again set 'upon two Legs, and became an *Indian* Tax-'gatherer; but having been guilty of great Ex-'travagances, and being marry'd to an expensive 'Jade of a Wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I 'durst not shew my Head. I could no sooner 'step out of my House, but I was arrested by 'some body or other that lay in wait for me. As 'I ventur'd abroad one Night in the Dusk of the 'Evening, I was taken up and hurry'd into a 'Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

'My Soul then enter'd into a Flying-Fish, and 'in that State led a most melancholy Life for the 'space of six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pur-'sued me when I was in the Water, and if I be-'took my self to my Wings, it was ten to one but 'I had a flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was 'one day flying amidst a fleet of *English* Ships, I 'observed a huge Sea-Gull whetting his Bill and 'hovering just over my Head: Upon my dipping 'into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the 'Mouth of a monstrous Shark that swallow'd me 'down in an instant.

'I was some Years afterwards, to my great sur-'prize, an eminent Banker in *Lombard-street*; 'and remembring how I had formerly suffered for 'want of Money, became so very sordid and ava-'ritious, that the whole Town cried shame of me. 'I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon, 'for I had in a manner starved my self, and was 'nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and 'amazed to find my self dwindled into an Emmet. 'I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant 'a Figure, and did not know but some time or 'other I might be reduced to a Mite if I did not 'mend my Manners. I therefore applied my self 'with great diligence to the Offices that were al-'lotted me, and was generally look'd upon as the 'notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at 'last picked up, as I was groaning under a Bur-'den, by an unlucky Cock-Sparrow that lived in 'the Neighbourhood, and had before made great 'depredations upon our Commonwealth.

'I then better'd my Condition a little, and lived 'a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but 'being tired with the painful and penurious Life 'I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations, 'I fell into the other Extream, and turned Drone. 'As I one day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, 'we were received so warmly by the Swarm which 'defended it, that we were most of us left dead 'upon the Spot.

'I might tell you of many other Transmigra-'tions which I went thro': how I was a Town-'Rake, and afterwards did Penance in a Bay 'Gelding for ten Years; as also how I was a 'Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-tit. In the last of 'these my Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* 'Holidays by a young Jack-a-napes, who would 'needs try his new Gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and other several 'Stages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau 'who made love to you about Six Years since. 'You may remember, Madam, how he masked, 'and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand 'Tricks to gain you; and how he was at last 'carry'd off by a Cold that he got under your 'Window one Night in a Serenade. I was that 'unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then 'so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that 'unlucky Body, I found myself upon a Hill in '*Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque 'Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the '*English* Factory, and sent over into *Great Bri-'tain*: I need not inform you how I came into 'your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the 'first time that you have had me in a Chain: I 'am, however, very happy in this my Captivity, 'as you often bestow on me those Kisses and 'Caresses which I would have given the World 'for, when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery 'of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, 'but that you will still continue your accustomed 'Favours to

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
Pugg.

P. S. 'I would advise your little Shock-dog to 'keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to 'be the most formidable of my Rivals, I may 'chance one time or other to give him such a Snap 'as he won't like. L.

No. 344.] *Friday, April* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

——In solo vivendi causa palato est.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your Way 'to discourse on little Ambition, or the many 'whimsical Ways Men fall into, to distinguish 'themselves among their Acquaintance: Such 'Observations, well pursued, would make a pretty 'History of low Life. I my self am got into a 'great Reputation, which arose (as most extra-'ordinary Occurrences in a Man's Life seem to 'do) from a mere Accident. I was some Days 'ago unfortunately engaged among a Set of 'Gentlemen, who esteem a Man according to the 'Quantity of Food he throws down at a Meal. 'Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my self 'according to the Notions of Superiority which 'the rest of the Company entertain, ate so im-'moderately for their Applause, as had like to 'have cost me my Life. What added to my Mis-'fortune was, that having naturally a good Sto-'mach, and having lived soberly for some time, 'my Body was as well prepared for this Conten-'tion as if it had been by Appointment. I had

'quickly vanquished every Glutton in Company 'but one, who was such a Prodigy in his Way, 'and withal so very merry during the whole En- 'tertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to 'continue his Competitor, which in a little time 'concluded in a compleat Victory over my Rival; 'after which, by Way of Insult, I ate a consider- 'able Proportion beyond what the Spectators 'thought me obliged in Honour to do. The Ef- 'fect however of this Engagement, has made me 'resolve never to eat more for Renown; and I 'have, pursuant to this Resolution, compounded 'three Wagers I had depending on the Strength 'of my Stomach; which happened very luckily, 'because it was stipulated in our Articles either 'to play or pay. How a Man of common Sense 'could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; 'but the Occasion of this, is to desire you to in- 'form several Gluttons of my Acquaintance, who 'look on me with Envy, that they had best 'moderate their Ambition in time, lest Infamy or 'Death attend their Success. I forgot to tell 'you, Sir, with what unspeakable Pleasure I 'received the Acclamations and Applause of the 'whole Board, when I had almost eat my An- 'tagonist into Convulsions: It was then that I 'returned his Mirth upon him with such success 'as he was hardly able to swallow, though 'prompted by a Desire of Fame, and a passionate 'Fondness for Distinction: I had not endeavoured 'to excel so far, had not the Company been so 'loud in their Approbation of my Victory. I 'don't question but the same Thirst after Glory 'has often caused a Man to drink Quarts without 'taking Breath, and prompted Men to many other 'difficult Enterprizes; which if otherwise pur- 'sued, might turn very much to a Man's Ad- 'vantage. This Ambition of mine was indeed 'extravagantly pursued; however I can't help 'observing, that you hardly ever see a Man com- 'mended for a good Stomach, but he immediately 'falls to eating more (tho' he had before dined) 'as well to confirm the Person that commended 'him in his good Opinion of him, as to convince 'any other at the Table, who may have been un- 'attentive enough not to have done Justice to his 'Character.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
Epicure Mammon.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have writ to you three or four times, to 'desire you would take notice of an impertinent 'Custom the Women, the fine Women, have 'lately fallen into, of taking Snuff.[1] This silly 'Trick is attended with such a Coquet Air in 'some Ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in 'others, that I cannot tell which most to com- 'plain of; but they are to me equally disagree- 'able. Mrs. *Saunter* is so impatient of being 'without it, that she takes it as often as she does 'Salt at Meals; and as she affects a wonderful 'Ease and Negligence in all her manner, an upper 'Lip mixed with Snuff and the Sauce, is what is 'presented to the Observation of all who have 'the honour to eat with her. The pretty Creature 'her Neice does all she can to be as disagreeable 'as her Aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the 'Eye, she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes 'up all she wants in a confident Air, by a nau- 'seous Rattle of the Nose, when the Snuff is 'delivered, and the Fingers make the Stops and 'Closes on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a 'very courtly Image in speaking of Ladies; that 'is very true: but where arises the Offence? Is

[1] Charles Lillie, the perfumer, from whose shop at the corner of Beaufort Buildings the original Spectators were distributed, left behind him a book of receipts and observations, 'The British 'Perfumer, Snuff Manufacturer, and Colourman's 'Guide,' of which the MS. was sold with his business, but which remained unpublished until 1822. He opens his Part III. 'on Snuffs' with an account of the Origin of Snuff-taking in England, the practice being one that had become fashionable in his day, and only about eight years before the appearance of the *Spectator*. It dates from Sir George Rooke's expedition against Cadiz in 1702. Before that time snuff-taking in England was confined to a few luxurious foreigners and English who had travelled abroad. They took their snuff with pipes of the size of quills out of small spring boxes. The pipes let out a very small quantity upon the back of the hand, and this was snuffed up the nostrils with the intention of producing a sneeze which, says Lillie, "I need not say forms now no part of the design 'or rather fashion of snuff-taking;' least of all in the ladies who took part in this method of snuffing defiance at the public enemy. When the fleet, after the failure of its enterprize against Cadiz, proceeded to cut off the French ships in Vigobay, on the way it plundered Port St. Mary and adjacent places, where, among other merchandize, seizure was made of several thousand barrels and casks, each containing four tin canisters of snuffs of the best growth and finest Spanish manufacture. At Vigo, among the merchandize taken from the shipping there destroyed, were 'pro- 'digious quantities of gross snuff, from the Ha- 'vannah, in bales, bags, and scrows' (untanned buffalo hides, used with the hairy-side inwards, for making packages), 'which were designed for manufacture in different parts of Spain.' Altogether fifty tons of snuff were brought home as part of the prize of the officers and sailors of the fleet. Of the coarse snuff, called Vigo snuff, the sailors, among whom it was shared, sold waggon-loads at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, for not more than three-pence or four-pence a pound. The greater part of it was bought up by Spanish Jews, to their own very considerable profit. The fine snuffs taken at Port St. Mary, and divided among the officers, were sold by some of them at once for a small price, while others held their stocks and, as the snuff so taken became popular and gave a patriotic impulse to the introduction of a fashion which had hitherto been almost confined to foreigners, they got very high prices for it. This accounts for the fact that the ladies too had added the use of the perfumed snuff-box to their other fashionable accomplishments.

'it in those who commit, or those who observe it? 'As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy Physick hanging on the 'Lip, that the most agreeable Conversation, or 'Person, has not been able to make up for it. 'As to those who take it for no other end but to 'give themselves Occasion for pretty Action, or to 'fill up little Intervals of Discourse, I can bear 'with them; but then they must not use it when 'another is speaking, who ought to be heard with 'too much respect, to admit of offering at that 'time from Hand to Hand the Snuff-Box. But '*Flavilla* is so far taken with her Behaviour in 'this kind, that she pulls out her Box (which is 'indeed full of good *Brazile*) in the middle of the 'Sermon; and to shew she has the Audacity of a 'well-bred Woman, she offers it the Men as well 'as the Women who sit near her: But since by 'this Time all the World knows she has a fine 'Hand, I am in hopes she may give her self no 'further Trouble in this matter. On *Sunday* was 'sennight, when they came about for the Of'fering, she gave her Charity with a very good 'Air, but at the same Time asked the Church-'warden if he would take a Pinch. Pray, Sir, 'think of these things in time, and you will 'oblige,

SIR,

T. *your most humble servant.*

No. 345.] *Saturday, April* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est——— Ov. Met.

THE Accounts which *Raphael* gives of the Battel of Angels, and the Creation of the World, have in them those Qualifications which the Criticks judge requisite to an Episode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a just Connexion with the Fable.

The eighth Book opens with a beautiful Description of the Impression which this Discourse of the Archangel made on our first Parent[s]. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural Curiosity, enquires concerning the Motions of those Celestial Bodies which make the most glorious Appearance among the six days Works. The Poet here, with a great deal of Art, represents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their Conversation, to Amusements more suitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Episode in this Book, which is filled with *Adam's* Account of his Passion and Esteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful Reasons for her Retiring.

So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious Thoughts abstruse: which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestick, from her Seat,
And Grace, that won who saw to wish her Stay,
Rose; and went forth among her Fruits and Flowers
To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom,
Her Nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair Tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high: Such Pleasure she reserved, Adam *relating, she sole Auditress;*
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful Digressions, and solve high Dispute
With conjugal Caresses; from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd!

The Angel's returning a doubtful Answer to *Adam*'s Enqtiries, was not only proper for the Moral Reason which the Poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the Sanction of an Archangel to any particular System of Philosophy. The chief Points in the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* Hypothesis are described with great Conciseness and Perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical Images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own History, and relates to him the Circumstances in which he found himself upon his Creation; as also his Conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the Attention of the Reader, than this Discourse of our great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the Sentiments that arose in the first Man while he was yet new and fresh from the Hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this Subject in Holy Writ with so many beautiful Imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole Episode. As our Author knew this Subject could not but be agreeable to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the six days Works, but reserved it for a distinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining Passages in the Dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that wherein our Ancestor gives an Account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble Moral.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree (pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger both from Labour) at the hour
Of sweet Repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy Words with Grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety.

The other I shall mention, is that in which the Angel gives a Reason why he should be glad to hear the Story *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obscure;
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such Command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a Spy,
Or Enemy, while God was in his Work,
Lest he, incens'd at such Eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.

There is no question but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* sixth Book, where *Æneas* and the Sibyl stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there described as shut upon the Place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the Clank of Chains, and the Noise of Iron Whips, that were heard in those Regions of Pain and Sorrow.

———*Fast we found, fast shut*
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our Approaching heard within
Noise, other than the Sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he represent the Posture in which he found himself, the beautiful Landskip that surrounded him, and the Gladness of Heart which grew up in him on that occasion?

———*As new waked from soundest Sleep,*
Soft on the flow'ry Herb I found me laid
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reaking Moisture fed.
Streight towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample Sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive Motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my Feet: About me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring Streams; by these
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the Branches warbling; all things smil'd:
With Fragrance, and with Joy my Heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards describ'd as surprized at his own Existence, and taking a Survey of himself, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the Light of Reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the Effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his Worship and Adoration. His first Address to the Sun, and to those Parts of the Creation which made the most distinguished Figure, is very natural and amusing to the Imagination.

———*Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,*
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

His next Sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his Existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the Consciousness of his Existence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are also Circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in Sacred Story.

These and the like wonderful Incidents in this Part of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the same time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, tho', upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the Subject of which he treats. In a word, tho' they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing.

The Impression which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our first Parent, is describ'd with great Strength and Judgment; as the Image of the several Beasts and Birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

———*Each Bird and Beast behold*
Approaching two and two, these couring low
With Blandishment; each Bird stoop'd on his Wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd———

Adam, in the next place, describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own Work, and putting to the tryal that reasoning Faculty, with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this Divine Colloquy, the Impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Conversation and Society of some rational Creature, who should partake those Blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the Justness and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the Character of Majesty and Condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following Lines:

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd,
&c.
———*I, with leave of Speech implor'd*
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my Words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of *Eve*. The new Passion that was awaken'd in him at the sight of her, is touch'd very finely.

Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex: so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.

Adam's Distress upon losing sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his Exclamations of Joy and Gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the Apparition which had been presented to him in his Dream; the Approaches he makes to her, and his Manner of Courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite Propriety of Sentiments.

Tho' this Part of the Poem is work'd up with great Warmth and Spirit, the Love which is described in it is every way suitable to a State of Innocence. If the Reader compares the Description which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the Nuptial Bower, with that which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the same occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all Thoughts on so delicate a Subject, that might be offensive to Religion or Good-Manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the Mind Ideas of the most transporting Passion, and of the greatest Purity. What a noble Mixture of Rapture and Innocence has the Author join'd together, in the Reflection which *Adam* makes on the Pleasures of Love, compared to those of Sense.

Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought
My Story to the sum of earthly Bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else Delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the Mind no Change
Nor vehement Desire; these Delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers,
Walks, and the Melody of Birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here Passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all Enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the Charms of Beauty's powerful Glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some Part
Not Proof enough such Object to sustain;
Or from my Side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
——— When I approach.
Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher Knowledge in her Presence falls
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shews;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind, and Nobleness their Seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard angelick plac'd.

These Sentiments of Love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an Insight into Humane Nature, that he seems apprehensive of the Evils which might befall the Species in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the Excess of this Passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely Admonitions; which very artfully prepare the Mind of the Reader for the Occurrences of the next Book, where the Weakness of which *Adam* here gives such distant Discoveries, brings about that fatal Event which is the Subject of the Poem. His Discourse, which follows the gentle Rebuke he received from the Angel, shews that his Love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in Reason, and consequently not improper for *Paradise*.

Neither her outside Form so fair, nor aught
In Procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful Acts,
Those thousand Decencies that daily flow
From all her Words and Actions, mixt with Love
And sweet Compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded Pair!

Adam's Speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a Deference and Gratitude agreeable to an inferior Nature, and at the same time a certain Dignity and Greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his State of Innocence. L.

No. 346.] *Monday, April* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni Munerum longe antepono. Hæc est Gravium hominum atque Magnorum; Illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.—Tull.

WHEN we consider the Offices of humane Life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded Temper, than an honest and liberal Mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all Liberality should have for its Basis and Support Frugality. By this means the beneficent Spirit works in a Man from the Convictions of Reason, not from the Impulses of Passion. The generous Man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the Demands of his own Family, will soon find, upon the Foot of his Account, that he has sacrificed to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, or the deservedly Unhappy, all the Opportunities of affording any future Assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in it self laudable, should not a Man take care to secure Ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel Piece of Raillery upon a Man who should have

reduc'd his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous?* My beloved Author therefore has, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turned his Eye with a certain Satiety from beholding the Addresses to the People by Largesses and publick Entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions, has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He turns his Recommendation of this Virtue in commercial Life: and according to him a Citizen who is frank in his Kindnesses, and abhors Severity in his Demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good Neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings; bears a nobler Character, and does much more good to Mankind, than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at *that highest Fruit of Wealth, to be liberal without the least Expence of a Man's own Fortune.* It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the Favour a Secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy Distinctions among us in *England* are so great, that to celebrate the Intercourse of commercial Friendship, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man so many Enemies of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals, under a rough Air and distant Behaviour, a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Industry wanting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same Care I was forced to use some time ago in the Report of another's Virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect it; and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to its Interests but by the Imitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater Idea of Humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no step to the Improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Munificence. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does not imbark some part of his Fortune with the State, to whose Vigilance he owes the Security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an Obligation upon many, and extending his Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in Commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the State some part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life have his Eye upon removing Want from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, Pride or Vengeance will precipitate a Man to chuse the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self-Satisfaction: Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would carry a Man further even to his Profit, than indulging the Propensity of serving and obliging the Fortunate. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this manner; *We must always consider the Nature of things, and govern our selves accordingly. The wealthy Man, when he has repaid you, is upon a Ballance with you; but the Person whom you favour'd with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will look himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Conspicuous are not obliged by the Benefit you do them, they think they conferred a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their Favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows in the Good you have done him, your respected himself more than his Circumstances, does not act like an obliged Man only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little Offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover, the Regard to what you do to a great Man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his Family; but what you do to a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest Man) raises the Affections towards you of all Men of that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

There is nothing gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice; I am therefore casting about what Act of Benignity is in the Power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediate under my Patronage, are either Players, or such whose Circumstances bear an Affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this time of this Kind, is to tell the Town that on *Friday* the 11th of this Instant *April*, there will be perform'd in *York Buildings* a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musicks for the Benefit of Mr. *Edward Keen*, the Father of twenty Children; and that this Day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good-natur'd part of the Town will favour him, whom they Applauded

in *Alexander*, *Timon*, *Lear*, and *Orestes*, with their Company this Night, when he hazards all his heroick Glory for their Approbation in the humbler Condition of honest *Jack Falstaffe*. T.

Nº. 347.] *Tuesday, April* 8, 1711. [*Budgell.*

Quis furor ô Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
Lucan.

I DO not question but my Country Readers have been very much surprized at the several Accounts they have met with in our publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinions of the Learned, as to their Origin and Designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread it self over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most Peoples Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least Ground for that general Consternation.

The late Panick Fear was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Spectres and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull-Beggars, first invented by prudent married Men, and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unseasonable Hours; and that when they tell them *the* Mohocks *will catch them*, it is a Caution of the same nature with that of our Fore-fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much Reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this Occasion; tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentick: and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* Orthography.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was some time since I receiv'd the following Letter and Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the 'Good of Mankind have been basely and malici-'ously represented to the World, we send you 'enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which it is our 'Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communi-'cate to the Publick, by inserting it in your next 'daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready 'Compliance in this Particular, and therefore bid 'you heartily Farewell.

Sign'd,
Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, *Emperor of the* Mohocks.

'Whereas we have received Information from 'sundry Quarters of this great and populous City, 'of several Outrages committed on the Legs, 'Arms, Noses, and other Parts of the good 'People of *England*, by such as have styled 'themselves our Subjects; in order to vindicate 'our Imperial Dignity from those false Aspersions 'which have been cast on it, as if we our selves 'might have encouraged or abetted any such 'Practices; we have, by these Presents, thought 'fit to signify our utmost Abhorrence and Detest-'ation of all such tumultuous and irregular Pro-'ceedings: and do hereby further give notice, 'that if any Person or Persons has or have suf-'fered any Wound, Hurt, Damage or Detriment 'in his or their Limb or Limbs, otherwise than 'shall be hereafter specified, the said Person or 'Persons, upon applying themselves to such as 'we shall appoint for the Inspection and Redress 'of the Grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith 'committed to the Care of our principal Surgeon, 'and be cured at our own Expence, in some one 'or other of those Hospitals which we are now 'erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through 'Ignorance or Inadvertency, incur those Penalties 'which we have thought fit to inflict on Persons 'of loose and dissolute Lives, we do hereby notifie 'to the Publick, that if any Man be knocked 'down or assaulted while he is employed in his 'lawful Business, at proper Hours, that it is not 'done by our Order; and we do hereby permit 'and allow any such person so knocked down or 'assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in 'the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good 'Subjects, that they do not presume, upon any 'Pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from 'their respective Quarters till between the Hours 'of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Tip* 'the Lion upon Man, Woman or Child, till the 'Clock at St. *Dunstan's* shall have struck One.

'That the *Sweat* be never given but between 'the Hours of One and Two; always provided, 'that our *Hunters* may begin to *Hunt* a little 'after the Close of the Evening, any thing to the 'contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, 'that if ever they are reduced to the Necessity of '*Pinking*, it shall always be in the most fleshy 'Parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that 'our good Subjects the *Sweaters* do establish 'their *Hummums*[1] in such close Places, Alleys, 'Nooks, and Corners, that the Patient or Patients 'may not be in danger of catching Cold.

'That the *Tumblers*, to whose Care we chiefly 'commit the Female Sex, confine themselves to '*Drury-Lane* and the Purlieus of the *Temple*; and 'that every other Party and Division of our Sub-'jects do each of them keep within the respective 'Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided 'nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall

[1] Turkish Sweating Baths. The Hummums in Covent Garden was one of the first of these baths (bagnios) set up in England.

'in any wise be construed to extend to the 'Hunters, who have our full Licence and Per-'mission to enter into any Part of the Town 'where-ever their Game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our 'Imperial Heart than the Reformation of the 'Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which to 'our unspeakable Satisfaction we have in some 'measure already effected, we do hereby earn-'estly pray and exhort all Husbands, Fathers, 'Housekeepers and Masters of Families, in either 'of the aforesaid Cities, not only to repair them-'selves to their respective Habitations at early 'and seasonable Hours; but also to keep their 'Wives and Daughters, Sons, Servants, and 'Apprentices, from appearing in the Streets at 'those Times and Seasons which may expose 'them to a military Discipline, as it is practised 'by our good Subjects the *Mohocks*: and we do 'further promise, on our Imperial Word, that as 'soon as the Reformation aforesaid shall be 'brought about, we will forthwith cause all Hos-'tilities to cease.

Given from our Court at the Devil-*Tavern*, March 15, 1712. X.

No. 348.] *Wednesday, April* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the 'Places where I visit, so that I am afraid you 'are wholly unacquainted with what passes among 'my part of the World, who are, tho' I say it, 'without Controversy, the most accomplished and 'best bred of the Town. Give me leave to tell 'you, that I am extremely discomposed when I 'hear Scandal, and am an utter Enemy to all 'manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest 'Meanness that People of Distinction can be 'guilty of: However, it is hardly possible to 'come into Company, where you do not find them 'pulling one another to pieces, and that from no 'other Provocation but that of hearing any one 'commended. Merit, both as to Wit and Beauty, 'is become no other than the Possession of a few 'trifling People's Favour, which you cannot pos-'sibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in 'you that is deserving. What they would bring 'to pass, is, to make all Good and Evil consist in 'Report, and with Whispers, Calumnies and 'Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those 'Reports. By this means Innocents are blasted 'upon their first Appearance in Town; and there 'is nothing more required to make a young 'Woman the object of Envy and Hatred, than to 'deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable 'Endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing 'that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the 'Men as the Women. If I can remember what 'passed at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an 'Instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to 'Defamation, with equal Malice, with equal 'Impotence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady '*Airy's* about Eight of [the] Clock. You know 'the manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not 'describe the Circle; but Mr. *Triplett* came in, 'introduced by two Tapers supported by a spruce 'Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my 'Lady's Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour 'of Ceremony begins: I say, *Jack Triplett* 'came in, and singing (for he is really good Com-'pany) '*Every Feature, Charming Creature,* '—— he went on, *It is a most unreasonable* '*thing that People cannot go peaceably to see their* '*Friends, but these Murderers are let loose. Such* '*a Shape! such an Air! what a Glance was that* '*as her Chariot pass'd by mine*—— My Lady' herself interrupted him; *Pray who is this fine* '*Thing*—— *I warrant,* says another, *'tis the* '*Creature I was telling your Ladyship of just* '*now. You were telling of?* says *Jack; I wish* '*I had been so happy as to have come in and* '*heard you, for I have not Words to say what* '*she is:* But if an agreeable Height, a modest 'Air, a Virgin Shame, and Impatience of being 'beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten thousand Charms '—— The whole Room flew out—— Oh Mr. '*Triplett!*—— When Mrs. *Lofty*, a known Prude, 'said she believed she knew whom the Gentleman 'meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly repre-'sented her, impatient of being beheld—— Then 'turning to the Lady next to her—— *The most* 'unbred *Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued 'the Discourse: As unbred, Madam, as you 'may think her, she is extremely bely'd if she is 'the Novice she appears; she was last Week at a 'Ball till two in the Morning; Mr. *Triplett* 'knows whether he was the happy Man that took 'Care of her home; but—— This was followed 'by some particular Exception that each Woman 'in the Room made to some peculiar Grace or 'Advantage; so that Mr. *Triplett* was beaten 'from one Limb and Feature to another, till he 'was forced to resign the whole Woman. In the 'end I took notice *Triplett* recorded all this 'Malice in his Heart; and saw in his Countenance, 'and a certain waggish Shrug, that he design'd to 'repeat the Conversation: I therefore let the 'Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion 'to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaint-'ance for a Person of singular Modesty, Courage, 'Integrity, and withal as a Man of an entertaining 'Conversation, to which Advantages he had a 'Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. '*Triplett*, who is a Woman's Man, seem'd to hear 'me with Patience enough commend the Qualities 'of his Mind: He never heard indeed but that 'he was a very honest Man, and no Fool; but for 'a fine Gentleman, he must ask Pardon. Upon 'no other Foundation than this, Mr. *Triplett* took 'occasion to give the Gentleman's Pedigree, by 'what Methods some part of the Estate was 'acquired, how much it was beholden to a Mar-'riage for the present Circumstances of it: After 'all, he could see nothing but a common Man in 'his Person, his Breeding or Understanding.

'Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent Hu-'mour of diminishing every one who is produced 'in Conversation to their Advantage, runs thro' 'the World; and I am, I confess, so fearful of 'the Force of ill Tongues, that I have begged of 'all those who are my Well-wishers never to com-

'mend me, for it will but bring my Frailties into 'Examination, and I had rather be unobserved, 'than conspicuous for disputed Perfections. I am 'confident a thousand young People, who would 'have been Ornaments to Society, have, from 'Fear of Scandal, never dared to exert them-'selves in the polite Arts of Life. Their Lives 'have passed away in an odious Rusticity, in spite 'of great Advantages of Person, Genius and For-'tune. There is a vicious Terror of being blamed 'in some well-inclin'd People, and a wicked 'Pleasure in suppressing them in others: both 'which I recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom 'to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful 'in it, I need not say how much you will deserve 'of the Town; but new Toasts will owe to you 'their Beauty, and new Wits their Fame. I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient
Humble Servant,

T. Mary.

No. 349.] *Thursday, April* 10, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— Lucan.

I AM very much pleased with a Consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory, as follows; That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a Man's Praise till his Head is laid in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our Opinions. He may forfeit the Esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answered.[1]

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a Change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* History, whose Death has not been remarked upon by some Writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who has descanted on it. Monsieur *de St. Evremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last Moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's Affectation of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escaped the Observation of others, threw him into this course of Reflection. It was *Petronius's* Merit, that he died in the same Gaiety of Temper in which he lived; but as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he showed at the Close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well-spent Life, and the prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above mentioned was so pleased with Gaiety of Humour in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Pleasantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffer'd. That innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintain'd the same Chearfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he used to shew at his Table; and upon laying his Head on the Block, gave Instances of that Good-Humour with which he had always entertained his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a piece with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Disposition of his Mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of Imitation from this Example. Mens natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Chearfulness of his Temper, as in the Sanctity of his Life and Manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Re-

[1] Plutarch's Life of Epaminondas.

volutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.[1]

When Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battel was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battel begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battel to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L.

No. 350.] *Friday, April* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si Justitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.—Tull.

CAPTAIN SENTREY was last Night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a *French* Privateer, commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn, the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize, till at last the *Englishman* finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: But the Effect which this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the *Ipswich* Man in a speaking-Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the same time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disdain which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Inhumanity: With this Hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commander; but though they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a Stick till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart: after which he ordered him into Irons without allowing him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men stole to him under peril of the like Usage: After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the Misery of Stench, Hunger, and Soreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The Governour of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy barbarously treated, to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr. SENTREY had read his Letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that Courage, without regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty: The Affectation of such a Spirit exerts it self in an Impudent Aspect, an over-bearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. This is visible in all the cocking Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unawed by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men; in a word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of human Life. A shameless Fellow takes advantage of Merit clothed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable; while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things; and I believe what you Scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affectation of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmths, manifests the true Force of Genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Deportment by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking part of Mankind

[1] The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Auboeuf—was born in 1655, and living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1735, aged 80. He had exchanged out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of 34, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a paid member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

imagine: To dare, is not all that there is in it. The Privateer we were just now talking of, had Boldness enough to attack his Enemy, but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the Prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own Vessel; and therefore he used an honest Man, who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be Laudable and the other Criminal. Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear the Breasts of mean Men in Fight; but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers, are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant. The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book-Learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* Author on the Subject of Justness in point of Gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTREY, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers. My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage drawn in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Æneas:* He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus;* but in *Æneas* there are many others which out-shine it, amongst the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain glorious, as placing his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour; *Æneas* speaks little, is slow to Action; and shows only a sort of defensive Courage. If Equipage and Address make *Turnus* appear more couragious than *Æneas*, Conduct and Success prove *Æneas* more valiant than *Turnus*. T.

No. 351.] *Saturday, April* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.—Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroick Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 Years after the *Trojan* War; and, as the writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his Knowledge; tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures, as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

The Story of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas* his Voyage and Settlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an Abridgment of the whole Story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnasseus*.[1]

Since none of the Criticks have consider'd *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Æneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above mentioned, will find that the Character of *Æneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles, and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Æneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Æneas*, that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveniences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves; upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables.* They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the History of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroick Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it, is an Hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.[2]

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the Mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to several Criticks, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this Change of

[1] In the first book of his Roman *Antiquities*.

[2] Dionysius says that the prophecy was either, as some write, given at Dodona, or, as others say, by a Sybil, and the exclamation was by one of the sons of Æneas, as it is related; or he was some other of his comrades.

the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Æneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Criticks I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this Light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those Parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Readers.

The History, which was the Basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars, *Milton* has formed one of the most Entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and compleat Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the principal Beauty of the ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid Discovery, sinks by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that [issued][1] from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and, after the Example of *Homer*, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden, under the resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very Poetical and Surprizing.

So saying, through each Thicket Dank or Dry,
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His Midnight Search, where soonest he might find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-roll'd,
His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles.

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature: He represents the Earth, before it was curst, as a great Altar, breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In Eden *on the humid Flowers, that breathed*
Their Morning Incense, when all things that breathe
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent Praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With grateful Smell; forth came the human Pair,
And join'd their vocal Worship to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting Voice———

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents, is represented with great Art: It [proceeds[1]] from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat: It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued Happy and Innocent. There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That Force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the eighth Book, and which is inserted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, shews it self here in many fine Instances: As in those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent Look his Eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay:
Oft he to her his Charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the Bower.

In his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence

———Adam *the while,*
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flowers a Garland, to adorn
Her Tresses, and her rural Labours crown:
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great Joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

——— *Some cursed Fraud*
Or Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my Resolution is to die!
How can I live without thee; how forego
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?

[1] [run]

[1] [arises]

Should God create another Eve, *and I*
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my Heart! no, no! I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, Bliss or Woe!

The Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it, are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermix'd in this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the first Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem, which I shall here quote as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem. I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her Destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

——Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest; as when a wand'ring Fire,
Compact of unctuous Vapour, which the Night
Condenses, and the Cold invirons round,
Kindled through Agitation to a Flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his Way
To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient flushings of Guilt and Joy, which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to [those[1]] flaggings of Spirits, damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When *Dido* in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with Flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the Mountain-Tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

So saying, her rash Hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluckt, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her Seat
Sighing, through all her Works gave signs of Woe
That all was lost——

Upon *Adam's* falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

——— He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female Charm.
Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again
In Pangs, and Nature gave a second Groan,
Sky lowred, and muttering Thunder, some sad Drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin——

As all Nature suffer'd by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as Marks of her Sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the Girdle which she had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she [had ever[1]] done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summet of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*; and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's* Speech to *Eve*.

For never did thy Beauty, since the Day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, so enflame my Sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, Bounty of this virtuous Tree.
So said he, and forbore not Glance or Toy
Of amorous Intent, well understood
Of Eve, *whose Eye darted contagious Fire.*
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank
Thick over-head with verdant Roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest Lap.
There they their fill of Love, and Love's disport,
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal,
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them ——

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the Greatness of Genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and overcurious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off

[1] [that]

[1] [ever had]

by being shewn in the same Light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant.

No. 352.] *Monday, April* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.*—Tull.

WILL. HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL. takes notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrist or Moralist in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men and Persons of Intrigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL. observes, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you shall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under Forty: In the Places of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of Mind and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty; preferring the Capacity of being Artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of despising those Ends when they come in competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point; in a word, from the Opinion that shallow and inexperienced People entertain of the short-liv'd Force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly cover'd with Artifice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority[1] for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

'Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of 'Appearance, and many more. If the Shew of 'any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sin-'cerity is better: For why does any Man dis-'semble, or seem to be that which he is not, but 'because he thinks it good to have such a Quality 'as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dis-'semble, is to put on the Appearance of some real 'Excellency. Now the best way in the World 'for a Man to seem to be any thing, is really to 'be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is 'many times as troublesome to make good the 'Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and 'if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is 'discover'd to want it, and then all his Pains and 'Labour to seem to have it is lost. There is 'something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful 'Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and 'Complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a Part long; 'for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will 'always be endeavouring to return, and will peep 'out and betray her self one time or other. 'Therefore if any Man think it convenient to 'seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his 'Goodness will appear to every body's Satisfac-'tion; so that upon all accounts Sincerity is true 'Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this 'World, Integrity hath many Advantages over 'all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation 'and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, 'much the safer and more secure way of dealing 'in the World; it has less of Trouble and Diffi-'culty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of 'Danger and Hazard in it; it is the shortest and 'nearest way to our End, carrying us thither in a 'straight line, and will hold out and last longest. 'The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually 'grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to 'them that use them; whereas Integrity gains 'Strength by use, and the more and longer any 'Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does 'him, by confirming his Reputation and encou-'raging those with whom he hath to do, to repose 'the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which 'is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business 'and Affairs of Life.

'Truth is always consistent with it self, and 'needs nothing to help it out; it is always near 'at hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to 'drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye is 'troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon 'the rack, and one Trick needs a great many 'more to make it good. It is like building upon a 'false Foundation, which continually stands in 'need of Props to shoar it up, and proves at last 'more chargeable, than to have raised a substan-'tial Building at first upon a true and solid Foun-'dation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and 'there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and 'because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery; 'of which the Crafty Man is always in danger, 'and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his 'Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs 'may read them; he is the last Man that finds 'himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it 'for granted that he makes Fools of others, he 'renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most com-'pendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument 'for the speedy dispatch of Business; it creates 'Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves 'the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things 'to an issue in few Words: It is like travelling in 'a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a

[1] Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, Vol. II., Sermon 1 (folio edition). Italics in first issue.

'Man sooner to his Journey's End than By-ways, 'in which Men often lose themselves. In a word, 'whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be 'in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; 'but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because 'it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie 'and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he 'speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means 'honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the 'Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and 'nothing will then serve his turn, neither Truth 'nor Falshood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in 'his great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dis-'honest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth 'and Integrity to the Prosperity even of our 'worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by 'their Covetousness and Ambition, that they can-'not look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear 'to seize upon it, tho' by Ways never so indirect; 'they cannot see so far as to the remote Con-'sequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast 'Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man 'at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and 'clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would 'be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any 'Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty 'Design to promote and advance more effectually 'their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of 'the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point 'of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might 'not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Up-'right, and serve their own wicked Designs by 'honest and lawful Means.

'Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the 'World for a Day, and should never have occasion 'to converse more with Mankind, never more 'need their good Opinion or good Word, it were 'then no great Matter (speaking as to the Con-'cernments of this World) if a Man spent his 'Reputation all at once, and ventured it at one 'throw: But if he be to continue in the World, 'and would have the Advantage of Conversation 'whilst he is in it, let him make use of Truth and 'Sincerity in all his Words and Actions; for 'nothing but this will last and hold out to the 'end; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and In-'tegrity will carry a Man through, and bear him 'out to the last. T.

No. 353.] *Tuesday, April* 15, 1712. [*Budgell.*

In tenui labor —— Virg.

THE Gentleman who obliges the World in general, and me in particular, with his Thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'I take the Liberty to send you a fourth Letter 'upon the Education of Youth: In my last I gave 'you my Thoughts about some particular Tasks 'which I conceiv'd it might not be amiss to use 'with their usual Exercises, in order to give them 'an early Seasoning of Virtue; I shall in this 'propose some others, which I fancy might con-'tribute to give them a right turn for the World, 'and enable them to make their way in it.

'The Design of Learning is, as I take it, either 'to render a Man an agreeable Companion to 'himself, and teach him to support Solitude with 'Pleasure, or if he is not born to an Estate, to 'supply that Defect, and furnish him with the 'means of acquiring one. A Person who applies 'himself to Learning with the first of these Views 'may be said to study for Ornament, as he who 'proposes to himself the second, properly studies 'for Use. The one does it to raise himself a For-'tune, the other to set off that which he is already 'possessed of. But as far the greater part of 'Mankind are included in the latter Class, I shall 'only propose some Methods at present for the 'Service of such who expect to advance them-'selves in the World by their Learning: In order 'to which, I shall premise, that many more 'Estates have been acquir'd by little Accomplish-'ments than by extraordinary ones; those 'Qualities which make the greatest Figure in the 'Eye of the World, not being always the most 'useful in themselves, or the most advantageous 'to their Owners.

'The Posts which require Men of shining and 'uncommon Parts to discharge them, are so very 'few, that many a great Genius goes out of the 'World without ever having had an opportunity 'to exert it self; whereas Persons of ordinary 'Endowments meet with Occasions fitted to their 'Parts and Capacities every day in the common 'Occurrences of Life.

'I am acquainted with two Persons who were 'formerly School-fellows,[1] and have been good 'Friends ever since. One of them was not only 'thought an impenetrable Block-head at School, 'but still maintain'd his Reputation at the Uni-'versity; the other was the Pride of his Master, 'and the most celebrated Person in the College 'of which he was a Member. The Man of Genius 'is at present buried in a Country Parsonage of 'eightscore Pounds a year; while the other, with 'the bare Abilities of a common Scrivener, has got 'an Estate of above an hundred thousand Pounds.

'I fancy from what I have said it will almost 'appear a doubtful Case to many a wealthy 'Citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his Son 'should be a great Genius; but this I am sure of, 'that nothing is more absurd than to give a Lad 'the Education of one, whom Nature has not 'favour'd with any particular Marks of Distinc-'tion.

'The fault therefore of our Grammar-Schools 'is, that every Boy is pushed on to Works of 'Genius; whereas it would be far more advan-'tageous for the greatest part of them to be 'taught such little practical Arts and Sciences as 'do not require any great share of Parts to be 'Master of them, and yet may come often into 'play during the course of a Man's Life.

[1] Perhaps Swift and his old schoolfellow, Mr. Stratford, the Hamburgh merchant. 'Stratford 'is worth a plumb, and is now lending the Govern-'ment £40,000; yet we were educated together 'at the same school and university.'—Journal to Stella, Sept. 14, 1710.

'Such are all the Parts of Practical Geometry. 'I have known a Man contract a Friendship with 'a Minister of State, upon cutting a Dial in his 'Window; and remember a Clergyman who got 'one of the best Benefices in the West of *England*, by setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs 'in some Method, and giving him an exact Survey 'of his Estate.

'While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Particular which is of use in 'every Station of Life, and which methinks every 'Master should teach his Scholars. I mean the 'writing of *English* Letters. To this End, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* Epistles, 'Themes and Verses, there might be a punctual 'Correspondence established between two Boys, 'who might act in any imaginary Parts of Business, or be allow'd sometimes to give a range to 'their own Fancies, and communicate to each 'other whatever Trifles they thought fit, provided 'neither of them ever fail'd at the appointed time 'to answer his Correspondent's Letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the 'generality of Boys would find themselves more 'advantaged by this Custom, when they come to 'be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their 'Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned 'Persons, who, while they are admiring the 'Styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want Phrases 'to express themselves on the most common Occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of these '*Latin* Orators, which would have been deservedly laugh'd at by a common Attorney.

'Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit 'Accounts and Short-hand, which are learned 'with little pains, and very properly come into 'the number of such Arts as I have been here 'recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe that I have 'hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for 'such Boys as do not appear to have any thing 'extraordinary in their natural Talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of 'Learning; yet I believe I might carry this 'Matter still further, and venture to assert that a 'Lad of Genius has sometimes occasion for these 'little Acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his Parts, and to introduce [him[1]] 'into the World.

'History is full of Examples of Persons, who 'tho' they have had the largest Abilities, have 'been obliged to insinuate themselves into the 'Favour of great Men by these trivial Accomplishments; as the compleat Gentleman, in some 'of our modern Comedies, makes his first Advances to his Mistress under the disguise of a 'Painter or a Dancing-Master.

'The Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius 'these are only so many Accomplishments, which 'in another are Essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In 'short, I look upon a great Genius, with these 'little Additions, in the same Light as I regard 'the Grand Signior, who is obliged, by an express Command in the Alcoran, to learn and 'practise some Handycraft Trade. Tho' I need 'not have gone for my Instance farther than '*Germany*, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. *Leopold* the last,[1] 'worked in Wood; and I have heard there 'are several handycraft Works of his making to 'be seen at *Vienna* so neatly turned, that the 'best Joiner in *Europe* might safely own them, 'without any disgrace to his Profession.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have 'said, to be against improving a Boy's Genius to 'the utmost pitch it can be carry'd. What I would 'endeavour to shew in this Essay is, that there 'may be Methods taken, to make Learning advantageous even to the meanest Capacities.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.
X.

[1] [them]

No. 354.] *Wednesday, April* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have in some of your Discourses describ'd most sorts of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, 'and many others; but I think you have never 'yet said anything of a *Devotée*. A *Devotée* is 'one of those who disparage Religion by their 'indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the 'Mention of Virtue on all Occasion[s]: She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; 'and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what 'she ought to be with Chearfulness and Alacrity. 'She lives in the World, and denies her self none 'of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She 'is never her self but at Church; there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her Pray her 'self out of Breath. While other young Ladies 'in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her 'Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous, except 'it be Celestial;' but she speaks of the Passion of 'one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, 'for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her 'Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man

[1] Leopold the last was also Leopold the First. He died May 6, 1705, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who died while the *Spectator* was being issued, and had now been followed by his brother, the Archduke Charles, whose claim to the crown of Spain England had been supporting, when his accession to the German throne had not seemed probable. His coronation as Charles VI. was, therefore, one cause of the peace. Leopold, born in 1640, and educated by the Jesuits, became Emperor in 1658, and reigned 49 years. He was an adept in metaphysics and theology, as well as in wood-turning, but a feeble and oppressive ruler, whose empire was twice saved for him; by Sobieski from the Turks, and from the French by Marlborough.

'warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will 'lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and cry, What Non-'sense is that Fool talking? Will the Bell never 'ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady 'of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to 'Amusements very much above the rest of her 'Sex. She never carries a white Shock-dog with 'Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dormouse 'in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of 'Morality to steal out when she is sure of being 'observ'd. When she went to the famous Ass-'Race (which I must confess was but an odd 'Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank 'and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear 'those poor Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run 'naked, or to hear Country Squires in bob Wigs 'and white Girdles make love at the side of a 'Coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty Weather. 'Thus she described the Diversion; for she went 'only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt 'in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellow's 'Face, which was distorted with grinning, might 'any way be brought to it self again. She never 'thats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is 'supposed in an Ejaculation before she taste[s] a 'Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an 'Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages it, 'and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but also 'ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Re-'flections which abhor this kind of Conduct; and 'a *Devotée* is so far from promoting Goodness, 'that she deters others by her Example. Folly 'and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice 'in a Clergyman; it does not only debase him, 'but makes the inconsiderate Part of the World 'think the worse of Religion.

I am,
SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'*Xenophon*, in his short Account of the *Spartan* 'Commonwealth,[1] speaking of the Behaviour of 'their young Men in the Streets, says, There was 'so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might 'as soon have turned the eyes of a Marble Statue 'upon you as theirs; and that in all their Be-'haviour they were more modest than a Bride 'when put to bed upon her Wedding-Night: 'This Virtue, which is always join'd to Magnani-'mity, had such an influence upon their Courage, 'that in Battel an Enemy could not look them in 'the Face, and they durst not but Die for their 'Country.

'Whenever I walk into the Streets of *London* 'and *Westminster*, the Countenances of all the 'young Fellows that pass by me, make me wish 'my self in *Sparta*; I meet with such blustering 'Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a super-'ficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above 'those *Grecians*. I am arrived to that Perfection 'in Speculation, that I understand the Language 'of the Eyes, which would be a great misfortune 'to me, had I not corrected the Testiness of old 'Age by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in 'a red Coat who does not tell me, with a full 'Stare, he's a bold Man: I see several swear 'inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, 'but the Oddness of my Person: I meet Con-'tempt in every Street, express'd in different 'Manners, by the scornful Look, the elevated 'Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud 'and Prosperous. The Prentice speaks his Dis-'respect by an extended Finger, and the Porter 'by stealing out his Tongue. If a Country Gen-'tleman appears a little curious in observing the 'Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is 'not to be imagined how the Polite Rabble of 'this Town, who are acquainted with these Ob-'jects, ridicule his Rusticity. I have known a 'Fellow with a Burden on his Head steal a Hand 'down from his Load, and slily twirle the Cock of 'a Squire's Hat behind him; while the Offended 'Person is swearing, or out of Countenance, all 'the Wagg-Wits in the High-way are grinning in 'applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him 'the Tip, and the Folly of him who had not Eyes 'all round his Head to prevent receiving it. 'These things arise from a general Affectation of 'Smartness, Wit, and Courage. *Wycherly* some-'where[1] rallies the Pretensions this Way, by 'making a Fellow say, Red Breeches are a cer-'tain Sign of Valour; and *Otway* makes a 'Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on 'Crutches.[2] From such Hints I beg a Specula-

[1] 'The Polity of Lacedæmon' and 'the Polity of Athens' were two of Xenophon's short treatises. In 'the Polity of Lacedæmon' the Spartan code of law and social discipline is, as Mr. Mure says in his Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, 'indiscriminately held up 'to admiration as superior in all respects to all 'others. Some of its more offensive features, such 'as the Cryptia, child murder, and more glaring 'atrocities of the Helot system, are suppressed; 'while the legalized thieving, adultery, and other 'unnatural practices, are placed in the most favour-'able or least odious light.'

[1] In the *Plain Dealer*, Act II. sc. 1.

Novel ('a pert railing coxcomb'). These sea captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by anything, shows his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

Freeman. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Novel. Why, for example, by red breeches, tucked-up hair, or peruke, a greasy broad belt, and now-a-days a short sword.

[2] In his *Friendship in Fashion*, Act III. sc. 1.

Malagene. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

Valentine. Pray, sir, do.

Mal. Why, walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me). Being in one of my witty, merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I served him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I show'd my Parts, I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

Truman. And this you say is your way of Wit?

'tion on this Subject; in the mean time I shall do 'all in the Power of a weak old Fellow in my own 'Defence: for as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an 'honest Man, sought for him when it was broad 'Day-light with a Lanthorn and Candle, so I in- 'tend for the future to walk the Streets with a 'dark Lanthorn, which has a convex Chrystal in 'it; and if any Man stares at me, I give fair 'Warning that I'll direct the Light full into his 'Eyes. Thus despairing to find Men Modest, I 'hope by this Means to evade their Impudence,

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T. Sophrosunius.

No. 355.] *Thursday, April* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine [*quenquam.* Ovid.[1]]

I HAVE been very often tempted to write Invectives upon those who have detracted from my Works, or spoken in derogation of my Person; but I look upon it as a particular Happiness, that I have always hindred my Resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone thro' half a Satyr, but found so many Motions of Humanity rising in me towards the Persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the Fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little Epigrams and Lampoons; and after having admired them a Day or two, have likewise committed them to the Flames. These I look upon as so many Sacrifices to Humanity, and have receiv'd much greater Satisfaction from the suppressing such Performances, than I could have done from any Reputation they might have procur'd me, or from any Mortification they might have given my Enemies, in case I had made them publick. If a Man has any Talent in Writing, it shews a good Mind to forbear answering Calumnies and Reproaches in the same Spirit of Bitterness with which they are offered: But when a Man has been at some Pains in making suitable Returns to an Enemy, and has the Instruments of Revenge in his Hands, to let drop his Wrath, and stifle his Resentments, seems to have something in it Great and Heroical. There is a particular Merit in such a way of forgiving an Enemy; and the more violent and unprovok'd the Offence has been, the greater still is the Merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a Consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in *Epictetus*,[1] which places an Enemy in a new Light, and gives us a View of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The Sense of it is as follows: Does a Man reproach thee for being Proud or Ill-natured, Envious or Conceited, Ignorant or Detracting? Consider with thy self whether his Reproaches are true; if they are not, consider that thou art not the Person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an Imaginary Being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou appearest to be. If his Reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd Man he takes thee for, give thy self another Turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his Reproaches of thee naturally cease: His Reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the Person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this Rule to my self; and when I hear of a Satyrical Speech or Writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own Heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a Verdict against my self, I endeavour to rectify my Conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the Censure upon me; but if the whole Invective be grounded upon a Falsehood, I trouble my self no further about it, and look upon my Name at the Head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious Names made use of by an Author to introduce an imaginary Character. Why should a Man be sensible of the Sting of a Reproach, who is a Stranger to the Guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the Penalty, when he knows he has never committed the Crime? This is a Piece of Fortitude, which every one owes to his own Innocence, and without which it is impossible for a Man of any Merit or Figure to live at Peace with himself in a Country that abounds with Wit and Liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a Letter to the Chancellor of *France*,[2] who had prevented the Publication of a Book against him, has the following Words, which are a lively Picture of the Greatness of Mind so visible in the Works of that Author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the Suppression of the first Libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of 'em to make a small Library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of Stones that Envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.*

The Author here alludes to those Monuments of the Eastern Nations, which were Mountains of Stones raised upon the dead Body by Travellers, that used to cast every one his Stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no Monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the Hands of Envy. For my Part, I admire an Au-

---

Mal. Ay, altogether, this and Mimickry. I'm a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello, Scaramoucho, Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or anything. I can act the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheelbarrow!

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow, so I say. Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the effect of very curious Observation.

Mal. No, hang it, I never make it my Business to observe anything, that is Mechanick.

[1] [*quenquam,*
Nulla venenata littera mista joco est.—Ovid.]

[1] Enchiridion, Cap. 48 and 64.

[2] Letters and Remains. Trans. by Sir R. Baker (1655-8).

thor for such a Temper of Mind as enables him to bear an undeserved Reproach without Resentment, more than for all the Wit of any the finest Satirical Reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain my self in relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, and to shew the Reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal Answer. I must further add, that the Work would have been of very little use to the Publick, had it been filled with personal Reflections and Debates; for which Reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little Cavils which have been made against it by Envy or Ignorance. The common Fry of Scriblers, who have no other way of being taken Notice of but by attacking what has gain'd some Reputation in the World, would have furnished me with Business enough, had they found me dispos'd to enter the Lists with them.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini's* Traveller, who was so pester'd with the Noise of Grasshoppers in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: Had he pursued his Journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome Insects would have died of themselves in a very few Weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L.

No. 356.] *Friday,*[1] *April* 18, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,*
Charior est illis homo quam sibi—— Juv.

IT is owing to Pride, and a secret Affectation of a certain Self-Existence, that the noblest Motive for Action that ever was proposed to Man, is not acknowledged the Glory and Happiness of their Being. The Heart is treacherous to it self, and we do not let our Reflections go deep enough to receive Religion as the most honourable Incentive to good and worthy Actions. It is our natural Weakness, to flatter our selves into a Belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find our selves wholly disinterested, and divested of any Views arising from Self-Love and Vain-Glory. But however Spirits of superficial Greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble Impulse in themselves, without any future Regards in this or another Being; upon stricter Enquiry they will find, to act worthily and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroick a Pitch of Virtue as human Nature can arrive at. If the Tenour of our Actions have any other Motive than the Desire to be pleasing in the Eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than Men, if we are not too much exalted in Prosperity and depressed in Adversity: But the Christian World has a Leader, the Contemplation of whose Life and Sufferings must administer Comfort in Affliction, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence must give them Humiliation in Prosperity.

[1] Good Friday.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely Constraint with which Men of low Conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to Religion, as well as to the more odious Conduct of Hypocrites, that the Word Christian does not carry with it at first View all that is Great, Worthy, Friendly, Generous, and Heroick. The Man who suspends his Hopes of the Reward of worthy Actions till after Death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook Hatred, do Good to his Slanderer, who can never be angry at his Friend, never revengeful to his Enemy, is certainly formed for the Benefit of Society: Yet these are so far from Heroick Virtues, that they are but the ordinary Duties of a Christian.

When a Man with a steddy Faith looks back on the great Catastrophe of this Day, with what bleeding Emotions of Heart must he contemplate the Life and Sufferings of his Deliverer? When his Agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the Glance of a Wanton, for the Applause of a vain World, for an Heap of fleeting past Pleasures, which are at present asking Sorrows?

How pleasing is the Contemplation of the lowly Steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly Mansions! In plain and apt Parable,[1] Similitude, and Allegory, our great Master enforced the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the Presumption of being wiser than they:[2] They could not raise their little Ideas above the Consideration of him, in those Circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appear'd not more Terrible or Pompous, should have any thing more Exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick, and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had Touch'd, with a second Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd, and Ran. In Affection to him, and admiration of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour. He had Compassion on them, and by a Miracle supplied their Necessities.[3] Oh, the Ecstatic Entertainment, when they could behold their Food immedi-

[1] From the words 'In plain and apt parable' to the end, this paper is a reprint of the close of the second chapter of Steele's *Christian Hero*, with the variations cited in the next six notes. The C. H. is quoted from the text appended to the first reprint of the *Tatler*, in 1711.

[2] —'wiser than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is not his Mother called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James*, *Joseph*, *Simon* and *Judas*? They could not—' *Christian Hero.*

[3] 'He had compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated, and with Seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes, Fed four thousand Men, besides Women and Children: Oh, the Ecstatic——' *Christian Hero.*

ately increase to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person Feeding and Refreshing his Creatures! Oh Envied Happiness! But why do I say Envied? as if our [God [1]] did not still preside over our temperate Meals, chearful Hours, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than Hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp; for *Peter*, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his Kingdom was not of this World, was so scandaliz'd [2] that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the Ignominy, Shame, and Death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:* For which he suffered a severe Reprehension from his Master, as having in his View the Glory of Man rather than that of God.

The great Change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his publick Entry into *Jerusalem* with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph; he came Humble, Meek, and Lowly: with an unfelt new Ecstasy, Multitudes strewed his Way with Garments and Olive-Branches, Crying with loud Gladness and Acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of* David, *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's Accession to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled, but Sav'd; Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven; he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech. The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of Sight; while the Lame Ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he Entered into his own House, the sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotic Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that 'twas not Want of, but Superiority to all Worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this Obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit on the Throne of *David?* [3] Their proud and disdainful Hearts, which were petrified [1] with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death. Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befal him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation, that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him Thrice that very Night.

But what Heart can conceive, what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to Expiate those very Injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken, his Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy: Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom! Hark, he Groans! see, he Expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead Arise: Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator. T.

[1] [Good God] in first Issue and in *Christian Hero*.

[2] In the *Christian Hero* this passage was:—'become a Secular Prince, or in a Forcible or 'Miraculous Manner to cast off the *Roman* Yoke 'they were under, and restore again those Dis-'graced Favourites of Heav'n, to its former In-'dulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles them-'selves (so *deep set* is our Natural Pride) any other 'than hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches 'and Pomp: For *Peter*, who it seems ever since 'he left his Net and his Skiff, Dreamt of nothing 'but being a great Man, was utterly undone to 'hear our Saviour explain to 'em that his King-'dom was not of this World; and was so scandal-'ized—'

[3] —'Throne of David? Such were the unpleas-'ant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then 'Powerful in *Jerusalem*, upon the most Truly 'Glorious Entry that ever Prince made; for there 'was not one that followed him who was not in 'his Interest; their Proud—' *Christian Hero*.

[1] —'Putrified with the—' *Christian Hero*.

No. 357.] *Saturday, April* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

[———*Quis talia fando*
Temperet a lachrymis?——— Virg.[2]]

THE Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beauty the Influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well-written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it.

To begin with the Celestial Persons; The

[2] [*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.* Hor.]

Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance; their Arrival, their Manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appear'd in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to Rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelick Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his State by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome News
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard: dim Sadness did not spare
That time Celestial Visages; yet mixt
With Pity, violated not their Bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befel: They tow'rds the Throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous Plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, and created the World, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The Cool of the Evening, being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words, in which the three several Sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the Numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great Beauty. Upon the Arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

See! with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance,
To waste and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created; &c.

The following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

He ended, and the Heavenly Audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,
Through Multitude that sung: Just are thy Ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,
Who can extenuate thee?——

Tho' the Author in the whole Course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite Allusions to Places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical Nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the Body of this Fable. Of this kind is that Passage in the present Book, where describing *Sin* and *Death* as marching thro' the Works of Nature, he adds,

——*Behind her Death*
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse——

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture, so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the Imagination. *And I look'd, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: and Power was given unto them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with Sword, and with Hunger, and with Sickness, and with the Beasts of the Earth.*[1] Under this first Head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the Command which the Angels receiv'd, to produce the several Changes in Nature, and sully the Beauty of the Creation: Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, weakning the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten Degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with Labour push'd
Oblique the Centrick Globe——

We are in the second place to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the Greatness of *Virgil's* Plan, that he conducts his Reader thro' all the Parts of the Earth which were discover'd in his time. *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his Voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entring into his own Infernal Dominions.

His first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprize to the Reader; but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is describ'd after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are look'd upon as the most beautiful Parts in that Poet's Works.

[1] Revelation vi. 8.

Milton never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are Instances of this kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contrived.

The Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contriv'd to influence the Reader with Pity and Compassion towards them. Tho' *Adam* involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Human Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve*, that ruin'd *Adam*, and his Posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justify'd in this Particular by many of the Fathers, and the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of Writing which the *French* Criticks call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

Adam and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a Disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness; he is filled with Horrour, Remorse, Despair; in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked Existence.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man? did I sollicite thee
From Darkness to promote me? or here place
In this delicious Garden? As my Will
Concurr'd not to my Being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my Dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd——

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

——Why delays
His Hand to execute, what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless Pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my Mother's Lap? there should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more
Would thunder in my Ears: no fear of worse
To me and to my Offspring, would torment me
With cruel Expectation——

This whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

——Hide me from the Face
Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth
Of Happiness! yet well, if here would end
The Misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own Deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget
Is propagated Curse. O Voice once heard
Delightfully, Increase *and* Multiply;
Now Death to hear!——
——In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony,
That I must leave ye, Sons! O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your Curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,
For one Man's Fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt——

Who can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the Earth, uttering his midnight Complaints, bewailing his Existence, and wishing for Death, without sympathizing with him in his Distress?

Thus Adam *to himself lamented loud,*
Thro' the still Night; not now, (as ere Man fell)
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with Damps and dreadful Gloom;
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double Terror. On the Ground
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold Ground! and oft
Curs'd his Creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy Execution——

The Part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her Favour. She is represented with great Tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurn'd from him with a Spirit of Upbraiding and Indignation, conformable to the Nature of Man, whose Passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following Passage, wherein she is described as renewing her Addresses to him, with the whole Speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetick.

He added not, and from her turn'd: But Eve
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And Tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought

His Peace, and thus proceeding in her Plaint.
Forsake me not thus, Adam! *Witness Heav'n*
What Love sincere, and Reverence in my Heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy Suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy Knees; bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle Looks, thy Aid,
Thy Counsel, in this uttermost Distress,
My only Strength, and Stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, (scarce one short Hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be Peace, &c.

Adam's Reconcilement to her is work'd up in the same Spirit of Tenderness. *Eve* afterwards proposes to her Husband, in the Blindness of her Despair, that to prevent their Guilt from descending upon Posterity they should resolve to live Childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own Deaths by violent Methods. As those Sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary Commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine Moral. The Resolution of dying to end our Miseries, does not shew such a degree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear them, and submit to the Dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great Delicacy, represented *Eve* as entertaining this Thought, and *Adam* as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Imaginary Persons, or [*Death* and *Sin*,[1]] who act a large Part in this Book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest Compositions of Genius: but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquisite in its Kind, if not considered as a Part of such a Work. The Truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the Strength of the *English* Tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt Words and Phrases to describe the Action[s] of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that Part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos*; a Work suitable to the Genius of *Milton*.

Since the Subject I am upon, gives me an Opportunity of speaking more at large of such Shadowy and Imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroick Poems, I shall beg leave to explain my self in a Matter which is curious in its Kind, and which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn, without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short Part to him in his *Iliad*,[2] but we must consider that tho' we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical Persons, it is only in short Expressions, which convey an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical Phrases than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us, that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his Recompence, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his Reward. Instead of describing the Effects which *Minerva's Ægis* produced in Battel, he tells us, that the Brims of it were encompassed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same Figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the Mother of Funerals and Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Consternation* like a Garment. I might give several other Instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of Speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right Hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the Gates of Light; that *Discord* was the Daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those Expressions, where describing the singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the Messiah's bidding Peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion heard his Voice*. I might add innumerable Instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful Figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal Sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining Manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroick Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal Parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a Work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Eschylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock,[1] for which he has been

[1] [*Sin* and *Death*]

[2] In the fourteenth Book, where Heré visits the home of Sleep, the brother of Death, and offers him the bribe of a gold chain if he will shut the eyes of Zeus, Sleep does not think it can be done. Heré then doubles her bribe, and offers Sleep a wife, the youngest of the Graces. Sleep makes her swear by Styx that she will hold to her word, and when she has done so flies off in her company, sits in the shape of a night-hawk in a pine tree upon the peak of Ida, whence when Zeus was subdued by love and sleep, Sleep went down to the ships to tell Poseidon that now was his time to help the Greeks.

[1] In the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, the binding of Prometheus by pitiless Strength, who mocks at compassion in the god Hephaistos, charged to serve him in this office, opens the

justly censured by the greatest Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence.*[1] It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right Hand, *Phrenzy* on her Left, and *Death* in her Rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her Breath; the very glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination. L.

No. 358.] *Monday, April* 21, 1702. [*Steele.*

Desipere in loco.—Hor.

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a Present of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement of Mosaick Work, lately discovered at *Stunsfield* near *Woodstock*.[2] A Person who has so much the Gift of Speech as Mr *Lillie*, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so fine a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember, he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornaments of the Work, That this was the Floor of a Room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this Work, made my Fancy run over the many gay Expressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained Invitations to lay aside Care and Anxiety, and give a Loose to that pleasing Forgetfulness wherein Men put off their Characters of Business, and enjoy their very Selves. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts; which, joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Airy, produced the latent Fire of the Modest, and gave Grace to the slow Humour of the Reserved. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheared with a Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals of soft Notes to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Cares of human Life, and made a Festival of mutual Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jollities, have in all Ages awakened the dull Part of Mankind to pretend to Mirth and Good-Humour, without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment, to one who is capable of passing a Night in the Company of the first Taste, without shocking any Member of the Society, over-rating his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might name in the present Age, with how much Spleen must a Man needs reflect upon the awkward Gayety of those who affect the Frolick with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolick. Irregularity in its self is not what creates

sublimest of the ancient dramas. Addison is wrong in saying that there is a personification here of Strength and Necessity; Hephaistos does indeed say that he obeys Necessity, but his personified companions are Strength and Force, and of these Force appears only as the dumb attendant of Strength. Addison's 'greatest critics' had something to learn when they were blind to the significance of the contrast between Visible Strength at the opening of this poem, and the close with sublime prophecy of an unseen Power of the Future that disturbs Zeus on his throne, and gathers his thunders about the undaunted Prometheus.

Now let the shrivelling flame at me be driven,
Let him, with flaky snowstorms and the crash
Of subterraneous thunders, into ruins
And wild confusion hurl and mingle all:
For nought of these will bend me that I speak
Who is foredoomed to cast him from his throne.
(Mrs. Webster's translation.)

[1] Habakkuk iii. 5.

[2] In No. 353 and some following numbers of the *Spectator* appeared an advertisement of this plate, which was engraved by Vertue. 'Whereas 'about nine weeks since there was accidentally 'discovered by an Husbandman, at Stunsfield, 'near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, (a large Pave-'ment of rich Mosaick Work of the Ancient 'Romans, which is adorn'd with several Figures 'alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that 'of Bacchus seated on a Panther.) This is to 'give Notice the Exact Delineation of the same is 'Engraven and Imprinted on a large Elephant 'sheet of Paper, which are to be sold at Mr. 'Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Beau-'ford Buildings, in the Strand, at 1s. N.B. There 'are to be had, at the same Place, at one Guinea 'each, on superfine Atlas Paper, some painted 'with the same variety of Colours that the said 'Pavement is beautified with; this piece of An-'tiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the 'most considerable ever found in Britain.' The fine pavement discovered at Stonesfield in 1711 measures 35 feet by 60, and although by this time groundworks of more than a hundred Roman villas have been laid open in this country, the Stonesfield mosaic is still one of the most considerable of its kind.

Pleasure and Mirth; but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are, descend from them agreeably in our Company, is what denominates him a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing Things which do not become them, with a secret Consciousness that all the World know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was started, and passed by a great Majority, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth; after which they have gone in a Body and smoaked a Cobler. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Cravat; and one perhaps, whose Estate would bear it, has thrown a long Wigg and laced Hat into the same Fire.[1] Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the Streets, and frighted Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any standing in *Covent-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Blood-shed, and yet scowered all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest: He is very old for a Man of so much Good-Humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the Favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never offend one Statute of this Kingdom, not excepting even that of Stabbing.

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justness to their Representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be Companions, would confine their Action to the Place of Meeting: For a Frolick carried farther may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not to rid much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denominate a pleasant Fellow; but that is truly Frolick which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforced Sallies of Imagination. Festivity of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Assemblage of agreeable Qualities in the same Person: There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightening the Revel-Gayety of a Company, is *Estcourt*,[2] whose Jovial Humour diffuses itself from the highest Person at an Entertainment to the meanest Waiter. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, beguile the gravest Mind into a Consent to be as humourous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is in his good Grace, he has a Mimickry that does not debase the Person he represents; but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character, adds to the Agreeableness of it. This pleasant Fellow gives one some Idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is said to have given the Audience, in Dumb-show, an exact Idea of any Character or Passion, or an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence, with no other Expression than that of his Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Estcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow Night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a Rate as being present at a Play which no body would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before.

[1] Said to have been one of the frolics of Sir Charles Sedley.

[2] See note on p. 378. Congreve's *Love for Love* was to be acted at Drury Lane on Tuesday night 'At the desire of several Ladies of Quality. For 'the Benefit of Mr. Estcourt.'

No. 359.] *Tuesday, April* 22, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
Virg.

As we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogg'd Sir Andrew Freeport who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say to himself, *A foolish Woman! I can't believe it.* Sir Andrew gave him a gentle Pat upon the Shoulder, and offered to lay him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir Andrew that once in his Life he had been in the right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his Heart that he had just received a Letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old Rival and Antagonist in the County, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir Roger, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

Will. Honeycomb, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a janty Laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in *Great-Britain*, tho' the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. Will. immediately, with his usual Fluency, rambled into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, (tho' by the way we all knew he was turned of Threescore.) You may easily guess, continued Will., that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some thoughts of *settling* in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me that she intended to keep her Ready-Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Lyons-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed my self to a young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family. I danced with her at several Balls, squeez'd her by the Hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart; and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one day to the House in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard to my unspeakable Surprize, that Miss *Jenny* was that very Morning run away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a Loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day, that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsome young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom failed of getting the Daughters Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard Frost.

As WILL.'s Transitions are extremely quick, he turn'd from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold; and taking out a Pocket-*Milton* read the following Lines, which are Part of one of *Adam's* Speeches to *Eve* after the Fall.

——— O! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature? and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Female Snares,
And strait Conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her
gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
By Parents; or his happiest Choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and Wedlock bound
To a fell Adversary, his Hate or Shame;
Which infinite Calamity shall cause
To human Life, and Houshold Peace confound.[1]

Sir ROGER listened to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed. X.

No. 360.] *Wednesday, April* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

——— *De paupertate tacentes*
Plus poscente ferent.—Hor.

I HAVE nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the Head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is an Evil under the Sun which has not 'yet come within your Speculation; and is, the 'Censure, Disesteem, and Contempt which some 'young Fellows meet with from particular Per-'sons, for the reasonable Methods they take to 'avoid them in general. This is by appearing in 'a better Dress, than may seem to a Relation 'regularly consistent with a small Fortune; and 'therefore may occasion a Judgment of a suitable 'Extravagance in other Particulars: But the Dis-'advantage with which the Man of narrow Cir-'cumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set 'forth in a little Book called the *Christian 'Hero*,[2] that the appearing to be otherwise is not 'only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows 'the hurry of Conclusions that are made in con-'tempt of a Person that appears to be calamitous, 'which makes it very excusable to prepare one's 'self for the Company of those that are of a su-'perior Quality and Fortune, by appearing to be 'in a better Condition than one is, so far as such 'Appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a Justice due to the Character of one who

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk x., ll. 898—908.

[2] The passage is nearly at the beginning of Steele's third chapter, 'It is in every body's observa-'tion with what disadvantage a Poor Man enters 'upon the most ordinary affairs,' &c.

'suffers hard Reflections from any particular 'Person upon this Account, that such Persons 'would enquire into his manner of spending his 'Time; of which, tho' no further Information can 'be had than that he remains so many Hours in 'his Chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine 'that a reasonable Creature wrung with a narrow 'Fortune does not make the best use of this Re-'tirement, would be a Conclusion extremely un-'charitable. From what has, or will be said, I 'hope no Consequence can be extorted, implying, 'that I would have any young Fellow spend more 'Time than the common Leisure which his Studies 'require, or more Money than his Fortune or Al-'lowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an Ac-'quaintance with his Betters: For as to his Time, 'the gross of that ought to be sacred to more 'substantial Acquisitions; for each irrevocable 'Moment of which he ought to believe he stands 'religiously Accountable. And as to his Dress, 'I shall engage myself no further than in the 'modest Defence of two plain Suits a Year: For 'being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* Con-'trivance of making a *Mohock* of a Man, by pre-'senting him with lac'd and embroider'd Suits, I 'would by no means be thought to controvert that 'Conceit, by insinuating the Advantages of Fop-'pery. It is an Assertion which admits of much 'Proof, that a Stranger of tolerable Sense dress'd 'like a Gentleman, will be better received by those 'of Quality above him, than one of much better 'Parts, whose Dress is regulated by the rigid No-'tions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance falls 'within the Censure of every one that sees him; 'his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of; 'and even upon these few, they can't at first be 'well intruded: for Policy and good Breeding 'will counsel him to be reserv'd among Strangers, 'and to support himself only by the common Spirit 'of Conversation. Indeed among the Injudicious, 'the Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Struc-'ture of Periods, Genius, Fire, and the rest, made 'use of with a frugal and comely Gravity, will 'maintain the Figure of immense Reading, and 'Depth of Criticism.

'All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young 'and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a 'little too much upon their Dress, and conse-'quently to value others in some measure upon 'the same Consideration. With what Confusion 'is a Man of Figure obliged to return the Civilities 'of the Hat to a Person whose Air and Attire 'hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless 'the other has a particular Esteem, tho' he is 'ashamed to have it challenged in so publick a 'Manner. It must be allowed, that any young 'Fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, 'might with artificial Management save ten Pound 'a Year; as instead of fine Holland he might 'mourn in Sackcloth, and in other Particulars be 'proportionably shabby: But of what great Serv-'ice would this Sum be to avert any Misfortune, 'whilst it would leave him deserted by the little 'good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gain-'ing any other? As the Appearance of an easy 'Fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't 'know but it might be of advantage sometimes to 'throw into ones Discourse certain Exclamations 'about *Bank-Stock*, and to shew a marvellous 'Surprize upon its Fall, as well as the most af-'fected Triumph upon its Rise. The Veneration 'and Respect which the Practice of all Ages has 'preserved to Appearances, without doubt sug-'gested to our Tradesmen that wise and Politick 'Custom, to apply and recommend themselves to 'the publick by all those Decorations upon their 'Sign-posts and Houses, which the most eminent 'Hands in the Neighbourhood can furnish them 'with. What can be more attractive to a Man of 'Letters, than that immense Erudition of all Ages 'and Languages which a skilful Bookseller, in 'conjunction with a Painter, shall image upon his 'Column and the Extremities of his Shop? The 'same Spirit of maintaining a handsome Appear-'ance reigns among the grave and solid Appren-'tices of the Law (here I could be particularly 'dull in [proving[1]] the Word Apprentice to be 'significant of a Barrister) and you may easily 'distinguish who has most lately made his Pre-'tensions to Business, by the whitest and most 'ornamental Frame of his Window: If indeed the 'Chamber is a Ground-Room, and has Rails be-'fore it, the Finery is of Necessity more extended, 'and the Pomp of Business better maintain'd. 'And what can be a greater Indication of the 'Dignity of Dress, than that burdensome Finery 'which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles, 'and Bishops, with which upon certain Days we 'see them incumbered? And though it may be 'said this is awful, and necessary for the Dignity 'of the State, yet the wisest of them have been 'remarkable, before they arrived at their present 'Stations, for being *very well dressed Persons*. 'As to my own Part, I am near Thirty: and since 'I left School have not been idle, which is a mo-'dern Phrase for having studied hard. I brought 'off a clean System of Moral Philosophy, and a 'tolerable Jargon of Metaphysicks from the Uni-'versity: since that, I have been engaged in the 'clearing Part of the perplex'd Style and Matter 'of the Law, which so hereditarily descends to all 'its Professors: To all which severe Studies I 'have thrown in, at proper Interims, the pretty 'Learning of the Classicks. Notwithstanding 'which, I am what *Shakespear* calls *A Fellow of 'no Mark or Likelihood*;[2] which makes me un-'derstand the more fully, that since the regular 'Methods of making Friends and a Fortune by 'the mere Force of a Profession is so very slow 'and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable 'Opportunities, by enlarging a good Acquaintance, 'to court that Time and Chance which is said to 'happen to every Man. T.

No. 361.] *Thursday, April* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omnis Contremuit domus——— Virg.

I HAVE lately received the following Letter from a Country Gentleman.

[1] [clearing] [2] Henry IV. Pt. I. Act iii. sc. 2.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Night before I left *London* I went to see 'a Play, called *The Humorous Lieutenant.*[1] 'Upon the Rising of the Curtain I was very much 'surprized with the great Consort of Cat-calls 'which was exhibited that Evening, and began to 'think with myself that I had made a Mistake, 'and gone to a Musick-Meeting, instead of the 'Play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to 'me to see so many Persons of Quality of both 'Sexes assembled together at a kind of Catter-'wawling; for I cannot look upon that Perform-'ance to have been any thing better, whatever the 'Musicians themselves might think of it. As I 'had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Ques-'tions of, and was forced to go out of Town early 'the next Morning, I could not learn the Secret 'of this Matter. What I would therefore desire 'of you, is, to give some account of this strange 'Instrument, which I found the Company called 'a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know 'whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from '*Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I 'would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I 'durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the 'Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very 'next Man to one of the Performers.

I am, SIR,
Your most affectionate Friend
and Servant,
John Shallow, *Esq.*

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind-Instrument, but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*, who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at [the[1]] celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the Works of Mr. *** In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call, as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick[2] has the following Passage:

I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument *that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use: An* Instrument *that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardice and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.*

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice.

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[1] [that]

[2] Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, Part II. p. 30 (ed. 1732). Jeremy Collier published the first volume of these Essays in 1697, after he was safe from the danger brought on himself by attending Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins when they were executed for the "assassination plot." The other two volumes appeared successively in 1705 and 1709. It was in 1698 that Collier published his famous "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frighted Heroes off the Stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Dramatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call. [L.[1]]

No. 362.] *Friday, April* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Laudibus arguitur Vini vinosus—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Temple, Apr.* 24.

'SEVERAL of my Friends were this Morning 'got together over a Dish of Tea in very good 'Health, though we had celebrated Yesterday 'with more Glasses than we could have dispensed 'with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and '*Hillier*. In Gratitude therefore to those good 'Citizens, I am, in the Name of the Company, to accuse you of great Negligence in overlooking their 'Merit, who have imported true and generous 'Wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the Retailers before it comes to the 'Tables of private Families, or the Clubs of honest 'Fellows. I cannot imagine how a SPECTATOR 'can be supposed to do his Duty, without frequent Resumption of such Subjects as concern 'our Health, the first thing to be regarded, if we 'have a mind to relish any thing else. It would 'therefore very well become your Spectatorial 'Vigilance, to give it in Orders to your Officer for 'inspecting Signs, that in his March he would 'look into the Itinerants who deal in Provisions, 'and enquire where they buy their several Wares. 'Ever since the Decease of [*Cully*[1]]-*Mully-Puff*[2] 'of agreeable and noisy Memory, I cannot say I 'have observed any thing sold in Carts, or carried 'by Horse or Ass, or in fine, in any moving 'Market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the Wheel-barrows of rotten Raisins, Almonds, Figs, and Currants, which you see vended 'by a Merchant dressed in a second-hand Suit of 'a Foot Soldier. You should consider that a 'Child may be poisoned for the Worth of a Farthing; but except his poor Parents send to one 'certain Doctor in Town,[3] they can have no advice for him under a Guinea. When Poisons 'are thus cheap, and Medicines thus dear, how can 'you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and 'drink, or take no Notice of such as the above-mentioned Citizens, who have been so service-able to us of late in that particular? It was a 'Custom among the old *Romans*, to do him particular Honours who had saved the Life of a 'Citizen, how much more does the World owe to 'those who prevent the Death of Multitudes? As 'these Men deserve well of your Office, so such 'as act to the Detriment of our Health, you ought 'to represent to themselves and their Fellow-'Subjects in the Colours which they deserve to 'wear. I think it would be for the publick Good, 'that all who vend Wines should be under oaths 'in that behalf. The Chairman at a Quarter 'Sessions should inform the Country, that the 'Vintner who mixes Wine to his Customers, shall '(upon proof that the Drinker thereof died within 'a Year and a Day after taking it) be deemed guilty of Wilful Murder: and the Jury shall be 'instructed to enquire and present such Delin-'quents accordingly. It is no Mitigation of the 'Crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be 'brought in Chance-Medley or Man-Slaughter, 'upon Proof that it shall appear Wine joined to 'Wine, or right *Herefordshire* poured into *Port* '*O Port*; but his selling it for one thing, knowing 'it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid 'Guilt of wilful Murder: For that he, the said 'Vintner, did an unlawful Act willingly in the 'false Mixture; and is therefore with Equity liable 'to all the Pains to which a Man would be, if it 'were proved he designed only to run a Man 'through the Arm, whom he whipped through 'the Lungs. This is my third Year at the *Temple*, 'and this is or should be Law. An ill Intention 'well proved should meet with no Alleviation, 'because it [out-ran[4]] it self. There cannot be 'too great Severity used against the Injustice 'as well as Cruelty of those who play with Men's 'Lives, by preparing Liquors, whose Nature, for 'ought they know, may be noxious when mixed, 'tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooke* and *Hil-*

[1] [**** *Not being yet determined with whose Name to fill up the Gap in this Dissertation which is marked with Asterisks, I shall defer it till this Paper appears with others in a Volume.* L.]

[1] [*Mully*]

[2] See No. 251. He was a little man just able to bear on his head his basket of pastry, and who was named from his cry. There is a half-sheet print of him in the set of London Cries in Granger's Biographical History of England.

[3] Who advertised that he attended patients at charges ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown, according to their distance from his house.

[4] [out-run]

'*lier*,[1] who have ensured our Safety at our Meals, 'and driven Jealousy from our Cups in Convers- 'ation, deserve the Custom and Thanks of the 'whole Town; and it is your Duty to remind 'them of the Obligation.

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Tom. Pottle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a Person who was long immured in 'a College, read much, saw little; so that I 'knew no more of the World than what a Lecture 'or a View of the Map taught me. By this 'means I improved in my Study, but became un- 'pleasant in Conversation. By conversing gen- 'erally with the Dead, I grew almost unfit for 'the Society of the Living; so by a long Con- 'finement I contracted an ungainly Aversion to 'Conversation, and ever discoursed with Pain to 'my self, and little Entertainment to others. At 'last I was in some measure made sensible of my 'failing, and the Mortification of never being 'spoke to, or speaking, unless the Discourse ran 'upon Books, put me upon forcing my self 'amongst Men. I immediately affected the 'politest Company, by the frequent use of which 'I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted; 'but by an uncouth Imitation of Men used to act 'in publick, I got no further than to discover I 'had a Mind to appear a finer thing than I really 'was.

'Such I was, and such was my Condition, 'when I became an ardent Lover, and passionate 'Admirer of the beauteous *Belinda*: Then it was 'that I really began to improve. This Passion 'changed all my Fears and Diffidences in my 'general Behaviour, to the sole Concern of pleas- 'ing her. I had not now to study the Action of 'a Gentleman, but Love possessing all my 'Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a 'Mind to appear. My Thoughts grew free and 'generous, and the Ambition to be agreeable to 'her I admired, produced in my Carriage a faint 'Similitude of that disengaged Manner of my '*Belinda*. The way we are in at present is, that 'she sees my Passion, and sees I at present for- 'bear speaking of it through prudential Regards. 'This Respect to her she returns with much 'Civility, and makes my Value for her as little a 'Misfortune to me, as is consistent with Discre- 'tion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier 'to do so at my Request, because she knows I 'love her: She will dance with me rather than 'another, for the same Reason. My Fortune 'must alter from what it is, before I can speak 'my Heart to her; and her Circumstances are 'not considerable enough to make up for the Nar- 'rowness of mine. But I write to you now, only 'to give you the Character of *Belinda*, as a Wo- 'man that has Address enough to demonstrate a 'Gratitude to her Lover, without giving him 'Hopes of Success in his Passion. *Belinda* has 'from a great Wit, governed by as great Pru- 'dence, and both adorned with Innocence, the 'Happiness of always being ready to discover her 'real Thoughts. She has many of us, who now 'are her Admirers; but her Treatment of us is 'so just and proportioned to our Merit towards 'her, and what we are in our selves, that I pro- 'test to you I have neither Jealousy nor Hatred 'toward my Rivals. Such is her Goodness, and 'the Acknowledgment of every Man who admires 'her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will 'take him who best deserves her. I will not say 'that this Peace among us is not owing to Self- 'love, which prompts each to think himself the 'best Deserver: I think there is something un- 'common and worthy of Imitation in this Lady's 'Character. If you will please to Print my 'Letter, you will oblige the little Fraternity of 'happy Rivals, and in a more particular Manner,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
T. Will. Cymon.

[1] Estcourt, it may be remembered, connected the advertisement of his Bumper tavern with the recommendation of himself as one ignorant of the wine trade who relied on Brooke and Hellier, and so ensured his Customers good wine. Among the advertisers in the *Spectator* Brooke and Hellier often appeared. One of their advertisements is preceded by the following, evidently a contrivance of their own, which shows that the art of puffing was not then in its infancy: 'This is to 'give Notice, That Brooke and Hellier have not 'all the New Port Wines this Year, nor above 'one half, the Vintners having bought 130 Pipes 'of Mr. Thomas Barlow and others, which are 'all natural, and shall remain Genuine, on which 'all Gentlemen and others may depend. *Note.*— 'Altho' Brooke and Hellier have asserted in 'several Papers that they had 140 Pipes of New 'Oporto Wines coming from Bristol, it now ap- 'pears, since their landing, that they have only '133 Pipes, 1 Hhd. of the said Wines, which 'shews plainly how little what they say is to be 'credited.'

Then follows their long advertisement, which ends with a note that 'Their New Ports, just 'landed, being the only New Ports in Merchants 'Hands, and above One Half of all that is in 'London, will begin to be sold at the old prices 'the 12th inst. (April) at all their Taverns and 'Cellars.'

No. 363.] *Saturday, April* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima Mortis
Imago.—Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that variety of Passions which arise in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro' Remorse, Shame, Despair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the end of the tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the Ground, and watering the Earth with their Tears: To which the Poet joins this beau-

tiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers, on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

——They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him Reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their Faults, and Pardon begg'd, with Tears
Watering the Ground——

[There is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace-Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our *English* Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.]

As the Author never fails to give a poetical Turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory, form'd upon that beautiful Passage in holy Writ: *And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much Incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the Smoak of the Incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints, ascended up before God.*

——To Heav'n their Prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the Way, by envious Winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly Doors, then clad
With Incense, where the Golden Altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's Throne——

We have the same Thought expressed a second time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very Emphatick Sentiments and Expressions.

Among the Poetical Parts of Scripture, which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this Part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that *every one had four Faces*, and that *their whole Bodies, and their Backs, and their Hands, and their Wings, were full of Eyes round about.*

——The Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubims, four Faces each
Had like a double Janus, *all their Shape*
Spangled with Eyes——

The Assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively Ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembring Mercy in the midst of Judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms, lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him.

——Yet lest they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softned, and with Tears
Bewailing their Excess, all Terror hide.

The Conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving Sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of *Paradise*. There is a double Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that Enmity which was now produced in the Animal Creation. The Poet to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular Incident has likewise a fine Effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the Western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence.

——Why in the East
Darkness ere Day's mid-course, and morning Light
More orient in that Western Cloud that draws
O'er the blue Firmament a radiant White,
And slow descends, with something Heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt;
A glorious Apparition——

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the Expulsion of our first Parents from *Paradise*. The Archangel on this Occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His Person, his Port, and Behaviour, are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank, and exquisitely describ'd in the following Passage.

——Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape Celestial; but as Man
Clad to meet Man: over his lucid Arms
A Military Vest of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, *or the Grain*
Of Sarra, *worn by Kings and Heroes old,*
In time of Truce: Iris *had dipt the Woof:*
His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistring Zodiack, hung the Sword,
Satan's *dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear.*
Adam *bow'd low, he Kingly from his State*
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.

Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of *Paradise*, is wonderfully beautiful: The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that Day
That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation, and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender Hand
From the first opening Bud, and gave you
Names;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial
Fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bower, by me adorn'd
With what to Sight or Smell was sweet; from
thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other Air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?

Adam's Speech abounds with Thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated Turn. Nothing can be conceived more Sublime and Poetical than the following Passage in it.

This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed Count'nance; here I could frequent,
With Worship, place by place where he vouch-
saf'd
Presence Divine; and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd;
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling Gums and Fruits and
Flowers.
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To Life prolong'd and promised Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost Skirts
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.

The Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the highest Mount of *Paradise*, and lays before him a whole Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the Plan of *Milton's* Poem is in many Particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil's* Hero, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a Sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest Designs in the whole *Æneid*, every one must allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher Nature. *Adam's* Vision is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole Species.

In this great Review which *Adam* takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is presented with exhibit to him the Story of *Cain* and *Abel*, which is drawn together with much Closeness and Propriety of Expression. That Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in *Adam* at the Sight of the first dying Man, is touched with great Beauty.

But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native Dust? O Sight
Of Terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The second Vision sets before him the Image of Death in a great Variety of Appearances. The Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital or Lazar-House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds of mortal Diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick Persons languished under lingering and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such Imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last *Saturday's* Paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans. Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death *his Dart*
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

The Passion which likewise rises in *Adam* on this Occasion, is very natural.

Sight so deform, what Heart of Rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam *could not, but wept,*
Tho' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears.

The Discourse between the Angel and *Adam*, which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the Author, after this melancholy Prospect of Death and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love, and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into *Adam's* Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit the Description of the loose female Troop, who seduced the Sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

For that fair female Troop thou saw'st, that
seem'd
Of Goddesses, so Blithe, so Smooth, so Gay,
Yet empty of all Good wherein consists
Woman's domestick Honour and chief Praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful Appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the Tongue, and roll the
Eye:
To these that sober Race of Men, whose Lives
Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame
Ignobly, to the Trains and to the Smiles
Of those fair Atheists——

The next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature, and filled with the Horrors of War. *Adam* at the Sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that passionate Speech,

——O what are these!
Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten Thousandfold the Sin of him who slew

His Brother: for of whom such Massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having raised in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description of War, passes on to those softer Images of Triumphs and Festivals, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury which ushers in the Flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his Eye upon *Ovid's* Account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with,[1] as unbecoming [the[2]] great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that Verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that this Sea had no Shore to it, he has not set the Thought in such a Light as to incur the Censure which Criticks have passed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.—Ovid.

———*Sea cover'd Sea,*
Sea without Shore——— Milton.

In *Milton* the former Part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

———*And in their Palaces*
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea-Monsters whelp'd
And stabled———

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-Calfs lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browze? The Reader may find several other parallel Passages in the *Latin* and *English* Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being overcharged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Seas, and the Appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take notice of. The Circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined, and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a Place in this Paper.

———*Then shall this Mount*
Of Paradise by might of Waves be mov'd
Out of his Place, push'd by the horned Flood
With all his Verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root, an Island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.

The Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occasioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, *to behold*
The End of all thy Offspring, End so sad,
Depopulation! thee another Flood
Of Tears and Sorrow, a Flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy Feet thou stood'st at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which Reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many Passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from *Paradise*; but tho' this is not in it self so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal Parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect. L.

[1] Nat. Quæst. Bk. III. § 27. [2] [this]

No. 364.] *Monday, April* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

[———*Navibus*][1] *atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,[2]

'A Lady of my Acquaintance, for whom I 'have too much Respect to be easy while 'she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given 'occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to 'whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has 'entrusted the Management of a very great For'tune, and a Son about sixteen, both which she 'is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the 'middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and 'has passed the common Exercises of his Years 'with tolerable Advantage; but is withal what 'you would call a forward Youth: By the Help 'of this last Qualification, which serves as a Var'nish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the 'best Use of his Learning, and display it at full 'length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he 'distinguished himself two or three times very 'remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an 'Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neigh'bourhood; and from such weighty Considera'tions as these, as it too often unfortunately falls

[1] [*Strenua nos exercet inertia: Navibus.*]

[2] Dr Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764, says that this letter was by Mr Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was author also of another piece in the *Spectator*, but his son could not remember what that was.

'out, the Mother is become invincibly persuaded 'that her Son is a great Scholar; and that to 'chain him down to the ordinary Methods of 'Education with others of his Age, would be to 'cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable In-'jury to his wonderful Capacity.

'I happened to visit at the House last Week, 'and missing the young Gentleman at the Tea-'Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could 'not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance avoid 'inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was 'gone out with her Woman, in order to make 'some Preparations for their Equipage; for that 'she intended very speedily to carry him to tra-'vel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd 'me a little; however, I soon recovered my self 'enough to let her know, that all I was willing to 'understand by it was, that she designed this 'Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant 'County, in which he has never yet been: But 'she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable 'Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She 'enlarged upon young Master's prodigious Im-'provements, and his comprehensive Knowledge 'of all Book-Learning; concluding, that it was 'now high time he should be made acquainted 'with Men and Things; that she had resolved he 'should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but 'could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and 'therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a 'Resolution, but found my self not in fit Hu-'mour to meddle with a Subject that demanded 'the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I 'was afraid of dropping something that might 'seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abili-'ties, or the Mother's Discretion; being sensible 'that in both these Cases, tho' supported with all 'the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gain-'ing her Ladyship over to my Opinion, only ex-'pose my self to her Disesteem: I therefore im-'mediately determined to refer the whole Matter 'to the SPECTATOR.

'When I came to reflect at Night, as my Cus-'tom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I 'could not but believe that this Humour of car-'rying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and 'that upon pretence of learning Men and Things, 'is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and car-'ries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did 'not remember to have met with its Parallel 'within the Compass of my Observation, tho' I 'could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. 'From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to 'ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, 'as it is now made a Part of Education. No-'thing is more frequent than to take a Lad from 'Grammar and Taw, and under the Tuition of 'some poor Scholar, who is willing to be ban-'ished for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little 'Victuals, send him crying and snivelling into 'foreign Countries. Thus he spends his time as 'Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much 'the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an 'amazing Variety of strange things: strange in-'deed to one who is not prepared to comprehend 'the Reasons and Meaning of them; whilst he 'should be laying the solid Foundations of Know-'ledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just 'Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under 'some skilful Master of the Art of Instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing Thought in 'Nature, than to consider how Men should fall 'into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field, 'and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius; 'but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn 'in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People un-'derstand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to 'be taken in the Institution of Youth; and to set 'out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true End of visiting Foreign 'Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies, 'and observe in what Particulars they excel or 'come short of our own; to unlearn some odd 'Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such 'awkward Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Be-'haviour, as may possibly have been contracted 'from constantly associating with one Nation of 'Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Con-'versation. But how can any of these Advantages 'be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to 'the Customs and Policies of his native Country, 'and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first Prin-'ciples of Manners and Behaviour? To endea-'vour it, is to build a gawdy Structure without 'any Foundation; or, if I may be allow'd the 'Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a 'Cobweb.

'Another End of travelling which deserves to 'be consider'd, is *the Improving* our Taste of the 'best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places 'where they lived, and of which they wrote; to 'compare the natural Face of the Country with 'the Descriptions they have given us, and observe 'how well the Picture agrees with the Original. 'This must certainly be a most charming Exercise 'to the Mind that is rightly turned for it; besides 'that it may in a good measure be made subservi-'ent to Morality, if the Person is capable of draw-'ing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty 'of human things, from the ruinous Alterations 'Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many 'Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make 'the most illustrious Figures in History. And 'this Hint may be not a little improved by ex-'amining every Spot of Ground that we find cele-'brated as the Scene of some famous Action, or 'retaining any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero* or '*Brutus*, or some such great virtuous Man. A 'nearer View of any such Particular, tho' really 'little and trifling in it self, may serve the more 'powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an 'Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ar-'dency of Ambition to imitate their bright Ex-'amples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepar'd 'for the Impression. But this I believe you'll 'hardly think those to be, who are so far from 'entring into the Sense and Spirit of the Ancients, 'that they don't yet understand their Language 'with any [Exactness.[1]]

[1] [Exactness.

I can't quit this head without paying my Acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that

'But I have wander'd from my Purpose, which 'was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond '*English* Mother, and Mother's *own* Son, from 'being shewn a ridiculous Spectacle thro' the 'most polite Part of *Europe*. Pray tell them, 'that though to be Sea-sick, or jumbled in an out-'landish Stage-Coach, may perhaps be healthful 'for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to 'cause such a Dizziness in young empty Heads, 'as too often lasts their Life-time.

I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
Philip Homebred.

SIR, *Birchan-Lane.*

'I was marry'd on *Sunday* last, and went 'peaceably to bed; but, to my Surprize, was 'awaken'd the next Morning by the Thunder of 'a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (me-'thinks) are very improper in a Marriage-Con-'sort, and give great Offence; they seem to in-'sinuate, that the Joys of this State are short, 'and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear 'they have been ominous to many Matches, and 'sometimes proved a Prelude to a Battel in the 'Honey-Moon. A Nod from you may hush 'them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced, 'that for the future none but soft Airs may usher 'in the Morning of a Bridal Night, which will be 'a Favour not only to those who come after, but 'to me, who can still subscribe my self,

Your most humble
and most obedient Servant,
Robin Bridegroom.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of Women whom 'the gayer Part of our Sex are apt to call a 'Prude. But to shew them that I have very 'little Regard to their Raillery, I shall be glad to 'see them all at *The Amorous Widow, or the 'wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the 'Benefit of Mrs. *Porter*, on *Monday* the 28th 'Instant. I assure you I can laugh at an Amor-'ous Widow, or Wanton Wife, with as little 'Temptation to imitate them, as I could at any 'other vicious Character. Mrs. *Porter* obliged 'me so very much in the exquisite Sense she 'seemed to have of the honourable Sentiments 'and noble Passions in the Character of *Her-'mione*, that I shall appear in her behalf at a 'Comedy, tho' I have not great Relish for any 'Entertainments where the Mirth is not season'd 'with a certain Severity, which ought to recom-'mend it to People who pretend to keep Reason 'and Authority over all their Actions.

I am, SIR,
Your frequent Reader,
T. Altamira.

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the Book I have in my head is *Mr. A——'s Remarks upon Italy*. That Ingenious gentleman has with so much Art and Judgment applied his exact Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical Learning to illustrate the several occurrences of his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a Taste this way, can read him going from *Rome* to *Naples*, and making *Horace* and *Silius Italicus* his Chart, but he must feel some Uneasiness in himself to Reflect that he was not in his Retinue. I am sure I wish'd it Ten Times in every Page, and that not without a secret Vanity to think in what State I should have Travelled the *Appian* Road with *Horace* for a Guide, and in company with a Countryman of my own, who of all Men living knows best how to follow his Steps.]

No. 365.] *Tuesday, April* 29, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus——
Virg.

THE Author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us, that discoursing one Day with several Ladies of Quality about the Effects of the Month of *May*, which infuses a kindly Warmth into the Earth, and all its Inhabitants; the Marchioness of S——, who was one of the Company, told him, *That though she would promise to be chaste in every Month besides, she could not engage for her self in* May. As the beginning therefore of this Month is now very near, I design this Paper for a Caveat to the Fair Sex, and publish it before *April* is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely Notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned Observation is as well calculated for our Climate as for that of *France*, and that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same Constitution with the *French* Marchioness.

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine what may be the Cause of such an Anniversary Inclination; whether or no it is that the Spirits after having been as it were frozen and congealed by Winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling; or that the gay Prospects of Fields and Meadows, with the Courtship of the Birds in every Bush, naturally unbend the Mind, and soften it to Pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a Woman is prompted by a kind of Instinct to throw herself on a Bed of Flowers, and not to let those beautiful Couches which Nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the Effects of this Month on the lower part of the Sex, who act without Disguise, [are[1]] very visible. It is at this time that we see the young Wenches in a Country Parish dancing round a *May-Pole*, which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to be a Relique of a certain Pagan Worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first Day of this Month that we see the ruddy Milk-Maid exerting her self in a most sprightly manner under a Pyramid of Silver-Tankards, and, like the Virgin *Tarpeia*, oppress'd by the costly Ornaments which her Benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the Ceremony of the Green Gown, which is also peculiar to this gay Season.

The same periodical Love-Fit spreads through the whole Sex, as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in his Description of this merry *Month*:

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[1] [is] and in first Reprint.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the Year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs.
The sprightly May *commands our Youth to keep*
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep;
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves.[1]

Accordingly among the Works of the great Masters in Painting, who have drawn this genial Season of the Year, we often observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephirs* flying up and down promiscuously in several Parts of the Picture. I cannot but add from my own Experience, that about this Time of the Year Love-Letters come up to me in great Numbers from all Quarters of the Nation.

I receiv'd an Epistle in particular by the last Post from a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who makes heavy Complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three Years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his Point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female Sex, and laid before them the Dangers they are exposed to in this critical Month, I shall in the next place lay down some Rules and Directions for their better avoiding those Calentures which are so very frequent in this Season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the Fields, but in the Company of a Parent, a Guardian, or some other sober discreet Person. I have before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flow'ry Meadow, and shall further observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a *Maying*, when she met with that fatal Adventure to which *Milton* alludes when he mentions

——*That fair Field*
Of Enna, *where* Proserpine *gathering Flowers,*
Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd——[2]

Since I am got into Quotations, I shall conclude this Head with *Virgil's* Advice to young People, while they are gathering wild Strawberries and Nosegays, that they should have a care of the *Snake in the Grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those Prescriptions, which our Astrological Physicians give in their Almanacks for this Mohth; such as are *a spare and simple Diet, with the moderate Use of Phlebotomy*.

Under this Head of Abstinence I shall also advise my fair Readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with Romances, Chocolate, Novels, and the like Inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great Carnival of Nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the Honour of my dear Country-Women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their Resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty Days of this soft Season, and that if they can but weather out this one Month, the rest of the Year will be easy to them. As for that Part of the Fair-Sex who stay in Town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent Entertainments. If they cannot forbear the Play-house, I would recommend *Tragedy* to them, rather than *Comedy*: and should think the *Puppet-show* much safer for them than the *Opera*, all the while the Sun is in *Gemini*.

The Reader will observe, that this Paper is written for the use of those Ladies who think it worth while to war against Nature in the Cause of Honour. As for that abandon'd Crew, who do not think Virtue worth contending for, but give up their Reputation at the first Summons, such Warnings and Premonitions are thrown away upon them. A Prostitute is the same easy Creature in all Months of the Year, and makes no difference between *May* and *December*. X.

[1] This quotation is made up of two passages in Dryden's version of Chaucer's Knight's Tale, 'Palamon and Arcite.' The first four lines are from Bk. ii. ll. 663—666, the other four lines are from Bk. i. ll. 176—179.

[2] Paradise Lost, Bk. iv. ll. 268—271.

No. 366.] *Wednesday, April* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.—Hor.

THERE are such wild Inconsistencies in the Thoughts of a Man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more Liberty than others possessed with Frenzy, but that his Distemper has no Malevolence in it to any Mortal. That Devotion to his Mistress kindles in his Mind a general Tenderness, which exerts it self towards every Object as well as his Fair-one. When this Passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain Quaintnesses and Turns of Imagination, which are apparently the Work of a Mind at ease; but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish the Exertion of a Mind which overflows with tender Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is only describing Distress. In Performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty: every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion, and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Character. Where this Rule is transgressed, the humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is Passion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The following Verses are a Translation of a '*Lapland* Love-Song, which I met with in

'*Scheffer's* History of that Country.[1] I was 'agreeably surprized to find a Spirit of Tender- 'ness and Poetry in a Region which I never sus- 'pected for Delicacy. In hotter Climates, tho' 'altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd if I 'had found some sweet wild Notes among the Na- 'tives, where they live in Groves of Oranges, and 'hear the Melody of Birds about them: But a '*Lapland* Lyric, breathing Sentiments of Love 'and Poetry, not unworthy old *Greece* or *Rome;* 'a regular Ode from a Climate pinched with Frost, 'and cursed with Darkness so great a Part of the 'Year; where 'tis amazing that the poor Natives 'should get Food, or be tempted to propagate 'their Species: this, I confess, seemed a greater 'Miracle to me, than the famous Stories of their 'Drums, their Winds and Inchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this Northern 'Song, because I have faithfully kept to the Senti- 'ments, without adding or diminishing; and pre- 'tend to no greater Praise from my Translation, 'than they who smooth and clean the Furs of that 'Country which have suffered by Carriage. The 'Numbers in the Original are as loose and un- 'equal, as those in which the *British* Ladies 'sport their *Pindaricks;* and perhaps the fairest 'of them might not think it a disagreeable Present 'from a Lover: But I have ventured to bind it in 'stricter Measures, as being more proper for our 'Tongue, tho' perhaps wilder Graces may better 'suit the Genius of the *Laponian* Language.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the Author 'of this Song, not having the Liberty of visiting 'his Mistress at her Father's House, was in hopes 'of spying her at a Distance in the Fields.

I.

Thou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray
Invites my Fair to Rural Play,
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
And bring my Orra *to my Eyes.*

II.

Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,
I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

My Orra Moor, *where art thou laid?*
What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid?
Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.

IV.

Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.

V.

My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wasting Summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear,
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.

VI.

What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far:
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

VII.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to Orra, *haste away.*

[1] John Scheffer, born in 1621, at Strasburg, was at the age of 27 so well-known for his learning, that he was invited to Sweden, where he received a liberal pension from Queen Christina as her librarian, and was also a Professor of Law and Rhetoric in the University of Upsala. He died in 1679. He was the author of 27 works, among which is his 'Lapponia,' a Latin description of Lapland, published in 1673, of which an English version appeared at Oxford in folio, in 1674. The song is there given in the original Lapp, and in a rendering of Scheffer's Latin less conventionally polished than that published by the *Spectator*, which is Ambrose Philips's translation of a translation. In the Oxford translation there were six stanzas of this kind:

With brightest beams let the Sun shine
On Orra Moor.
Could I be sure
That from the top o' th' lofty Pine
I Orra Moor might see,
I to his highest Bough would climb,
And with industrious Labour try
Thence to descry
My Mistress if that there she be.

Could I but know amidst what Flowers
Or in what Shade she stays,
The gaudy Bowers,
With all their verdant Pride,
Their Blossoms and their Sprays,
Which make my Mistress disappear;
And her in envious Darkness hide,
I from the Roots and Beds of Earth would tear.

In the same chapter another song is given of which there is a version in No. 406 of the *Spectator*.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April the* 10*th.*

'I am one of those despicable Creatures called 'a Chamber-Maid, and have lived with a Mistress 'for some time, whom I love as my Life, which 'has made my Duty and Pleasure inseparable. 'My greatest Delight has been in being imploy'd 'about her Person; and indeed she is very seldom 'out of Humour for a Woman of her Quality: 'But here lies my Complaint, Sir; To bear with 'me is all the Encouragement she is pleased to 'bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off 'Cloaths from me to others: some she is pleased 'to bestow in the House to those that neither 'wants nor wears them, and some to Hangers-on, 'that frequents the House daily, who comes 'dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very morti- 'fying Sight to me, who am a little necessitous 'for Cloaths, and loves to appear what I am, and 'causes an Uneasiness, so that I can't serve with 'that Chearfulness as formerly; which my Mis- 'tress takes notice of, and calls Envy and Ill-

'Temper at seeing others preferred before me. 'My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the 'House with her, that is some Thousands below 'her in Estate, who is continually heaping her 'Favours on her Maid; so that she can appear 'every *Sunday*, for the first Quarter, in a fresh 'Suit of Cloaths of her Mistress's giving, with all 'other things suitable: All this I see without 'envying, but not without wishing my Mistress 'would a little consider what a Discouragement it 'is to me to have my Perquisites divided between 'Fawners and Jobbers, which others enjoy intire 'to themselves. I have spoke to my Mistress, 'but to little Purpose; I have desired to be dis-'charged (for indeed I fret my self to nothing) but 'that she answers with Silence. I beg, Sir, your 'Direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to 'follow your Counsel; who am

Your Admirer and humble Servant,
Constantia Comb-brush.

'I beg that you would put it in a better Dress, 'and let it come abroad; that my Mistress, who 'is an Admirer of your Speculations, may see it.
T.

No. 367.] *Thursday, May* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Perituræ parcite chartæ.*—Juv.

I HAVE often pleased my self with consider-ing the two kinds of Benefits which accrue to the Publick from these my Speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of Logi-cians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those Advantages which my Readers receive, as their Minds are either improv'd or delighted by these my daily Labours; but having already several times descanted on my Endeavours in this Light, I shall at present wholly confine my self to the Consideration of the former. By the Word *Ma-terial* I mean those Benefits which arise to the Publick from these my Speculations, as they con-sume a considerable quantity of our Paper Manu-facture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find Business for great Numbers of Indigent Persons.

Our Paper-Manufacture takes into it several mean Materials which could be put to no other use, and affords Work for several Hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other Employment. Those poor Retailers, whom we see so busy in every Street, deliver in their respective Gleanings to the Merchant. The Mer-chant carries them in Loads to the Paper-Mill, where they pass thro' a fresh Set of Hands, and give life to another Trade. Those who have Mills on their Estates, by this means considerably raise their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great measure supply'd with a Manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses, where they again set innumerable Artists at Work, and furnish Business to another Mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stain'd with News or Politicks, they fly thro' the Town in *Post-Men, Post-Boys, Daily-Courants, Reviews, Medleys,* and *Examiners*. Men, Women, and Children contend who shall be the first Bearers of them, and get their daily Sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my Mind a Bundle of Rags to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many Hands employ'd in every Step they take thro' their whole Progress, that while I am writing a *Spectator*, I fancy my self providing Bread for a Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions. I must confess I have lighted my Pipe with my own Works for this Twelve-month past: My Landlady often sends up her little Daughter to desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has fre-quently told me, that the Paper they are printed on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in. They likewise make a good Foundation for a Mutton pye, as I have more than once experi-enced, and were very much sought for, last *Christ-mas*, by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes that a Linnen Fragment undergoes, by passing thro' the several Hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of Holland, when worn to Tatters, assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of Letters to their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be metamorphosed into Billet[s]-doux, and come into her Possession a second time. A Beau may pe-ruse his Cravat after it is worn out, with greater Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a Glass. In a word, a Piece of Cloth, after having officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin, may by this means be raised from a Dunghill, and become the most valuable Piece of Furniture in a Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endea-voured to vie with one another for the Reputation of the finest Printing: Absolute Governments, as well as Republicks, have encouraged an Art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the Sons of Men. The present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful Art, insomuch that several Books have been printed in the *Louvre* at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest Presents he can make to foreign Princes and Am-bassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this Particular they have made themselves the Envy of the greatest Monarchies. *Elziver* and *Aldus* are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner of the one or Doge of the other.

The several Presses which are now in *England*, and the great Encouragement which has been given to Learning for some Years last past, has made our own Nation as glorious upon this Ac-count, as for its late Triumphs and Conquests. The new Edition which is given us of *Cæsar's* Commentaries, has already been taken notice of in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a Work that does

honour to the *English* Press.[1] It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed thro' the Hands of one of the most accurate, learned and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the *English* Genius, which, tho' it does not come the first into any Art, generally carries it to greater Heights than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British* Printing-house in so great a Magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My Illiterate Readers, if any such there are, will be surprized to hear me talk of Learning as the Glory of a Nation, and of Printing as an Art that gains a Reputation to a People among whom it flourishes. When Mens Thoughts are taken up with Avarice and Ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I shall only regard such kind of Reasoners with that Pity which is due to so Deplorable a Degree of Stupidity and Ignorance. L.

No. 368.] *Friday, May* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
At qui labores morte finisset graves
Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.
Eurip. apud Tull.

As the *Spectator* is in a Kind a Paper of News from the natural World, as others are from the busy and politick Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent *French* Gentleman in this Town from *Paris*, which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

SIR, Paris, April 18, 1712.

'It is so many Years since you left your native 'Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of 'your nearest Relations as much as if you were 'an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this 'is to give you an account of the Death of Madam '*de Villacerfe*, whose Departure out of this Life 'I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy 'will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended 'with some Circumstances as much to be desired 'as to be lamented. She was her whole Life 'happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was 'always honoured for an Evenness of Temper and 'Greatness of Mind. On the 10th instant that 'Lady was taken with an Indisposition which 'confined her to her Chamber, but was such as 'was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and 'yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in 'being out of it. It is notoriously known, that 'some Years ago Monsieur *Festeau*, one of the 'most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love with this Lady: Her Quality 'placed her above any Application to her on the 'account of his Passion; but as a Woman always 'has some regard to the Person whom she be'lieves to be her real Admirer, she now took it in 'her head (upon Advice of her Physicians to lose 'some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur *Festeau* 'on that occasion. I happened to be there at 'that time, and my near Relation gave me the 'Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm 'was stripped bare, and he began to press it in 'order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and 'I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, 'which made me take the liberty to speak of it 'to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She 'smiled, and said she knew Mr. *Festeau* had no 'Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to re'cover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his 'Work. Immediately after the Operation he 'cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all 'Men, for that he had open'd an Artery instead of 'a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's 'Distraction as the Patient's Composure. I will 'not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to 'inform you, that within three days time it was 'thought necessary to take off her Arm. She 'was so far from using *Festeau* as it would be 'natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that 'she would not let him be absent from any Con'sultation about her present Condition, and on 'every occasion asked whether he was satisfy'd 'in the Measures [that] were taken about her. 'Before this last Operation she ordered her Will 'to be drawn, and after having been about a 'quarter of an hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, 'of whom poor *Festeau* was one, go on in their 'Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of 'Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after 'the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible 'she could not live four and twenty hours. Her 'Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this 'whole Affair, that I was particularly curious in 'taking Notice of what passed as her Fate ap'proached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of 'what she said to all about her, particularly Word 'for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Festeau*, which 'was as follows.

"Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the "Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I "am removed to all Intents and Purposes from "the Interests of human Life, therefore I am to "begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in

[1] Just published, 1712, by Dr. Samuel Clarke, then 37 years old. He had been for 12 years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and Boyle Lecturer in 1704-5, when he took for his subject the Being and Attributes of God and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. He had also translated Newton's Optics, and was become chaplain to the Queen, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and D.D. of Cambridge. The accusations of heterodoxy that followed him through his after life date from this year, 1712, in which, besides the edition of Cæsar, he published a book on the Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.

"it. I do not consider you as one by whose "Error I have lost my Life; no, you are my "Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance "into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of "this Accident; but the World in which you live "may have Thoughts of it to your Disadvantage, "I have therefore taken Care to provide for you "in my Will, and have placed you above what you "have to fear from their Ill-Nature."

'While this excellent Woman spoke these 'Words, *Festeau* looked as if he received a Con-'demnation to die, instead of a Pension for his 'Life. Madam *de Villacerfe* lived till Eight of '[the] Clock the next Night; and tho' she must 'have laboured under the most exquisite Tor-'ments, she possessed her Mind with so wonder-'ful a Patience, that one may rather say she 'ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. 'You who had not the happiness to be personally 'known to this Lady, have nothing but to re-'joyce in the Honour you had of being related to 'so great Merit; but we who have lost her Con-'versation, cannot so easily resign our own Hap-'piness by Reflection upon hers.

I am,
SIR,
Your affectionate Kinsman,
and most obedient humble Servant,
Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an Heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced Manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The regard of Life it self could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than Ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to human Society to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was Crowned by so uncommon Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant Practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation of her Life. T.

No. 369.] *Saturday, May* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——
Hor.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one half of his Subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several Occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, and in his short Sketch of the Plagues of *Egypt*. The Storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble Hints in Scripture:

——*Thus with ten Wounds*
The River-Dragon tamed at length submits
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn Heart; but still as Ice
More harden'd after Thaw, till in his Rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on dry Land between two Chrystal Walls,
Aw'd by the Rod of Moses *so to stand*
Divided——

The *River-Dragon* is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Egypt* derives her Plenty. This Allusion is taken from that Sublime Passage in *Ezekiel*, *Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee,* Pharaoh *King of* Egypt, *the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, my River is mine own, and I have made it for my self.* *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical Image in the same Description, which is copied almost Word for Word out of the History of *Moses*.

All Night he will pursue, but his Approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his Host,
And craze their Chariot Wheels: *when by command*
Moses *once more his potent Rod extends*
Over the Sea: the Sea his Rod obeys:
On their embattell'd Ranks the Waves return
And overwhelm their War——

As the principal Design of this *Episode* was to give *Adam* an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to reinstate human Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Messiah* was to Descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promise*, which gives a particular Liveliness to this part of the Narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his Native Soil,
Ur *of* Chaldæa, *passing now the Ford*
To Haran, *after him a cumbrous Train*
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous Servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his Wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
Canaan *he now attains, I see his Tents*
Pitch'd about Sechem, *and the neighbouring Plain*

Of Moreh, *there by Promise he receives*
Gifts to his Progeny of all that Land,
From Hamath *Northward to the Desart South.*
(Things by their Names I call, though yet unnamed.)

As *Virgil's* Vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the Hint of this whole *Episode*, the last Line is a Translation of that Verse, where *Anchises* mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

The Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of Heart which rises in *Adam* upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his Day at a distance through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it: but when he finds the Redemption of Man compleated, and *Paradise* again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport;

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this Good of Evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth Paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a State of Tranquility and Satisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this Particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the finest Invention, by finding out a Method to supply this natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last View which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust, and loaden with supernumerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheared with Promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his Triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of Misery.

Milton's Poem ends very nobly. The last Speeches of *Adam* and the Arch-Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind, produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in Sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great Good
Presaging, since with Sorrow and Heart's Distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all Places thou,
Who for my wilful Crime art banish'd hence.
This farther Consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such Favour, I unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

The following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide o'er the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take Possession of *Paradise*.

So spake our Mother Eve, *and* Adam *heard*
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fix'd Station, all in bright Array
The Cherubim descended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening Mist
Ris'n from a River, o'er the Marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labrer's Heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc'd,
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet ———

The Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the Conduct of *Lot* and his Family. The Circumstances drawn from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

In either Hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct; and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, &c.

The [Scene[1]] which our first Parents are surprized with, upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the Reader's Imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the Tears they shed on that Occasion.

They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, *so late their happy Seat,*
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:
Some natural Tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon;
The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.

If I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in this divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow:

They hand in hand, with wandering Steps and slow,
Through Eden *took their solitary Way.*

[1] [Prospect]

These two Verses, though they have their Beauty, fall very much below the foregoing Passage, and renew in the Mind of the Reader that Anguish which was pretty well laid by that Consideration,

The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.

The Number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small Additions. This second Division was made with great Judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a Chimerical Beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular Disposition of this great Work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his Time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think, with the last mentioned *French* Author, that an Epick Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the Ground-Work and Foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroick Poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton*, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *That Obedience to the Will of God makes Men happy, and that Disobedience makes them miserable*. This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise*, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable Multitude of Angels fell from their State of Bliss, and were cast into Hell upon their Disobedience. Besides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an Infinity of Under-Morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

Those who have criticized on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of Pains to fix the Number of Months and Days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this Particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first Appearance in the fourth Book, to his Expulsion from *Paradise* in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten Days. As for that part of the Action which is described in the three first Books, as it does not pass within the Regions of Nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any Calculations of Time.

I have now finished my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general View of it under these four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next Place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though I might have enlarged the Number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a Subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little Fault in Heroick Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to [prove [1]] that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its Particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some Passages are beautiful by being Sublime, others by being Soft, others by being Natural; which of them are recommended by the Passion, which by the Moral, which by the Sentiment, and which by the Expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own Imaginations by the Use which he has made of several Poetical Passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several Passages of *Tasso*, which our Author [has [2]] imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations, as might do more Honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon Demands which my Bookseller tells me have been made for these particular Discourses, give me no reason to repent of the Pains I have been at in composing them. L.

No. 370.] *Monday, May* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

MANY of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them: However, I have to-day taken down from the Top of the Stage in *Drury-Lane* a bit of *Latin* which often stands in their View, and signifies that *the whole World acts the Player*. It is certain that if we

[1] [shew] [2] [has likewise]

look all round us, and behold the different Employments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the Prostitution of himself for Hire; because the Pleader's Falshood introduces Injustice, the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion, is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self, is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the Stage: It is, with me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transfused from the Stage to the World which reciprocally imitate each other. As the Writers of Epick Poems introduce shadowy Persons, and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women; so I, who am a SPECTATOR in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors on the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact Affairs in the World. When I am commending *Wilks* for representing the Tenderness of a Husband and a Father in *Macbeth*, the Contrition of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry* the Fourth, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good-nature and Wealth in *the Trip to the Jubilee*,[1] the Officiousness of an artful Servant in the *Fox*:[2] when thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say *Estcourt* has a great Capacity? But it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage that his Talents were understood; it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would Shine. Were one to raise a Suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine Thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord *Foppington* [3] were not on the Stage, (*Cibber* acts the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of Mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to Characters directly Comical, it is not to be imagin'd what Effect a well-regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The Craft of an Usurer, the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the aukward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be for ever put out of Countenance by proper Parts for *Dogget*. *Johnson* by acting *Corbacchio*[1] the other Night, must have given all who saw him a thorough Detestation of aged Avarice. The Petulancy of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in *the Fop's Fortune*;[2] where, in the Character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger: He wonders throughout the whole Scene very masterly, without neglecting his Victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in the Ingenious Mr. *Penkethman* to represent a Sense of Pleasure and Pain at the same time; as you may see him do this Evening? [3]

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the Nation, Men turned for regular Pleasure cannot employ their Thoughts more usefully, for the Diversion of Mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this Entertainment to the greatest Height. It would be a great Improvement, as well as Embellishment to the Theatre, if Dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the Advantage of such an agreeable girlish Person as Mrs. *Bicknell*, joined with her Capacity of Imitation, could in proper Gesture and Motion represent all the decent Characters of Female Life. An amiable Modesty in one Aspect of a Dancer, an assumed Confidence in another, a sudden Joy in another, a falling off with an Impatience of being beheld, a Return towards the Audience with an unsteady Resolution to approach them,

[1] Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee*.
[2] Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.
[3] In Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*.

[1] In Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.
[2] Cibber's *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fop's Fortune*.
[3] For the Benefit of Mr. Penkethman. At the Desire of Several Ladies of Quality. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Monday, being the 5th of May, will be presented a Comedy called Love makes a Man, or The Fop's Fortune. The Part of Don Lewis, *alias* Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, by Mr. Penkethman; Carlos, Mr. Wilks; Clodio, *alias* Don Dismallo Thick-Scullo de Half Witto, Mr. Cibber; and all the other Parts to the best Advantage. With a new Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Penkethman, riding on an Ass. By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes. And To-Morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented, A Comedy call'd The Constant Couple, or A Trip to the Jubilee. *For the Benefit of Mrs. Bicknell.* To do as kind a service to Mrs. Bicknell as to Mr. Penkethman on the occasion of their benefits is the purpose of the next paragraph of Steele's Essay.

and a well-acted Sollicitude to please, would revive in the Company all the fine Touches of Mind raised in observing all the Objects of Affection or Passion they had before beheld. Such elegant Entertainments as these, would polish the Town into Judgment in their Gratifications; and Delicacy in Pleasure is the first step People of Condition take in Reformation from Vice. Mrs. *Bicknell* has the only Capacity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage; and I dare say all who see her Performance to-morrow Night, when sure the Romp will do her best for her own Benefit, will be of my Mind. T.

No. 371.] *Tuesday, May* 6, 1712. [*Addison.*

Jamne igitur laudas quod se sapientibus unus
Ridebat?— Juv.

I SHALL communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

SIR,

'You know very well that our Nation is more 'famous for that sort of Men who are called '*Whims* and *Humourists*, than any other 'Country in the World; for which reason it is 'observed that our *English* Comedy excells that 'of all other Nations in the Novelty and Variety 'of its Characters.

'Among those innumerable Setts of *Whims* 'which our Country produces, there are none 'whom I have regarded with more Curiosity than 'those who have invented any particular kind of 'Diversion for the Entertainment of themselves 'or their Friends. My Letter shall single out 'those who take delight in sorting a Company 'that has something of Burlesque and Ridicule 'in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood by the following Example. One of the 'Wits of the last Age, who was a Man of a good 'Estate,[1] thought he never laid out his Money 'better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at 'the *Bath*, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, there were several among 'them with long Chins, a part of the Visage by 'which he himself was very much distinguished, 'he invited to dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons who had their Mouths in the 'Middle of their Faces. They had no sooner 'placed themselves about the Table, but they 'began to stare upon one another, not being able 'to imagine what had brought them together. 'Our *English* Proverb says,

'Tis merry in the Hall,
When Beards wag all.

'It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many Peaks of Faces 'agitated with Eating, Drinking, and Discourse, 'and observing all the Chins that were present 'meeting together very often over the Center of 'the Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest, 'and came into it with so much Good-Humour, 'that they lived in strict Friendship and Alliance 'from that Day forward.

'The same Gentleman some time after packed 'together a Set of Oglers, as he called them, 'consisting of such as had an unlucky Cast in 'their Eyes. His Diversion on this Occasion 'was to see the cross Bows, mistaken Signs, 'and wrong Connivances that passed amidst so 'many broken and refracted Rays of Sight.

'The third Feast which this merry Gentleman 'exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got 'together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. 'He had ordered one of his Servants, who was 'placed behind a Skreen, to write down their 'Table-Talk, which was very easie to be done 'without the help of Short-hand. It appears by 'the Notes which were taken, that tho' their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty 'Words spoken during the first Course; that upon 'serving up the second, one of the Company was 'a quarter of an Hour in telling them, that the 'Ducklins and [Asparagus'] were very good; and 'that another took up the same time in declaring 'himself of the same Opinion. This Jest did not, 'however, go off so well as the former; for one 'of the Guests being a brave Man, and fuller of 'Resentment than he knew how to express, went 'out of the Room, and sent the facetious Inviter 'a Challenge in Writing, which though it was 'afterwards dropp'd by the Interposition of 'Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous Entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, 'that as there is no Moral in these Jests, they 'ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather 'as pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. However, 'as it is natural for one Man to refine upon the 'Thought of another, and impossible for any 'single Person, how great soever his Parts may be, 'to invent an Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection; I shall here give you an account of an 'honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance who 'upon hearing the Character of the Wit above 'mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. 'He invited half a dozen of his Friends one day 'to Dinner, who were each of them famous for 'inserting several redundant Phrases in their 'Discourse, as *d'ye hear me, d'ye see, that is,* '*and so Sir*. Each of the Guests making frequent use of his particular Elegance, appeared 'so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he could not 'but reflect upon himself as appearing equally 'ridiculous to the rest of the Company: By this 'means, before they had sat long together, every 'one talking with the greatest Circumspection, 'and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, 'the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancies, and had a greater Quantity of Sense, tho' 'less of Sound in it.

'The same well-meaning Gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of 'his Friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual 'Custom of Swearing. In order to shew the 'Absurdity of the Practice, he had recourse to

[1] George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Dryden's Zimri, and the author of the *Rehearsal*.

[1] [Sparrow-grass] and in first Reprint.

'the Invention above mentioned, having placed 'an *Amanuensis* in a private part of the Room. 'After the second Bottle, when Men open their 'Minds without Reserve, my honest Friend began 'to take notice of the many sonorous but unne-'cessary Words that had passed in his House 'since their sitting down at Table, and how much 'good Conversation they had lost by giving way 'to such superfluous Phrases. What a Tax, says 'he, would they have raised for the Poor, had we 'put the Laws in Execution upon one another? 'Every one of them took this gentle Reproof in 'good part: Upon which he told them, that 'knowing their Conversation would have no Se-'crets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in 'Writing, and for the humour sake would read it 'to them, if they pleased. There were ten 'Sheets of it, which might have been reduced 'to two, had there not been those abominable In-'terpolations I have before mentioned. Upon 'the reading of it in cold Blood, it looked rather 'like a Conference of Fiends than of Men. In 'short, every one trembled at himself upon hear-'ing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the 'Heat and Inadvertency of Discourse.

'I shall only mention another Occasion wherein 'he made use of the same Invention to cure a 'different kind of Men, who are the Pests of all 'polite Conversation, and murder Time as much 'as either of the two former, though they do it 'more innocently; I mean that dull Generation 'of Story-tellers. My Friend got together about 'half a dozen of his Acquaintance, who were in-'fected with this strange Malady. The first Day 'one of them sitting down, entered upon the Siege 'of *Namur*, which lasted till four a-clock, their 'time of parting. The second Day a *North-'Britain* took possession of the Discourse, which 'it was impossible to get out of his Hands so long 'as the Company staid together. The third Day 'was engrossed after the same manner by a Story 'of the same length. They at last began to re-'flect upon this barbarous way of treating one 'another, and by this means awakened out of that 'Lethargy with which each of them had been 'seized for several Years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extra-'ordinary and uncommon Characters of Mankind 'are the Game which you delight in, and as I 'look upon you to be the greatest Sportsman, or, 'if you please, the *Nimrod* among this Species of 'Writers, I thought this Discovery would not be 'unacceptable to you.

I am,
I. *SIR*, &c.

No. 372.] *Wednesday, May* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
[*Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.*]—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 6, 1712.

'I AM Sexton of the Parish of *Covent-Garden*, 'and complained to you some time ago, that as 'I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morn-'ing, Crowds of People of Quality hastened to 'assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of 'the Garden. I had at the same time a very great 'Disesteem for Mr. *Powell* and his little thought-'less Common-wealth, as if they had enticed the 'Gentry into those Wandrings: But let that be 'as it will, I now am convinced of the honest In-'tentions of the said Mr. *Powell* and Company; 'and send this to acquaint you, that he has given 'all the Profits which shall arise to-morrow Night 'by his Play to the use of the poor Charity-Chil-'dren of this Parish. I have been informed, Sir, 'that in *Holland* all Persons who set up any 'Show, or act any Stage-Play, be the Actors 'either of Wood and Wire, or Flesh and Blood, 'are obliged to pay out of their Gain such a Pro-'portion to the honest and industrious Poor in the 'Neighbourhood: By this means they make Di-'version and Pleasure pay a Tax to Labour and 'Industry. I have been told also, that all the 'time of *Lent*, in Roman-Catholick Countries, 'the Persons of Condition administred to the Ne-'cessities of the Poor, and attended the Beds of 'Lazars and diseased Persons. Our Protestant 'Ladies and Gentlemen are so much to seek for 'proper ways of passing Time, that they are 'obliged to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do 'with themselves. Since the Case is so, I de-'sire only you would intreat our People of Qual-'ity, who are not to be interrupted in their Plea-'sure to think of the Practice of any moral Duty, 'that they would at least fine for their Sins, and 'give something to these poor Children; a little 'out of their Luxury and Superfluity, would at-'tone, in some measure, for the wanton Use of 'the rest of their Fortunes. It would not, me-'thinks, be amiss, if the Ladies who haunt the 'Cloysters and Passages of the Play-house, were 'upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excel-'lent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Me-'thod would make Offenders themselves do Serv-'ice to the Publick. But in the mean time I 'desire you would publish this voluntary Repar-'ation which Mr. *Powell* does our Parish, for the 'Noise he has made in it by the constant rattling 'of Coaches, Drums, Trumpets, Triumphs, and 'Battels. The Destruction of *Troy* adorned with 'Highland Dances, are to make up the Enter-'tainment of all who are so well disposed as not 'to forbear a light Entertainment, for no other 'Reason but that it is to do a good Action.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Bellfry.

'I am credibly informed, that all the Insinua-'tions which a certain Writer made against Mr. '*Powell* at the *Bath*, are false and groundless.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'My Employment, which is that of a Broker, 'leading me often into Taverns about the *Ex-'change*, has given me occasion to observe a cer-'tain Enormity, which I shall here submit to your 'Animadversion. In three or four of these Ta-'verns, I have, at different times, taken notice of 'a precise Set of People with grave Countenances, 'short Wiggs, black Cloaths, or dark Camlet 'trimm'd with Black, and mourning Gloves and 'Hatbands, who meet on certain Days at each

'Tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving 'Club. Having often met with their Faces, and 'observed a certain slinking Way in their dropping 'in one after another, I had the Curiosity to en- 'quire into their Characters, being the rather 'moved to it by their agreeing in the Singularity 'of their Dress; and I find upon due Examination 'they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who have 'taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle 'the Bills of Mortality over their Half-pints. I 'have so great a Value and Veneration for any 'who have but even an assenting *Amen* in the 'Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these 'Persons should incur some Scandal by this Prac- 'tice; and would therefore have them, without 'Raillery, advised to send the Florence and Pul- 'lets home to their own Houses, and not pretend 'to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Humphry Transfer.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May 6.*

'I was last *Wednesday* Night at a Tavern in 'the City, among a Set of Men who call them- 'selves the *Lawyers Club.* You must know, Sir, 'this Club consists only of Attorneys; and at this 'Meeting every one proposes the Cause he has 'then in hand to the Board, upon which each 'Member gives his Judgment according to the 'Experience he has met with. If it happens that 'any one puts a Case of which they have had no 'Precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will. 'Goosequill,* (who registers all their Proceedings) 'that one of them may go the next Day with it to 'a Counsel. This indeed is commendable, and 'ought to be the principal End of their Meeting; 'but had you been there to have heard them re- 'late their Methods of managing a Cause, their 'Manner of drawing out their Bills, and, in short, 'their Arguments upon the several ways of abus- 'ing their Clients, with the Applause that is given 'to him who has done it most artfully, you would 'before now have given your Remarks on them. 'They are so conscious that their Discourses 'ought to be kept secret, that they are very cau- 'tious of admitting any Person who is not of their 'Profession. When any who are not of the Law 'are let in, the Person who introduces him, says, 'he is a very honest Gentleman, and he is taken 'in, as their Cant is, to pay Costs. I am ad- 'mitted upon the Recommendation of one of their 'Principals, as *a very honest good-natured Fel- 'low* that will never be in a Plot, and only desires 'to drink his Bottle and smoke his Pipe. You 'have formerly remarked upon several Sorts of 'Clubs; and as the Tendency of this is only to 'increase Fraud and Deceit, I hope you will 'please to take Notice of it.

I am (with Respect)
Your humble Servant,
T. H. R.

No. 373.] *Thursday, May* 8, 1712. [*Budgell.*

[*Fallit enim Vitium specie virtutis et umbra.*
Juv.[1]]

MR. *LOCKE*, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words.[2] The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. *A Definition*, says he, *is the only way whereby the precise Meaning of Moral Words can be known.* He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who Discourse of Moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematicks.*

I know no two Words that have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance.* To say such an one is *a modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkard Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance.*

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it *The Reflection of an Ingenuous Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others.*

For this Reason a Man truly Modest is as much so when he is alone as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

[1] [—— *Stabonem*
Appellat pætum pater; et pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus: hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit scaurum, pravis fultum malè talis.
Hor.]

[2] Book III., Chapters 10, 11. Words are the subject of this book; ch. 10 is on the Abuse of Words; ch. 11 of the Remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a tributary King to the *Romans*, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to *Rome* to defend his Father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most Pathetick Oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take *Assurance* to be *the Faculty of possessing a Man's self*, or *of saying and doing indifferent things without any Uneasiness or Emotion in the Mind.* That which generally gives a Man Assurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in it self to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince abovementioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World; without Modesty he would have pleaded the Cause he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever so Scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say *a modest Assurance;* by which we understand the just Mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same Man may be both Modest and Assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both Impudent and Bashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education; who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confusion, can Voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Actions.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do Ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complection seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the most proper Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his Words and Actions. *Guilt* always seeks to shelter it self in one of the Extreams, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

No. 374.] *Friday, May* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.
Luc.

THERE is a Fault, which, tho' common, wants a Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination: As we lose the present Hour by delaying from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by Retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted our selves, and established our Characters in the sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further than to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our Merit to the prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand, with Fortitude, Equanimity, and Moderation, according to Mens respective Circumstances. If our past Actions reproach us, they cannot be attoned for by our own severe Reflections so effectually as by a contrary Behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the Memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any Miscarriage in what is past; but present Slackness will not make up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all that we Contemporaries did Yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-Day, to-Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Exercise of Virtue to-morrow? Last Night is certainly gone, and To-morrow may never arrive: This Instant make use of. Can you oblige any Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own Ease and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the Impertinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Coach, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Sorrow, and your Bottle Madness: Go to neither.—— Such Virtues and Diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable Folly: What I attempted to consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Dignity till Yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-Day,

he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation be considered as the Man who died Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Press of People; those before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, *that he thought nothing done while there was anything left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear Review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a Renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his Rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year, in which he obtained the Battel of *Pharsalia*, there were found these loose Notes for his own Conduct: It is supposed, by the Circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of the same Night.

'My Part is now but begun, and my Glory 'must be sustained by the Use I make of this Vic-'tory; otherwise my Loss will be greater than 'that of *Pompey*. Our personal Reputation will 'rise or fall as we bear our respective Fortunes. 'All my private Enemies among the Prisoners 'shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to 'obtain such another Day. *Trebutius* is ashamed 'to see me: I will go to his Tent, and be recon-'ciled in private. Give all the Men of Honour, 'who take part with me, the Terms I offered 'before the Battel. Let them owe this to their 'Friends who have been long in my Inter-'ests. Power is weakened by the full Use of 'it, but extended by Moderation. *Galbinius* is 'proud, and will be servile in his present For-'tune; let him wait. Send for *Stertinius:* He 'is modest, and his Virtue is worth gaining. I 'have cooled my Heart with Reflection; and am 'fit to rejoice with the Army to-morrow. He is 'a popular General who can expose himself like a 'private Man during a Battel; but he is more 'popular who can rejoice but like a private Man 'after a Victory.

What is particularly proper for the Example of all who pretend to Industry in the Pursuit of Honour and Virtue, is, That this Hero was more than ordinarily sollicitous about his Reputation, when a common Mind would have thought it self in Security, and given it self a Loose to Joy and Triumph. But though this is a very great Instance of his Temper, I must confess I am more taken with his Reflections when he retired to his Closet in some Disturbance upon the repeated ill Omens of *Calphurnia's* Dream the Night before his Death. The literal Translation of that Fragment shall conclude this Paper.

'Be it so [then.][1] If I am to die to-Morrow, that 'is what I am to do to-Morrow: It will not be 'then, because I am willing it should be then; nor 'shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is 'in the Gods when, but in my self how I shall 'die. If *Calphurnia's* Dreams are Fumes of In-'digestion, how shall I behold the Day after to-'morrow? If they are from the Gods, their 'Admonition is not to prepare me to escape from 'their Decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a 'Fulness of Days and of Glory; what is there 'that *Cæsar* has not done with as much Honour 'as antient Heroes? *Cæsar* has not yet died; '*Cæsar* is prepared to die. T.

[1] [than].

No. 375.] *Saturday, May* 10, 1712. [*Hughes.*

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati,
Pejusque Letho flagitium timet.—Hor.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight.[2] I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than sollicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved her self on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appear'd so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surpriz'd her in Tears, which she endeavour'd to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he follow'd his Country Sports, fell

[2] See note on p. 65.

passionately in love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverish'd Relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just receiv'd from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

SIR,

'I have heard of your Misfortune, and have 'offer'd your Daughter, if she will live with me, 'to settle on her Four hundred Pounds a year, 'and to lay down the Sum for which you are now 'distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you 'that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are 'wise, you will use your Authority with her not to 'be too nice, when she has an opportunity of 'saving you and your Family, and of making her 'self happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she open'd and read it with great Surprize and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain her self to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

'Your Father and I have just now receiv'd a 'Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to 'you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of 'Misery than any thing which is come upon us. 'How could this barbarous Man think, that the 'tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply 'their Wants by giving up the best of Children to 'Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make this Proposal at a time when he 'thinks our Necessities must compel us to any 'thing; but we will not eat the Bread of Shame; 'and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, 'but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad as 'you have perhaps been told. All things will yet 'be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I 'was moved to say things would mend. As I 'was going on I was startled by a Noise of one 'that knocked at the Door, and hath brought us 'an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long 'been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is 'some days I have lived almost without Support, 'having convey'd what little Money I could raise 'to your poor Father—Thou wilt weep to think 'where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at 'Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke his 'Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have 'no Companion at present besides little *Fanny*, 'who stands watching my Looks as I write, and 'is crying for her Sister. She says she is sure 'you are not well, having discover'd that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think I 'would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee: 'No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than 'all. Let us bear chearfully an Affliction, which 'we have not brought on our selves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us 'out of it than by the Loss of thy Innocence. 'Heaven preserve my dear Child.

Thy Affectionate Mother ——

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carry'd it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress: But at the same time was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter and was resolv'd to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeased to see this Second Epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

MADAM,

'I am full of Shame, and will never forgive my 'self, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately 'wrote. It was far from my Intention to add 'Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any thing, 'but my being a Stranger to you, have betray'd 'me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall en'deavour to make you amends, as a Son. You 'cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your 'Daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent 'it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant ——

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolved on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he Marry'd *Amanda*, and

enjoy'd the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

No. 376.] *Monday, May* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

———*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.*—Persius.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the Officer you some 'time ago appointed as Inspector of Signs, 'has not done his Duty so well as to give you an 'Account of very many strange Occurrences in 'the publick Streets, which are worthy of, but 'have escaped your Notice. Among all the Odd-'nesses which I have ever met with, that which I 'am now telling you of gave me most Delight You 'must have observed that all the Criers in the 'Street attract the Attention of the Passengers, 'and of the Inhabitants in the several Parts, by 'something very particular in their Tone it self, 'in the dwelling upon a Note, or else making 'themselves wholly unintelligible by a Scream. 'The Person I am so delighted with has nothing 'to sell, but very gravely receives the Bounty of 'the People, for no other Merit but the Homage 'they pay to his Manner of signifying to them 'that he wants a Subsidy. You must, sure, have 'heard speak of an old Man, who walks about 'the City, and that part of the Suburbs which lies 'beyond the Tower, performing the Office of a '*Day-Watchman*, followed by a Goose, which 'bears the Bob of his Ditty, and confirms what 'he says with a Quack, Quack. I gave little 'heed to the mention of this known Circum-'stance, till, being the other day in those Quar-'ters, I passed by a decrepit old Fellow with a 'Pole in his Hand, who just then was bawling 'out, Half an Hour after one a-Clock, and im-'mediately a dirty Goose behind him made her 'Response, Quack, Quack. I could not forbear 'attending this grave Procession for the length of 'half a Street, with no small amazement to find 'the whole Place so familiarly acquainted with a 'melancholy Mid-night Voice at Noon-day, giv-'ing them the Hour, and exhorting them of the 'Departure of Time, with a Bounce at their 'Doors. While I was full of this Novelty, I 'went into a Friend's House, and told him how I 'was diverted with their whimsical Monitor and 'his Equipage. My Friend gave me the His-'tory; and interrupted my Commendation of the 'Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two 'Animals is purchased rather by the good Parts 'of the Goose, than of the Leader: For it seems 'the Peripatetick who walked before her was a 'Watchman in that Neighbourhood; and the 'Goose of her self by frequent hearing his Tone, 'out of her natural Vigilance, not only observed, 'but answer'd it very regularly from Time to 'Time. The Watchman was so affected with it, 'that he bought her, and has taken her in Part-'ner, only altering their Hours of Duty from 'Night to Day. The Town has come into it, 'and they live very comfortably. This is the 'Matter of Fact: Now I desire you, who are a 'profound Philosopher, to consider this Alliance 'of Instinct and Reason; your Speculation may 'turn very naturally upon the Force the superior 'Part of Mankind may have upon the Spirits of 'such as, like this Watchman, may be very near 'the Standard of Geese. And you may add to 'this practical Observation, how in all Ages and 'Times the World has been carry'd away by odd 'unaccountable things, which one would think 'would pass upon no Creature which had Reason; 'and, under the Symbol of this Goose, you may 'enter into the Manner and Method of leading 'Creatures, with their Eyes open, thro' thick and 'thin, for they know not what, they know not 'why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your Spec-'tatorial Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Michael Gander.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for several Years had under my Care 'the Government and Education of young Ladies, 'which Trust I have endeavour'd to discharge 'with due regard to their several Capacities and 'Fortunes: I have left nothing undone to imprint 'in every one of them an humble courteous 'Mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming 'Mein, and have made them pretty much ac-'quainted with the Houshold Part of Family-'Affairs; but still I find there is something very 'much wanting in the Air of my Ladies, different 'from what I observe in those that are esteemed 'your fine bred Women. Now, Sir, I must own 'to you, I never suffered my Girls to learn to 'Dance; but since I have read your Discourse of 'Dancing, where you have described the Beauty 'and Spirit there is in regular Motion, I own my 'self your Convert, and resolve for the future to 'give my young Ladies that Accomplishment. 'But upon imparting my Design to their Parents, 'I have been made very uneasy, for some Time, 'because several of them have declared, that if I 'did not make use of the Master they recom-'mended, they would take away their Children. 'There was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady, a Colonel 'of the Train-Bands, that has a great Interest in 'her Parish; she recommends Mr. *Trott* for the 'prettiest Master in Town, that no Man teaches 'a Jigg like him, that she has seen him rise six or 'seven Capers together with the greatest Ease 'imaginable, and that his Scholars twist them-'selves more ways than the Scholars of any 'Master in Town: besides there is Madam *Prim*, 'an Alderman's Lady, recommends a Master of 'her own Name, but she declares he is not of 'their Family, yet a very extraordinary Man in 'his way; for besides a very soft Air he has in 'Dancing, he gives them a particular Behaviour 'at a Tea-Table, and in presenting their Snuff-'Box, to twirl, flip, or flirt a Fan, and how to 'place Patches to the best advantage, either for 'Fat or Lean, Long or Oval Faces: for my Lady 'says there is more in these Things than the 'World Imagines. But I must confess the major 'Part of those I am concern'd with leave it to 'me. I desire therefore, according to the in-

'closed Direction, you would send your Corre-
'spondent who has writ to you on that Subject to
'my House. If proper Application this way can
'give Innocence new Charms, and make Virtue
'legible in the Countenance, I shall spare no
'Charge to make my Scholars in their very Fea-
'tures and Limbs bear witness how careful I have
'been in the other Parts of their Education.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
T. Rachael Watchful.

No. 377.] *Tuesday, May* 13, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas ——— Hor.

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal Rustick into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love.*

Romances, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the Fair Sex as *Basilisks* that destroy with their Eyes; but I think Mr. *Cowley* has with greater Justness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.[1]

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmity, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affectations of Coquetry, which are improved into Charms by his own fond Imagination, the very laying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from Dying People, and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Heedless and Unwary.

Lysander, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of *September*.

Thirsis, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly*.

T. S., wounded by *Zelinda's* Scarlet Stocking, as she was stepping out of a Coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his Life at a Ball.

Tim. Tattle, kill'd by the Tap of a Fan on his left Shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow-window.

Sir *Simon Softly*, murder'd at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a Frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Esq., hit by a random Shot at the Ring.

F. R., caught his Death upon the Water, *April* the 31st.

W. W., killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off upon the Side of the Front-Box in *Drury-Lane*.

Sir *Christopher Crazy*, Bart., hurt by the Brush of a Whalebone Petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at St. *James's* Church.

Damon, struck thro' the Heart by a Diamond Necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqrs., standing in a Row, fell all four at the same time, by an Ogle of the Widow *Trapland*.

Tom. Rattle, chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the Spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel Felt, Haberdasher, wounded in his Walk to *Islington* by Mrs. *Susannah Crossstich*, as she was clambering over a Stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c., put to Death in the last Birth-Day Massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the Twenty-first Year of his Age by a White-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an Arrow that flew out of a Dimple in *Belinda's* Left Cheek.

Ned Courtly presenting *Flavia* with her Glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she receiv'd it, and took away his Life with a Curtsie.

John Gosselin having received a slight Hurt from a Pair of blue Eyes, as he was making his Escape was dispatch'd by a Smile.

Strephon, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a Girl of Fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head upon him out of a Coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jet-well*, Spinster.

Jack Freelove, murder'd by *Melissa* in her Hair.

[1] *They are all weapon, and they dart*
Like Porcupines from every Part.—
Anacreontics, iii.

William Wiseaker, Gent., drown'd in a Flood of Tears by *Moll Common*.

John Pleadwell, Esq., of the *Middle Temple*, Barrister at Law, assassinated in his Chambers the sixth Instant by *Kitty Sly*, who pretended to come to him for his Advice. I.

No. 378.] *Wednesday, May* 14, 1712. [*Pope.*

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.—Virg.

I WILL make no Apology for entertaining the Reader with the following Poem, which is written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine, in the Country, who is not asham'd to employ his Wit in the Praise of his Maker.[1]

MESSIAH.

A sacred Eclogue, compos'd of several Passages of Isaiah *the Prophet.*

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma!* begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
The Mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Maids,
Delight no more—— O Thou my Voice inspire,
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* [hallow'd[2]] Lips with Fire!
RAPT into future Times, the Bard begun;
A *Virgin* shall conceive, a *Virgin* bear a Son!
Isaiæ, Cap. xi. v. 1. From *Jesse's* Root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.
Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
And on its Top descends the Mystick Dove.
Cap. 45. v. 8. Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r!
Cap. 25. v. 4. The Sick and Weak, the healing Plant shall aid,
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail;
Cap. 9. v. 7. Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale;
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn!
Oh spring to Light, Auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring.
With all the Incense of the breathing Spring:
Cap. 35. v. 2. See lofty *Lebanon* his Head advance,
See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance,
See spicy Clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,
And *Carmel's* flowry Top perfumes the Skies!
Cap. 40. v. 3, 4. Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desart chears;
Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo! Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise!
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay!
Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold! C. 42. v. 18.
He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray, Cap. 35. v. 5, 6.
And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.
'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear,
The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe;
[No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,
From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
In Adamantine Chains shall Death be bound, Cap. 25. v. 8.
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.[1]]
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care, Cap. 30. v. 11.
Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,
Explores the lost, the wandring Sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future Age. C. 9. v. 6.
No more shall Nation against Nation rise, C. 2. v. 4.
Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,
And the broad Falchion in a Plow-share end.
Then Palaces shall rise; the joyful Son Cap. 65. v 21, 22.
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,
And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the Field.
The Swain in barren Desarts with Surprize Cap. 35. v. 1, 7.
Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise;
And Starts, amidst the thirsty Wilds, to hear,
New Falls of Water murmuring in his Ear:
On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.
Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd with Thorn, Cap. 41. v. 19. *and*

[1] Thus far *Steele*.

[2] [hollow'd]

[1] [Before him Death, the grisly Tyrant, flies;
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.]

This was an alteration which Steele had suggested, and in which young Pope had acquiesced. Steele wrote: 'I have turned to every verse and 'chapter, and think you have preserved the sub-'lime, heavenly spirit throughout the whole, 'especially at "Hark a glad voice," and "The 'lamb with wolves shall graze." There is but 'one line which I think is below the original,—

'*He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.*

'You have expressed it with a good and pious 'but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the 'prophet: *The Lord God shall wipe away tears 'from off all faces.* If you agree with me in 'this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, 'that when it comes into a volume it may be 'amended.'

Cap. 55. v. 13. The spiry Fir and shapely Box adorn:
To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,
And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed.
Cap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8. The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant Mead,
And Boys in flowry Bands the Tyger lead;
The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,
And harmless Serpents Lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take
The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake;
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointless Sting shall play.
C. 60. v. 1. Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial *Salem* rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!
C. 60. v. 4. See, a long Race thy spacious Courts adorn;
See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn
In crowding Ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!
C. 60. v. 3. See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend.
See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,
C. 60. v. 6. And heap'd with Products of *Sabæan* Springs!
For thee *Idume's* spicy Forests blow;
And seeds of Gold in *Ophir's* Mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!
Cap. 60. v. 19, 20. No more the rising *Sun* shall gild the Morn,
Nor Evening *Cynthia* fill her silver Horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays;
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
O'erflow thy Courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
Reveal'd; and *God's* eternal Day be thine!
C. 51. v. 6. *and* C. 64. v. 10. The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay;
Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away;
But fix'd *His* Word, *His* saving Pow'r remains:
Thy *Realm* for ever lasts! thy own *Messiah* reigns.

T

No. 379.] *Thursday, May* 15, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter. Pers.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natur'd Position which has been sometimes maintained in the Schools, and is compriz'd in an old *Latin* Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.*[1] There is certainly no more sensible Pleasure to a good-natur'd Man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the Mind of another. I might add, that this Virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the Improvement of the Person who practices it. The reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences of Life, are continually furnishing us with Matter for Thought and Reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them our selves: When they are thus clothed in Expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are just or false, as those Effects which they produce in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter my self, that in the Course of these my Speculations, I have treated of several Subjects, and laid down many such Rules for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many Secrets they have found out for the Conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made publick.

I am the more confirmed in this Opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censur'd for having prostituted Learning to the Embraces of the Vulgar, and made her, as one of my Correspondents phrases it, a common Strumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *Arcana*, or Secrets of Prudence, to the Eyes of every Reader.

The narrow Spirit which appears in the Letters of these my Correspondents is the less surprizing, as it has shewn itself in all Ages: There is still extant an Epistle written by *Alexander* the Great to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his Writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the World, those Secrets in Learning which he had before communicated to him in private Lectures; concluding, *That he had rather excel the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in Power.*[1]

Luisa de Padilla, a Lady of great Learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner angry with the famous *Gratian*,[2] upon his publishing his Treatise of the *Discreto*; wherein she fancied that he had laid open those Maxims to common Readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the Knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so

[1] Nil proprium ducas quod mutarier potest.

[1] Aulus Gellius. Noct. Att., Bk xx., ch. 5.

[2] Baltazar Gracian's *Discreto* has been mentioned before in the *Spectator*, being well-known in England through a French translation. See note on p. 420. Gracian, in Spain, became especially popular as a foremost representative of his time in transferring the humour for conceits—*culiismo*, as it was called—from verse to prose. He began in 1630 with a prose tract, *the Hero*, laboured in short ingenious sentences, which went through six editions. He wrote also an Art of Poetry after the new style. His chief work was the *Criticon*, an allegory of the Spring, Autumn, and Winter of life. The *Discreto* was one of his minor works. All that he wrote was published, not by himself, but by a friend, and in the name of his brother Lorenzo, who was not an ecclesiastic.

much weight, that they often defend the abovemention'd Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Style and Manner of Writing, that tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

Persius, the *Latin* Satirist, affected Obscurity for another Reason; with which however Mr. *Cowley* is so offended, that writing to one of his Friends, You, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of *writing unintelligibly* has been very much improved, and follow'd by several of the Moderns, who observing the general Inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret, and the Reputation many have acquired by concealing their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all. This Art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many Words at a venture into different Periods, and leaving the curious Reader to find out the Meaning of them.

The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark-Lanthorn closed on all sides, which, tho' it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of Light or Advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the Publick whatever Discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary Lamp, which consumes and wastes it self for the benefit of every Passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Story of *Rosicrucius's* Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my Readers that this Man was the Founder of the *Rosicrusian* Sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new Discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of Mankind.[1]

A certain Person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the Ground where this Philosopher lay inter'd, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surpriz'd by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discover'd a very fair Vault: At the upper end of it was a Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting it self from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his Right Hand. The Man still ventur'd a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the Statue, which was made of Brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clock-work; that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happen'd.

Rosicrucius, says his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World that he had reinvented the ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he was resolv'd no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery. X.

[1] Rosicrucius had been made fashionable by the Abbé de Villars, who was assassinated in 1675. His *Comte de Gabalis* was a popular little book in the *Spectator's* time. 'I suppose I need not in-'form my readers' that there never was a 'Rosi-'crucius' or a 'Rosicrucian sect.' The Rosicrucian pamphlets which appeared in Germany at the beginning of the 17th century, dating from 'the 'Discovery of the Brotherhood of the Honourable 'Order of the Rosy Cross,' a pamphlet published in 1610, by a Lutheran clergyman, Valentine Andreä, were part of a hoax designed perhaps originally as means of establishing a sort of charitable masonic society of social reformers. Missing that aim, the Rosicrucian story lived to be adorned by superstitious fancy, with ideas of mystery and magic, which in the *Comte de Gabalis* were methodized into a consistent romance. It was from this romance that Pope got what he called the 'Rosicrucian' machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*. The Abbé de Villars, professing to give very full particulars, had told how the Rosicrucians assigned sylphs to the air, gnomes to the earth, nymphs to the water, salamanders to the fire.

No. 380.] *Friday, May* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Rivalem patienter habe—— Ovid.

SIR, Thursday, May 8, 1712.

'THE Character you have in the World of 'being the Lady's Philosopher, and the pretty 'Advice I have seen you give to others in your 'Papers, make me address my self to you in this 'abrupt Manner, and do desire your Opinion what 'in this Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have 'lately had a Gentleman that I thought made Pre-'tensions to me, insomuch that most of my Friends 'took Notice of it and thought we were really 'married; which I did not take much Pains to 'undeceive them, and especially a young Gentle-'woman of my particular Acquaintance which was 'then in the Country. She coming to Town, and 'seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self 'the Liberty of taking me to task concerning it: 'I ingenuously told her we were not married, but 'I did not know what might be the Event. She 'soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and 'was pleased to take upon her to examine him 'about it. Now whether a new Face had made a 'greater Conquest than the old, I'll leave you to 'judge: But I am inform'd that he utterly deny'd 'all Pretensions to Courtship, but withal profess'd 'a sincere Friendship for me; but whether Mar-'riages are propos'd by way of Friendship or not, 'is what I desire to know, and what I may really 'call a Lover. There are so many who talk in a

'Language fit only for that Character, and yet 'guard themselves against speaking in direct 'Terms to the Point, that it is impossible to dis-'tinguish between Courtship and Conversation. 'I hope you will do me Justice both upon my Lover 'and my Friend, if they provoke me further: In 'the mean time I carry it with so equal a Beha-'viour, that the Nymph and the Swain too are 'mighty at a loss; each believes I, who know 'them both well, think my self revenged in their 'Love to one another, which creates an irrecon-'cileable Jealousy. If all comes right again, you 'shall hear further from,

SIR,
Your most obedient Servant,
Mirtilla.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April* 28, 1712.

'Your Observations on Persons that have be-'haved themselves irreverently at Church, I doubt 'not have had a good Effect on some that have 'read them: But there is another Fault which has 'hitherto escaped your Notice, I mean of such 'Persons as are very zealous and punctual to per-'form an Ejaculation that is only preparatory to 'the Service of the Church, and yet neglect to 'join in the Service it self. There is an Instance 'of this in a Friend of WILL. HONEYCOMB'S, who 'sits opposite to me: He seldom comes in till the 'Prayers are about half over, and when he has 'enter'd his Seat (instead of joining with the Con-'gregation) he devoutly holds his Hat before his 'Face for three or four Moments, then bows to 'all his Acquaintance, sits down, takes a Pinch of 'Snuff, (if it be Evening Service perhaps a Nap) 'and spends the remaining Time in surveying the 'Congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire, 'is, that you will animadvert a little on this Gen-'tleman's Practice. In my Opinion, this Gentle-'man's Devotion, Cap-in-Hand, is only a Com-'pliance to the Custom of the Place, and goes no 'further than a little ecclesiastical Good-Breeding. 'If you will not pretend to tell us the Motives 'that bring such Triflers to solemn Assemblies, 'yet let me desire that you will give this Letter a 'Place in your Paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,
Your obliged humble Servant,
J. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May the 5th.*

'The Conversation at a Club, of which I am 'a Member, last Night falling upon Vanity and 'the Desire of being admired, put me in mind of 'relating how agreeably I was entertained at my 'own Door last *Thursday* by a clean fresh-'colour'd Girl, under the most elegant and the 'best furnished Milk-Pail I had ever observed. 'I was glad of such an Opportunity of seeing 'the Behaviour of a Coquet in low Life, and how 'she received the extraordinary Notice that was 'taken of her; which I found had affected every 'Muscle of her Face in the same manner as it 'does the Feature of a first-rate Toast at a Play, 'or in an Assembly. This Hint of mine made 'the Discourse turn upon the Sense of Pleasure; 'which ended in a general Resolution, that the 'Milk-Maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as 'the Woman of Quality. I think it would not 'be an improper Subject for you to examine this 'Frailty, and trace it to all Conditions of Life; 'which is recommended to you as an Occasion of 'obliging many of your Readers, among the rest,

Your most humble Servant,
T. B.

SIR,

'Coming last Week into a Coffee-house not 'far from the *Exchange* with my Basket under 'my Arm, a *Jew* of considerable Note, as I am 'informed, takes half a Dozen Oranges of me, 'and at the same time slides a Guinea into my 'Hand; I made him a Curtsy, and went my 'Way: He follow'd me, and finding I was going 'about my Business, he came up with me, and 'told me plainly, that he gave me the Guinea with 'no other Intent but to purchase my Person for 'an Hour. Did you so, Sir? says I: You gave 'it me then to make me be wicked, I'll keep it to 'make me honest. However, not to be in the 'least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in 'a couple of Rings, and wear them for your 'Sake. I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give 'every Body that asks how I came by my Rings 'this Account of my Benefactor; but to save me 'the Trouble of telling my Tale over and over 'again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell 'it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

May 12, 1712. *Your humble Servant,*
Betty Lemon.

SIR, *St. Brides, May* 15, 1712.

'Tis a great deal of Pleasure to me, and I 'dare say will be no less Satisfaction to you, that 'I have an Opportunity of informing you, that 'the Gentlemen and others of the Parish of St. '*Brides*, have raised a Charity-School of fifty 'Girls, as before of fifty Boys. You were so 'kind to recommend the Boys to the charitable 'World, and the other Sex hope you will do them 'the same Favour in *Friday's Spectator* for '*Sunday* next, when they are to appear with their 'humble Airs at the Parish Church of St. *Bride's*. 'Sir, the Mention of this may possibly be serv-'iceable to the Children; and sure no one will 'omit a good Action attended with no Expence.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
T. The Sexton.

No. 381.] *Saturday, May* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.—Hor.

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient, Chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy: On the contrary, Chearfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling

into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Chearfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Chearfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A chearful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Chearfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters it self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence and with Chearfulness of Heart. The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a Joyful Harbour.

A Man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Chearfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon

himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful Temper, as makes us pleasing to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please. I.

No. 382.] *Monday, May* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

Habes confitentem reum.—Tull.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a Request of one of my Correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add Practice to Profession. He sent me some time ago a Bottle or two of excellent Wine to drink the Health of a Gentleman, who had by the Penny-Post advertised him of an egregious Error in his Conduct. My Correspondent received the Obligation from an unknown Hand with the Candour which is natural to an ingenuous Mind; and promises a contrary Behaviour in that Point for the future: He will offend his Monitor with no more Errors of that kind, but thanks him for his Benevolence. This frank Carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable Atonement a Man makes in an ingenuous Acknowledgment of a Fault: All such Miscarriages as flow from Inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for Reason, though not concerned in the Injury, employs all its Force in the Atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an Action, does as much as if he should tell you, that tho' the Circumstance which displeased was never in his Thoughts, he has that Respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an Acknowledgment of Offence is made out of Poorness of Spirit, and not Conviction of Heart, the Circumstance is quite different: But in the Case of my Correspondent, where both the Notice is taken and the Return made in private, the Affair begins and ends with the highest Grace on each Side. To make the Acknowledgment of a Fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the Circumstances of the Offender place him above any ill Consequences from the Resentment of the Person offended. A Dauphin of *France*, upon a Review of the Army, and a Command of the King to alter the Posture of it by a March of one of the Wings, gave an improper Order to an Officer at the Head of a Brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last Orders, which were to move a contrary Way. The Prince, instead of taking the Admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his Error with Safety to his Understanding, shaked a Cane at the Officer; and with the return of opprobrious Language, persisted in his own Orders. The whole Matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his Son, on foot, to lay his right Hand on the Gentleman's Stirrup as he sat on Horseback in sight of the whole Army, and ask his Pardon. When the Prince touched his Stirrup, and was going to speak, the Officer with an incredible Agility, threw himself on the Earth, and kissed his Feet.

The Body is very little concerned in the Pleasures or Sufferings of Souls truly great: and the Reparation, when an Honour was designed this Soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his Gratitude, as the Injury was intolerable to his Resentment.

When we turn our Thoughts from these extraordinary Occurrences in common Life, we see an ingenuous kind of Behaviour not only make up for Faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very Commission. Thus many things wherein a Man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, *This is a Trespass; you'll pardon my Confidence; I am sensible I have no Pretension to this Favour*, and the like. But commend me to those gay Fellows about Town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of Carriage, which prompts a Man against Rules to urge what he has a Mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of your self to others of equal Merit, every Man that loves Virtue and Modesty ought, in Defence of those Qualities, to oppose you: But, without considering the Morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural Consequence of Candour when we speak of ourselves.

The SPECTATOR writes often in an Elegant, often in an Argumentative, and often in a Sublime Style, with equal Success; but how would it hurt the reputed Author of that Paper to own, that of the most beautiful Pieces under his Title, he is barely the Publisher? There is nothing but what a Man really performs, can be an Honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the Eye of the World, he loses in the Conviction of his own Heart; and a Man must lose his Consciousness, that is, his very Self, before he can rejoice in any Falshood without inward Mortification.

Who has not seen a very Criminal at the Bar, when his Counsel and Friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole Assembly to pity him, and his Judge to recommend his Case to the Mercy of the Throne, with-

out offering any thing new in his Defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own Mouth, and took upon himself all the Shame and Sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great Opposition to this kind of Candour, arises from the unjust Idea People ordinarily have of what we call an high Spirit. It is far from Greatness of Spirit to persist in the Wrong in any thing, nor is it a Diminution of Greatness of Spirit to have been in the Wrong: Perfection is not the Attribute of Man, therefore he is not degraded by the Acknowledgment of an Imperfection: But it is the Work of little Minds to imitate the Fortitude of great Spirits on worthy Occasions, by Obstinacy in the Wrong. This Obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the Defence of Faults in their very Servants. It would swell this Paper to too great a length, should I insert all the Quarrels and Debates which are now on foot in this Town; where one Party, and in some Cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty Side, and have not Spirit enough to Acknowledge it. Among the Ladies the Case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high Spirit, to throw away from it all which it self disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a Shame, as that which disables the Heart from acquiring a Liberality of Affections and Sentiments. The candid Mind, by acknowledging and discarding its Faults, has Reason and Truth for the Foundation of all its Passions and Desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous Spirit, by Indulgence of one unacknowledged Error, is intangled with an After-Life of Guilt, Sorrow, and Perplexity. T.

No. 383.] *Tuesday, May* 20, 1712. [*Addison.*

Criminibus debent Hortos—— Hor.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber, and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it, a *loud* chearful Voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very Innocently, that he did not Lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER's Voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my Promise from the Bottom of the Stair-Case, but told me that if I was Speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little Boy upon the Head, and bidding him be a good Child and mind his Book.

We were no sooner come to the *Temple* Stairs, but we were surrounded with a Crowd of Watermen, offering us their respective Services. Sir ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden-Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I would rather bate him a few Strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a Fellow in my Livery that had not a Wooden-Leg.*

My old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occasions, we made the best of our way for *Fox-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his Right Leg, and hearing that he had left it [at *La Hogue*,[1]] with many Particulars which passed in that glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflections on the Greatness of the *British* Nation; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe*; that *London Bridge* was a greater piece of Work, than any of the seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-Bar*. *A most Heathenish Sight!* says Sir ROGER: *There is no Religion at this End of the Town. The fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER's Character, his Custom of saluting every Body that passes by him with a Good-morrow or a Good-night. This the old Man does out of the overflowings of his Humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his Morning or Evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but to the Knight's great Surprize, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our Landing, one of them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us what queer old Put we had in the Boat,

[1] [in Bantry Bay] In Bantry Bay, on May-day, 1689, a French Fleet, bringing succour to the adherents of James II., attacked the English, under Admiral Herbert, and obliged them to retire. The change of name in the text was for one with a more flattering association. In the Battle of La Hogue, May 19, 1692, the English burnt 13 of the enemy's ships, destroyed 8, dispersed the rest, and prevented a threatened descent of the French upon England.

and whether he was not ashamed to go a Wenching at his Years? with a great deal of the like *Thames*-Ribaldry. Sir ROGER seem'd a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told us, *That if he were a* Middlesex *Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that Her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Mahometan* Paradise. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale. Ah, Mr.* SPECTATOR! *the many Moon-light Nights that I have walked by my self, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingales!* He here fetched a deep Sigh, and was falling into a Fit of musing, when a Masque, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow, told her, *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid her go about her Business.

We concluded our Walk with a Glass of *Burton*-Ale, and a Slice of Hung-Beef. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a Peremptory Look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old Friend, thinking himself obliged, as a Member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the Morals of the Place, told the Mistress of the House, who sat at the Bar, That he should be a better Customer to her Garden, if there were more Nightingales, and fewer Strumpets.

No. 384.] *Wednesday, May* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hague, May 24. *N. S.* The same Republican Hands, who have so often since the Chevalier *de St. George's* Recovery killed him in our publick Prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin of *France* to that desperate Condition of Weakness, and Death it self, that it is hard to conjecture what Method they will take to bring him to Life again. Mean time we are assured by a very good Hand from *Paris*, That on the 20th Instant, this young Prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the Day of his Birth. As for the other, they are now sending his Ghost, we suppose, (for they never had the Modesty to contradict their Assertions of his Death) to *Commerci* in *Lorrain*, attended only by four Gentlemen, and a few Domesticks of little Consideration. *The Baron* de Bothmar *having delivered in his Credentials to qualify him as an Ambassador to this State, (an Office to which his greatest Enemies will acknowledge him to be equal) is gone to* Utrecht, *whence he will proceed to* Hanover, *but not stay long at that Court, for fear the Peace should be made during his* lamented *Absence.*

Post-Boy, *May* 20.

I *SHOULD be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent Pieces lately come out. My Lord Bishop of St.* Asaph *has just now published some Sermons, the Preface to which seems to me to determine a great Point.*[1] *He has, like a good Man and a good Christian, in opposition to all the Flattery and base Submission of false Friends to Princes, asserted, That Christianity left us where it found us as to our Civil Rights. The present Entertainment shall consist only of a Sentence out of the* Post-Boy, *and the said Preface of the Lord of St.* Asaph. *I should think it a little odd if the Author of the* Post-Boy *should with Impunity call Men Republicans for a Gladness on Report of the Death of the* Pretender; *and treat Baron* Bothmar, *the Minister of* Hanover, *in such a manner as you see in my Motto. I must own, I think every Man in* England *concerned to support the Succession of that Family.*

'The publishing a few Sermons, whilst I live, 'the latest of which was preached about eight 'Years since, and the first above seventeen, will 'make it very natural for People to enquire into 'the Occasion of doing so; And to such I do very 'willingly assign these following Reasons.

'First, From the Observations I have been able 'to make, for these many Years last past, upon 'our publick Affairs, and from the natural Tend-

[1] Dr. William Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph, had published 'Four Sermons.' 1. On the death of Queen Mary, 1694. 2. On the death of the Duke of Gloucester, 1700. 3. On the death of King William, 1701. 4. On the Queen's Accession to the Throne, in 1702, with a Preface. 8vo. London, 1712. The Preface which, says Dr. Johnson, overflowed with Whiggish principles, was ordered to be burnt by the House of Commons. This moved Steele to diffuse it by inserting it in the *Spectator*, which, as its author said in a letter to Burnet, 'conveyed about fourteen thousand 'copies of the condemned preface into people's 'hands that would otherwise have never seen or 'heard of it.' Moreover, to ensure its delivery into the Queen's hands the publication of this number is said to have been deferred till twelve o'clock, her Majesty's breakfast hour; that no time might be allowed for a decision that it should not be laid, as usual, upon her breakfast table.

Fleetwood was born in 1656; had been chaplain to King William, and in 1706 had been appointed to the Bishopric of St. Asaph without any solicitation. He was translated to Ely in 1714, and died in 1723.

'ency of several Principles and Practices, that 'have of late been studiously revived, and from 'what has followed thereupon, I could not help 'both fearing and presaging, that these Nations 'would some time or other, if ever we should have 'an enterprising Prince upon the Throne, of more 'Ambition than Virtue, Justice, and true Honour, 'fall into the way of all other Nations, and lose 'their *Liberty*.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose Charge 'a great deal of this dreadful Mischief, whenever 'it should happen, would be laid, whether justly 'or unjustly, was not my Business to determine; 'but I resolved for my own particular part, to de-'liver my self, as well as I could, from the Re-'proaches and the Curses of Posterity, by pub-'lickly declaring to all the World, That although 'in the constant Course of my Ministry, I have 'never failed, on proper Occasions, to recommend, 'urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and 'the reverencing the Prince's Person, and hold-'ing it, according to the Laws, inviolable and 'sacred; and paying all Obedience and Submis-'sion to the Laws, though never so hard and in-'convenient to private People: Yet did I never 'think my self at liberty, or authorized to tell the 'People, that either *Christ*, St. *Peter*, or St. *Paul*, 'or any other Holy Writer, had by any Doctrine 'delivered by them, subverted *the Laws* and '*Constitutions* of the Country in which they lived, 'or put them in a worse Condition, with respect 'to their Civil Liberties, than they would have 'been had they not been Christians. I ever 'thought it a most impious Blasphemy against 'that holy Religion, to father any thing upon it 'that might encourage Tyranny, Oppression, or 'Injustice in a Prince, or that easily tended to 'make a free and happy People *Slaves* and *Miser-'able*. No: People may make themselves as 'wretched as they will, but let not God be called 'into that wicked Party. When Force and Vio-'lence, and hard Necessity have brought the 'Yoak of Servitude upon a People's Neck, Re-'ligion will supply them with a patient and sub-'missive Spirit under it till they can innocently 'shake it off; but certainly Religion never puts it 'on. This always was, and this at present is, my 'Judgment of these Matters: And I would be 'transmitted to Posterity (for the little Share of 'Time such Names as mine can live) under the 'Character of one who lov'd his Country, and 'would be thought a *good Englishman*, as well as 'a *good Clergyman*.

'This Character I thought would be transmitted 'by the following Sermons, which were made for, 'and preached in a private Audience, when I 'could think of nothing else but doing my Duty 'on the Occasions that were then offered by God's 'Providence, without any manner of design of 'making them publick: And for that reason I 'give them now as they were then delivered; by 'which I hope to satisfie those People who have 'objected a Change of Principles to me, as if I 'were not now the same Man I formerly was. I 'never had but one Opinion of these Matters; 'and that I think is so reasonable and well-'grounded, that I believe I never can have any 'other.

'Another Reason of my publishing these Ser-'mons at this time, is, that I have a mind to do 'my self some Honour, by doing what Honour I 'could to the Memory of two most excellent 'Princes, and who have very highly deserved at 'the hands of all the People of these Dominions, 'who have any true Value for the *Protestant Re-'ligion*, and the *Constitution* of the *English 'Government*, of which they were the great *De-'liverers* and *Defenders*. I have lived to see their 'illustrious Names very rudely handled, and the 'great Benefits they did this Nation treated 'slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to 'see our Deliverance from *Arbitrary Power* and '*Popery*, traduced and vilified by some who for-'merly thought it was their greatest Merit, and 'made it part of their Boast and Glory, to have 'had a little hand and share in bringing it about; 'and others who, without it, must have liv'd in 'Exile, Poverty, and Misery, meanly disclaiming 'it, and using ill the *glorious Instruments* thereof. 'Who could expect such a Requital of such Merit? 'I have, I own it, an Ambition of exempting my 'self from the Number of *unthankful* People: 'And as I loved and honoured those great Princes 'living, and lamented over them when dead, so I 'would gladly raise them up a Monument of 'Praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be; 'and I chuse to do it at *this* time, when it is so 'unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of 'them.

'The Sermon that was preached upon the Duke 'of *Gloucester's* Death was printed quickly after, 'and is now, because the Subject was so suitable, 'join'd to the others. The Loss of that most 'promising and hopeful Prince was, at that time, 'I saw, unspeakably great; and many Accidents 'since have convinced us, that it could not have 'been over-valued. That precious Life, had it 'pleased God to have prolonged it the usual Space, 'had saved us many Fears and Jealousies, and 'dark Distrusts, and prevented many Alarms, that 'have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking 'and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and 'support us under this heavy Stroke, but the Ne-'cessity it brought the King and Nation under, 'of settling the *Succession* in the House of HAN-'NOVER, and giving it an *Hereditary Right*, by '*Act of Parliament*, as long as it continues *Pro-'testant*. So much good did God, in his merciful 'Providence, produce from a Misfortune, which 'we could never otherwise have sufficiently de-'plored.

'The fourth Sermon was preached upon the 'Queen's *Accession* to the Throne, and the first 'Year in which that Day was solemnly observed, '(for, by some Accident other, it had been over-'look'd the Year before;) and every one will see, 'without the date of it, that it was preached very 'early in this Reign, since I was able only to '*promise* and *presage* its future Glories and Suc-'cesses, from the good Appearances of things, and 'the happy Turn our Affairs began to take; and 'could not then count up the Victories and Tri-'umphs that for seven Years after, made it, in the 'Prophet's Language, *a Name and a Praise 'among all the People of the Earth*. Never did 'seven such Years together pass over the head of

'any *English Monarch*, nor cover it with so much 'Honour: The Crown and Sceptre seemed to be 'the *Queen's* least Ornaments; those, other Princes 'wore in common with her, and her great personal 'Virtues were the same before and since; but such 'was the Fame of her Administration of Affairs 'at home, such was the Reputation of her Wisdom 'and Felicity in chusing Ministers, and such was 'then esteemed their Faithfulness and Zeal, their 'Diligence and great Abilities in executing her 'Commands; to such a height of military Glory 'did her great *General* and her *Armies* carry the '*British* Name abroad; such was the Harmony 'and Concord betwixt her and her *Allies*, and 'such was the Blessing of God upon all her Coun-'sels and Undertakings, that I am as sure as 'History can make me, no Prince of ours was ever 'yet so prosperous and successful, so beloved, 'esteemed, and honoured by their Subjects and 'their Friends, nor near so formidable to their 'Enemies. We were, as all the World imagined 'then, just entring on the ways that promised to 'lead to such a Peace, as would have answered 'all the Prayers of our religious Queen, the Care 'and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Pay-'ments of a willing and obedient People, as well 'as all the glorious Toils and Hazards of the Sol-'diery: when God, for our Sins, permitted *the* '*Spirit of Discord* to go forth, and, by troubling 'sore the Camp, the City, and the Country, (and 'oh that it had altogether spared the Places 'sacred to his Worship!) to spoil, for a time, this 'beautiful and pleasing Prospect, and give us, in 'its stead, I know not what—— Our Enemies 'will tell the rest with Pleasure. It will become 'me better to pray to God to restore us to the 'Power of obtaining such a Peace, as will be to 'his Glory, the Safety, Honour, and the Welfare 'of the Queen and her Dominions, and the gen-'eral Satisfaction of all her High and Mighty 'Allies.

May 2, 1712. T.

No. 385.] *Thursday, May* 22, 1712. [*Budgell.*

——*Theseâ pectora juncta fide.*—Ovid.

I INTEND the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship*, in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

Friendship *is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to promote the Good and Happiness of one another.* Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in our selves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem: so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmths of Friendship, without an affectionate Good-will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almost ruin'd by the Hero's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

The Character of *Achates* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently chuse their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite, either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow, thro' the whole *Æneid*.

A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country, when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found means to serve his Friends on either side: and while he sent Money to young *Marius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cesar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cæsar* he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a thousand good Offices to *Antony's* Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his place in both their Friendships; insomuch that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is so far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find

some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Besides that a Man in some measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments, which are *in* the possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reproved, may otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not Conscious of. A Mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it must quite sink under the Oppression, or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Courage; and a Soul thus supported, outdoes itself: whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation: since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expose the Weakness of his Choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a Treasure which was once in his Possession. X.

No. 386.] *Friday, May* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

Cum Tristibus severe, cum Remissis jucunde, cum Senibus graviter, cum Juventute comiter vivere.—Tull.

THE piece of *Latin* on the Head of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. *Cicero* spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Chearful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly; he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a Man's own Temper and natural Complection; to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Undiscerning, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become Pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this Reason it is a most calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to Company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Humour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a Friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve [a[1]] heavy Heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is that which makes me pleased with the Character of my good Acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Frolick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his company; and tho' *Acasto* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Acasto*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company, (but there can be no such thing as Art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Mens Minds more than the highest Sallies of Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a Man no otherwise vener-

[1] [an]

able. The Forwardness of Youth, when it proceeds from Alacrity and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Anthony*, says, That *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nulla arte tradi possunt: He had a witty Mirth, which could be acquired by no Art.* This Quality must be of the Kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life, is to be acquired: but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it; for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who, without any manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances: It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own Life, and put a stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Change*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and tho' you are ever so intently employed on a graver Subject, a young Fellow of the other end of the Town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way; and Precepts of this kind fare like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones. T.

No. 387.[1] *Saturday, May* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid purè tranquillet——— Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Chearfulness as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider Chearfulness in its *natural* State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best Promoter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, sooths and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a Perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakning or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher [1] accounts for it in the following manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets

[1] Numbered by mistake, in the daily issue 388, No. 388 is then numbered 390; 389 is right, 390 is called 392, the next 391, which is right, another 392 follows, and thus the error is corrected.

[1] Sir Isaac Newton.

ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month of* November, *when the People of* England *hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. *Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why *God hath scattered up and down* several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him*, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore. L.

No. 388.] *Monday, May* 26, 1712. [*Barr?*[1]

——*Tibi res antiquæ Laudis et Artis*
Ingredior; sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my Custom, when I read your Papers, 'to read over the Quotations in the Authors 'from whence you take them: As you mention'd 'a Passage lately out of the second Chapter of '*Solomon's Song*, it occasion'd my looking into 'it; and upon reading it I thought the Ideas so 'exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help 'making this Paraphrase of it; which, now it is 'done, I can as little forbear sending to you. 'Some Marks of your Approbation, which I have 'already receiv'd, have given me so sensible a 'Taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavour-'ing after them as often as I can with any Ap-'pearance of Success.

I am SIR,
Your most [*obedient*[2]] *humble Servant.*

[1] Percy had heard that a poetical translation of a chapter in the Proverbs, and another poetical translation from the Old Testament, were by Mr. Barr, a dissenting minister at Morton Hampstead in Devonshire.

[2] [*obliged*]

The Second Chapter of *Solomon's Song.*

I.

As when in Sharon's *Field the blushing Rose*
Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs *bear*
The fragrant Odours thro' the Air:
Or as the Lilly in the shady Vale,
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride prevail,
And stands with Dews and kindest Sun-shine blest,
In fair Pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my Love, with happy Influence, shed
His Eyes bright Sun-shine on his Lover's Head,
Then shall the Rose of Sharon's *Field,*
And whitest Lillies to my Beauties yield.
Then fairest Flow'rs with studious Art combine,
The Roses with the Lillies join,
And their united [*Charms are* [1]] *less than mine.*

II.

As much as fairest Lillies can surpass
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass;
So does my Love among the Virgins shine,
Adorn'd with Graces more than half Divine;
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian *Fruit! and beautifully high,*
Extends its Branches to the Sky;
So does my Love the Virgins Eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,
[*Among*[2]] *ten thousand eminently bright.*

III.

Beneath this pleasing Shade
My wearied Limbs at Ease I laid,
And on his fragrant Boughs reclin'd my Head.
I pull'd the Golden Fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the Fruit, and pleasing to the Taste:
With sparkling Wine he crown'd the Bowl,
With gentle Ecstacies he fill'd my Soul;
Joyous we sate beneath the shady Grove,
And o'er my Head he hung the Banners of his Love.

IV.

I faint; I die! my labouring Breast
Is with the mighty Weight of Love oppress:
I feel the Fire possess my Heart,
And pain convey'd to every Part.
Thro' all my Veins the Passion flies,
My feeble Soul forsakes its Place,
A trembling Faintness seals my Eyes,
And Paleness dwells upon my Face;
Oh! let my Love with pow'rful Odours stay
My fainting lovesick Soul that dies away;
One Hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste Embrace.

V.

I charge you, Nymphs of Sion, *as you go*
Arm'd with the sounding Quiver and the Bow,
Whilst thro' the lonesome Woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.

Be only gentle Zephyrs *there,*
With downy Wings to fan the Air;
Let sacred Silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding Sound:
And when the balmy Slumber leaves his Eyes,
May he to Joys, unknown 'till then, arise.

VI.

But see! he comes! with what majestick Gate
He onward bears his lovely State!
Now thro' the Lattice he appears,
With softest Words dispels my Fears;
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Pleasures Love can give.
For now the sullen Winter's past,
No more we fear the Northern Blast:
No Storms nor threatning Clouds appear,
No falling Rains deform the Year.
My Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, see! the teeming Earth
Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth.
The Dews, and soft-descending Show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs.
Hark! the Birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the Spring.
Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,
And billing whispers her his Love.
The spreading Vines with Blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful Smell.
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Blessings Love can give:
For Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its Mate the constant Dove
Flies thro' the Covert of the spicy Grove,
So let us hasten to some lonely Shade,
There let me safe in thy lov'd Arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful Noise
Shall damp the Sound of thy melodious Voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous Grace;
For sweet thy Voice, and lovely is thy Face.

IX.

As all of me, my Love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the Lillies we will play,
Fairer, my Love, thou art than they,
'Till the purple Morn arise,
And balmy Sleep forsake thine Eyes;
'Till the gladsome Beams of Day
Remove the Shades of Night away;
Then when soft Sleep shall from thy Eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding Roe, or lusty Hart,
Glad to behold the Light again
From Bether's *Mountains darting o'er the Plain.*

T.

[1] [*Beauties shall be*]
[2] [*And stands among*]

No. 389.] *Tuesday, May* 27, 1712. [*Budgell.*

———*Meliora pii docuere parentes.*—Hor.

NOTHING has more surprized the Learned in *England*, than the Price which a small Book, intitled *Spaccio della Bestia triom fante*,[1] bore in a late Auction. This Book was sold for [thirty [2]] Pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate Religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant Price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this Apprehension; but found there was so very little Danger in it, that I shall venture to give my Readers a fair Account of the whole Plan upon which this wonderful Treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a Time resolved on a Reformation of the Constellations: for which purpose having summoned the Stars together, he complains to them of the great Decay of the Worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those Celestial Bodies by the Names of the Heathen Deities, and by that means made the Heavens as it were a Book of the Pagan Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous Stories of the Deities; upon which the Author takes occasion to cast Reflections upon all other Religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full Hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the Stars by the Names of the Moral Virtues.

This short Fable, which has no Prētence in it to Reason or Argument, and but a very small Share of Wit, has however recommended it self wholly by its Impiety to those weak Men, who would distinguish themselves by the Singularity of their Opinions.

There are two Considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent Persons of all Ages have been against them, and always complied with the publick Forms of Worship established in their respective Countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the Honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the Good of Mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the Ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own Countrymen, are all Instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the Divines, however celebrated, since our Adversaries challenge all those, as Men who have too much Interest in this Case to be impartial Evidences.

But what has been often urged as a Consideration of much more Weight, is, not only the Opinion of the Better Sort, but the general Consent of Mankind to this great Truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following Reasons; either that the Idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the Mind it self; or that this Truth is so very obvious, that it is discover'd by the first Exertion of Reason in Persons of the most ordinary Capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all Ages by a Tradition from the first Man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three Causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last Argument from the general Consent of Mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a Nation of Atheists, I mean that Polite People the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my Readers with a Description of the Customs and Manners of these Barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above Brutes, having no Language among them but a confused [*Gabble*,[1]] which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagin'd how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates*, or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this Point has, not without Reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do Religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant Part of Mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the Weakness of their Cause, than that no Division of their Fellow-Creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own Reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their Shape, which can entitle them to any Place in the Species.

Besides these poor Creatures, there have now and then been Instances of a few crazed People in several Nations, who have denied the Existence of a Deity.

The Catalogue of these is however very short; even *Vanini*,[2] the most celebrated Champion

[1] The book was bought in 1711 for £28 by Mr. Walter Clavel at the sale of the library of Mr. Charles Barnard. It had been bought in 1706 at the sale of Mr. Bigot's library with five others for two shillings and a penny. Although Giordano Bruno was burnt as a heretic, he was a noble thinker, no professed atheist, but a man of the reformed faith, who was in advance of Calvin, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and as good a man as Mr. Budgell. [2] [Fifty]

[1] [Gabling]

[2] Vanini, like Giordano Bruno, has his memory dishonoured through the carelessness with which men take for granted the assertions of his enemies. Whether burnt or not, every religious thinker of the sixteenth century who opposed himself to the narrowest views of those who claimed to be the guardians of orthodoxy was remorselessly maligned. If he was the leader of a party, there were hundreds to maintain his honour against calumny. If he was a solitary searcher after truth, there was nothing but his single life and work to set against the host of his defamers.

for the Cause, professed before his Judges that he believed the Existence of a God, and taking up a Straw which lay before him on the Ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several Arguments to prove that 'twas impossible Nature alone could create anything.

I was the other day reading an Account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a Gentleman of *Poland*,[1] who was convicted and executed for this Crime.[1] The manner of his Punishment was very particular. As soon as his Body was burnt his Ashes were put into a Cannon, and shot into the Air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this Method of Punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good Sense of the *British* Nation, that whether we rammed an Atheist [whole] into a great Gun, or pulverized our Infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many Charges.

I should, however, propose, while our Ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three Cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good Hope*, in order to shoot our Unbelievers into the Country of the *Hottentots*.

In my Opinion, a solemn judicial Death is too great an Honour for an Atheist, tho' I must allow the Method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of Martyrdom, has something in it proper [enough] to the Nature of his Offence.

There is indeed a great Objection against this Manner of treating them. Zeal for Religion is of so active a Nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our Sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the Vicissitude of human Affairs, it might one time or other come to a Man's own turn to fly out of the Mouth of a Demi-culverin.

If any of my Readers imagine that I have treated these Gentlemen in too Ludicrous a Manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such Unbelievers upon a Point that shocks the Common Sense of Mankind, is doing them too great an Honour, giving them a Figure in the Eye of the World, and making People fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those Persons who have any Scheme of Religious Worship, I am for treating such with the utmost Tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their Errors with the greatest Temper and Humanity: but as these Miscreants are for throwing down Religion in general, for stripping Mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great Societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the Room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own Weapons upon them, which are those of Scorn and Mockery. X.

Of Vanini's two books one was written to prove the existence of a God, yet here is Mr. Budgell calling him 'the most celebrated champion for 'the cause' of atheism.

[1] Casimir Lyszynski was a Polish Knight, executed at Warsaw in 1689, in the barbarous manner which appears to tickle Mr. Budgell's fancy. It does not appear that he had written anything.

No. 390.] *Wednesday, May* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.—Tull.

MANY are the Epistles I receive from Ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the Observation of scandalous People, who love to defame their Neighbours, and make the unjustest Interpretation of innocent and indifferent Actions. They describe their own Behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some Cause of Suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no Authority for Persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away Hours of Conversation upon the Miscarriages of other People; but since they will do so, they who value their Reputation should be cautious of Appearances to their Disadvantage. But very often our young Women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay Part of those growing old, without entering into a formal League for that purpose, to a Woman agree upon a short Way to preserve their Characters, and go on in a Way that at best is only not vicious. The Method is, when an ill-natur'd or talkative Girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's Carriage, this Creature, if not in any of their little Cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous Body in the World. Thus they guard their Reputation rather than their Modesty; as if Guilt lay in being under the Imputation of a Fault, and not in a Commission of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindest poor thing in the Town, but the most blushing Creature living: It is true she has not lost the Sense of Shame, but she has lost the Sense of Innocence. If she had more Confidence, and never did anything which ought to stain her Cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous Suffusion, which is the Livery both of Guilt and Innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no Ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When People go upon any other Foundation than the Truth of their own Hearts for the Conduct of their Actions, it lies in the power of scandalous Tongues to carry the World before them, and make the rest of Mankind fall in with the Ill, for fear of Reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make Calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, says admirably to young Ladies under the Distress of being defamed;

The best, said he, that I can you advise,
Is to avoid th' Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause, whence Evil doth arise,
Removed is, th' Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight:

Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill;
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open sight:
So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.[1]

Instead of this Care over their Words and Actions, recommended by a Poet in old Queen *Bess's* Days, the modern Way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the *prettiest sort of Woman in the World.* If Fathers and Brothers will defend a Lady's Honour, she is quite as safe as in her own Innocence. Many of the Distressed, who suffer under the Malice of evil Tongues, are so harmless that they are every Day they live asleep 'till twelve at Noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own Persons 'till two; take their necessary Food between that time and four; visit, go to the Play, and sit up at Cards 'till towards the ensuing Morn: and the malicious World shall draw Conclusions from innocent Glances, short Whispers, or pretty familiar Railleries with fashionable Men, that these Fair ones are not as rigid as Vestals. It is certain, say these goodest Creatures very well, that Virtue does not consist in constrain'd Behaviour and wry Faces, that must be allow'd: but there is a Decency in the Aspect and Manner of Ladies contracted from an Habit of Virtue, and from general Reflections that regard a modest Conduct, all which may be understood, tho' they cannot be described. A young Woman of this sort claims an Esteem mixed with Affection and Honour, and meets with no Defamation; or if she does, the wild Malice is overcome with an undisturbed Perseverance in her Innocence. To speak freely, there are such Coveys of Coquets about this Town, that if the Peace were not kept by some impertinent Tongues of their own Sex, which keep them under some Restraint, we should have no manner of Engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable Order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one Part of Womankind ballance the Behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of Talebearers or Slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a General would discourage Spies. The Enemy would easily surprize him whom they knew had no Intelligence of their Motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a She-Slanderer or two in every Quarter of the Town, to live in the Characters of Coquets, and take all the innocent Freedoms of the rest, in order to send me Information of the Behaviour of their respective Sisterhoods.

But as the Matter of Respect to the World, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easie to be what is in the general called Virtuous, that it need not cost one Hour's Reflection in a Month to preserve that Appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty Rogues talk of Virtue and Vice among each other: She is the laziest Creature in the World, but I must confess strictly Virtuous: The peevishest Hussy breathing, but as to her Virtue she is without Blemish: She has not the least Charity for any of her Acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly Virtuous. As the unthinking Part of the Male World call every Man a Man of Honour, who is not a Coward; so the Crowd of the other Sex terms every Woman who will not be a Wench, Virtuous. T.

[1] F. Q. Bk VI. canto vi. st. 14.

No. 391.] *Thursday, May* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

——— Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere Divis:
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de Templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: O si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam! ——— Pers.

WHERE *Homer*[1] represents *Phœnix*, the Tutor of *Achilles*, as persuading his Pupil to lay aside his Resentments, and give himself up to the Entreaties of his Countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him speak in Character, ascribes to him a Speech full of those Fables and Allegories which old Men take Delight in relating, and which are very proper for Instruction. *The Gods*, says he, *suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by Entreaties. When Mortals have offended them by their Transgressions, they appease them by Vows and Sacrifices. You must know*, Achilles, *that PRAYERS are the Daughters of* Jupiter. *They are crippled by frequent Kneeling, have their Faces full of Cares and Wrinkles, and their Eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant Attendants on the Goddess* ATE, *and march behind her. This Goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty Air, and being very light of foot, runs thro' the whole Earth, grieving and afflicting the Sons of Men. She gets the start of PRAYERS, who always follow her, in order to heal those Persons whom she wounds. He who honours these Daughters of* Jupiter, *when they draw near to him, receives great Benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his Orders to the Goddess* ATE *to punish him for his Hardness of Heart.* This noble Allegory needs but little Explanation; for whether the Goddess *ATE* signifies Injury, as some have explained it; or Guilt in general, as others; or divine Justice, as I am the more apt to think; the Interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another Heathen Fable relating to Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some Passages in it, that it was composed by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavour'd to imitate his Way of Writing; but as Dissertations of this Nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my Reader the Fable, without any further Enquiries after the Author.

[1] Iliad, Bk ix.

Menippus[1] the Philosopher was a second time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-Door that was placed by his Foot-stool. At its rising, there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. *Menippus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words, *Riches*, *Honour*, and *Long Life* repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-Door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one, it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the *Wisdom* and the Beard of his humble Supplicant. *Menippus* knew it by the Voice to be the Prayer of his Friend *Licander* the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a Silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was [then] interrupted with a whole Volly of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical Prince by his Subjects who pray'd for him in his Presence. *Menippus* was surprized, after having listned to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly, expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the Trap-door, enquired of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke of a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in time of danger; 'tis a Rogue that is shipwreck'd in the *Ionian* Sea: I sav'd him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners, the Scoundrel is not worth a Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking—— But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you, he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a Pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind thro' the Trap-Door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephirs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair and Death. *Menippus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him that they came up to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every day received Complaints of the same nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a Western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man of near an hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow! says *Jupiter*. He has made this Prayer *to me* for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old, he desired only that he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson: When all this was brought about, he puts up a Petition that he might live to finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which, he flung down the Trap-Door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Persius*, who have each of them made the finest Satire in their whole Works upon this Subject. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the Folly and Extravagance of Mens Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion. I.

[1] Menippus was a Cynic philosopher of Gadara, who made money in Thebes by usury, lost it, and hanged himself. He wrote satirical pieces, which are lost; some said that they were the joint work of two friends, Dionysius and Zopyrus of Colophon, in whom it was one jest the more to ascribe their jesting to Menippus. These pieces were imitated by Terentius Varro in 'Satiræ Menippeæ.'

No. 392.] *Friday, May* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

Per Ambages et Ministeria Deorum
Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus.—Pet.

To the SPECTATOR.

The Transformation of Fidelio *into a Looking-Glass.*

'I WAS lately at a Tea-Table, where some young Ladies entertained the Company with 'a Relation of a Coquet in the Neighbourhood, 'who had been discovered practising before her 'Glass. To turn the Discourse, which from being 'witty grew to be malicious, the Matron of the 'Family took occasion, from the Subject, to wish 'that there were to be found amongst Men such 'faithful Monitors to dress the Mind by, as we 'consult to adorn the Body. She added, that if 'a sincere Friend were miraculously changed into 'a Looking-Glass, she should not be ashamed to 'ask its Advice very often. This whimsical 'Thought worked so much upon my Fancy the 'whole Evening, that it produced [a very odd 'Dream.[1]]

'Methought, that as I stood before my Glass, the 'Image of a Youth, of an open ingenuous Aspect, 'appeared in it; who with a small shrill Voice 'spoke in the following manner.

'The Looking-Glass, you see, was heretofore a 'Man, even I, the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had 'two Brothers, whose Deformity in Shape was 'made out by the Clearness of their Understand-'ing: It must be owned however, that (as it gen-'erally happens) they had each a Perverseness 'of Humour suitable to their Distortion of Body. 'The eldest, whose Belly sunk in monstrously, was 'a great Coward; and tho' his splenetick con-'tracted Temper made him take fire immediately, 'he made Objects that beset him appear greater 'than they were. The second, whose Breast swelled 'into a bold Relievo, on the contrary, took great 'pleasure in lessening every thing, and was per-'fectly the Reverse of his Brother. These Odd-'nesses pleased Company once or twice, but dis-'gusted when often seen; for which reason the 'young Gentlemen were sent from Court to study 'Mathematicks at the University.

'I need not acquaint you, that I was very well 'made, and reckoned a bright polite Gentleman. 'I was the Confident and Darling of all the Fair; 'and if the Old and Ugly spoke ill of me, all the 'World knew it was because I scorned to flatter 'them. No Ball, no Assembly was attended till I 'had been consulted. *Flavia* colour'd her Hair 'before me, *Celia* shew'd me her Teeth, *Panthea* 'heaved her Bosom, *Cleora* brandished her Dia-'monds; I have seen *Cloe's* Foot, and tied arti-'ficially the Garters of *Rhodope*.

''Tis a general Maxim, that those who doat 'upon themselves, can have no violent Affection 'for another: But on the contrary, I found that 'the Womens Passion for me rose in proportion 'to the Love they bare to themselves. This was 'verify'd in my Amour with *Narcissa*, who was 'so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, 'had I been little enough, she would have hung 'me at her Girdle. The most dangerous Rival I 'had, was a gay empty Fellow, who by the 'Strength of a long Intercourse with *Narcissa*, 'joined to his natural Endowments, had formed 'himself into a perfect Resemblance with her. I 'had been discarded, had she not observed that 'he frequently asked my Opinion about Matters 'of the last Consequence: This made me still 'more considerable in her Eye.

'Tho' I was eternally caressed by the Ladies, 'such was their Opinion of my Honour, that I 'was never envy'd by the Men. A jealous Lover 'of *Narcissa* one day thought he had caught her 'in an Amorous Conversation; for tho' he was at 'such a Distance that he could hear nothing, he 'imagined strange things from her Airs and Ges-'tures. Sometimes with a serene Look she 'stepped back in a listning Posture, and bright-'ened into an innocent Smile. Quickly after she 'swelled into an Air of Majesty and Disdain, then 'kept her Eyes half shut after a languishing 'Manner, then covered her Blushes with her 'Hand, breathed a Sigh, and seem'd ready to sink 'down. In rushed the furious Lover; but how 'great was his Surprize to see no one there but the 'innocent *Fidelio*, with his Back against the 'Wall betwixt two Windows?

'It were endless to recount all my Adventures. 'Let me hasten to that which cost me my Life, 'and *Narcissa* her Happiness.

'She had the misfortune to have the Small-'Pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her 'Sight, it being apprehended that it would in-'crease her Distemper, and that I should infal-'libly catch it at the first Look. As soon as she 'was suffered to leave her Bed, she stole out of 'her Chamber, and found me all alone in an ad-'joining Apartment. She ran with Transport to 'her Darling, and without Mixture of Fear, lest I 'should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her 'Fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and 'shock'd at so loathsome a Spectacle. She step-'ped back, swollen with Rage, to see if I had the 'Insolence to repeat it. I did, with this Addition, 'that her ill-timed Passion had increased her 'Ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she 'snatched a Bodkin, and with all her Force 'stabbed me to the Heart. Dying, I preserv'd 'my Sincerity, and expressed the Truth, tho' in 'broken Words; and by reproachful Grimaces to 'the last I mimick'd the Deformity of my Mur-'deress.

''*Cupid*, who always attends the Fair, and 'pity'd the Fate of so useful a Servant as I was, 'obtained of the *Destinies*, that my Body should 'be made incorruptible, and retain the Qualities 'my Mind had possessed. I immediately lost the 'Figure of a Man, and became smooth, polished, 'and bright, and to this day am the first Favour-'ite of the Ladies. T.

[1] [so odd a Dream, that no one but the SPECTATOR could believe that the Brain, clogged in Sleep, could furnish out such a regular Wildness of Imagination.]

No. 393.] *Saturday, May* 31, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.—Virg.

LOOKING over the Letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious Friend, who was then in *Denmark*.

Dear Sir, Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

'The Spring with you has already taken Possession of the Fields and Woods: Now is the 'Season of Solitude, and of moving Complaints 'upon trivial Sufferings: Now the Griefs of 'Lovers begin to flow, and their Wounds to bleed 'afresh. I too, at this Distance from the softer 'Climates, am not without my Discontents at 'present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a 'most Romantick Wretch, when I have disclosed 'to you the Occasion of my Uneasiness; and yet I 'cannot help thinking my Unhappiness real, in 'being confined to a Region, which is the very 'Reverse of *Paradise*. The Seasons here are all 'of them unpleasant, and the Country quite Des'titute of Rural Charms. I have not heard a 'Bird sing, nor a Brook murmur, nor a Breeze 'whisper, neither have I been blest with the 'Sight of a flowry Meadow these two years. 'Every Wind here is a Tempest, and every Water 'a turbulent Ocean. I hope, when you reflect a 'little, you will not think the Grounds of my 'Complaint in the least frivolous and unbecom'ing a Man of serious Thought; since the Love 'of Woods, of Fields and Flowers, of Rivers and 'Fountains, seems to be a Passion implanted in 'our Natures the most early of any, even before 'the Fair Sex had a Being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport my self with a Wish from one Country to another, I should chuse to pass my Winter in *Spain*, my Spring in *Italy*, my Summer in *England*, and my Autumn in *France*. Of all these Seasons there is none that can vie with the Spring for Beauty and Delightfulness. It bears the same Figure among the Seasons of the Year, that the Morning does among the Divisions of the Day, or Youth among the Stages of Life. The *English* Summer is pleasanter than that of any other Country in *Europe*, on no other account but because it has a greater Mixture of Spring in it. The Mildness of our Climate, with those frequent Refreshments of Dews and Rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual Chearfulness in our Fields, and fill the hottest Months of the Year with a lively Verdure.

In the opening of the Spring, when all Nature begins to recover her self, the same animal Pleasure which makes the Birds sing, and the whole brute Creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the Heart of Man. I know none of the Poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret Overflowings of Gladness which diffuse themselves thro' the Mind of the Beholder, upon surveying the gay Scenes of Nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the Name of Vernal Delight, in that Passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it.

Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd Colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath shower'd the Earth; so lovely seem'd
That Landskip: And of pure now purer Air
Meets his approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight, and Joy able to drive
All Sadness but Despair, &c.[1]

Many Authors have written on the Vanity of the Creature, and represented the Barrenness of every thing in this World, and its Incapacity of producing any solid or substantial Happiness. As Discourses of this Nature are very useful to the Sensual and Voluptuous; those Speculations which shew the bright Side of Things, and lay forth those innocent Entertainments which are to be met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to Men of dark and melancholy Tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a Chearfulness of Mind in my two last *Saturday's* Papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the Consideration of our selves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general Survey of that Universe in which we are placed at present, but from Reflections on the particular Season in which this Paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual Feast to the Mind of a good Man, every thing he sees chears and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many Smiles on Nature, that it is impossible for a Mind, which is not sunk in more gross and sensual Delights, to take a Survey of them without several secret Sensations of Pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his Divine Poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable Scenes which make the Heart glad, and produce in it that vernal Delight which I have before taken Notice of.

Natural Philosophy quickens this Taste of the Creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the Imagination, but to the Understanding. It does not rest in the Murmur of Brooks, and the Melody of Birds, in the Shade of Groves and Woods, or in the Embroidery of Fields and Meadows, but considers the several Ends of Providence which are served by them, and the Wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the Pleasures of the Eye, and raises such a rational Admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to Devotion.

It is not in the Power of every one to offer up this kind of Worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined Meditations of Heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his Sight: I shall therefore conclude this short Essay on that Pleasure which the Mind naturally conceives from the present Season of the Year, by the recommending of a Practice for which every one has sufficient Abilities.

I would have my Readers endeavour to mor-

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk iv. ll. 148—156.

alize this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this vernal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find our selves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these Entertainments of Sense, and who it is that thus opens his Hand and fills the World with Good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present Temper of Mind, to graft upon it such a religious Exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that Precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing Psalms. The Chearfulness of Heart which springs up in us from the Survey of Nature's Works, is an admirable Preparation for Gratitude. The Mind has gone a great way towards Praise and Thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret Gladness: A grateful Reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper Value. Such an habitual Disposition of Mind consecrates every Field and Wood, turns an ordinary Walk into a morning or evening Sacrifice, and will improve those transient Gleams of Joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness. I.

No 394.] *Monday, June* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Bene colligitur hæc Pueris et Mulierculis et Servis et Servorum simillimis Liberis esse grata. Gravi vero homini et ea quæ fiunt Judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo.—Tull.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Accesses to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of Life, but also in Matters of greater importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Diversions, will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostituting a Man's Self in his Behaviour, and descending to the present Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World; and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to Wealth and Distinction by properer Methods, than studying the particular Bent or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Biass in all Matters wherein he has any Intercourse with them: For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expence of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possess'd of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Disguise or other, (often a Secret to the proud Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to discover what a Man values himself for; then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be failing in it your self in comparison of the Man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of the *Latin* Tongue, and often writ Dispatches in it with his own Hand. The King shewed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some Expressions, but mended the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer Time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World, should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes: But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with secret Indignation or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another, with such Perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in Approbation of. But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts; in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Compliance with the Persons you have to do with, than a mere Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustick Chearfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so peevish and fretful, though a Man of Business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at Trick-track and Baggammon. The way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours; for his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Insinuation, which is called in all Places (from its taking its Birth in the Housholds of Princes) making one's Court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that should be understood at the *Bank*, than in gross Money; But as to stubborn People, who are so surly as to accept of neither Note or Cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one part of Matter asks one thing, and another

another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper Mean: Thus the Virtue which is too obdurate for Gold or Paper, shall melt away very kindly in a Liquid. The Island of *Barbadoes* (a shrewd People) manage all their Appeals to *Great-Britain*, by a skilful Distribution of Citron-Water among the Whisperers about Men in Power. Generous Wines do every Day prevail, and that in great Points, where ten thousand times their Value would have been rejected with Indignation.

But to wave the Enumeration of the sundry Ways of applying by Presents, Bribes, Management of People Passions and Affections, in such a Manner as it shall appear that the Virtue of the best Man is by one Method or other corruptible; let us look out for some Expedient to turn those Passions and Affections on the side of Truth and Honour. When a Man has laid it down for a Position, that parting with his Integrity, in the minutest Circumstance, is losing so much of his very Self, Self-love will become a Virtue. By this means Good and Evil will be the only Objects of Dislike and Approbation; and he that injures any Man, has effectually wounded the Man of this Turn as much as if the Harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only Expedient to arrive at an Impartiality; and a Man who follows the Dictates of Truth and right Reason, may by Artifice be led into Error, but never can into Guilt. T.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF *SUNDERLAND*.[1]

My LORD,

VERY many Favours and Civilities (received from You in a private Capacity) which I have no other Way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this Presumption; but the Justice I, as a *Spectator*, owe your Character, places me above the want of an Excuse. Candor and Openness of Heart, which shine in all your Words and Actions, exacts the highest Esteem from all who have the Honour to know You, and a winning Condescention to all subordinate to You, made Business a Pleasure to those who executed it under You, at the same time that it heightened Her Majesty's Favour to all who had the Happiness of having it convey'd through Your Hands: A Secretary of State, in the Interests of Mankind, joined with that of his Fellow-Subjects, accomplished with a great Facility and Elegance in all the Modern as well as Ancient Languages, was a happy and proper Member of a Ministry, by whose Services Your Sovereign and Country are in so high and flourishing a Condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or inconsiderable in *Europe*, as they are Friends or Enemies to *Great-Britain*. The Importance of those great Events which happened during that Administration, in which Your Lordship bore so important a Charge, will be acknowledg'd as long as Time shall endure; I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious Passages, but give this Application a more private and particular Turn, in desiring Your Lordship would continue your Favour and Patronage to me, as You are a Gentleman of the most polite Literature, and perfectly accomplished in the Knowledge of Books and Men, which makes it necessary to beseech Your Indulgence to the following Leaves, and the Author of them: Who is, with the greatest Truth and Respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Obliged, Obedient, and
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

[1] Charles Spencer, to whom the Sixth Volume of the *Spectator* is here inscribed, represented Tiverton, in 1700, when he took the Lady Anne Churchill, Marlborough's second daughter, for his second wife. On the death of his father Robert, in 1702, he became Earl of Sunderland. He was an accomplished man and founder of the library at Althorpe. In 1705 he was employed diplomatically at the courts of Prussia, Austria, and Hanover. Early in 1706 he was one of the Commissioners for arranging the Union with Scotland, and in September of that year he was forced by the Whigs on Queen Anne, as successor to Sir Charles Hedges in the office of Secretary of State. Steele held under him the office of Gazetteer, to which he was appointed in the following May. In 1710 Sunderland shared in the political reverse suffered by Marlborough. In the summer of that year Sunderland was dismissed from office, but with an offer from the Queen of a pension of £3000 a year. He replied that 'he was glad her 'Majesty was satisfied that he had done his duty; 'but if he could not have the honour to serve his 'country, he would not plunder it.' The accession of George I. restored him to favour and influence. He became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland; had, in 1715, a pension of £12,000 a year settled on him; in April, 1717, was again Secretary of State; and in the following March, Lord President of the Council. His political influence was broken in 1721, the year before his death.

No. 395.] *Tuesday, June* 3, 1712. [*Budgell.*

—— *Quod nunc ratio est, Impetus ante fuit.*
Ovid.

BEWARE *of the Ides of* March, said the *Roman* Augur to *Julius Cæsar: Beware of the Month of* May, says the *British Spectator* to his fair Country-women. The Caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and *Cæsar's* Confidence cost him his Life. I am apt to flatter my self that my pretty Readers had much more regard to the Advice I gave them, since I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the last Month.

But tho' I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, 'till I have seen forty Weeks well over, at which Period of Time, as my good Friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more Business as a Justice of Peace, among the dissolute young People in the Country, than at any other Season of the Year.

Neither must I forget a Letter which I received near a Fortnight since from a Lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the Month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the New Style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry Letters which have been sent to me by disappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very signal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were *Forewarn'd forearm'd.*

One of these Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I should have publish'd that Paper; for that his Mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the Beginning of *May*, upon reading that Discourse told him that *she would give him her Answer in* June.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired *Sylvia* to take a Walk in the Fields, she told him *the* Spectator *had forbidden her.*

Another of my Correspondents, who writes himself *Mat Meager*, complains, that whereas he constantly used to Breakfast with his Mistress upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of *May* he found his usual Treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon Green Tea.

As I begun this Critical Season with a Caveat to the Ladies, I shall conclude it with a Congratulation, and do most heartily wish them Joy of their happy Deliverance.

They may now reflect with Pleasure on the Dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much Satisfaction on their Perils that threatned them, as their Great-Grandmothers did formerly on the Burning Plough-shares, after having passed through the Ordeal Tryal. The Instigations of the Spring are now abated. The Nightingale gives over her *Love-labour'd Song*, as *Milton* phrases it, the Blossoms are fallen, and the Beds of Flowers swept away by the Scythe of the Mower.

I shall now allow my Fair Readers to return to their Romances and Chocolate, provided they make use of them with Moderation, 'till about the middle of the Month, when the Sun shall have made some Progress in the *Crab*. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The *Trojans*, who stood upon their Guard all the while the *Grecians* lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raised, and the Danger past, were the very next Night burnt in their Beds: I must also observe, that as in some Climates there is a perpetual *Spring*, so in some Female Constitutions there is a perpetual *May:* These are a kind of *Valetudinarians* in Chastity, whom I would continue in a constant Diet. I cannot think these wholly out of Danger, 'till they have looked upon the other Sex at least Five Years through a Pair of Spectacles. WILL. HONEYCOMB has often assured me, that 'tis much easier to steal one of this Species, when she has passed her grand Climacterick, than to carry off an *icy* Girl on this side Five and Twenty; and that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at last made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

But as I do not design this Speculation for the *Evergreens* of the Sex, I shall again apply my self to those who would willingly listen to the Dictates of Reason and Virtue, and can now hear me in cold Blood. If there are any who have forfeited their Innocence, they must now consider themselves under that Melancholy View, in which *Chamont* regards his Sister, in those beautiful Lines.

——*Long she flourish'd,*
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye:
'Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.[1]

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely Cautions I gave her, and lived up to the Rules of Modesty, will now Flourish like *a Rose in* June, with all her Virgin Blushes and Sweetness about her: I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a General, who has made a Successful Campaign, to be surprized in his Winter Quarters: It would be no less dishonourable for a Lady to lose in any other Month of the Year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in *May.*

There is no Charm in the Female Sex, that can supply the place of Virtue. Without Innocence, Beauty is unlovely, and Quality contemptible, Good-breeding degenerates into Wantonness, and Wit into Impudence. It is observed, that all the Virtues are represented by both Painters and Statuaries under Female Shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular Title to that Sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the Divines to guard them against the opposite Vice, as they may be overpower'd by Temptations; It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by Instinct.

I desire this Paper may be read with more than ordinary Attention, at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of London *and* Westminster. X.

[1] Otway's *Orphan*, Act IV.

No. 396.] *Wednesday, June* 4, 1712. [*Henley.*

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.

HAVING a great deal of Business upon my Hands at present, I shall beg the Reader's Leave to present him with a Letter that I received about half a Year ago from a Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who styles himself *Peter de Quir.* I have kept it by me some Months, and though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at last discovered several Conceits in it: I would not therefore have my Reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first Perusal.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.[1]

From St. John's *College* Cambridge, *Feb.* 3, 1712.

SIR,

'The Monopoly of Punns in this University has 'been an immemorial Privilege of the *Johnians;* 'and we can't help resenting the late Invasion of 'our ancient Right as to that Particular, by a 'little Pretender to Clenching in a neighbouring 'College, who in an Application to you by way of 'Letter, a while ago, styled himself *Philobrune.* 'Dear Sir, as you are by Character a profest 'Well-wisher to Speculation, you will excuse a 'Remark which this Gentleman's Passion for the '*Brunette* has suggested to a Brother Theorist; 'tis an Offer towards a mechanical Account of 'this Lapse to Punning, for he belongs to a Set of 'Mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon 'Mastery in the more humane and polite Part of 'Letters. A Conquest by one of this Species of 'Females gives a very odd Turn to the Intellect-'uals of the captivated Person, and very different 'from that way of thinking which a Triumph from 'the Eyes of another more emphatically of the 'fair Sex, does generally occasion. It fills the 'Imagination with an Assemblage of such Ideas 'and Pictures as are hardly any thing but Shade, 'such as Night, the Devil, *&c.* These Portrait-'ures very near over-power the Light of the Un-'derstanding, almost benight the Faculties, and 'give that melancholy Tincture to the most san-'guine Complexion, which this Gentleman calls 'an Inclination to be in a Brown-study, and is 'usually attended with worse Consequences in 'case of a Repulse. During this Twilight of In-'tellects, the Patient is extremely apt, as Love 'is the most witty Passion in Nature, to offer 'at some pert Sallies now and then, by way of 'Flourish, upon the amiable Enchantress, and 'unfortunately stumbles upon that Mongrel mis-'created (to speak in *Miltonic*) kind of Wit, 'vulgarly termed, the Punn. It would not be 'much amiss to consult Dr. *T*—— *W*——[1] '(who is certainly a very able Projector, and 'whose system of Divinity and spiritual Mechan-'icks obtains very much among the better Part of 'our Under-Graduates) whether a general Inter-'marriage, enjoyned by Parliament, between this 'Sister-hood of the Olive Beauties, and the Fra-'ternity of the People call'd Quakers, would not 'be a very serviceable Expedient, and abate that 'Overflow of Light which shines within them so 'powerfully, that it dazzles their Eyes, and dances 'them into a thousand Vagaries of Error and En-'thusiasm. These Reflections may impart some 'Light towards a Discovery of the Origin of 'Punning among us, and the Foundation of its 'prevailing so long in this famous Body. 'Tis 'notorious from the Instance under Consideration, 'that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown 'Juggs, muddy Belch, and the Fumes of a certain 'memorable Place of Rendezvous with us at 'Meals, known by the Name of *Staincoat Hole:* 'For the Atmosphere of the Kitchen, like the 'Tail of a Comet, predominates least about the 'Fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant 'Receptacle above-mentioned. Besides, 'tis far-'ther observable that the delicate Spirits among 'us, who declare against these nauseous proceed-'ings, sip Tea, and put up for Critic and Amour, 'profess likewise an equal Abhorrency for Punn-'ing, the ancient innocent Diversion of this 'Society. After all, Sir, tho' it may appear some-'thing absurd, that I seem to approach you with 'the Air of an Advocate for Punning, (you who 'have justified your Censures of the Practice in a 'set Dissertation upon that Subject;) yet, I'm 'confident, you'll think it abundantly atoned for 'by observing, that this humbler Exercise may be 'as instrumental in diverting us from any innovat-'ing Schemes and Hypothesis in Wit, as dwelling 'upon honest Orthodox Logic would be in secur-'ing us from Heresie in Religion. Had Mr.

[1] This letter was by John Henley, commonly called 'Orator Henley.' The paper is without signature in first issue or reprint, but the few introductory lines, doubtless, are by Steele. John Henley was at this time but 20 years old. He was born at Melton Mowbray in 1692, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1709. After obtaining his degree he was invited to take charge of the Grammar School in his native place, and raised it from decay. He published Esther, a poem; went to London; introduced action into pulpit oratory; missing preferment, gave lectures and orations, religious on Sundays, and political on Wednesdays; was described by Pope in the Dunciad as 'the Zany of his age,' and represented by Hogarth upon a scaffold with a monkey by his side saying Amen. He edited a paper of nonsense called the Hip Doctor, and once attracted to his oratory an audience of shoemakers by announcing that he would teach a new and short way of making shoes; his way being to cut off the tops of boots. He died in 1756.

[1] Percy suggests very doubtfully that this may mean Thomas Woolston, who was born in 1669, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, published, in 1705, 'The Old Apology for the Truth against the Jews and Gentiles revived,' and afterwards was imprisoned and fined for levity in discussing sacred subjects. The text points to a medical theory of intermarriage. There was a Thomas Winston, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who travelled over the continent, took degrees at Basle and Padua, returned to take his M.D. at Cambridge, and settled in London in 1607.

'*W*——*n's*' Researches been confined within 'the Bounds of *Ramus* or *Crackanthorp*, that 'learned News-monger might have acquiesc'd in 'what the holy Oracles pronounce upon the 'Deluge, like other Christians; and had the sur-'prising Mr. *L*——*y*[2] been content with the 'Employment of refining upon *Shakespear's* Points 'and Quibbles, (for which he must be allowed to have 'a superlative Genius) and now and then penning 'a Catch or a Ditty, instead of inditing Odes, and 'Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *Bon Goust* in the 'Pit would never have been put to all that Grimace 'in damning the Frippery of State, the Poverty 'and Languor of Thought, the unnatural Wit, and 'inartificial Structure of his Dramas.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
Peter de Quir.

No. 397.] *Thursday, June* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat—— Ovid.

AS the *Stoick* Philosophers discard all Passions in general, they will not allow a Wise Man so much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If thou seest thy Friend in Trouble, says *Epictetus*, thou may'st put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not real.[1] The more rigid of this Sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward Appearance of Grief, but when one told them of any Calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their Acquaintance, would *immediately* reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the Circumstances of the Affliction, and shewed how one Misfortune was followed by another, the Answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of Opinion, Compassion does not only refine and civilize Humane Nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their Wisdom. As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is nothing else but Love softned by a degree of Sorrow: In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish, as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Mankind together, and blends them in the same common Lot.

Those who have laid down Rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, advise the Writer to work himself up, if possible, to the Pitch of Sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up Pity so much as those who indite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving Sentiments than be supplied by the finest Imagination. Nature on this Occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by Art.

It is for this Reason that the short Speeches or Sentences which we often meet with in Histories, make a deeper Impression on the Mind of the Reader, than the most laboured Strokes in a well-written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact sets the Person actually before us in the one, whom Fiction places at a greater Distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any

[1] William Whiston, born 1667, educated at Tamworth School and Clare Hall, Cambridge, became a Fellow in 1693, and then Chaplain to Bishop Moore. In 1696 he published his New Theory of the Earth, which divided attention with Burnet's Sacred Theory of the Earth already mentioned. In 1700 Whiston was invited to Cambridge, to act as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton, whom he succeeded in 1703 as Lucasian Professor. For holding some unorthodox opinions as to the doctrines of the early Christians, he was, in 1710, deprived of his Professorship, and banished from the University. He was a pious and learned man, who, although he was denied the Sacrament, did not suffer himself to be driven out of the Church of England till 1747. At last he established a small congregation in his own house in accordance with his own notion of primitive Christianity. He lived till 1752.

[2] No L——y of that time has written plays that are remembered. The John Lacy whom Charles II. admired so much that he had his picture painted in three of his characters, died in 1681, leaving four comedies and an alteration of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. He was a handsome man: first dancing-master, then quarter-master, then an admired comedian. Henley would hardly have used a blank in referring to a well-known writer who died thirty years before. There was another John Lacy advertising in the *Post Boy*, Aug. 3, 1714, 'The Steeleids, or the 'Trial of Wits, a Poem in three cantos, with a 'motto—

'Then will I say, swell'd with poetic rage,
'That I, John Lacy, have reform'd the age.'

[1] 'When you see a Neighbour in Tears, and 'hear him lament the Absence of his Son, the 'Hazards of his Voyage into some remote Part of 'the World, or the Loss of his Estate; keep upon 'your Guard, for fear lest some false Ideas that 'may rise upon these Occasions, surprise you 'into a Mistake, as if this Man were really miser-'able, upon the Account of these outward Acci-'dents. But be sure to distinguish wisely, and 'tell your self immediately, that the Thing which 'really afflicts this Person is not really the Acci-'dent it self, (for other People, under his Circum-'stances, are not equally afflicted with it) but 'merely the Opinion which he hath formed to 'himself concerning this Accident. Notwithstand-'ing all which, you may be allowed, as far as 'Expressions and outward Behaviour go, to com-'ply with him; and if Occasion require, to bear 'a part in his Sighs, and Tears too; but then you 'must be sure to take care, that this Compliance 'does not infect your Mind, nor betray you to an 'inward and real Sorrow, upon any such Account.' —Epictetus his Morals, with Simplicius his Comment. Made English from the Greek by George Stanhope (1694) chapter xxii.

Ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a Letter of *Ann* of *Bologne*, Wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and Mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is still extant in the *Cotton* Library, as written by her own Hand.

Shakespear himself could not have made her talk in a Strain so suitable to her Condition and Character. One sees in it the Expostulations of a slighted Lover, the Resentments of an injured Woman, and the Sorrows of an imprisoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princess was then under Prosecution for Disloyalty to the King's Bed, and that she was afterwards publickly beheaded upon the same Account, though this Prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she her self intimates, rather from the King's Love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual Crime in *Ann* of *Bologne*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's *last Letter to King* Henry.

SIR,

[*Cotton Libr. Otho. C.* 10.] 'Your Grace's Displeasure, and 'my Imprisonment, are Things so 'strange unto me, as what to write, or what to 'excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you 'send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, 'and so obtain your Favour) by such an one, 'whom you know to be mine ancient professed 'Enemy, I no sooner received this Message by 'him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; 'and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed 'may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willing-'ness and Duty perform your Command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that 'your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknow-'ledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought 'thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never 'Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in 'all true Affection, than you have ever found in '*Ann Boleyn*: with which Name and Place I 'could willingly have contented my self, if God 'and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. 'Neither did I at any time so far forget my self 'in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but 'that I always looked for such an Alteration as 'now I find; for the Ground of my Preferment 'being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's 'Fancy, the least Alteration I knew was fit and 'sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other '[Object.[x]] You have chosen me, from a low 'Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far 'beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found 'me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace 'let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine 'Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour from 'me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, 'of a Disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, 'ever cast so foul a Blot on your most Dutiful 'Wife, and the Infant-Princess your Daughter. 'Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful 'Tryal, and let not my sworn Enemies sit as my 'Accusers and Judges; Yea let me receive an 'open Tryal, for my Truth shall fear no open 'Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence 'cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, 'the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, 'or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatso-'ever God or you may determine of me, your 'Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and 'mine Offence being so lawfully proved, your 'Grace is at liberty, both before God and Man, 'not only to Executte worthy Punishment on me 'as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affec-'tion, already settled on that Party, for whose 'sake I am now as I am, whose Name I could 'some good while since have pointed unto, your 'Grace being not ignorant of my Suspicion 'therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and 'that not only my Death, but an Infamous Slan-'der must bring you the enjoying of your desired 'Happiness; then I desire of God, that he will 'pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine 'Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he 'will not call you to a strict Account for your un-'princely and cruel Usage of me, at his general 'Judgment Seat, where both you and my self 'must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment I 'doubt not (whatsoever the World may think of 'me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and 'sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only Request shall be, that my 'self may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's 'Displeasure, and that it may not touch the in-'nocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as 'I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment 'for my sake. If ever I have found Favour in 'your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn* 'hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me ob-'tain this Request, and I will so leave to trouble 'your Grace any further, with mine earnest 'Prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his 'good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Ac-'tions. From my doleful Prison in the *Tower*, 'this sixth of *May*;

Your most Loyal
and ever Faithful Wife,
L. Ann Boleyn.

[x] [Subject.]

No. 398.] *Friday, June* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.—Hor.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and writ to each other for Gallantry Sake, under those feigned Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beauteous *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Lætitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to

any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not constant to *Flavia*; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with ones Eyes open; besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin* the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cinthio's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was, by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthio* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon Importunity confess it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed Hussey fit for the Purpose *Cynthio* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthio* pulled up the Glass as surprized, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*.

SIR, *June* 4, 1712.

'It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Man-'kind; my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.

The injur'd Flavia.

After *Cynthio* had read the Letter, he asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthio returned as follows.

Madam, June 4, *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

'That your Maid and the Bearer has seen me 'very often is very certain; but I desire to know, 'being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means 'by *'tis in vain to deny it.* I shall stay here all 'the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthio.

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered:

Dear Cynthio,

'I have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-'Chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered 'my self from an impertinent Fit which you ought 'to forgive me, and desire you would come to me 'immediately to laugh off a Jealousy that you and 'a Creature of the Town went by in an Hackney-'Coach an Hour ago.

I am Your most humble Servant,
FLAVIA.

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthio* 'writ, upon the Misapprehension you must have 'been under when you writ, for want of hearing 'the whole Circumstance.

Robin came back in an Instant, and *Cynthio* answered:

Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,
June 4. Will's *Coffee-house*.

Madam,

'It is certain I went by your Lodgings with a 'Gentlewoman to whom I have the Honour to be 'known, she is indeed my Relation, and a pretty 'sort of Woman. But your starting Manner of 'Writing, and owning you have not done me the 'Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it 'something very unaccountable, and alarms one 'that has had Thoughts of passing his Days with 'you. But I am born to admire you with all your 'little Imperfections.

CYNTHIO.

Robin run back, and brought for Answer;

'Exact Sir, that are at *Will's* Coffee-house six 'Minutes after Three, *June* 4; one that has had 'Thoughts and all my little Imperfections. Sir, 'come to me immediately, or I shall determine 'what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

FLAVIA.

Robin gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthio* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthio* saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconciliably banished, he writ,

Madam,

'I have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, 'that it is not possible for you to determine upon 'what will not be very pleasing to

Your Obedient Servant,
CYNTHIO.

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me; and

'the Creature you were with is the properest Per-
'son for your Associate. I despise you, and hope
'I shall soon hate you as a Villain to
The Credulous Flavia.

Robin ran back, with

Madam,
'Your Credulity when you are to gain your
'Point, and Suspicion when you fear to lose it
'make it a very hard Part to behave as becomes
Your humble Slave,
CYNTHIO.

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. *Wellford,*
'*Flavia* and *Cynthio* are no more. I relieve
'you from the hard Part of which you complain,
'and banish you from my Sight for ever.
Ann Heart.

Robin had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*. T.

No. 399.] *Saturday, June* 7, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!—— Pers.

HYPOCRISIE, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrisie in the City. The modish Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocrisie, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrisie, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself; That Hypocrisie, which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrisie and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse thou me from secret Faults.*[1]

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to show my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine our selves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves.

In the first Place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter Search into us, discovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may set them in too strong a Light, it has generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A Wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of the one, and Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies,[1] and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of our selves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations, which we should not have observed, without the Help of such ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of our selves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestow upon us: whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the Opinions of others, and to sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive our selves in a Point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a Stress on any supposed Virtues we possess that are of a doubtful Nature: And such we may esteem all those in which Multitudes of Men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as our selves. We should always act with great Cautiousness and Circumspection in Points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak Men, of

[1] Psalm xix. 12.

[1] See note on p. 189.

our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly Criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Persons eminent for Piety suffer such monstrous and absurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my own Part, I must own I never yet knew any Party so just and reasonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those Actions which proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Interest or Advantage. In these and the like Cases, a Man's Judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. These are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thousand Errors and secret Faults find Admission, without being observed or taken Notice of. A wise Man will suspect those Actions to which he is directed by something [besides[1]] Reason, and always apprehend some concealed Evil in every Resolution that is of a disputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleasure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to sift our Thoughts, and examine all these dark Recesses of the Mind, if we would establish our Souls in such a solid and substantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it must stand the Test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of Hypocrisie I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on our selves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth Psalm. The Folly of the first kind of Hypocrisie is there set forth by Reflections on God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisie, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.* L.

No. 400.] *Monday, June* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Latet Anguis in Herba.—Virg.

IT should, methinks, preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence; and the very Purposes of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to intimate that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguish'd in an Object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
Which can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.[1]

This prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtship, and artful Conformity to the Modesty of a Woman's Manners. Rusticity, broad Expression, and forward Obtrusion, offend those of Education, and make the Transgressors odious to all who have Merit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taste that the Scenery is so beautifully ordered in the Description which *Antony* makes, in the Dialogue between him and *Dolabella*, of *Cleopatra* in her Barge.

Her Galley down the Silver Cydnos *row'd;*
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold;
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd,
Where she, another Sea-born Venus, *lay;*
She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys like Cupids
Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
That play'd about her Face; but if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
And both to Thought[2] ———

Here the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any Idea more loose than that of a beautiful Woman set off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the following Passage in one of Mr. *Philip's* Pastorals.[3]

Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,
Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.

Desire is corrected when there is a Tenderness or Admiration expressed which partakes the Passion. Licentious Language has something brutal in it, which disgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be ask'd to what good Use can tend a Discourse of this Kind at all? It is to alarm chaste

[1] [more than]

[1] Rochester's "Allusion to the 10th Satire of "the 1st Book of Horace."
[2] Dryden's *All for Love*, Act III. sc. i.
[3] The Sixth.

Ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that Talent are capable of cloathing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in my direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skilful Admirers: They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Females languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my female Readers, given them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no Manner of Approbation of Men, without some Degree of Love: For this Reason he is dangerous to be entertain'd as a Friend or Visitant who is capable of gaining any eminent Esteem or Observation, though it be never so remote from Pretensions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Design, he may easily improve Approbation into Kindness, and Kindness into Passion. There may possibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance, no it is all Friendship; and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdess in a Pastoral, but still the Nymph and the Swain may be to each other no other I warrant you, than *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

When Lucy *decks with Flowers her swelling Breast,*
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest,
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sleep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.
Once Delia *slept, on easie Moss reclin'd,*
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind;
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss:
Condemn me Shepherds if I did amiss.[1]

Such good Offices as these, and such friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity, as they call it, between Man and Woman.

It is the Permission of such Intercourse, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Husband, after the Disappointment of four or five Passions which she has successively had for different Men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither Love nor Friendship. For what should a poor Creature do that has lost all her Friends? There's *Marinet* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her Heart; then she had so great a Friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any Woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been Disasters between Friends who have fallen out, and their Resentments are more keen than ever those of other Men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes [very often[1]] find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

For my Part, who study to pass Life in as much Innocence and Tranquility as I can, I *shun* the Company of agreeable Women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good Philosopher, but a low Opinion of Platonick Love: for which Reason I thought it necessary to give my fair Readers a Caution against it, having, to my great Concern, observed the Waste of a Platonist lately swell to a Roundness which is inconsistent with that Philosophy.

T.

[1] Two stanzas from different parts of Ambrose Philips's sixth Pastoral. The first in the original follows the second, with three stanzas intervening.

No. 401.] *Tuesday, June* 10, 1712. [*Budgell.*

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriæ, Suspiciones, Inimicitiæ, Induciæ, Bellum, pax rursum: ——— Ter.

I SHALL publish for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my Female Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have often confess'd that you are 'not displeased your Paper should sometimes 'convey the Complaints of distressed Lovers to 'each other, I am in Hopes you will favour one 'who gives you an undoubted Instance of her 'Reformation, and at the same time a convincing 'Proof of the happy Influence your Labours have 'had over the most Incorrigible Part of the most 'Incorrigible Sex. You must know, Sir, I am 'one of that Species of Women, whom you have 'often Characteriz'd under the Name of *Jilts*, 'and that I send you these Lines, as well to do 'Publick Penance for having so long continued in 'a known Error, as to beg Pardon of the Party 'offended. I the rather chuse this way, because 'it in some measure answers the Terms on which 'he intimated the Breach between us might possi-'bly be made up, as you will see by the Letter 'he sent me the next Day after I had discarded 'him; which I thought fit to send you a Copy of, 'that you might the better know the whole Case.

'I must further acquaint you, that before I 'Jilted him, there had been the greatest Intimacy 'between us for an Year and half together, dur-'ing all which time I cherished his Hopes, and

[1] [, for want of other Amusement, often study Anatomy together; and what is worse than happens in any other Friendship, they]

'indulged his Flame. I leave you to guess after 'this what must be his Surprize, when upon his 'pressing for my full Consent one Day, I told him 'I wondered what could make him fancy he had 'ever any Place in my Affections. His own Sex 'allow him Sense, and all ours Good-Breeding. 'His Person is such as might, without Vanity, 'make him believe himself not incapable to be 'beloved. Our Fortunes indeed, weighed in the 'nice Scale of Interest, are not exactly equal, 'which by the way was the true Case of *my* 'Jilting him, and I had the Assurance to acquaint 'him with the following Maxim, That I should 'always believe that Man's Passion to be the 'most Violent, who could offer me the largest 'Settlement. I have since changed my Opinion, 'and have endeavoured to let him know so much 'by several Letters, but the barbarous Man has 'refused them all; so that I have no way left of 'writing to him, but by your Assistance. If we 'can bring him about once more, I promise to 'send you all Gloves and Favours, and shall de- 'sire the Favour of Sir ROGER and your self to 'stand as God-Fathers to my first Boy.

I am SIR,
Your most Obedient
most Humble Servant,
Amoret.

Philander *to* Amoret.

Madam,

'I am so surprised at the Question you were 'pleased to ask me Yesterday, that I am still at a 'loss what to say to it. At least my Answer 'would be too long to trouble you with, as it 'would come from a Person, who, it seems, is so 'very indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall 'only recommend to your Consideration the Opin- 'ion of one whose Sentiments on these matters I 'have often heard you say are extremely just. *A 'generous and Constant Passion,* says your 'favourite Author, *in an agreeable Lover, where 'there is not too great a Disparity in their Cir- 'cumstances, is the greatest Blessing that can 'befal a Person beloved; and if overlook'd in 'one, may perhaps never be found in another.*

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very 'shortly much better beloved by you than *Ante- 'nor* is at present; since whenever my Fortune 'shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate 'your Passion would encrease accordingly.

'The World has seen me shamefully lose that 'Time to please a fickle Woman, which might 'have been employed much more to my Credit 'and Advantage in other Pursuits. I shall there- 'fore take the Liberty to acquaint you, however 'harsh it may sound in a Lady's Ears, that tho' 'your Love-Fit should happen to return, unless 'you could contrive a way to make your Recant- 'ation as well known to the Publick, as they are 'already apprised of the manner with which you 'have treated me, you shall never more see

Philander.

Amoret *to* Philander.

SIR,

'Upon Reflection, I find the Injury I have done 'both to you and my self to be so great, that 'though the Part I now act may appear contrary 'to that Decorum usually observed by our Sex, 'yet I purposely break through all Rules, that 'my Repentance may in some measure equal my 'Crime. I assure you that in my present Hopes 'of recovering you, I look upon *Antenor's* Estate 'with Contempt. The Fop was here Yesterday 'in a gilt Chariot and new Liveries, but I refused 'to see him. Tho' I dread to meet your Eyes 'after what has pass'd, I flatter my self, that 'amidst all their Confusion you will discover such 'a Tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but 'those who Love. I shall be all this Month at 'Lady D——'s in the Country; but the Woods, 'the Fields and Gardens, without *Philander,* af- 'ford no Pleasures to the unhappy

Amoret.

'I must desire you, dear Mr. *Spectator,* to 'publish this my Letter to *Philander* as soon as 'possible, and to assure him that I know nothing 'at all of the Death of his rich Uncle in *Glouces- 'tershire.*

X.

No. 402.] *Wednesday, June* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

[——— *quæ*
Spectator tradit sibi ——— Hor.[1]]

WERE I to publish all the Advertisements I receive from different Hands, and Persons of different Circumstances and Quality, the very Mention of them, without Reflections on the several Subjects, would raise all the Passions which can be felt by human Mind[s]. As Instances of this, I shall give you two or three Letters; the Writers of which can have no Recourse to any legal Power for Redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their Sorrow than to receive Consolation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman of Beauty and Quality, 'and suitably married to a Gentleman who doats 'on me. But this Person of mine is the Object of 'an unjust Passion in a Nobleman who is very 'intimate with my Husband. This Friendship 'gives him very easie Access, and frequent Op- 'portunities of entertaining me apart. My Heart 'is in the utmost Anguish, and my Face is covered 'over with Confusion, when I impart to you an- 'other Circumstance, which is, that my Mother, 'the most mercenary of all Women, is gained by 'this false Friend of my Husband to sollicit me 'for him. I am frequently chid by the poor be- 'lieving Man my Husband, for shewing an Im- 'patience of his Friend's Company; and I am 'never alone with my Mother, but she tells me 'Stories of the discretionary Part of the World, 'and such a one, and such a one who are guilty 'of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at 'my Astonishment; and seems to hint to me, that 'as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not 'the Daughter of her Husband. It is possible 'that printing this Letter may relieve me from the 'unnatural Importunity of my Mother, and the 'perfidious Courtship of my Husband's Friend. 'I have an unfeigned Love of Virtue, and am re-

[1] No motto in the first issue.

'solved to preserve my Innocence. The only 'Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Consequences of the Discovery of this Matter, is to 'fly away for ever; which I must do to avoid my 'Husband's fatal Resentment against the Man 'who attempts to abuse him, and the Shame of 'exposing the Parent to Infamy. The Persons 'concerned will know these Circumstances relate 'to 'em; and though the Regard to Virtue is dead 'in them, I have some Hopes from their Fear of 'Shame upon reading this in your Paper; which 'I conjure you to do, if you have any Compassion 'for Injured Virtue.

Sylvia.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Husband of a Woman of Merit, but 'am fallen in Love, as they call it, with a Lady of 'her Acquaintance, who is going to be married to 'a Gentleman who deserves her. I am in a Trust 'relating to this Lady's Fortune, which makes my 'Concurrence in this Matter necessary; but I 'have so irresistible a Rage and Envy rise in me 'when I consider his future Happiness, that 'against all Reason, Equity, and common Justice, 'I am ever playing mean Tricks to suspend the 'Nuptials. I have no manner of Hopes for my 'self; *Emilia*, for so I'll call her, is a Woman of 'the most strict Virtue; her Lover is a Gentleman 'who of all others I could wish my Friend; but 'Envy and Jealousie, though placed so unjustly, 'waste my very Being, and with the Torment and 'Sense of a Dæmon, I am ever cursing what I 'cannot but approve. I wish it were the Beginning of Repentance, that I sit down and describe 'my present Disposition with so hellish an Aspect; 'but at present the Destruction of these two excellent Persons would be more welcome to me 'than their Happiness. Mr. SPECTATOR, pray 'let me have a Paper on these terrible groundless 'Sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise Crowds 'who are in some Degree possessed as I am.

Cannibali.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have no other Means but this to express my 'Thanks to one Man, and my Resentment against 'another. My Circumstances are as follows. I 'have been for five Years last past courted by a 'Gentleman of greater Fortune than I ought to 'expect, as the Market for Women goes. You 'must to be sure have observed People who live 'in that sort of Way, as all their Friends reckon 'it will be a Match, and are marked out by all 'the World for each other. In this View we have 'been regarded for some Time, and I have above 'these three Years loved him tenderly. As he is 'very careful of his Fortune, I always thought he 'lived in a near Manner to lay up what he thought 'was wanting in my Fortune to make up what he 'might expect in another. Within few Months I 'have observed his Carriage very much altered, 'and he has affected a certain Air of getting me 'alone, and talking with a mighty Profusion of 'passionate Words, How I am not to be resisted 'longer, how irresistible his Wishes are, and the 'like. As long as I have been acquainted with 'him, I could not on such Occasions say downright to him, You know you may make me yours 'when you please. But the other Night he with 'great Frankness and Impudence explained to me, 'that he thought of me only as a Mistress. I 'answered this Declaration as it deserv'd; upon 'which he only doubled the Terms on which he 'proposed my yielding. When my Anger heightned upon him, he told me he was sorry he had 'made so little Use of the unguarded Hours we 'had been together so remote from Company, as 'indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I 'flew from him to a neighbouring Gentlewoman's 'House, and tho' her Husband was in the Room, 'threw my self on a Couch, and burst into a Passion of Tears. My Friend desired her Husband 'to leave the Room. But, said he, there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake 'in the Affliction; and be it what it will, she is so 'much your Friend, that she knows she may command what Services I can do her. The Man 'sate down by me, and spoke so like a Brother, 'that I told him my whole Affliction. He spoke 'of the Injury done me with so much Indignation, 'and animated me against the Love he said he 'saw I had for the Wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much Reason and Humanity 'to my Weakness, that I doubt not of my Perseverance. His Wife and he are my Comforters, 'and I am under no more Restraint in their Company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but 'in a small time Contempt and Hatred will take 'Place of the Remains of Affection to a Rascal.

I am
SIR,
Your affectionate Reader,
Dorinda.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I 'knew my Nephews from my Nieces, and now 'we are grown up to better Acquaintance they 'deny me the Respect they owe. One upbraids 'me with being their Familiar, another will hardly 'be perswaded that I am an Uncle, a third calls 'me Little Uncle, and a fourth tells me there is 'no Duty at all due to an Uncle. I have a 'Brother-in-law whose Son will win all my Affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your 'Cognizance, and will be pleased to prescribe 'some Rules for our future reciprocal Behaviour. 'It will be worthy the Particularity of your Genius 'to lay down Rules for his Conduct who was as it 'were born an old Man, in which you will much 'oblige,

SIR,
Your most obedient Servant,
T. Cornelius Nepos.

No. 403.] *Thursday, June* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—— Hor.

WHEN I consider this great City in its several Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished from each other by their respective Customs, Manners and Interests. The Courts of two

Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar Ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of St. *James's*, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of *Cheapside*, who are likewise removed from those of the *Temple* on the one side, and those of *Smithfield* on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of *France's* Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our *British* Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-Head as possible, I first of all called in at St. *James's*, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buzz of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sat in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spanish* Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles's*, where I saw a Board of *French* Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their *Grand Monarque*. Those among them who had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment: but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at *Jenny Man's*, I saw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following Manner. Well, *Jack*, the old Prig is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politics between *Charing-Cross* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will's* I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the *French* King to that of Monsieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneile*, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the *Spanish* Monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my Depth, I passed forward to *Paul's* Church-Yard, where I listen'd with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the *deceased* King.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Fish-street*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for some time) I say, says he, the King of *France* is certainly dead, we shall have Plenty of Mackerell this Season; our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By Coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the *late French* King was most like *Augustus Cæsar*, or *Nero*. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both Sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate, I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the best of my way to *Cheapside*.

I here gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee-room was a Person who expressed a great Grief for the Death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it: Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garraway's*, who told us that there were several Letters from *France* just come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Post came away: Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I

had prosecuted with [much[1]] Satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a Regard to his own particular Interest and Advantage. L.

No. 404.] *Friday, June* 13, 1712. [*Budgell.*

[—— *Non omnia possumus omnes.*—Virg.[2]]

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determin'd it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the Dispositions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural; and in either Case the Breach but of one Link puts the Whole into some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianship, she brings him on in this Way; and then offers her self for a Guide in what remains of the Journey: if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry: Nature makes good her Engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach: Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application: In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't satisfie him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dresses, and spends his Time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part: she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears an high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables; by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed, we may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Sallad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and 'twas so far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not stand so much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæsar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing disposes its self into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenious Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to her self, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in Spite of Nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Jonquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no Good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at least as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras*; *Cælia* has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense: If *Cælia* would be silent, her Beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Cælia's* Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives her self silent Airs and soft Languors; so

[1] [great]

[2] [*Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis Imposuit natura locis.*—Virg.

that 'tis difficult to persuade ones self that *Cælia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit: Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

The great Misfortune of this Affectation is, that Men not only lose a good Quality, but also contract a bad one: They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and instead of making a very good Figure one Way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been satisfied with her natural Complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the Name of the Olive Beauty; but *Semanthe* has taken up an Affectation to White and Red, and is now distinguished by the Character of the Lady that paints so well. In a word, could the World be reformed to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero* when he consulted what Course of Studies he should pursue, we should see almost every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere as *Tully* was in his, and should in a very short time find Impertinence and Affectation banished from among the Women, and Coxcombs and false Characters from among the Men. For my Part, I could never consider this preposterous Repugnancy to Nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest Folly, but also one of the most heinous Crimes, since it is a direct Opposition to the Disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the Sin of the Giants, an actual Rebellion against Heaven. Z.

No. 405.] *Saturday, June* 14, 1712. [*Addison.*

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.—Hom.

I AM very sorry to find, by the Opera Bills for this Day, that we are likely to lose the greatest Performer in Dramatick Musick that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I am speaking of *Signior Nicolini*.[1] The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artist, for having shewn us the *Italian* Musick in its Perfection, as well as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the Composer endeavoured to do Justice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been set him by the greatest Foreign Masters in that Art.

I could heartily wish there was the same Application and Endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-Musick, as have been lately bestowed on that of the Stage. Our Composers have one very great Incitement to it: They are sure to meet with Excellent Words, and, at the same time, a wonderful Variety of them. There is no Passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired Writings, which are proper for Divine Songs and Anthems.

There is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the Oriental Forms of Speech: and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are derived to it out of the Poetical Passages in Holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so pathetick in this kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most Elegant and Polite Forms of Speech, which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly speak in *Plato's* Style: but I think we may say, with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language; after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a Treasury of Words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the Airs of Musick, I cannot but wonder that Persons of Distinction should give so little Attention and Encouragement to that Kind of Musick, which would have its Foundation in Reason, and which would improve our Virtue in proportion as it raised our Delight. The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and Duty go hand in hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

Musick among those who were styled the chosen People was a Religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reason to believe were in high Repute among the Courts of the Eastern Monarchs, were nothing else but Psalms and Pieces of Poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest Conqueror in this

[1] See note on p. 23. He took leave, June 14, in the Opera of *Antiochus*.

Holy Nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks, did not only compose the Words of his Divine Odes, but generally set them to Musick himself: After which, his Works, tho' they were consecrated to the Tabernacle, became the National Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

The first Original of the Drama was a Religious Worship consisting only of a Chorus, which was nothing else but an Hymn to a Deity. As Luxury and Voluptuousness prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worship degenerated into Tragedies; in which however the Chorus so far remembered its first Office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

Homer and *Hesiod* intimate to us how this Art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might shew from innumerable Passages in Ancient Writers, not only that Vocal and Instrumental Musick were made use of in their Religious Worship, but that their most favourite Diversions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their respective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purifie and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those Divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate Pleasures.

Musick, when thus applied, raises noble Hints in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It strengthens Devotion, and advances Praise into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worship, and produces more lasting and permanent Impressions in the Mind, than those which accompany any transient Form of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of Religious Worship. O.

No. 406.] *Monday, June* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hæc studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbet delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—Tull.

THE following Letters bear a pleasing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of private Life. The first is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Respect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement; the other is a Letter to me, occasioned by an Ode written by my *Lapland* Lover; this Correspondent is so kind as to translate another of *Scheffer's* Songs [1] in a very agreeable Manner. I publish them together, that the Young and Old may find something in the same Paper which may be suitable to their respective Taste in Solitude; for I know no Fault in the Description of ardent Desires, provided they are honourable.

[1] See No. 366 and note.

Dear Sir,

'You have obliged me with a very kind Letter; 'by which I find you shift the Scene of your 'Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy 'that mixt State which wise Men both delight in, 'and are qualified for. Methinks most of the 'Philosophers and Moralists have run too much 'into Extreams, in praising entirely either Solitude or publick Life; in the former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation: 'As Waters lying still, putrifie and are good for 'nothing; and running violently on, do but the 'more Mischief in their Passage to others, and are 'swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. 'Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, 'that not only glide through lonely Vales and 'Forests amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, but 'visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at 'once of Ornament and Service to them. But 'there is another sort of People who seem designed for Solitude, those I mean who have 'more to hide than to shew: As for my own Part, 'I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tum 'Umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some Men, like Pictures, are 'fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude, 'are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make 'a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, 'but after all run more smoothly, equally and 'plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the 'Ground. The Consideration of this would make 'me very well contented with the Possession only 'of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion 'of Obscurity; but whoever has the Muses too 'for his Companions, can never be idle enough to 'be uneasie. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter 'my self into a good Opinion of my own Way of 'Living; *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in 'human Life as in a Game at Tables, one may 'wish he had the highest Cast, but if his Chance 'be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he 'can, and make the best of it.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged,
and most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Town being so well pleased with the fine 'Picture of artless Love, which Nature inspired 'the *Laplander* to paint in the Ode you lately 'printed; we were in Hopes that the ingenious 'Translator would have obliged it with the other 'also which *Scheffer* has given us; but since he 'has not, a much inferior Hand has ventured to 'send you this.

'It is a Custom with the Northern Lovers to 'divert themselves with a Song, whilst they 'Journey through the fenny Moors to pay a visit 'to their Mistresses. This is addressed by the 'Lover to his Rain-Deer, which is the Creature 'that in that Country supplies the Want of 'Horses. The Circumstances which successively

'present themselves to him in his Way, are, I 'believe you will think, naturally interwoven. 'The Anxiety of Absence, the Gloominess of the 'Roads, and his Resolution of frequenting only 'those, since those only can carry him to the Ob'ject of his Desires; the Dissatisfaction he ex'presses even at the greatest Swiftness with which 'he is carried, and his joyful Surprize at an un'expected Sight of his Mistress as she is bathing, 'seem beautifully described in the Original.

'If all those pretty Images of Rural Nature 'are lost in the Imitation, yet possibly you may 'think fit to let this supply the Place of a long 'Letter, when Want of Leisure or Indisposition 'for Writing will not permit our being entertained 'by your own Hand. I propose such a Time, be'cause tho' it is natural to have a Fondness for 'what one does one's self, yet I assure you I 'would not have any thing of mine displace a 'single Line of yours.

I.

Haste, my Rain-Deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey through this dreery Waste;
Haste, my Rain-Deer! still still thou art too slow;
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haste.

II.

Around us far the Rushy Moors are spread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw his chearful Ray:
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.

III.

The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my Soul adores;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride, Farewel.

IV.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires;
Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly swifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.

V.

Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view my Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly Air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful Motion there she swims,
Gently moving each ambitious Wave;
The crowding Waves transported clasp her Limbs:
When, when, oh when, shall I such Freedoms have!

VII.

In vain, you envious Streams, so fast you flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays.

T.

No. 407.] *Tuesday, June* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

——abest facundis Gratia dictis.—Ovid.

MOST Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the *English* Nation, whatever Vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less Gesture or Action than those of other Countries. Our Preachers stand stock-still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a Finger to set off the best Sermons in the World. We meet with the same speaking Statues at our Bars, and in all publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a smooth continued Stream, without those Strainings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majesty of the Hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal breaks out in the finest Tropes and Figures, it is not able to stir a Limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Englishman* cannot relish all the Beauties of *Italian* Pictures, because the Postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not seen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble Gesture in *Raphael's* Picture of St. *Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an Audience of Pagan Philosophers.

It is certain that proper Gestures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak Hearers, better than the strongest Argument he can make use of. They keep the Audience awake, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the Speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent Gesture and Vociferation naturally shake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, though he is placed quite out of their Hearing; as in *England* we very frequently see People lulled asleep with solid and elaborate Discourses of Piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the Bellowings and Distortions of Enthusiasm.

If Nonsense, when accompanied with such an Emotion of Voice and Body, has such an Influence on Men's Minds, what might we not expect from many of those Admirable Discourses which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Fervour, and with the most agreeable Graces of Voice and Gesture?

We are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this *laterum*

contentio, this Vehemence of Action, with which he used to deliver himself. The *Greek* Orator was likewise so very Famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagonists, whom he had banished from *Athens*, reading over the Oration which had procured his Banishment, and seeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a Storm of Eloquence?

How cold and dead a Figure in Comparison of these two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *British* Bar, holding up his Head with the most insipid Serenity, and stroaking the sides of a long Wigg that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Gestures of an *English* Speaker; you see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, and sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue. A deaf Man would think he was Cheapning a Beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the Fate of the *British* Nation. I remember, when I was a young Man, and used to frequent *Westminster-Hall*, there was a Counsellor who never pleaded without a Piece of Pack-thread in his Hand, which he used to twist about a Thumb, or a Finger, all the while he was speaking: The Waggs of those Days used to call it the Thread of his Discourse, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one Day in the midst of his Pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his Cause by his Jest.

I have all along acknowledged my self to be a Dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Person to give Rules for Oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of Gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive. O.

No. 408.] *Wednesday, June* 18, 1712. [*Pope.*

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter.—Tull. de Finibus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your Manner of Treating it. Human Nature I always thought the most useful Object of human Reason, and to make the Consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best Employment of human Wit: Other Parts of Philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that End, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle pronounced *Socrates* the wisest of all Men living, because he judiciously made Choice of human Nature for the Object of his Thoughts; an Enquiry into which as much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more Consequence to adjust the true Nature and Measures of Right and Wrong, than to settle the Distance of the Planets, and compute the Times of their Circumvolutions.

'One good Effect that will immediately arise from a near Observation of human Nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those Actions which Men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is produced without a Cause, so by observing the Nature and Course of the Passions, we shall be able to trace every Action from its first Conception to its Death; We shall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Catiline* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated by a cruel Jealousie, the other by a furious Ambition; for the Actions of Men follow their Passions as naturally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows from its Cause; Reason must be employed in adjusting the Passions, but they must ever remain the Principles of Action.

'The strange and absurd Variety that is so apparent in Men's Actions, shews plainly they can never proceed immediately from Reason; so pure a Fountain emits no such troubled Waters: They must necessarily arise from the Passions, which are to the Mind as the Winds to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often destroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the Waves: In the same manner is the Mind assisted or endangered by the Passions; Reason must then take the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of securing her Charge if she be not wanting to her self: The Strength of the Passions will never be accepted as an Excuse for complying with them, they were designed for Subjection, and if a Man suffers them to get the upper Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own Soul.

'As Nature has framed the several Species of Beings as it were in a Chain, so Man seems to be placed as the middle Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence he participates both of Flesh and Spirit by an admirable Tie, which in him occasions perpetual War of Passions; and as a Man inclines to the angelick or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if Love, Mercy, and Goodnature prevail, they speak him of the Angel; if Hatred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they declare his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that some of the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this Life inclined more to the Angel or Brute, so after their Death they should transmigrate into the one or the other: and it would be no unpleasant Notion, to consider the several Species of Brutes, into which we may imagine that Tyrants, Misers, the Proud, Malicious, and Ill-natured might be changed.

'As a Consequence of this Original, all Passions are in all Men, but all appear not in all; Constitution, Education, Custom of the Country, Reason, and the like Causes, may improve or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds

'remain, which are ever ready to sprout forth 'upon the least Encouragement. I have heard a 'Story of a good religious Man, who, having been 'bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modest 'in Publick by a careful Reflection he made on his 'Actions, but he frequently had an Hour in Se-'cret, wherein he had his Frisks and Capers; and 'if we had an Opportunity of examining the Re-'tirement of the strictest Philosophers, no doubt 'but we should find perpetual Returns of those 'Passions they so artfully conceal from the Pub-'lick. I remember *Matchiavel* observes, that 'every State should entertain a perpetual jealousie 'of its Neighbours, that so it should never be un-'provided when an Emergency happens;[1] in like 'manner should the Reason be perpetually on its 'Guard against the Passions, and never suffer 'them to carry on any Design that may be de-'structive of its Security; yet at the same Time 'it must be careful, that it don't so far break their 'Strength as to render them contemptible, and 'consequently it self unguarded.

'The Understanding being of its self too slow 'and lazy to exert it self into Action, it's neces-'sary it should be put in Motion by the gentle 'Gales of the Passions, which may preserve it 'from stagnating and Corruption; for they are as 'necessary to the Health of the Mind, as the Cir-'culation of the animal Spirits is to the Health of 'the Body; they keep it in Life, and Strength, and 'Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind to per-'form its Offices without their Assistance: These 'Motions are given us with our Being, they are 'little Spirits that are born and dye with us; to 'some they are mild, easie, and gentle, to others 'wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for 'the Reins of Reason and the Guidance of Judg-'ment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice Pro-'portion between the Strength of Reason and 'Passion; the greatest Genius's have commonly 'the strongest Affections, as on the other hand, 'the weaker Understandings have generally the 'weaker Passions; and 'tis fit the Fury of the 'Coursers should not be too great for the Strength 'of the Charioteer. Young Men whose Passions 'are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of their 'ever being considerable; the Fire of Youth will 'of course abate, and is a Fault, if it be a Fault, 'that mends every Day; but surely unless a Man 'has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have Warmth 'in Old Age. We must therefore be very cauti-'ous, lest while we think to regulate the Passions, 'we should quite extinguish them, which is put-'ting out the Light of the Soul: for to be without 'Passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a 'Man equally blind. The extraordinary Severity 'used in most of our Schools has this fatal Effect, 'it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and most cer-'tainly destroys more good Genius's than it can 'possibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty 'Mistake that the Passions should be so intirely 'subdued; for little Irregularities are sometimes 'not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated 'too, since they are frequently attended with the 'greatest Perfections. All great Genius's have 'Faults mixed with their Virtues, and resemble 'the flaming Bush which has Thorns amongst 'Lights.

'Since therefore the Passions are the Principles 'of human Actions, we must endeavour to manage 'them so as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them 'under strict Command; we must govern them 'rather like free Subjects than Slaves, lest while 'we intend to make them obedient, they become 'abject, and unfit for those great Purposes to 'which they were designed. For my Part I must 'confess, I could never have any Regard to that 'Sect of Philosophers, who so much insisted upon 'an absolute Indifference and Vacancy from all 'Passion; for it seems to me a Thing very incon-'sistent for a Man to divest himself of Humanity, 'in order to acquire Tranquility of Mind, and to 'eradicate the very Principles of Action, because 'it's possible they may produce ill Effects.

I am, SIR,
Your Affectionate Admirer,
Z. T. B.

[1] *The Prince*, ch. xiv. at close.

No. 409.] *Thursday, June* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.—Lucr.

GRATIAN very often recommends *the Fine Taste*,[1] as the utmost Perfection of an accomplished Man. As this Word arises very often in Conversation, I shall endeavour to give some Account of it, and to lay down Rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine Taste of Writing, which is so much talked of among the Polite World.

Most Languages make use of this Metaphor, to express that Faculty of the Mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed Faults and nicest Perfections in Writing. We may be sure this Metaphor would not have been so general in all Tongues, had there not been a very great Conformity between that Mental Taste, which is the Subject of this Paper, and that Sensitive Taste which gives us a Relish of every different Flavour that affects the Palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many Degrees of Refinement in the intellectual Faculty, as in the Sense, which is marked out by this common Denomination.

I knew a Person who possessed the one in so great a Perfection, that after having tasted ten different Kinds of Tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the Colour of it, the particular Sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two Sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal Proportion; nay he has carried the Experiment so far, as upon tasting the Composition of three different Sorts, to name the Parcels from whence the three several Ingredients were taken. A Man of a fine Taste in Writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general Beauties and Imperfections of an Author, but

[1] See note on p. 553. This 'fine taste' was the *cultismo*, the taste for false conceits, which Addison condemns.

discover the several Ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other Authors, with the several Foreign Infusions of Thought and Language, and the particular Authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine Taste in Writing, and shewn the Propriety of the Metaphor which is used on this Occasion, I think I may define it to be *that Faculty of the Soul, which discerns the Beauties of an Author with Pleasure, and the Imperfections with Dislike.* If a Man would know whether he is possessed of this Faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated Works of Antiquity, which have stood the Test of so many different Ages and Countries, or those Works among the Moderns which have the Sanction of the Politer Part of our Contemporaries. If upon the Perusal of such Writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary Manner, or if, upon reading the admired Passages in such Authors, he finds a Coldness and Indifference in his Thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless Readers) that the Author wants those Perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the Faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second Place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing Perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the Specifick Qualities of the Author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with *Livy* for his Manner of telling a Story, with *Sallust* for his entering into those internal Principles of Action which arise from the Characters and Manners of the Persons he describes, or with *Tacitus* for his displaying those outward Motives of Safety and Interest, which give Birth to the whole Series of Transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same Thought, which presents it self in a great Writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a Person of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much Difference in apprehending a Thought cloathed in *Cicero's* Language, and that of a common Author, as in seeing an Object by the Light of a Taper, or by the Light of the Sun.

It is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of such a Taste as that I am here speaking of. The Faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent Mathematicians of the Age has assured me, that the greatest Pleasure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Æneas* his Voyage by the Map; as I question not but many a Modern Compiler of History, would be delighted with little more in that Divine Author, than in the bare Matters of Fact.

But notwithstanding this Faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several Methods for Cultivating and Improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the Person that possesses it. The most natural Method for this Purpose is to be conversant among the Writings of the most Polite Authors. A Man who has any Relish for fine Writing, either discovers new Beauties, or receives stronger Impressions from the Masterly Strokes of a great Author every time he peruses him; Besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of Speaking and Thinking.

Conversation with Men of a Polite Genius is another Method for improving our Natural Taste. It is impossible for a Man of the greatest Parts to consider anything in its whole Extent, and in all its Variety of Lights. Every Man, besides those General Observations which are to be made upon an Author, forms several Reflections that are peculiar to his own Manner of Thinking; so that Conversation will naturally furnish us with Hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other Mens Parts and Reflections as well as our own. This is the best Reason I can give for the Observation which several have made, that Men of great Genius in the same way of Writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain Periods of Time appear together, and in a Body; as they did at *Rome* in the Reign of *Augustus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been Friends and Contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a Man who would form to himself a finished Taste of good Writing, to be well versed in the Works of the best *Critics* both Ancient and Modern. I must confess that I could wish there were Authors of this kind, who beside the Mechanical Rules which a Man of very little Taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very Spirit and Soul of fine Writing, and shew us the several Sources of that Pleasure which rises in the Mind upon the Perusal of a noble Work. Thus although in Poetry it be absolutely necessary that the Unities of Time, Place and Action, with other Points of the same Nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the Art, something that elevates and astonishes the Fancy, and gives a Greatness of Mind to the Reader, which few of the Criticks besides *Longinus* have considered.

Our general Taste in *England* is for Epigram, Turns of Wit, and forced Conceits, which have no manner of Influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the Mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest Writers, both among the Ancients and Moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my Speculations to banish this *Gothic* Taste, which has taken Possession among us. I entertained the Town, for a Week together, with an Essay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false Kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the World; and at the same time to shew wherein the Nature of true Wit consists. I afterwards gave an Instance of the great Force which lyes in a natural Simplicity of Thought to affect the Mind of the Reader, from such vulgar Pieces as have little else besides this single Qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the Works of the greatest Poet

which our Nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly Beauties which give a Value to that Divine Work. I shall next *Saturday* enter upon an Essay *on the Pleasures of the Imagination*, which, though it shall consider that Subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the Reader what it is that gives a Beauty to many Passages of the finest Writers both in Prose and Verse. As an Undertaking of this Nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with Candour. O.

No. 410.] *Friday, June* 20, 1712. [*Tickell.*

——Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur Mundius,
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore suo cum cœnant, Liguriunt,
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam:
Quam inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex Jure Hesterno panem atrum vorent.
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.—Ter.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present Decay by visiting the Wenches of the Town only by Way of Humour, told us, that the last rainy Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the *Temple* Cloister, whither had escaped also a Lady most exactly dressed from Head to Foot. WILL. made no Scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, she said, she supposed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY: Upon which nothing less could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam the same at your Service. She was dressed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons; her Linnen striped Muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning; decent Dresses being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once consulting Cheapness and the Pretensions to Modesty. She went on with a familiar easie Air. Your Friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little surprized to see a Woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Council's Chambers, for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a small disputed Joynture to admit any other Expence but meer Necessaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB begged they might have the Honour of setting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his Friend to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be subjected to all the Impertinence she must meet with in that publick Place: Mr. HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the first, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man, took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at *Sukey* in the State she marched off, WILL. HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

Much Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where, after declaring she had no Stomach, and eaten a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Trusse of Sallet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for some Time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey* to her Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB. WILL. has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

Madam,

'I am not so meer a Country-Gentleman, but I 'can guess at the Law-Business you had at the 'Temple. If you would go down to the Country 'and leave off all your Vanities but your Singing, 'let me know at my Lodgings in *Bow-street* 'Covent-Garden, and you shall be encouraged by

Your humble Servant,
ROGER DE COVERLY.

My good Friend could not well stand the Raillery which was rising upon him; but to put a Stop to it I deliver'd WILL. HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen a Translation of one of the Chap-'ters in the *Canticles* into English Verse inserted 'among your late Papers, I have ventured to send 'you the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs* in a poetical 'Dress. If you think it worthy appearing among 'your Speculations, it will be a sufficient Reward 'for the Trouble of

Your constant Reader,
A. B.

My Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.
Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures the Unwary in,
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.
Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the foolish Youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.
Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate
When, lo, a Woman comes!——
Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express:
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts:
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form; she loves to roam;
Now she's within, now in the Street do's stray;
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House

Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And, Lo, in Happy Hour I find thee here.
My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed
Are cov'rings of the richest Tap'stry spread,
With Linnen it is deck'd from Egypt *brought,*
And Carvings by the Curious Artist wrought,
It wants no Glad Perfume Arabia *yields*
In all her Citron Groves, and spicy Fields;
Here all her store of richest Odours meets,
I'll lay thee in a Wilderness of Sweets.
Whatever to the Sense can grateful be
I have collected there——I want but Thee.
My Husband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
He nam'd for his return a distant Day.
Upon her Tongue did such smooth Mischief dwell,
And from her Lips such welcome Flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters ty'd,
Resign'd his Reason, and with Ease comply'd.
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of th' impending Blow.
Thus flies the simple Bird into the Snare,
That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
But let my Sons attend, Attend may they
Whom Youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;
Let them false Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts
Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts,
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn astray,
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Lest they too late of Her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been Slain.

T.

No. 411.] *Saturday, June* 21, 1712. [*Addison.*

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: ——— Lucr.

OUR Sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our Senses. It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest in Action without being tired or satiated with its proper Enjoyments. The Sense of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extension, Shape, and all other Ideas that enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the same time it is very much streightned and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular Objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these Defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of Touch, that spreads it self over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largest Figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote Parts of the Universe.

It is this Sense which furnishes the Imagination with its Ideas; so that by the Pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas in our Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like Occasion. We cannot indeed have a single Image in the Fancy that did not make its first Entrance through the Sight; but we have the Power of retaining, altering and compounding those Images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of Picture and Vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with Scenes and Landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compass of Nature.

There are few Words in the *English* Language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed Sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the Notion of these two Words, as I intend to make use of them in the Thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the Pleasures of the Imagination, I mean only such Pleasures as arise originally from Sight, and that I divide these Pleasures into two Kinds: My Design being first of all to Discourse of those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which entirely proceed from such Objects as are [before our [1]] Eye[s]; and in the next place to speak of those Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of visible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories, or formed into agreeable Visions of Things that are either Absent or Fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in the full Extent, are not so gross as those of Sense, nor so refined as those of the Understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it must be confest, that those of the Imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful Prospect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the Pleasures of the Imagination have this Advantage, above those of the Understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easie to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the Beauty of an Object, without enquiring into the particular Causes and Occasions of it.

A Man of a Polite Imagination is let into a great many Pleasures, that the Vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He meets with a secret Refreshment in a Description, and often feels a greater Satisfaction in the Prospect of Fields and Meadows, than another does in the Possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of Property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated Parts of Nature ad-

[1] [present to the]

minister to his Pleasures: So that he looks upon the World, as it were in another Light, and discovers in it a Multitude of Charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of Mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a Relish of any Pleasures that are not Criminal; every Diversion they take is at the Expence of some one Virtue or another, and their very first Step out of Business is into Vice or Folly. A Man should endeavour, therefore, to make the Sphere of his innocent Pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with Safety, and find in them such a Satisfaction as a wise Man would not blush to take. Of this Nature are those of the Imagination, which do not require such a Bent of Thought as is necessary to our more serious Employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the Mind to sink into that Negligence and Remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual Delights, but, like a gentle Exercise to the Faculties, awaken them from Sloth and Idleness, without putting them upon any Labour or Difficulty.

We might here add, that the Pleasures of the Fancy are more conducive to Health, than those of the Understanding, which are worked out by Dint of Thinking, and attended with too violent a Labour of the Brain. Delightful Scenes, whether in Nature, Painting, or Poetry, have a kindly Influence on the Body, as well as the Mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the Imagination, but are able to disperse Grief and Melancholy, and to set the Animal Spirits in pleasing and agreeable Motions. For this Reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his Reader a Poem or a Prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtile Disquisitions, and advises him to pursue Studies that fill the Mind with splendid and illustrious Objects, as Histories, Fables, and Contemplations of Nature.

I have in this Paper, by way of Introduction, settled the Notion of those Pleasures of the Imagination which are the Subject of my present Undertaking, and endeavoured, by several Considerations, to recommend to my Reader the Pursuit of those Pleasures. I shall, in my next Paper, examine the several Sources from whence these Pleasures are derived.[1] O.

[1] From a MS. Note-book of Addison's, met with in 1858, Mr. J. Dykes Campbell printed at Glasgow, in 1864, 250 copies of some portions of the first draught of these papers on Imagination with the Essay on Jealousy (No 176) and that on Fame (*No.* 255). The MS. was an old calf bound 8vo volume obtained from a dealer. There were 'about 31 pages written on one side of each leaf in 'a beautiful print-like hand,' which contained the Essays in their first state. Passages were added by Addison in his ordinary handwriting upon the blank pages opposite to this carefully-written text, and there are pieces in a third hand-writing which neither the keeper of the MSS. Department of the British Museum nor the Librarian of the Bodleian could identify. The insertions in this third hand form part of the paper as finally published. Thus in the paper on Jealousy (No. 171) it wrote the English verse translation added to the quotation from Horace's Ode I. xiii. The MS. shows with how much care Addison revised and corrected the first draught of his papers, especially where, as in the series of eleven upon Imagination here commenced, he meant to put out all his strength. In Blair's Rhetoric four Lectures (20—23) are given to a 'critical Examination of the Style of Mr. 'Addison in Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the '*Spectator*.' Akenside's poem on 'the Pleasures of 'the Imagination,' published in 1744, when he was 23 years old, was suggested by these papers. Many disquisitions upon Taste were written towards the close of the last century. They formed a new province in literature, of which Addison here appears as the founder and first lawgiver.

No. 412.] *Monday, June* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Divisum sic breve fiet Opus.*—Mart.

I SHALL first consider those Pleasures of the Imagination, which arise from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects: And these, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is *Great, Uncommon,* or *Beautiful.* There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the Horror or Loathsomeness of an Object may over-bear the Pleasure which results from its *Greatness, Novelty,* or *Beauty;* but still there will be such a Mixture of Delight in the very Disgust it gives us, as any of these three Qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By *Greatness,* I do not only mean the Bulk of any single Object, but the Largeness of a whole View, considered as one entire Piece. Such are the Prospects of an open Champain Country, a vast uncultivated Desart, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanse of Waters, where we are not struck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are flung into a pleasing Astonishment at such unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stillness and Amazement in the Soul at the Apprehension[s] of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy it self under a sort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compass, and shortned on every side by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a spacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the Immensity of its Views, and to lose it self amidst the Variety of Objects that offer themselves to its Observation. Such wide and undetermined Prospects are as pleasing to the Fancy, as the Speculations of Eternity or Infinitude are to the Understanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonness joined with this Grandeur, as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a spacious Landskip cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and

Meadows, the Pleasure still grows upon us, as it rises from more than a single Principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raises a Pleasure in the Imagination, because it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surprize, gratifies its Curiosity, and gives it an Idea of which it was not before possest. We are indeed so often conversant with one Set of Objects, and tired out with so many repeated Shows of the same Things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with the Strangeness of its Appearance: It serves us for a kind of Refreshment, and takes off from that Satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary Entertainments. It is this that bestows Charms on a Monster, and makes even the Imperfections of Nature [please[1]] us. It is this that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Instant called off to something new, and the Attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste it self on any particular Object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are at any Season of the Year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the Opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first Gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the Eye. For this Reason there is nothing that more enlivens a Prospect than Rivers, Jetteaus, or Falls of Water, where the Scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the Sight every Moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Vallies, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

But there is nothing that makes *its* Way more directly to the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately diffuses a secret Satisfaction and Complacency through the Imagination, and gives a Finishing to any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The very first Discovery of it strikes the Mind with an inward Joy, and spreads a Chearfulness and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more in one Piece of Matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn it self agreeable; but we find by Experience, that there are several Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Consideration, pronounces at first sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we see that every different Species of sensible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the Beauties of its own Kind. This is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the same Shape and Proportion, where we often see the Male determined in his Courtship by the single Grain or Tincture of a Feather, and never discovering any Charms but in the Colour of its Species.

[1] [to please]

Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur
Connubii leges, non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida Lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina latè
Fœminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstris
Confusam aspiceres vulgò, partusque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et Veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc socium lasciva petit Philomela canorum,
Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc Noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora Juventus
Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.[1]

There is a second Kind of *Beauty* that we find in the several Products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the Imagination with that Warmth and Violence as the Beauty that appears in our proper Species, but is apt however to raise in us a secret Delight, and a kind of Fondness for the Places or Objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the Gaiety or Variety of Colours, in the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts, in the Arrangement and Disposition of Bodies, or in a just Mixture and Concurrence of all together. Among these several Kinds of Beauty the Eye takes most Delight in Colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing Show in Nature than what appears in the Heavens at the rising and setting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of those different Stains of Light that shew themselves in Clouds of a different Situation. For this Reason we find the Poets, who are always addressing themselves to the Imagination, borrowing more of their Epithets from Colours than from any other Topic.

As the Fancy delights in every thing that is Great, Strange, or Beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these Perfections in the same Object, so is it capable of receiving a new Satisfaction by the Assistance of another Sense. Thus any continued Sound, as the Musick of Birds, or a Fall of Water, awakens every moment the Mind of the Beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several Beauties of the Place that lye before him. Thus if there arises a Fragrancy of Smells or Perfumes, they heighten the Pleasures of the Imagination, and make even the Colours and Verdure of the Landskip appear more agreeable; for the Ideas of both Senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than

[1] Addison's MS. described in the note to No. 411 shows, by corrections in his handwriting of four or five lines in this piece of Latin verse, that he was himself its author. Thus in the last line he had begun with 'Scintillat solitis,' altered that to 'Ostentat solitas,' struck out that also, and written, as above, 'Explicat ad solem.'

when they enter the Mind separately: As the different Colours of a Picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional Beauty from the Advantage of their Situation. O.

No. 413.] *Tuesday, June* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Causa latet, vis est notissima*—— Ovid.

THOUGH in Yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is *Great, New,* or *Beautiful,* is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary Cause of this Pleasure, because we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Substance of a Human Soul, which might help us to discover the Conformity or Disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind is to reflect on those Operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range under their proper Heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the Mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient Causes from whence the Pleasure or Displeasure arises.

Final Causes lye more bare and open to our Observation, as there are often a great Variety that belong to the same Effect; and these, tho' they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater Occasion of admiring the Goodness and Wisdom of the first Contriver.

One of the Final Causes of our Delight, in any thing that is *great,* may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has so formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper Happiness. Because, therefore, a great Part of our Happiness must arise from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a just Relish of such a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehension of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration, which is a very pleasing Motion of the Mind, immediately rises at the Consideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of Room in the Fancy, and by Consequence, will improve into the highest Pitch of Astonishment and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumscribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largest Capacity of a Created Being.

He has annexed a secret Pleasure to the Idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon,* that he might encourage us in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and engage us to search into the Wonders of his Creation; for every new Idea brings such a Pleasure along with it, as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquisition, and consequently serves as a Motive to put us upon fresh Discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own Species* pleasant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their Kind, and fill the World with Inhabitants; for 'tis very remarkable that where-ever Nature is crost in the Production of a Monster (the Result of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating its Likeness, and of founding a new Order of Creatures; so that unless all Animals were allured by the Beauty of their own Species, Generation would be at an End, and the Earth unpeopled.

In the last Place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleasant, or rather has made so many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the Power of raising an agreeable Idea in the Imagination: So that it is impossible for us to behold his Works with Coldness or Indifference, and to survey so many Beauties without a secret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we saw them only in their proper Figures and Motions: And what Reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those Ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the Objects themselves, (for such are Light and Colours) were it not to add Supernumerary Ornaments to the Universe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing Shows and Apparitions, we discover Imaginary Glories in the Heavens, and in the Earth, and see some of this Visionary Beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough unsightly Sketch of Nature should we be entertained with, did all her Colouring disappear, and the several Distinctions of Light and Shade vanish? In short, our Souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted Hero of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, Woods and Meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purling of Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart. It is not improbable that something like this may be the State of the Soul after its first Separation, in respect of the Images it will receive from Matter; tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is possible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other Occasional Cause, as they are at present by the different Impressions of the subtle Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy: Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth which has been proved incontestably by many Modern Philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of *Mr. Locke's* Essay on Human Understanding. O.

[To Addison's short paper there was added in

number 413 of the *Spectator* the following letter, which was not included in the reprint into volumes:

Mr. SPECTATOR, *June* 24, 1712.

'I would not divert the Course of your Discourses, when you seem bent upon obliging the 'World with a train of Thinking, which, rightly 'attended to, may render the Life of every Man 'who reads it, more easy and happy for the future. 'The Pleasures of the Imagination are what bewilder Life, when Reason and Judgment do not 'interpose: It is therefore a worthy Action in you 'to look carefully into the Powers of Fancy, that 'other Men, from the Knowledge of them, may 'improve their Joys and allay their Griefs, by a 'just use of that Faculty: I say, Sir, I would 'not interrupt you in the progress of this Discourse; but if you will do me the Favour of inserting this Letter in your next Paper, you will 'do some Service to the Public, though not in so 'noble a way of Obliging, as that of improving 'their Minds. Allow me, Sir, to acquaint you 'with a Design (of which I am partly Author), 'though it tends to no greater a Good than that 'of getting Money. I should not hope for the 'Favour of a Philosopher in this Matter, if it were 'not attempted under all the Restrictions which 'you Sages put upon private Acquisitions.

'The first Purpose which every good Man is to 'propose to himself, is the Service of his Prince 'and Country; after that is done, he cannot add 'to himself, but he must also be beneficial to them. 'This Scheme of Gain is not only consistent with 'that End, but has its very Being in Subordination 'to it; for no Man can be a Gainer here but at the 'same time he himself, or some other, must succeed in their Dealings with the Government. It 'is called the *Multiplication Table*, and is so far 'calculated for the immediate Service of Her 'Majesty, that the same Person who is fortunate 'in the Lottery of the State, may receive yet 'further Advantage in this Table. And I am sure 'nothing can be more pleasing to Her gracious 'Temper than to find out additional Methods of 'increasing their good Fortune who adventure 'anything in Her Service, or laying Occasions for 'others to become capable of serving their Country who are at present in too low Circumstances 'to exert themselves. The manner of executing 'the Design is, by giving out Receipts for half 'Guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate Bearer to certain Sums in the Table, as is set 'forth at large in the Proposals Printed the 23rd 'instant. There is another Circumstance in this 'Design, which gives me hopes of your Favour to 'it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that 'the Benefit is made as diffusive as possible. 'Every one that has half a Guinea is put into a 'possibility, from that small Sum, to raise himself 'an easy Fortune; when these little parcels of 'Wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again 'into the Re-donation of Providence, we are to 'expect that some who live under Hardship or 'Obscurity, may be produced to the World in the 'Figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not 'but this last Argument will have Force with you, 'and I cannot add another to it, but what your 'Severity will, I fear, very little regard; which is, 'that

I am, SIR,
Your greatest Admirer,
Richard Steele.

No. 414.] *Wednesday, June* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

Alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè.—Hor.

IF we consider the Works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in Comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vastness and Immensity, which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Polite and Delicate as the other, but can never shew her self so August and Magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless Strokes of Nature, than in the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratifie her; but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of Images, without any certain Stint or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in Love with a Country-Life, where Nature appears in the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out all those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit Urbes.—Hor.

Hic Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.
Virg.

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art: For in this case our Pleasure rises from a double Principle; from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects: We are pleased as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers; in those accidental Landskips of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble; in the curious Fret-work of Rocks and Grottos; and, in a Word, in any thing that hath such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, ac-

cording as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural; because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might discover the Waves and Fluctuations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leaping about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a Sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason is its near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in Nature something more Grand and August, than what we meet with in the Curiosities of Art. When therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our *English* Gardens are not so entertaining to the Fancy as those in *France* and *Italy*, where we see a large Extent of Ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which represent every where an artificial Rudeness, much more charming than that Neatness and Elegancy which we meet with in those of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Consequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Persons, to alienate so much Ground from Pasturage, and the Plow, in many Parts of a Country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater Advantage. But why may not a whole Estate be thrown into a kind of Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleasure of the Owner? A Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain shaded with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of Corn make a pleasant Prospect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were helpt and improved by some small Additions of Art, and the several Rows of Hedges set off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Landskip of his own Possessions.

Writers who have given us an Account of *China*, tell us the Inhabitants of that Country laugh at the Plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the Rule and Line; because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They chuse rather to shew a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an Effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinths of the [more [1]] finished Parterre. But as our great Modellers of Gardens have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may most turn to their own Profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Moveable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked. O.

No. 415.] *Thursday, June* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
Virg.

HAVING already shewn how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and compleat each other, in forming such Scenes and Prospects as are most apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency, than any other, to produce those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Discourse. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entring into those Rules and Maxims which the great Masters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberless Treatises upon that Subject.

Greatness, in the Works of Architecture, may be considered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the first, we find the Ancients, especially among the Eastern Nations of the World, infinitely superior to the Moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author says, there were the Foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious Mountain; what could be more noble than the Walls of *Babylon*, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that rose a Mile high by Eight several Stories, each Story a Furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the *Babylonian* Observatory; I might here, likewise, take

[1] [most]

Notice of the huge Rock that was cut into the Figure of *Semiramis*, with the smaller Rocks that lay by it in the Shape of Tributary Kings; the prodigious Basin, or artificial Lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, 'till such time as a new Canal was formed for its Reception, with the several Trenches through which that River was conveyed. I know there are Persons who look upon some of these Wonders of Art as Fabulous, but I cannot find any [Ground [1]] for such a Suspicion, unless it be that we have no such Works among us at present. There were indeed many greater Advantages for Building in those Times, and in that Part of the World, than have been met with ever since. The Earth was extremely fruitful, Men lived generally on Pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of Hands than Agriculture: There were few Trades to employ the busie Part of Mankind, and fewer Arts and Sciences to give Work to Men of Speculative Tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute; so that when he went to War, he put himself at the Head of a whole People: As we find *Semiramis* leading her [three [2]] Millions to the Field, and yet over-powered by the Number of her Enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when she was at Peace, and turned her Thoughts on Building, that she could accomplish so great Works, with such a prodigious Multitude of Labourers: Besides that, in her Climate, there was small Interruption of Frosts and Winters, which make the Northern Workmen lie half the Year Idle. I might mention too, among the Benefits of the Climate, what Historians say of the Earth, that it sweated out a Bitumen or natural kind of Mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the Structure of *Babel*. *Slime they used instead of Mortar.*

In *Egypt* we still see their Pyramids, which answer to the Descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a Traveller might find out some Remains of the Labyrinth that covered a whole Province, and had a hundred Temples disposed among its several Quarters and Divisions.

The Wall of *China* is one of these Eastern Pieces of Magnificence, which makes a Figure even in the Map of the World, altho' an Account of it would have been thought Fabulous, were not the Wall it self still extant.

We are obliged to Devotion for the noblest Buildings that have adorn'd the several Countries of the World. It is this which has set Men at work on Temples and Publick Places of Worship, not only that they might, by the Magnificence of the Building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous Works might, at the same time, open the Mind to vast Conceptions, and fit it to converse with the Divinity of the Place. For every thing that is Majestick imprints an Awfulness and Reverence on the Mind of the Beholder, and strikes in with the Natural Greatness of the Soul.

In the Second place we are to consider *Greatness of Manner* in Architecture, which has such Force upon the Imagination, that a small Building, where *it* appears, shall give the Mind nobler Ideas than one of twenty times the Bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a Man would have been more astonished with the Majestick Air that appeared in one of [*Lysippus's* [1]] Statues of *Alexander*, tho' no bigger than the Life, than he might have been with Mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the Figure of the Hero, according to the Proposal of *Phidias*, [2] with a River in one Hand, and a City in the other.

Let any one reflect on the Disposition of Mind he finds in himself, at his first Entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how his Imagination is filled with something Great and Amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inside of a *Gothick* Cathedral, tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else, but the Greatness of the Manner in the one, and the Meanness in the other.

I have seen an Observation upon this Subject in a *French* Author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur *Freart's* Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture. I shall give it the Reader with the same Terms of Art which he has made use of. *I am observing* (says he) *a thing which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same Quantity of Superficies, the one* Manner *seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the Reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into Architecture this Grandeur of Manner, we ought so to proceed, that the Division of the Principal Members of the Order may consist but of few Parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample Relievo, and Swelling; and that the Eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the Imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the Work that stands before it. For example; In a Cornice, if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modillions or Dentelli, make a noble Show by their graceful Projections, if we see none of that ordinary Confusion which is the Result of those little Cavities, Quarter Rounds of the Astragal and I know not how many other intermingled Particulars, which produce no Effect in great and massy Works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the Prejudice of the Principal Member, it is most certain that this Manner will appear Solemn and Great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean Effect, where there is a Redundancy of those smaller Ornaments, which divide and scatter the Angles of the Sight into such a Multitude of Rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a Confusion.*

Among all the Figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater Air than the Concave and the Convex, and we find in all the Ancient and Modern Architecture, as well in the remote Parts of *China*, as in Countries nearer home, that round Pillars and Vaulted Roofs make a great Part of those Buildings which are designed for Pomp and Magnificence. The Reason I take to be, because in these Figures we generally see more

[1] [Grounds] [2] [two]

[1] [Protogenes's] [2] Dinocrates.

of the Body, than in those of other Kinds. There are, indeed, Figures of Bodies, where the Eye may take in two Thirds of the Surface; but as in such Bodies the Sight must split upon several Angles, it does not take in one uniform Idea, but several Ideas of the same kind. Look upon the Outside of a Dome, your Eye half surrounds it; look up into the Inside, and at one Glance you have all the Prospect of it; the entire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being as the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference: In a Square Pillar, the Sight often takes in but a fourth Part of the Surface: and in a Square Concave, must move up and down to the different Sides, before it is Master of all the inward Surface. For this Reason, the Fancy is infinitely more struck with the View of the open Air, and Skies, that passes through an Arch, than what comes through a Square, or any other Figure. The Figure of the Rainbow does not contribute less to its Magnificence, than the Colours to its Beauty, as it is very poetically described by the Son of *Sirach*: *Look upon the Rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its Brightness; it encompasses the Heavens with a glorious Circle, and the Hands of the* [*most High*[1]] *have bended it.*

Having thus spoken of that Greatness which affects the Mind in Architecture, I might next shew the Pleasure that arises in the Imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this Art; but as every Beholder has naturally a greater Taste of these two Perfections in every Building which offers it self to his View, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my Reader with any Reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present Purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleases the Imagination, but as it is Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful. O.

No. 416.] *Friday, June* 27, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quatenûs hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.—Lucr.

IAT first divided the Pleasures of the Imagination, into such as arise from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in at our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind either barely by its own Operations, or on occasion of something without us, as Statues, or Descriptions. We have already considered the first Division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which for Distinction sake, I have called the Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. When I say the Ideas we receive from Statues, Descriptions, or such like Occasions, are the same that were once actually in our View, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very Place, Action, or Person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen Places, Persons, or Actions, in general, which bear a Resemblance, or at least some remote Analogy with what we find represented. Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleasure.

Among the different Kinds of Representation, *Statuary* is the most natural, and shews us something *likest* the Object that is represented. To make use of a common Instance, let one who is born Blind take an Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers the different Furrows and Impressions of the Chissel, and he will easily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his Hand over a *Picture*, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several Prominencies and Depressions of a human Body could be shewn on a plain Piece of Canvas, that has in it no Unevenness or Irregularity. *Description* runs yet further from the Things it represents than Painting; for a Picture bears a real Resemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak of Languages, but Words are understood only by such a People or Nation. For this Reason, tho' Men's Necessities quickly put them on finding out Speech, Writing is probably of a later Invention than Painting; particularly we are told, that in *America* when the *Spaniards* first arrived there Expresses were sent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a Pencil, which was a more natural Way than that of Writing, tho' at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction or an Adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make something like Description in *Musick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect Notions of this Nature raised in the Imagination by an Artificial Composition of Notes; and we find that great Masters in the Art are able, sometimes, to set their Hearers in the Heat and Hurry of a Battel, to overcast their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehensions of Deaths and Funerals, or to lull them into pleasing Dreams of Groves and Elisiums.

In all these Instances, this Secondary Pleasure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas arising from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the Statue, Picture, Description, or Sound that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary Reason, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, as I have before observed on the same Occasion; but we find a great Variety of Entertainments derived from this single Principle: For it is this that not only gives us a Relish of Statuary, Painting and Description, but makes us delight in all the Actions and Arts of Mimickry. It is this that makes the several kinds of Wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the Affinity of Ideas: And we may add, it is this also that raises the little Satisfaction we sometimes find in the different Sorts of false Wit; whether it consists in the Affinity of Letters, as in Anagram, Acrostick; or of Syllables, as in Doggerel Rhimes, Ecchos;

[1] [*Almighty*]

or of Words, as in Punns, Quibbles; or of a whole Sentence or Poem, to Wings, and Altars. The *final Cause*, probably, of annexing Pleasure to this Operation of the Mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the Congruity or Disagreement that appears among the several Works of Nature.

But I shall here confine my self to those Pleasures of the Imagination, [which [z]] proceed from Ideas raised by *Words*, because most of the Observations that agree with Descriptions, are equally Applicable to Painting and Statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a Force in them, that a Description often gives us more lively Ideas than the Sight of Things themselves. The Reader finds a Scene drawn in stronger Colours, and painted more to the Life in his Imagination, by the help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which they describe. In this case the Poet seems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the Landskip after her, but gives it more vigorous Touches, heightens its Beauty, and so enlivens the whole Piece, that the Images which flow from the Objects themselves appear weak and faint, in Comparison of those that come from the Expressions. The Reason, probably, may be, because in the Survey of any Object we have only so much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye; but in its Description, the Poet gives us as free a View of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several Parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our Sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any Object, our Idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple Ideas; but when the Poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex Idea of it, or only raise in us such Ideas as are most apt to affect the Imagination.

It may be here worth our while to Examine how it comes to pass that several Readers, who are all acquainted with the same Language, and know the Meaning of the Words they read, should nevertheless have a different Relish of the same Descriptions. We find one transported with a Passage, which another runs over with Coldness and Indifference, or finding the Representation extreamly natural, where another can perceive nothing of Likeness and Conformity. This different Taste must proceed, either from the *Perfection of Imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different Ideas* that several Readers affix to the same Words. For, to have a true Relish, and form a right Judgment of a Description, a Man should be born with a good Imagination, and must have well weighed the Force and Energy that lye in the several Words of a Language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy must be warm to retain the Print of those Images it hath received from outward Objects and the Judgment discerning, to know what Expressions are most proper to cloath and adorn them to the best Advantage. A Man who is deficient in either of these Respects, tho' he may receive the general Notion of a Description, can never see distinctly all its particular Beauties: As a Person, with a weak Sight, may have the confused Prospect of a Place that lies before him, without entering into its several Parts, or discerning the variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection. O.

[z] [that]

No. 417.] *Saturday, June* 28, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quem tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et Spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.—Hor.

WE may observe; than any single Circumstance of what we have formerly seen often raises up a whole Scene of Imagery, and awakens [numberless [z]] Ideas that before slept in the Imagination; such a particular Smell or Colour is able to fill the Mind, on a sudden, with the Picture of the Fields or Gardens, where we first met with it, and to bring up into View all the Variety of Images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the Hint, and leads us unexpectedly into Cities or Theatres, Plains or Meadows. We may further observe, when the Fancy thus reflects on the Scenes that have past in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold, appear more so upon Reflection, and that the Memory heightens the Delightfulness of the Original. A *Cartesian* would account for both these Instances in the following Manner.

The Sett of Ideas, which we received from such a Prospect or Garden, having entered the Mind at the same time, have a Sett of Traces belonging to them in the Brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of these Ideas arises in the Imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of Animal Spirits to its proper Trace, these Spirits, in the Violence of their Motion, run not only into the Trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it: By this means they awaken other Ideas of the same Sett, which immediately determine a new Dispatch of Spirits, that in the same manner open other Neighbouring Traces, till at last the whole Sett of them is blown up, and the whole Prospect or Garden flourishes in the Imagination. But because the Pleasure we received from these Places far surmounted, and overcame the little Disagreeableness we found in them; for this Reason there was at first a wider Passage worn in the Pleasure Traces, and, on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable Ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any Animal Spirits, and

[z] [a Thousand]

consequently of exciting any unpleasant Ideas in the Memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the Power of Imagining Things strongly proceeds from any greater Perfection in the Soul, or from any nicer Texture in the Brain of one Man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble Writer should be born with this Faculty in its full Strength and Vigour, so as to be able to receive lively Ideas from outward Objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon Occasion, in such Figures and Representations as are most likely to hit the Fancy of the Reader. A Poet should take as much Pains in forming his Imagination, as a Philosopher in cultivating his Understanding. He must gain a due Relish of the Works of Nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various Scenary of a Country Life.

When he is stored with Country Images, if he would go beyond Pastoral, and the lower kinds of Poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the Pomp and Magnificence of Courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the Productions of Art, whether it appear in Painting or Statuary, in the great Works of Architecture which are in their present Glory, or in the Ruins of those [which [1]] flourished in former Ages.

Such Advantages as these help to open a Man's Thoughts, and to enlarge his Imagination, and will therefore have their Influence on all kinds of Writing, if the Author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned Languages who excel in this Talent, the most perfect in their several kinds, are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The first strikes the Imagination wonderfully with what is Great, the second with what is Beautiful, and the last with what is Strange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a Country uninhabited, where the Fancy is entertained with a thousand Savage Prospects of vast Desarts, wide uncultivated Marshes, huge Forests, mis-shapen Rocks and Precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered Garden, where it is impossible to find out any Part unadorned, or to cast our Eyes upon a single Spot, that does not produce some beautiful Plant or Flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoses*, we are walking on enchanted Ground, and see nothing but Scenes of Magick lying round us.

Homer is in his Province, when he is describing a Battel or a Multitude, a Heroe or a God. *Virgil* is never better pleased, than when he is in his *Elysium*, or copying out an entertaining Picture. *Homer's* Epithets generally mark out what is Great, *Virgil's* what is Agreeable. Nothing can be more Magnificent than the Figure *Jupiter* makes in the first *Iliad*, nor more Charming than that of *Venus* in the first *Æneid*.

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερῤῥώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Dixit et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit:
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera incessu patuit Dea ———

Homer's Persons are most of them God-like and Terrible; *Virgil* has scarce admitted any into his Poem, who are not Beautiful, and has taken particular Care to make his Heroe so.

——— *lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.

In a Word, *Homer* fills his Readers with Sublime Ideas, and, I believe, has raised the Imagination of all the good Poets that have come after him. I shall only instance *Horace*, who immediately takes Fire at the first Hint of any Passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and always rises above himself, when he has *Homer* in his View. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Æneid*, all the pleasing Scenes his Subject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a Collection of the most delightful Landskips that can be made out of Fields and Woods, Herds of Cattle, and Swarms of Bees.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, has shewn us how the Imagination may be affected by what is Strange. He describes a Miracle in every Story, and always gives us the Sight of some new Creature at the end of it. His Art consists chiefly in well-timing his Description, before the first Shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shews Monster after Monster, to the end of the *Metamorphoses*.

If I were to name a Poet that is a perfect Master in all these Arts of working on the Imagination, I think *Milton* may pass for one: And if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the Fault of the Language in which it is written, than from any Defect of Genius in the Author. So Divine a Poem in *English*, is like a stately Palace built of Brick, where one may see Architecture in as great a Perfection as in one of Marble, tho' the Materials are of a coarser Nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present Subject: What can be conceived greater than the Battel of Angels, the Majesty of Messiah, the Stature and Behaviour of Satan and his Peers? What more beautiful than *Pandæmonium*, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, *Adam* and *Eve*? What more strange, than the Creation of the World, the several Metamorphoses of the fallen Angels, and the surprising Adventures their Leader meets with in his Search after Paradise? No other Subject could have furnished a Poet with Scenes so proper to strike the Imagination, as no other Poet could have painted those Scenes in more strong and lively Colours. O.

[1] [that]

[Advertisement :—'Whereas the Proposal called the Multiplication Table is under an Information from the Attorney General, in Humble Submission and Duty to Her Majesty the said Undertaking is laid down, and Attendance is this Day given . . . . in order to repay such Sums as have been paid into the said Table without Deduction.']

No. 418.] *Monday, June* 30, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*ferat et rubus asper amomum.*—Virg.

THE Pleasures of these Secondary Views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more universal Nature than those it has when joined with Sight; for not only what is Great, Strange or Beautiful, but any Thing that is Disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt Description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new Principle of Pleasure, which is nothing else but the Action of the Mind, which *compares* the Ideas that arise from Words, with the Ideas that arise from the Objects themselves; and why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, we have before considered. For this Reason therefore, the Description of a Dunghill is pleasing to the Imagination, if the Image be represented to our Minds by suitable Expressions; tho' perhaps, this may be more properly called the Pleasure of the Understanding than of the Fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the Image that is contained in the Description, as with the Aptness of the Description to excite the Image.

But if the Description of what is Little, Common, or Deformed, be acceptable to the Imagination, the Description of what is Great, Surprising or Beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with *comparing* the Representation with the Original, but are highly pleased with the Original it self. Most Readers, I believe, are more charmed with *Milton's* Description of Paradise, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their Kind, but in the one the Brimstone and Sulphur are not so refreshing to the Imagination, as the Beds of Flowers and the Wilderness of Sweets in the other.

There is yet another Circumstance which recommends a Description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such Objects as are apt to raise a secret Ferment in the Mind of the Reader, and to work, with Violence, upon his Passions. For, in this Case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the Pleasure becomes more Universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in Painting, it is pleasant to look on the Picture of any Face, where the Resemblance is hit, but the Pleasure increases, if it be the Picture of a Face that is Beautiful, and is still greater, if the Beauty be softened with an Air of Melancholy or Sorrow. The two leading Passions which the more serious Parts of Poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such Passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take Delight in such Passages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like Emotions in us, because they never rise in the Mind without an inward Pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or dejected by a Description, when we find so much Uneasiness in the Fear or Grief [which[1]] we receive from any other Occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the Description of what is terrible, as from the Reflection we make on our selves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous Objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no Danger of them? We consider them at the same time, as Dreadful and Harmless; so that the more frightful Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleasure we receive from the Sense of our own Safety. In short, we look upon the Terrors of a Description, with the same Curiosity and Satisfaction that we survey a dead Monster.

——*Informe cadaver*
Protrahitur, nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos: vultum, villosaque satis
Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
Virg.

It is for the same Reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon Dangers that are past, or in looking on a Precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of Horror, if we saw it hanging over our Heads.

In the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds, Deaths, and the like dismal Accidents, our Pleasure does not flow so properly from the Grief which such melancholy Descriptions give us, as from the secret Comparison which we make between our selves and the Person [who[2]] suffers. Such Representations teach us to set a just Value upon our own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune, which exempts us from the like Calamities. This is, however, such a kind of Pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a Person actually lying under the Tortures that we meet with in a Description; because in this case, the Object presses too close upon our Senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us Time or Leisure to reflect on our selves. Our Thoughts are so intent upon the Miseries of the Sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own Happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the Misfortunes we read in History or Poetry, either as past, or as fictitious, so that the Reflection upon our selves rises in us insensibly, and over-bears the Sorrow we conceive for the Sufferings of the Afflicted.

But because the Mind of Man requires something more perfect in Matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any Sight in Nature which sufficiently answers its highest Ideas of Pleasantness; or, in other Words, because the Imagination can fancy to it self Things more Great, Strange, or Beautiful, than the Eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some Defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the Imagination in its own Notions, by mending and perfecting Nature where he describes a Reality, and by adding greater Beauties than are put together in Nature, where he describes a Fiction.

[1] [that] [2] [that]

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow Advances which she makes from one Season to another, or to observe her Conduct, in the successive Production of Plants and Flowers. He may draw into his Description all the Beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole Year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His Rose-trees, Wood-bines, and Jessamines may flower together, and his Beds be cover'd at the same time with Lillies, Violets, and Amaranths. His Soil is not restrained to any particular Sett of Plants, but is proper either for Oaks or Mirtles, and adapts itself to the Products of every Climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; Myrrh may be met with in every Hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a Grove of Spices, he can quickly command Sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable Scene, he can make several new Species of Flowers, with richer Scents and higher Colours than any that grow in the Gardens of Nature. His Consorts of Birds may be as full and harmonious, and his Woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more Expence in a long Vista, than a short one, and can as easily throw his Cascades from a Precipice of half a Mile high, as from one of twenty Yards. He has his Choice of the Winds, and can turn the Course of his Rivers in all the Variety of *Meanders*, that are most delightful to the Reader's Imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own Hands, and may give her what Charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into Absurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O.

No. 419.] *Tuesday, July* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

——— *mentis gratissimus Error.*—Hor.

THERE is a kind of Writing, wherein the Poet quite loses Sight of Nature, and entertains his Reader's Imagination with the Characters and Actions of such Persons as have many of them no Existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are Fairies, Witches, Magicians, Demons, and departed Spirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls *the Fairy Way of Writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the Poet's Fancy, because he has no Pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own Invention.

There is a very odd Turn of Thought required for this sort of Writing, and it is impossible for a Poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular Cast of Fancy, and an Imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in Legends and Fables, antiquated Romances, and the Traditions of Nurses and old Women, that he may fall in with our natural Prejudices, and humour those Notions which we have imbibed in our Infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his Fairies talk like People of his own Species, and not like other Setts of Beings, who converse with different Objects, and think in a different Manner from that of Mankind;

Sylvis deducti caveant, me Judice, Fauni
Ne velut innati triviis ac pœne forenses
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus——
[Hor.]

I do not say with Mr. *Bays* in the *Rehearsal*, that Spirits must not be confined to speak Sense, but it is certain their Sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the Person and the Condition of the Speaker.

These Descriptions raise a pleasing kind of Horrour in the Mind of the Reader, and amuse his Imagination with the Strangeness and Novelty of the Persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our Memory the Stories we have heard in our Childhood, and favour those secret Terrors and Apprehensions to which the Mind of Man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different Habits and Behaviours of Foreign Countries, how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new Creation, and see the Persons and Manners of another Species? Men of cold Fancies, and Philosophical Dispositions, object to this kind of Poetry, that it has not Probability enough to affect the Imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many Intellectual Beings in the World besides our selves, and several Species of Spirits, who are subject to different Laws and Oeconomies from those of Mankind; when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the Representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossest with such false Opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular Delusions; at least, we have all heard so many pleasing Relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the Falshood, and willingly give our selves up to so agreeable an Imposture.

The Ancients have not much of this Poetry among them, for, indeed, almost the whole Substance of it owes its Original to the Darkness and Superstition of later Ages, when pious Frauds were made use of to amuse Mankind, and frighten them into a Sense of their Duty. Our Forefathers look'd upon Nature with more Reverence and Horrour, before the World was enlightened by Learning and Philosophy, and lov'd to astonish themselves with the Apprehensions of Witchcraft, Prodigies, Charms and Enchantments. There was not a Village in *England*, that had not a Ghost in it, the Church-yards were all haunted, every large Common had a Circle of Fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a Shepherd to be met with who had not seen a Spirit.

Among all the Poets of this Kind our *English* are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more Stories of this Nature, or that the Genius of our Country is fitter for this sort of Poetry. For the *English* are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that Gloominess and Melancholy of Temper, which is so frequent in our Nation, to many wild Notions and Visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the *English*, *Shakespear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble Extra-

vagance of Fancy which he had in so great Perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious Part of his Reader's Imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the Strength of his own Genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the Speeches of his Ghosts, Fairies, Witches and the like Imaginary Persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such Beings in the World, it looks highly probable that they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary Beings, that we sometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author represents any Passion, Appetite, Virtue or Vice, under a visible Shape, and makes it a Person or an Actor in his Poem. Of this Nature are the Descriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Ovid*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole Creation of the like Shadowy Persons in *Spencer*, who had an admirable Talent in Representations of this kind. I have discoursed of these Emblematical Persons in former Papers, and shall therefore only mention them in this Place. Thus we see how many Ways Poetry addresses it self to the Imagination, as it has not only the whole Circle of Nature for its Province, but makes new Worlds of its own, shews us Persons who are not to be found in Being, and represents even the Faculties of the Soul, with her several Virtues and Vices, in a sensible Shape and Character.

I shall, in my two following Papers, consider in general, how other kinds of Writing are qualified to please the Imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Essay. O.

No. 420.] *Wednesday, July* 2, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Quocunque volunt mentem Auditoris agunto.
Hor.

AS the Writers in Poetry and Fiction borrow their several Materials from outward Objects, and join them together at their own Pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more closely, and to take entire Scenes out of her. Such are Historians, natural Philosophers, Travellers, Geographers, and in a Word, all who describe visible Objects of a real Existence.

It is the most agreeable Talent of an Historian, to be able to draw up his Armies and fight his Battels in proper Expressions, to set before our Eyes the Divisions, Cabals, and Jealousies of great Men, and to lead us Step by Step into the several Actions and Events of his History. We love to see the Subject unfolding it self by just Degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing Suspense, and have time given us to raise our Expectations, and to side with one of the Parties concerned in the Relation. I confess this shews more the Art than the Veracity of the Historian, but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the Imagination. And in this respect *Livy* has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written since his Time. He describes every thing in so lively a Manner, that his whole History is an admirable Picture, and touches on such proper Circumstances in every Story, that his Reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himself all the Variety of Passions which are correspondent to the several Parts of the Relation.

But among this Sett of Writers there are none who more gratifie and enlarge the Imagination, than the Authors of the new Philosophy, whether we consider their Theories of the Earth or Heavens, the Discoveries they have made by Glasses, or any other of their Contemplations on Nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green Leaf swarm with Millions of Animals, that at their largest Growth are not visible to the naked Eye. There is something very engaging to the Fancy, as well as to our Reason, in the Treatises of Metals, Minerals, Plants, and Meteors. But when we survey the whole Earth at once, and the several Planets that lie within its Neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing Astonishment, to see so many Worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their Axles in such an amazing Pomp and Solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild Fields of *Ether*, that reach in Height as far as from *Saturn* to the fixt Stars, and run abroad almost to an Infinitude, our Imagination finds its Capacity filled with so immense a Prospect, and puts it self upon the Stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixt Stars as so many vast Oceans of Flame, that are each of them attended with a different Sett of Planets, and still discover new Firmaments and new Lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable Depths of *Ether*, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our Telescopes, we are lost in such a Labyrinth of Suns and Worlds, and confounded with the Immensity and Magnificence of Nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the Fancy, than to enlarge it self by Degrees, in its Contemplation of the various Proportions [which[1]] its several Objects bear to each other, when it compares the Body of Man to the Bulk of the whole Earth, the Earth to the Circle it describes round the Sun, that Circle to the Sphere of the fixt Stars, the sphere of the fixt Stars to the Circuit of the whole Creation, the whole Creation it self to the infinite Space that is every where diffused about it; or when the Imagination works downward, and considers the Bulk of a human Body in respect of an Animal, a hundred times less than a Mite, the particular Limbs of such an Animal, the different Springs [which[2]] actuate the Limbs, the Spirits which set these Springs a going, and the proportionable Minuteness of these several Parts, before they have arrived at their full Growth and Perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least Particle of these Animal Spirits, and consider its Capacity of being Wrought into a World, that shall contain within those narrow Dimensions a Heaven and Earth, Stars and

[1] [that] [2] [that]

Planets, and every different Species of living Creatures, in the same Analogy and Proportion they bear to each other in our own Universe; such a Speculation, by reason of its Nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their Thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the Evidence of a Demonstration. Nay, we might yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest Particle of this little World a new and inexhausted Fund of Matter, capable of being spun out into another Universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this Subject, because I think it may shew us the proper Limits, as well as the Defectiveness of our Imagination; how it is confined to a very small Quantity of Space, and immediately stopt in its Operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a Man try to conceive the different Bulk of an Animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times less than a Mite, or to compare, in his Thoughts, a length of a thousand Diameters of the Earth, with that of a Million, and he will quickly find that he has no different Measures in his Mind, adjusted to such extraordinary Degrees of Grandeur or Minuteness. The Understanding, indeed, opens an infinite Space on every side of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint Efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds her self swallowed up in the Immensity of the Void that surrounds it: Our Reason can pursue a Particle of Matter through an infinite Variety of Divisions, but the Fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in it self a kind of Chasm, that wants to be filled with Matter of a more sensible Bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the Faculty to the Dimensions of either Extreme. The Object is too big for our Capacity, when we would comprehend the Circumference of a World, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the Idea of an Atome.

It is possible this defect of Imagination may not be in the Soul it self, but as it acts in Conjunction with the Body. Perhaps there may not be room in the Brain for such a variety of Impressions, or the Animal Spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute Ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that Beings of a higher Nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the Soul of Man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this Faculty, as well as in all the rest; insomuch that, perhaps, the Imagination will be able to keep Pace with the Understanding, and to form in it self distinct Ideas of all the different Modes and Quantities of Space. O.

No. 421.] *Thursday, July* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.
Ovid.

THE Pleasures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to such particular Authors as are conversant in material Objects, but are often to be met with among the Polite Masters of Morality, Criticism, and other Speculations abstracted from Matter, who, tho' they do not directly treat of the visible Parts of Nature, often draw from them their Similitudes, Metaphors, and Allegories. By these Allusions a Truth in the Understanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination; we are able to see something like Colour and Shape in a Notion, and to discover a Scheme of Thoughts traced out upon Matter. And here the Mind receives a great deal of Satisfaction, and has two of its Faculties gratified at the same time, while the Fancy is busie in copying after the Understanding, and transcribing Ideas out of the Intellectual World into the Material.

The Great Art of a Writer shews it self in the Choice of pleasing Allusions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* Works of Art or Nature; for though whatever is New or Uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief Design of an Allusion being to illustrate and explain the Passages of an Author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the Passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many Tracks of Light in a Discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is placed to an Advantage, casts a kind of Glory round it, and darts a Lustre through a whole Sentence: These different Kinds of Allusion are but so many different Manners of Similitude, and, that they may please the Imagination, the Likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a Picture where the Resemblance is just, or the Posture and Air graceful. But we often find eminent Writers very faulty in this respect; great Scholars are apt to fetch their Comparisons and Allusions from the Sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a Man may see the Compass of their Learning in a Treatise on the most indifferent Subject. I have read a Discourse upon Love, which none but a profound Chymist could understand, and have heard many a Sermon that should only have been preached before a Congregation of *Cartesians*. On the contrary, your Men of Business usually have recourse to such Instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the Reader into a Game of Chess or Tennis, or for leading him from Shop to Shop, in the Cant of particular Trades and Employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite Variety of very agreeable Allusions in both these kinds, but for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the Works of Nature, which are obvious to all Capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in Arts and Sciences.

It is this Talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an Embellishment to good Sense, and makes one Man's Compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all Writings in general, but is the very Life and highest Perfection of Poetry: Where it shines in an Eminent Degree, it has preserved several Poems for many Ages, that have nothing else to recommend

them; and where all the other Beauties are present, the Work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like Creation; It bestows a kind of Existence, and draws up to the Reader's View several Objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes Additions to Nature, and gives a greater Variety to God's Works. In a Word, it is able to beautifie and adorn the most illustrious Scenes in the Universe, or to fill the Mind with more glorious Shows and Apparitions, than can be found in any Part of it.

We have now discovered the several Originals of those Pleasures that gratify the Fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper Heads those contrary Objects, which are apt to fill it with Distaste and Terrour; for the Imagination is as liable to Pain as Pleasure. When the Brain is hurt by any Accident, or the Mind disordered by Dreams or Sickness, the Fancy is over-run with wild dismal Ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous Monsters of its own framing,

Eumenidum veluti demens videt Agmina Pentheus,
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas.
Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cum videt, ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ.
Vir.

There is not a Sight in Nature so mortifying as that of a Distracted Person, when his Imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul disordered and confused. *Babylon* in Ruins is not so melancholy a Spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a Subject, I shall only consider, by way of Conclusion, what an infinite Advantage this Faculty gives an Almighty Being over the Soul of Man, and how great a measure of Happiness or Misery we are capable of receiving from the Imagination only.

We have already seen the Influence that one Man has over the Fancy of another, and with what Ease he conveys into it a Variety of Imagery; how great a Power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination, who can infuse what Ideas he pleases, and fill those Ideas with Terrour and Delight to what Degree he thinks fit? He can excite Images in the Mind, without the help of Words, and make Scenes rise up before us and seem present to the Eye without the Assistance of Bodies or Exterior Objects. He can transport the Imagination with such beautiful and glorious Visions, as cannot possibly enter into our present Conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly Spectres and Apparitions, as would make us hope for Annihilation, and think Existence no better than a Curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the Soul through this single Faculty, as might suffice to make up the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

This Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination having been published in separate Papers, I shall conclude it with a Table of the principal Contents in each Paper.

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No. 422.] *Friday, July* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te.—Tull. Epis.

I DO not know any thing which gives greater Disturbance to Conversation, than the false Notion some People have of Raillery. It ought certainly to be the first Point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the good Will of those with whom you converse. The Way to that, is to shew you are well inclined towards them: What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the Term is, in your Expressions to your Familiars? A Man who has no good Quality but Courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable Figure in the World, because that which he has superior to other People cannot be exerted, without raising himself an *Enemy*. Your Gentleman of a Satyrical Vein is in the like Condition. To say a Thing which perplexes the Heart of him you speak to, or brings Blushes into his Face, is a degree of Murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to shew a Man you do not care, whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a Jest? Yes: but pray let it be a Jest. It is no Jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter Aversion to speaking to more than one Man at a time, under a Necessity to explain my self in much Company, and reducing me to Shame and Derision, except I perform what my Infirmity of Silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great Wit accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a Sound Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the best of any Man I know, for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Excess in something which is in it self laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that Thing. The Generous will bear being reproached as Lavish, and the Valiant, Rash, without being provoked to Resentment against their Monitor. What has been said to be a Mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Companion. The good Writer makes his Reader better pleased with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. *Callisthenes* does this with inimitable Pleasantry. He whispered a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Cocking upon the Company, That Gentleman has very much of the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a Composed Behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conceptions he believed the Company had of him. It is to be allowed that *Callisthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and express the Satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous, but in this case the Man is made a Fool by his own Consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore that to make Raillery agreeable, a Man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than *Callisthenes*, but not with Justice. *Acetus* has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he rallies; but if his Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has

no Mercy in making the Onset. He can be pleased to see his best Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Raillery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of *Callisthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness must run thro' all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend to support your Pretensions to be free with a Man. *Acetus* ought to be banished human Society, because he raises his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards those who excell, could make his Company tolerated; but they with whom he converses, are sure to see some Man sacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the Credit he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Men's Ill-nature.

Minutius has a Wit that conciliates a Man's Love at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art of keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. This he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the Contention is, who shall be most disagreeable, Allusions to past Follies, Hints which revive what a Man has a Mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the World should, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Distinction. They do not thrust with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbarity of Butchers. It is, methinks, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Disorder. They who have the true Taste of Conversation, enjoy themselves in a Communication of each other's Excellencies, and not in a Triumph over their Imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a Wit, if there had never been a Fool in the World: He wants not Foils to be a Beauty, but has that natural Pleasure in observing Perfection in others, that his own Faults are overlooked out of Gratitude by all his Acquaintance.

After these several Characters of Men who succeed or fail in Raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable Kind of it; and that to me appears when the Satyr is directed against Vice, with an Air of Contempt of the Fault, but no Ill-will to the Criminal. Mr. *Congreve's Doris* is a Master-piece in this Kind. It is the Character of a Woman utterly abandoned, but her Impudence by the finest Piece of Raillery is made only Generosity.

Peculiar therefore is her Way,
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;
For who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day disown,
And stare upon the strange Man's Face,
As one she ne'er had known,

So well she can the Truth disguise,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.

Some censure this as lewd or low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble Mind. T.

No. 423.] *Saturday, July* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Nuper Idoneus.*—Hor.

I LOOK upon my self as a Kind of Guardian to the Fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their Interest. The present Paper shall be employed in the Service of a very fine young Woman; and the Admonitions I give her, may not be unuseful to the rest of the Sex. *Gloriana* shall be the Name of the Heroine in To-day's Entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young and beautiful, you will believe she does not want Admirers. She has had since she came to Town about twenty five of those Lovers, who make their Addresses by way of Jointure and Settlement. These come and go, with great Indifference on both Sides; and as beauteous as she is, a Line in a Deed has had Exception enough against it, to outweigh the Lustre of her Eyes, the Readiness of her Understanding, and the Merit of her general Character. But among the Crowd of such cool Adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their Attendance. There is something so extraordinary and artful in their Manner of Application, that I think it but common Justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following Letter.

MADAM,

'I have for some time taken Notice of two 'Gentlemen who attend you in all publick 'Places, both of whom have also easie Access to 'you at your own House: But the Matter is 'adjusted between them, and *Damon*, who so 'passionately addresses you, has no Design upon 'you; but *Strephon*, who seems to be indifferent 'to you, is the Man, who is, as they have settled 'it, to have you. The Plot was laid over a Bottle 'of Wine; and *Strephon*, when he first thought of 'you, proposed to *Damon* to be his Rival. The 'manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so 'placed at a Tavern, that I could not avoid hear-'ing. *Damon*, said he, with a deep Sigh, I have 'long languished for that Miracle of Beauty *Glo-'riana*, and if you will be very stedfastly my 'Rival, I shall certainly obtain her.' Do not, continued he, be offended at this Overture; for I go 'upon the Knowledge of the Temper of the Wo-'man, rather than any Vanity that I should pro-'fit by an Opposition of your Pretensions to 'those of your humble Servant. *Gloriana* has

'very good Sense, a quick Relish of the Satisfac-
'tions of Life, and will not give her self, as the
'Crowd of Women do, to the Arms of a Man to
'whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible
'Woman, Expressions of Rapture and Adoration
'will not move her neither; but he that has her
'must be the Object of her Desire, not her Pity.
'The Way to this End I take to be, that a Man's
'general Conduct should be agreeable, without ad-
'dressing in particular to the Woman he loves.
'Now, Sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and
'die for *Gloriana*, I will carry it with great Re-
'spect towards her, but seem void of any Thoughts
'as a Lover. By this Means I shall be in the
'most amiable Light of which I am capable; I
'shall be received with Freedom, you with Re-
'serve. *Damon*, who has himself no Designs of
'Marriage at all, easily fell into the Scheme; and
'you may observe, that where-ever you are *Damon*
'appears also. You see he carries on an unaffect-
'ing Exactness in his Dress and Manner, and
'strives always to be the very Contrary of *Stre-*
'phon. They have already succeeded so far, that
'your Eyes are ever in Search of *Strephon*, and
'turn themselves of Course from *Damon*. They
'meet and compare Notes upon your Carriage;
'and the Letter which was brought to you the
'other Day, was a Contrivance to remark your
'Resentment. When you saw the Billet sub-
'scribed *Damon*, and turned away with a scornful
'Air, and cried Impertinence! you gave Hopes to
'him that shuns you, without mortifying him that
'languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in
'the disposal of your Heart, you should know
'what you are doing, and examine it before it is
'lost. *Strephon* contradicts you in Discourse
'with the Civility of one who has a Value for you,
'but gives up nothing like one that loves you.
'This seeming Unconcern gives this Behaviour
'the advantage of Sincerity, and insensibly obtains
'your good Opinion, by appearing disinterested
'in the purchase of it. If you watch these Cor-
'respondents hereafter, you will find that *Strephon*
'makes his Visit of Civility immediately after
'*Damon* has tired you with one of Love. Tho'
'you are very discreet, you will find it no easie
'matter to escape the Toils so well laid, as when one
'studies to be disagreeable in Passion, the other
'to be pleasing without it. All the Turns of your
'Temper are carefully watched, and their quick
'and faithful Intelligence gives your Lovers irre-
'sistible Advantage. You will please, Madam, to
'be upon your guard, and take all the necessary
'Precautions against one who is amiable to you
'before you know he is enamoured.

I am,
Madam,
Your most Obedient Servant.

Strephon makes great Progress in this Lady's good Graces, for most Women being actuated by some little Spirit of Pride and Contradiction, he has the good effects of both those Motives by this Covert-Way of Courtship. He received a Message Yesterday from *Damon* in the following Words, superscribed *With Speed.*

'All goes well; she is very angry at me, and
'I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time
'to Visit.

Yours.

The Comparison of *Strephon's* Gayety to *Damon's* Languishment, strikes her Imagination with a Prospect of very agreeable Hours with such a Man as the former, and Abhorrence of the insipid Prospect with one like the latter. To know when a Lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing your self. This method of two Persons playing into each other's Hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a Woman could be able to withstand such a Siege. The Condition of *Gloriana*, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for *Strephon* has had so many Opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advised, to an Explanation of his Passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind Sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shews himself a Creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for Succour, they have the whole Woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her Love and Hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the World, and cast Lots for the Conquest.

N.B. *I have many other Secrets which concern the Empire of Love, but I consider that while I alarm my Women, I instruct my Men.* T.

No. 424.] *Monday, July* 7, 1712. [*Steele.*

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June* 24.

'A MAN who has it in his Power to chuse
'his own Company, would certainly be much
'to blame should he not, to the best of his Judg-
'ment, take such as are of a Temper most suitable
'to his own; and where that Choice is wanting,
'or where a Man is mistaken in his Choice, and
'yet under a Necessity of continuing in the same
'Company, it will certainly be to his Interest to
'carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has
'been said a thousand times, at which however I
'think no Body has any Title to take Exception,
'but they who never failed to put this in Practice
'—Not to use any longer Preface, this being the
'Season of the Year in which great Numbers of
'all sorts of People retire from this Place of Busi-
'ness and Pleasure to Country Solitude, I think
'it not improper to advise them to take with them
'as great a Stock of Good-humour as they can;
'for tho' a Country-Life is described as the most
'pleasant of all others, and though it may in
'Truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know
'how to enjoy Leisure and Retirement.

'As for those who can't live without the con-
'stant helps of Business or Company, let them
'consider, that in the Country there is no *Ex-*
'change, there are no Play-houses, no Variety of
'Coffee-houses, nor many of those other Amuse-

'ments which serve here as so many Reliefs from 'the repeated Occurrences in their own Families; 'but that there the greatest Part of their Time 'must be spent within themselves, and conse-'quently it behoves them to consider how agree-'able it will be to them before they leave this 'dear Town.

'I remember, Mr. SPECTATOR, we were very 'well entertained last Year, with the Advices you 'gave us from Sir ROGER's Country Seat; which 'I the rather mention, because 'tis almost im-'possible not to live pleasantly, where the Master 'of a Family is such a one as you there describe 'your Friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as 'to his domestick Character) be too often recom-'mended to the Imitation of others. How amiable 'is that Affability and Benevolence with which he 'treats his Neighbours, and every one, even the 'meanest of his own Family! And yet how sel-'dom imitated? instead of which we commonly 'meet with ill-natured Expostulations, Noise, and 'Chidings —— And this I hinted, because the 'Humour and Disposition of the Head, is what 'chiefly influences all the other Parts of a Family.

'An Agreement and kind Correspondence be-'tween Friends and Acquaintance, is the greatest 'Pleasure of Life. This is an undoubted Truth, 'and yet any Man who judges from the Practice 'of the World, will be almost persuaded to be-'lieve the contrary; for how can we suppose 'People should be so industrious to make them-'selves uneasie? What can engage them to enter-'tain and foment Jealousies of one another upon 'every the least Occasion? Yet so it is, there are 'People who (as it should seem) delight in being 'troublesome and vexatious, who (as *Tully* speaks) '*Mira sunt alacritate ad litigandum, Have a* '*certain Chearfulness in wrangling.* And thus 'it happens, that there are very few Families 'in which there are not Feuds and Animosities, 'tho' 'tis every one's Interest, there more par-'ticularly, to avoid 'em, because there (as I would 'willingly hope) no one gives another Uneasiness, 'without feeling some share of it —— But I am 'gone beyond what I designed, and had almost 'forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, 'barely to tell you, how hardly we who pass most 'of our Time in Town dispense with a long Vaca-'tion in the Country, how uneasie we grow to 'our selves and to one another when our Con-'versation is confined, insomuch that by *Michael-*'*mas* 'tis odds but we come to downright squab-'bling, and make as free with one another to our 'Faces, as we do with the rest of the World be-'hind their Backs. After I have told you this, I 'am to desire that you would now and then give 'us a Lesson of Good-humour, a Family-Piece; 'which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope 'may have some Influence upon us——

'After these plain Observations give me leave 'to give you an Hint of what a Set of Company 'of my Acquaintance, who are now gone into the 'Country, and have the Use of an absent Noble-'man's Seat, have settled among themselves, to 'avoid the Inconveniencies above mentioned. 'They are a Collection of ten or twelve, of the 'same good Inclination towards each other, but 'of very different Talents and Inclinations: From 'hence they hope, that the Variety of their Tem-'pers will only create Variety of Pleasures. But 'as there always will arise, among the same 'People, either for want of Diversity of Objects, 'or the like Causes, a certain Satiety, which may 'grow into ill Humour or Discontent, there is a 'large Wing of the House which they design to 'employ in the Nature of an Infirmary. Whoever 'says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which 'betrays a Sowerness or Indisposition to Com-'pany, is immediately to be conveyed to his Cham-'bers in the Infirmary; from whence he is not to 'be relieved, till by his Manner of Submission, 'and the Sentiments expressed in his Petition for 'that Purpose, he appears to the Majority of the 'Company to be again fit for Society. You are 'to understand, that all ill-natured Words or un-'easie Gestures are sufficient Cause for Banish-'ment; speaking impatiently to Servants, making 'a Man repeat what he says, or any thing that 'betrays Inattention or Dishumour, are also 'criminal without Reprieve: But it is provided, 'that whoever observes the ill-natured Fit coming 'upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be 'received at his return from the Infirmary with 'the highest Marks of Esteem. By these and 'other wholesome Methods it is expected that if 'they cannot cure one another, yet at least they 'have taken Care that the ill Humour of one shall 'not be troublesome to the rest of the Company. 'There are many other Rules which the Society 'have established for the Preservation of their 'Ease and Tranquility, the Effects of which, with 'the Incidents that arise among them, shall be 'communicated to you from Time to Time for the 'publick Good, by,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
T. R. O.

No. 425.] *Tuesday, July* 8, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more 'sensible Delight, than the Enjoyment of a 'cool still Evening after the Uneasiness of a hot 'sultry Day. Such a one I passed not long ago, 'which made me rejoice when the Hour was come 'for the Sun to set, that I might enjoy the Fresh-'ness of the Evening in my Garden, which then 'affords me the pleasantest Hours I pass in the 'whole Four and twenty. I immediately rose 'from my Couch, and went down into it. You 'descend at first by twelve Stone Steps into a 'large Square divided into four Grass-plots, in 'each of which is a Statue of white Marble. This 'is separated from a large Parterre by a low Wall, 'and from thence, thro' a Pair of Iron Gates, you 'are led into a long broad Walk of the finest Turf, 'set on each Side with tall Yews, and on either 'Hand bordered by a Canal, which on the Right

'divides the Walk from a Wilderness parted into 'Variety of Allies and Arbours, and on the Left 'from a kind of Amphitheatre, which is the Re-'ceptacle of a great Number of Oranges and 'Myrtles. The Moon shone bright, and seemed 'then most agreeably to supply the Place of the 'Sun, obliging me with as much Light as was ne-'cessary to discover a thousand pleasing Objects, 'and at the same time divested of all Power of 'Heat. The Reflection of it in the Water, the 'Fanning of the Wind rustling on the Leaves, the 'Singing of the Thrush and Nightingale, and the 'Coolness of the Walks, all conspired to make me 'lay aside all displeasing Thoughts, and brought 'me into such a Tranquility of Mind, as is I be-'lieve the next Happiness to that of hereafter. 'In this sweet Retirement I naturally fell into the 'Repetition of some Lines out of a Poem of *Mil-'ton's*, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the Ideas 'of which were exquisitely suited to my present 'Wandrings of Thought.

Sweet Bird! that shun'st the Noise of Folly,
Most musical! most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress, oft the Woods among,
I woo'e to hear thy Evening Song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her highest Noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the Heav'n's wide pathless Way.
And oft, as if her Head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud.

Then let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave with his Wings in airy Stream,
Of lively Portraiture displaid,
Softly on my Eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet Musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by Spirits to Mortals Good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

'I reflected then upon the sweet Vicissitudes of 'Night and Day, on the charming Disposition of 'the Seasons, and their Return again in a per-'petual Circle; and oh! said I, that I could from 'these my declining Years return again to my 'first Spring of Youth and Vigour; but that, alas! 'is impossible: All that remains within my Power, 'is to soften the Inconveniences I feel, with an 'easie contented Mind, and the Enjoyment of 'such Delights as this Solitude affords me. In 'this Thought I sate me down on a Bank of 'Flowers and dropt into a Slumber, which whe-'ther it were the Effect of Fumes and Vapours, 'or my present Thoughts, I know not; but me-'thought the Genius of the Garden stood before 'me, and introduced into the Walk where I lay 'this Drama and different Scenes of the Revolu-'tion of the Year, which whilst I then saw, even 'in my Dream, I resolved to write down, and 'send to the SPECTATOR.

'The first Person whom I saw advancing towards 'me was a Youth of a most beautiful Air and 'Shape, tho' he seemed not yet arrived at that 'exact Proportion and Symmetry of Parts which 'a little more time would have given him; but 'however, there was such a Bloom in his Coun-'tenance, such Satisfaction and Joy, that I 'thought it the most desirable Form that I had 'ever seen. He was cloathed in a flowing Mantle 'of green Silk, interwoven with Flowers: He had 'a Chaplet of Roses on his Head, and a *Narcissus* 'in his Hand; Primroses and Violets sprang up 'under his Feet, and all Nature was cheer'd at 'his Approach. *Flora* was on one Hand and *Ver-'tumnus* on the other in a Robe of changeable 'Silk. After this I was surprized to see the 'Moon-beams reflected with a sudden Glare from 'Armour, and to see a Man compleatly armed 'advancing with his Sword drawn. I was soon 'informed by the Genius it was *Mars*, who had 'long usurp'd a Place among the Attendants of 'the *Spring*. He made Way for a softer Appear-'ance, it was *Venus*, without any Ornament but 'her own Beauties, not so much as her own Ces-'tus, with which she had incompass'd a Globe, 'which she held in her right Hand, and in her 'left she had a Sceptre of Gold. After her fol-'lowed the Graces with their Arms intwined within 'one another, their Girdles were loosed, and they 'moved to the Sound of soft Musick, striking the 'Ground alternately with their Feet: Then came 'up the three Months which belong to this Season. 'As *March* advanced towards me, there was me-'thought in his Look a louring Roughness, which 'ill befitted a Month which was ranked in so soft 'a Season; but as he came forwards his Features 'became insensibly more mild and gentle: He 'smooth'd his Brow, and looked with so sweet a 'Countenance that I could not but lament his De-'parture, though he made way for *April*. He 'appeared in the greatest Gaiety imaginable, and 'had a thousand Pleasures to attend him: His 'Look was frequently clouded, but immediately 'return'd to its first Composure, and remained 'fixed in a Smile. Then came *May* attended by '*Cupid*, with his Bow strung, and in a Posture 'to let fly an Arrow: As he passed by methought 'I heard a confused Noise of soft Complaints, 'gentle Ecstacies, and tender Sighs of Lovers; 'Vows of Constancy, and as many Complainings of 'Perfidiousness; all which the Winds wafted 'away as soon as they had reached my Hearing. 'After these I saw a Man advance in the full 'Prime and Vigour of his Age, his Complexion 'was sanguine and ruddy, his Hair black, and 'fell down in beautiful Ringlets not beneath his 'Shoulders, a Mantle of Hair-colour'd Silk hung 'loosely upon him: He advanced with a hasty 'Step after the *Spring*, and sought out the Shade 'and cool Fountains which plaid in the Garden. 'He was particularly well pleased when a Troop 'of *Zephyrs* fanned him with their Wings: He 'had two Companions who walked on each Side 'that made him appear the most agreeable, the 'one was *Aurora* with Fingers of Roses, and her 'Feet dewy, attired in grey: The other was '*Vesper* in a Robe of Azure beset with Drops of 'Gold, whose Breath he caught whilst it passed 'over a Bundle of Honey-Suckles and Tuberoses 'which he held in his Hand. *Pan* and *Ceres* 'followed them with four Reapers, who danced 'a Morrice to the Sound of Oaten Pipes and 'Cymbals. Then came the Attendant Months.

'*June* retained still some small Likeness of the '*Spring*; but the other two seemed to step with 'a less vigorous Tread, especially *August*, who 'seem'd almost to faint whilst for half the Steps 'he took the Dog-Star levelled his Rays full at 'his Head: They passed on and made Way for a 'Person that seemed to bend a little under the 'Weight of Years; his Beard and Hair, which 'were full grown, were composed of an equal 'Number of black and grey; he wore a Robe 'which he had girt round him of a yellowish Cast, 'not unlike the Colour of fallen Leaves, which 'he walked upon. I thought he hardly made 'Amends for expelling the foregoing Scene by the 'large Quantity of Fruits which he bore in his 'Hands. *Plenty* walked by his Side with an 'healthy fresh Countenance, pouring out from an 'Horn all the various Product of the Year. *Po-* 'mona followed with a Glass of Cyder in her 'Hand, with *Bacchus* in a Chariot drawn by 'Tygers, accompanied by a whole Troop of Satyrs, 'Fauns, and Sylvans. *September*, who came next, 'seem'd in his Looks to promise a new *Spring*, 'and wore the Livery of those Months. The 'succeeding Month was all soiled with the Juice 'of Grapes, as if he had just come from the Wine- 'Press. *November*, though he was in this Division, 'yet, by the many Stops he made seemed rather 'inclined to the *Winter*, which followed close at 'his Heels. He advanced in the Shape of an old 'Man in the Extremity of Age: The Hair he had 'was so very white it seem'd a real Snow; his 'Eyes were red and piercing, and his Beard hung 'with a great Quantity of Icicles: He was wrapt 'up in Furrs, but yet so pinched with Excess of 'Cold that his Limbs were all contracted and his 'Body bent to the Ground, so that he could not 'have supported himself had it not been for '*Comus* the God of Revels, and *Necessity* the 'Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. 'The Shape and Mantle of *Comus* was one of 'the things that most surprized me; as he ad- 'vanced towards me, his Countenance seemed 'the most desirable I had ever seen: On the fore 'Part of his Mantle was pictured Joy, Delight, 'and Satisfaction, with a thousand Emblems of 'Merriment, and Jests with Faces looking two 'Ways at once; but as he passed from me I was 'amazed at a Shape so little correspondent to his 'Face: His Head was bald, and all the rest of 'his Limbs appeared old and deformed. On the 'hinder Part of his Mantle was represented Mur- 'der with dishevelled Hair and a Dagger all 'bloody, Anger in a Robe of Scarlet, and Suspi- 'cion squinting with both Eyes; but above all the 'most conspicuous was the Battel of the *Lapithæ* 'and the *Centaurs*. I detested so hideous a 'Shape, and turned my Eyes upon *Saturn*, who 'was stealing away behind him with a Scythe in 'one Hand, and an Hour-glass in t'other unob- 'served. Behind *Necessity* was *Vesta* the God- 'dess of Fire with a Lamp which was perpetually 'supply'd with Oyl; and whose Flame was eter- 'nal. She cheered the rugged Brow of *Necessity*, 'and warmed her so far as almost to make her 'assume the Features and Likeness of *Choice*. '*December*, *January*, and *February*, passed on 'after the rest all in Furrs; there was little Distinc- 'tion to be made amongst them, and they were 'only more or less displeasing as they discovered 'more or less Haste towards the grateful Return 'of *Spring*. Z.

No. 426.] *Wednesday, July* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames—— Virg.

A VERY agreeable Friend of mine, the other Day, carrying me in his Coach into the Country to Dinner, fell into Discourse concerning the Care of Parents due to their Children, and the Piety of Children towards their Parents. He was reflecting upon the Succession of particular Virtues and Qualities there might be preserved from one Generation to another, if these Regards were reciprocally held in Veneration: But as he never fails to mix an Air of Mirth and good Humour with his good Sense and Reasoning, he entered into the following Relation.

I will not be confident in what Century, or under what Reign it happened, that this Want of mutual Confidence and right Understanding between Father and Son was fatal to the Family of the *Valentines* in *Germany*. *Basilius Valentinus* was a Person who had arrived at the utmost Perfection in the Hermetick Art, and initiated his Son *Alexandrinus* in the same Mysteries: But as you know they are not to be attained but by the Painful, the Pious, the Chaste, and Pure of Heart, *Basilius* did not open to him, because of his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it, the greatest Secrets of which he was Master, as well knowing that the Operation would fail in the Hands of a Man so liable to Errors in Life as *Alexandrinus*. But believing, from a certain Indisposition of Mind as well as Body, his Dissolution was drawing nigh, he called *Alexandrinus* to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over-against which his Son was seated, and prepared by sending out Servants one after another, and Admonition to examine that no one over-heard them, he revealed the most important of his Secrets with the Solemnity and Language of an Adept. My Son, said he, many have been the Watchings, long the Lucubrations, constant the Labours of thy Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful Estate to his Posterity, but also to take Care that he should have no Posterity. Be not amazed, my Child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have Posterity. Behold, my dearest *Alexandrinus*, the Effect of what was propagated in nine Months: We are not to contradict Nature but to follow and to help her; just as long as an Infant is in the Womb of its Parent, so long are these Medicines of Revification in preparing. Observe this small Phial and this little Gallipot, in this an Unguent, in the other a Liquor. In these, my child, are collected such Powers, as shall revive the Springs of Life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new Strength, new Spirits, and, in a Word, wholly

restore all the Organs and Senses of the human Body to as great a Duration, as it had before enjoyed from its Birth to the Day of the Application of these my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care must be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Resuscitation. I find my Frame grown crasie with perpetual Toil and Meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my Lips this inestimable Liquor, else the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this Means you will give me Life as I have you, and we will from that Hour mutually lay aside the Authority of having bestowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines against such another Period of Time as will demand another Application of the same Restoratives. In a few Days after these wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Basilius* departed this Life. But such was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loss of so excellent a Father, and the first Transports of Grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of Business, that he never thought of the Medicines till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy was expired. To tell the Truth, *Alexandrinus* was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and considered his Father had lived out his natural Time, his Life was long and uniform, suitable to the Regularity of it; but that he himself, poor Sinner, wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the Examination of his Heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully and spend very piously the Life to which he should be restored by Application of these Rarities, when Time should come, to his own Person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the Self-love of Men who would do immoderately for their own Off-spring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their Names to be born by those who give daily Proofs of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors.

It happened thus in the Family of *Basilius*; for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Houshold Expence, Furniture, and insolent Equipage; and this he pursued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As *Basilius* was punished with a Son very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was visited with one of his own Disposition. It is natural that ill Men should be suspicious, and *Alexandrinus*, besides that Jealousie, had Proofs of the vitious Disposition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good Reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real Secret of his Phial and Gally-pot to any Man living, projected to make sure Work, and hope for his Success depending from the Avarice, not the Bounty of his Benefactor.

With this Thought he called *Renatus* to his Bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetick Gesture and Accent. As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the Fame, or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the Renowned *Basilius*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philosophick World, and I shall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Mysteries of *the Smaragdine Table of* Hermes. *It is true*, said he, *and far removed from all Colour of Deceit, That which is Inferior is like that which is Superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the Miracles of a certain Work. The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurse of it, and Mother of all Perfection. All this must be received with Modesty and Wisdom.* The Chymical People carry in all their Jargon a whimsical sort of Piety, which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their Regularity and Strictness of Manners for the Ends of this World, has some Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which must recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his Father talk so like an Adept, and with such a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexandrinus* observing his Attention fixed, proceeded: This Phial, Child, and this little Earthen-Pot will add to thy Estate so much, as to make thee the richest Man in the *German* Empire. I am going to my Long Home, but shall not return to common Dust. Then he resumed a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, That if within an Hour after his Death he anointed his whole Body, and poured down his Throat that Liquor which he had from old *Basilius*, the Corps would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned Tendernesses that passed between these two extraordinary Persons; but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behind-hand in professing that he would not cut the least Bit off him, but upon the utmost Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Sisters.

Well, *Alexandrinus* died, and the Heir of his Body (as our Term is) could not forbear in the Wantonnesses of his Heart, to measure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and cast up the ensuing Value of him before he proceeded to Operation. When he knew the immense Reward of his Pains, he began the Work: But lo! when he had anointed the Corps all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body stirred, and *Renatus*, in a Fright, broke the Phial.[1]

[1] This tale is from the Description of the memorable Sea and Land Travels through Persia to the East Indies, by Johann Albrecht von Mandelslo, translated from the German of Olearius, by J. B. B. Bk v. p. 189. Basil Valentine, whom it makes the hero of a story after the manner of the romances of Virgil the Enchanter, was an able chemist (in those days an alchemist) of the sixteenth century, who is believed to have been a Benedictine monk of Erfurth, and is not known to have had any children. He was the author of

No. 427.] *Thursday, July* 10, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum Te a verborum libertate sejungas.—Tull.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no Gratification that way; but it ever arises from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's self, and an Impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should Virtue provoke? Why should Beauty displease in such a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either pass by him without offering something to the Diminution of it? A Lady the other Day at a Visit being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own Character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of Heat and Intemperance very calmly, *Good Madam spare me, who am none of your Match; I speak Ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing to me to be spoken ill of.* Little Minds think Fame consists in the Number of Votes they have on their Side among the Multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a Follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds press upon you, this Shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Froward, are the Persons who are most pleas'd with the little Tales which pass about the Town to the Disadvantage of the rest of the World. Were it not for the Pleasure of speaking Ill, there are Numbers of People who are too lazy to go out of their own Houses, and too ill-natur'd to open their Lips in Conversation. It was not a little diverting the other Day to observe a Lady reading a Post-Letter, and at these Words, *After all her Airs, he has heard some Story or other, and the Match is broke off*, give Orders in the midst of her Reading, *Put to the Horses.* That a young Woman of Merit has missed an advantagious Settlement, was News not to be delayed, lest some Body else should have given her malicious Acquaintance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingness to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inseparable from a Scandal-Bearer, as the Readiness to divulge bad. But, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the highest Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The *Persian* Soldier, who was heard reviling *Alexander* the Great, was well admonished by his Officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight against* Alexander, *and not to rail at him.*

Cicero in one of his Pleadings,[1] defending his Client from general Scandal, says very handsomely, and with much Reason, *There are many who have particular Engagements to the Prosecutor: There are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to spread Reports of this kind: For nothing is so swift as Scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuses it self so universally. I shall not desire, that if any Report to our Disadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: But if there be any thing advanced without a Person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little Consideration that he did not then think it worth his Notice, all such Testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any Credit against the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow-Citizen.* When an ill Report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the Orator has here recited. And how despicable a Creature must that be, who is in Pain for what passes among so frivolous a People? There is a Town in *Warwickshire* of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animosity and Dissention, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whispers, Backbitings, Envies, and private Malices, into Mirth and Entertainment, by means of a peevish old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of the Lady *Bluemantle.* This Heroine had for many Years together out-done the whole Sisterhood of Gossips, in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a lasting Constitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumstances of being always at Home from her Lameness, and very attentive from her Blindness, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that passes in Town, Good or Bad; but for the latter, she seems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is usual with old People, she has a livelier Memory of Things which passed when she was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any Body, but she hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent Malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the Author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter it self; therefore, though she exposes all the whole Town, she offends no one Body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a Freak will instantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, she is led about the Grounds belonging to the same House she is in, and the Persons to whom she is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At stated Times, the Gentlewoman at whose House she supposes she is at the Time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common Custom: When they have a Mind to drive the Jest, she is immediately urged to that Degree, that she will board in a Family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this

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the Currus Triumphalis Antimonii, mentioned in a former note. His name was familiar through several books in French, especially *L'Azoth des Philosophes, avec les* 12 *Clefs de Philosophie* (Paris, 1660), and a *Testament de Basile Valentine* (London, 1671).

[1] Orat. pro Cu. Plancio. A little beyond the middle.

Instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an Inhabitant of every House in the Place without stirring from the same Habitation; and the many Stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that Deceit, make her the general Intelligencer of the Town of all that can be said by one Woman against another. Thus groundless Stories die away, and sometimes Truths are smothered under the general Word: When they have a Mind to discountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my Lady *Bluemantle's* Memoirs.

Whoever receives Impressions to the Disadvantage of others without Examination, is to be had in no other Credit for Intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantle*, who is subjected to have her Ears imposed upon for want of other Helps to better Information. Add to this, that other Scandal-Bearers suspend the Use of these Faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do Justice to their Neighbours; and I think, for the Service of my fair Readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every Visit in Town. T.

No. 428.] *Friday, July* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Occupet extremum Scabies——— Hor.

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable Fault in Conversation, for one Man to take up all the Discourse. It may possibly be objected to me my self, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the Town every Day, and not giving so many able Persons who have it more in their Power, and as much in their Inclination, an Opportunity to oblige Mankind with their Thoughts. Besides, said one whom I overheard the other Day, why must this Paper turn altogether upon Topicks of Learning and Morality? Why should it pretend only to Wit, Humour, or the like? Things which are useful only to amuse Men of Literature and superior Education. I would have it consist also of all Things which may be necessary or useful to any Part of Society, and the mechanick Arts should have their Place as well as the Liberal. The Ways of Gain, Husbandry, and Thrift, will serve a greater Number of People, than Discourses upon what was well said or done by such a Philosopher, Heroe, General, or Poet. I no sooner heard this Critick talk of my Works, but I minuted what he had said; and from that Instant resolved to enlarge the Plan of my Speculations, by giving Notice to all Persons of all Orders, and each Sex, that if they are pleased to send me Discourses, with their Names and Places of Abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the Writings are authentick, such their Labours shall be faithfully inserted in this Paper. It will be of much more Consequence to a Youth in his Apprenticeship, to know by what Rules and Arts such a one became Sheriff of the City of *London*, than to see the Sign of one of his own Quality with a Lion's Heart in each Hand. The World indeed is enchanted with romantick and improbable Atchievements, when the plain Path to respective Greatness and Success in the Way of Life a Man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young Man at present could pass his Time better, than in reading the History of Stocks, and knowing by what secret Springs they have had such sudden Ascents and Falls in the *same* Day? Could he be better *conducted in* his Way to Wealth, which is the great Article of Life, than in a Treatise dated from *Change-Alley* by an able Proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his Hopes and Fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a secret Joy buy when others think it their Interest to sell. I invite all Persons who have any thing to say for the Profitable Information of the Publick, to take their Turns in my Paper: They are welcome, from the late noble Inventor of the Longitude,[1] to the humble Author of Strops for Razors. If to carry Ships in Safety, to give Help to People tost in a troubled Sea, without knowing to what Shoar they bear, what Rocks to avoid, or what Coast to pray for in their Extremity, be a worthy Labour, and an Invention that deserves a Statue; at the same Time, he who has found a Means to let the Instrument which is to make your Visage less [horrible [2]], and your Person more smug, easie in the Operation, is worthy of some kind of good Reception: If Things of high Moment meet with Renown, those of little Consideration, since of any Consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no Merit may lye hid and no Art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call Artificers, as well as Philosophers, to my Assistance in the Publick Service. It would be of great Use if we had an exact History of the Successes of every great Shop within the City-Walls, what Tracts of

[1] If this mean the Marquis of Worcester, the exact ascertainment of the longitude was not one of his century of Inventions. The sextant had its origin in the mind of Sir Isaac Newton, who was knighted in 1705, and living at this time, but its practical inventor was Thomas Godfrey, a glazier at Philadelphia. Godfrey's instrument is said to have been seen by John Hadley, or that English philosopher, after whom the instrument is named, invented it at the same time, about 1730. Honours of invention were assigned to both Godfrey and Hadley. Means of exact observation of the heavenly bodies would not suffice for exact determining of longitude until the sailor was provided with a timepiece that could be relied upon in all climates for a true uniform standard of time. The invention of such a timepiece, for which Parliament offered a reward of £20,000, was the real solution of the difficulty, and this we owe to the Yorkshireman John Harrison, a carpenter and son of a carpenter, who had a genius for clockmaking, and was stimulated to work at the construction of marine chronometers by living in sight of the sea. He came to London in 1728, and after fifty years of labour finished in 1759 a chronometer which, having stood the test of two voyages, obtained for him the offered reward of £20,000. Harrison died in 1776 at the age of 83.

[2] [horrid]

Land have been purchased by a constant Attendance within a Walk of thirty Foot. If it could also be noted in the Equipage of those who are ascended from the Successful Trade of their Ancestors into Figure and Equipage, such Accounts would quicken Industry in the Pursuit of such Acquisitions, and discountenance Luxury in the Enjoyment of them.

To diversifie these kinds of Informations, the Industry of the Female World is not to be unobserved: She to whose Houshold Virtues it is owing, that Men do Honour to her Husband, should be recorded with Veneration; she who had wasted his Labours, with Infamy. When we are come into Domestick Life in this manner, to awaken Caution and Attendance to the main Point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a Touch of Tragedy, and describe [the [1]] most dreadful of all human Conditions, the Case of Bankruptcy; how Plenty, Credit, Chearfulness, full Hopes, and easy Possessions, are in an Instant turned into Penury, faint Aspects, Diffidence, Sorrow, and Misery; how the Man, who with an open Hand the Day before could administer to the Extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the Friend of his Bosom. It would be useful to shew how just this is on the Negligent, how lamentable on the Industrious. A Paper written by a Merchant, might give this Island a true Sense of the Worth and Importance of his Character: It might be visible from what he could say, That no Soldier entring a Breach adventures more for Honour, than the Trader does for Wealth to his Country. In both Cases the Adventurers have their own Advantage, but I know no Cases wherein every Body else is a Sharer in the Success.

It is objected by Readers of History, That the Battels in those Narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This Misfortune is to be ascribed to the Ignorance of Historians in the Methods of drawing up, changing the Forms of a Battalia, and the Enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the Charge. But in the Discourses from the Correspondents, whom I now invite, the Danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using Terms of Art, and describing Things that are familiar to them in Words unknown to their Readers. I promise my self a great Harvest of new Circumstances, Persons, and Things from this Proposal; and a World, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This Sort of Intelligence will give a lively Image of the Chain and mutual Dependance of humane Society, take off impertinent Prejudices, enlarge the Minds of those, whose Views are confined to their own Circumstances; and, in short, if the Knowing in several Arts, Professions, and Trades will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new Field of Diversion, an Instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T.

[1] [that]

No. 429.] *Saturday, July* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Populumque falsis dedocet uti Vocibus——

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE I gave an Account of an agreeable Set 'of Company which were gone down into 'the Country, I have received Advices from 'thence, that the Institution of an Infirmary for 'those who should be out of Humour, has had 'very good Effects. My Letters mention parti-'cular Circumstances of two or three Persons, 'who had the good Sense to retire of their own 'Accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, 'with the Reasons of it, to the Company, in 'their respective Memorials.

The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, *Spinster,*

Humbly Sheweth,

'That conscious of her own want of Merit, ac-'companied with a Vanity of being admired, she 'had gone into Exile of her own accord.

'She is sensible, that a vain Person is the most 'insufferable Creature living in a well-bred As-'sembly.

'That she desired, before she appeared in pub-'lick again, she might have Assurances, that 'tho' she might be thought handsome, there 'might not more Address or Compliment be paid 'to her, than to the rest of the Company.

'That she conceived it a kind of Superiority, 'that one Person should take upon him to com-'mend another.

'Lastly, That she went into the Infirmary, to 'avoid a particular Person who took upon him to 'profess an Admiration of her.

'She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of 'due place, might be declar'd an Offence, and 'punished in the same Manner with Detraction, 'in that the latter did but report Persons defect-'ive, and the former made them so.

All which is submitted, *&c.*

There appeared a Delicacy and Sincerity in this Memorial very uncommon, but my Friend informs me, that the Allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this Declaration of an Aversion to being praised, was understood to be no other than a secret Trap to purchase it, for which Reason it lies still on the Table unanswered.

The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,

Sheweth,

'That the Lady *Lydia* is a Woman of Quality; 'married to a private Gentleman.

'That she finds her self neither well nor ill.

'That her Husband is a Clown.

'That Lady *Lydia* cannot see Company.

'That she desires the Infirmary may be her 'Apartment during her stay in the Country.

'That they would please to make merry with 'their Equals.

'That Mr. *Loller* might stay with them if he 'thought fit.

It was immediately resolved, that Lady *Lydia* was still at *London*.

The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, *Esq.*, *of the* Inner-Temple,

Sheweth,

'That Mr. *Sudden* is conscious that he is too 'much given to Argumentation.

'That he talks loud.

'That he is apt to think all things matter of 'Debate.

'That he stayed behind in *Westminster-Hall*, 'when the late Shake of the Roof happened, only 'because a Council of the other Side asserted it 'was coming down.

'That he cannot for his Life consent to any 'thing.

'That he stays in the Infirmary to forget him-'self.

'That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will 'wait on the Company.

His Indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a Cessation from Company.

The Memorial of Frank Jolly,

Sheweth,

'That he hath put himself into the Infirmary, in 'regard he is sensible of a certain rustick Mirth 'which renders him unfit for polite Conversation.

'That he intends to prepare himself by Absti-'ence and thin Diet to be one of the Company.

'That at present he comes into a Room as if he 'were an Express from Abroad.

'That he has chosen an Apartment with a 'matted Anti-Chamber, to practise Motion with-'out being heard.

'That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps 'himself before a Glass, to learn to act with Mo-'deration.

'That by reason of his luxuriant Health he is op-'pressive to Persons of composed Behaviour.

'That he is endeavouring to forget the Word '*Pshaw*, *Pshaw*.

'That he is also weaning himself from his Cane.

'That when he has learnt to live without his 'said Cane, he will wait on the Company, *&c.*

The Memorial of John Rhubarb, *Esq.*,

Sheweth,

'That your Petitioner has retired to the Infirm-'ary, but that he is in perfect good Health, except 'that he has by long Use, and for want of Dis-'course, contracted an Habit of Complaint that he 'is sick.

'That he wants for nothing under the Sun, but 'what to say, and therefore has fallen into this 'unhappy Malady of complaining that he is sick.

'That this Custom of his makes him, by his own 'Confession, fit only for the Infirmary, and there-'fore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'That he is conscious there is nothing more im-'proper than such a Complaint in good Company, 'in that they must pity, whether they think the 'Lamenter ill or not; and that the Complainant 'must make a silly Figure, whether he is pitied or 'not.

'Your Petitioner humbly prays, that he may 'have Time to know how he does, and he will 'make his Appearance.

'The *Valetudinarian* was likewise easily ex-'cused; and this Society being resolved not only 'to make it their Business to pass their Time 'agreeably for the present Season, but also to 'commence such Habits in themselves as may be 'of Use in their future Conduct in general, are 'very ready to give into a fancied or real Incapa-'city to join with their Measures, in order to have 'no Humourist, proud Man, impertinent or suffi-'cient Fellow, break in upon their Happiness. 'Great Evils seldom happen to disturb Company; 'but Indulgence in Particularities of Humour, is 'the Seed of making half our Time hang in Sus-'pence, or waste away under real Discomposures.

'Among other Things it is carefully provided 'that there may not be disagreeable Familiarities. 'No one is to appear in the publick Rooms un-'dressed, or enter abruptly into each other's Apart-'ment without intimation. Every one has hitherto 'been so careful in his Behaviour, that there has 'but one Offender in ten Days Time been sent 'into the Infirmary, and that was for throwing 'away his Cards at Whist.

'He has offered his Submission in the following 'Terms.

The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotspur, *Esq.*,

Sheweth,

'Though the Petitioner swore, stamped, and 'threw down his Cards, he has all imaginable Re-'spect for the Ladies, and the whole Company.

'That he humbly desires it may be considered 'in the Case of Gaming, there are many Motives 'which provoke to Disorder.

'That the Desire of Gain, and the Desire of 'Victory, are both thwarted in Losing.

'That all Conversations in the World have in-'dulged Human Infirmity in this Case.

'Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, 'that he may be restored to the Company, and he 'hopes to bear ill Fortune with a good Grace for 'the future, and to demean himself so as to be no 'more than chearful when he wins, than grave 'when he loses.

T.

No. 430.] *Monday, July* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.
Hor.

SIR,

'AS you are Spectator-General, you may with 'Authority censure whatsoever looks ill, 'and is offensive to the Sight; the worst Nusance 'of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous Ap-'pearance of Poor in all Parts of this wealthy 'City. Such miserable Objects affect the com-'passionate Beholder with dismal Ideas, discom-'pose the Chearfulness of his Mind, and deprive 'him of the Pleasure that he might otherwise take 'in surveying the Grandeur of our Metropolis. 'Who can without Remorse see a disabled Sailor, 'the Purveyor of our Luxury, destitute of Neces-

'saries? Who can behold an honest Soldier, that 'bravely withstood the Enemy, prostrate and in 'Want amongst his Friends? It were endless to 'mention all the Variety of Wretchedness, and 'the numberless Poor, that not only singly, but in 'Companies, implore your Charity. Spectacles 'of this Nature every where occur; and it is un-'accountable, that amongst the many lamentable 'Cries that infest this Town, your Comptroller-'General should not take notice of the most shock-'ing, *viz.* those of the Needy and Afflicted. I 'can't but think he wav'd it meerly out of good 'Breeding, chusing rather to stifle his Resent-'ment, than upbraid his Countrymen with Inhu-'manity; however, let not Charity be sacrificed 'to Popularity, and if his Ears were deaf to their 'Complaints, let not your Eyes overlook their 'Persons. There are, I know, many Impostors 'among them. Lameness and Blindness are cer-'tainly very often acted; but can those that have 'their Sight and Limbs, employ them better than 'in knowing whether they are counterfeited or 'not? I know not which of the two misapplies his 'Senses most, he who pretends himself blind to 'move Compassion, or he who beholds a misera-'ble Object without pitying it. But in order to 'remove such Impediments, I wish, Mr. Specta-'tor, you would give us a Discourse upon Beg-'gars, that we may not pass by true Objects of 'Charity, or give to Impostors. I looked out of 'my Window the other Morning earlier than or-'dinary, and saw a blind Beggar, an Hour before 'the Passage he stands in is frequented, with a 'Needle and Thread, thriftily mending his Stock-'ings: My Astonishment was still greater, when 'I beheld a lame Fellow, whose Legs were too 'big to walk within an Hour after, bring him a 'Pot of Ale. I will not mention the Shakings, 'Distortions, and Convulsions which many of them 'practise to gain an Alms; but sure I am, they 'ought to be taken Care of in this Condition, 'either by the Beadle or the Magistrate. They, 'it seems, relieve their Posts according to their 'Talents. There is the Voice of an old Woman 'never begins to beg 'till nine in the Evening, and 'then she is destitute of Lodging, turned out for 'want of Rent, and has the same ill Fortune every 'Night in the Year. You should employ an 'Officer to hear the Distress of each Beggar that 'is constant at a particular Place, who is ever in 'the same Tone, and succeeds because his Audi-'ence is continually changing, tho' he does not 'alter his Lamentation. If we have nothing else 'for our Money, let us have more Invention to be 'cheated with. All which is submitted to your 'Spectatorial Vigilance: and I am,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.

SIR,

'I was last *Sunday* highly transported at our 'Parish-Church; the Gentleman in the Pulpit 'pleaded movingly in Behalf of the poor Children, 'and they for themselves much more forcibly by 'singing an Hymn; And I had the Happiness to 'be a Contributor to this little religious Institution 'of Innocents, and am sure I never disposed of 'Money more to my Satisfaction and Advantage. 'The inward Joy I find in my self, and the Good-'will I bear to Mankind, make me heartily wish 'those pious Works may be encouraged, that the 'present Promoters may reap the Delight, and 'Posterity the Benefit of them. But whilst we 'are building this beautiful Edifice, let not the old 'Ruins remain in View to sully the Prospect: 'Whilst we are cultivating and improving this 'young hopeful Offspring, let not the ancient and 'helpless Creatures be shamefully neglected. 'The Crowds of Poor, or pretended Poor, in every 'Place, are a great Reproach to us, and eclipse 'the Glory of all other Charity. It is the utmost 'Reproach to Society, that there should be a poor 'Man unrelieved, or a poor Rogue unpunished. 'I hope you will think no Part of Human Life 'out of your Consideration, but will, at your 'Leisure, give us the History of Plenty and Want, 'and the natural Gradations towards them, cal-'culated for the Cities of *London* and *Westmins-'ter.*

I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
T. D.

Mr. Spectator,

'I beg you would be pleased to take Notice of 'a very great Indecency, which is extreamly com-'mon, though, I think, never yet under your 'Censure. It is, Sir, the strange Freedoms some 'ill-bred married People take in Company: The 'unseasonable Fondness of some Husbands, and 'the ill-timed Tenderness of some Wives. They 'talk and act, as if Modesty was only fit for Maids 'and Batchelors, and that too before both. I was 'once, Mr. Spectator, where the Fault I speak 'of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must 'know, a very bashful Fellow, and several young 'Ladies in the Room) I protest I was quite out of 'Countenance. *Lucina*, it seems, was breeding, 'and she did nothing but entertain the Company 'with a Discourse upon the Difficulty of Reckon-'ing to a Day, and said she knew those who were 'certain to an Hour; then fell a laughing at a 'silly unexperienced Creature, who was a Month 'above her Time. Upon her Husband's coming 'in, she put several Questions to him; which he 'not caring to resolve, Well, cries *Lucina*, I shall 'have 'em all at Night —— But lest I should 'seem guilty of the very Fault I write against, I 'shall only intreat *Mr.* Spectator to correct such 'Misdemeanors;

For higher of the Genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence, I deem.[1]

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant,
T. T. Meanwell.

No. 431.] *Tuesday, July* 15, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quid Dulcius hominum generi a Natura datum est quam sui cuique liberi?—Tull.

I HAVE lately been casting in my Thoughts the several Unhappinesses of Life, and com-

[1] Paradise Lost, Bk VIII. ll. 598-9.

paring the Infelicities of old Age to those of Infancy. The Calamities of Children are due to the Negligence and Misconduct of Parents, those of Age to the past Life which led to it. I have here the History of a Boy and Girl to their Wedding-Day, and I think I cannot give the Reader a livelier Image of the insipid way which Time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentick Epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their Lives, 'till the Period of their Life above mentioned. The Sentence at the Head of this Paper, which is only a warm Interrogation, *What is there in Nature so dear as a Man's own Children to him?* is all the Reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the Education of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am now entring into my One and Twentieth 'Year, and do not know that I had one Day's 'thorough Satisfaction since I came to Years of 'any Reflection, till the Time they say others lose 'their Liberty, the Day of my Marriage. I am 'Son to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, who 'resolv'd to keep me out of the Vices of the Age; 'and in order to it never let me see any Thing 'that he thought could give me the least Pleasure. 'At ten Years old I was put to a Grammar-'School, where my Master received Orders every 'Post to use me very severely, and have no re-'gard to my having a great Estate. At Fifteen I 'was removed to the University, where I liv'd, 'out of my Father's great Discretion, in scandalous 'Poverty and Want, till I was big enough to be 'married, and I was sent for to see the Lady who 'sends you the Underwritten. When we were 'put together, we both considered that we could 'not be worse than we were in taking one another, 'out of a Desire of Liberty entered into Wedlock. 'My Father says I am now a Man, and may speak 'to him like another Gentleman.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Richard Rentfree.

Mr. SPEC.

'I grew tall and wild at my Mother's, who is a 'gay Widow, and did not care for shewing me 'till about two Years and a half ago; at which 'time my Guardian Uncle sent me to a Boarding-'School, with Orders to contradict me in nothing, 'for I had been misused enough already. I had 'not been there above a Month, when being in 'the Kitchin, I saw some Oatmeal on the Dresser; 'I put two or three Corns in my Mouth, liked it, 'stole a Handful, went into my Chamber, chewed 'it, and for two Months after never failed taking 'Toll of every Pennyworth of Oatmeal that came 'into the House: But one Day playing with a 'Tobacco-pipe between my Teeth, it happened to 'break in my Mouth, and the spitting out the 'Pieces left such a delicious Roughness on my 'Tongue, that I could not be satisfied 'till I had 'champed up the remaining Part of the Pipe. I 'forsook the Oatmeal, and stuck to the Pipes 'three Months, in which Time I had dispensed 'with thirty seven foul Pipes, all to the Boles; 'They belonged to an old Gentleman, Father to 'my Governess —— He lock'd up the clean ones. 'I left off eating of Pipes, and fell to licking of 'Chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled 'all the red Wax of our last Ball-Tickets, and 'three Weeks after the black Wax from the Bury-'ing-Tickets of the old Gentleman. Two Months 'after this I liv'd upon Thunder-bolts, a certain 'long, round bluish Stone, which I found among 'the Gravel in our Garden. I was wonderfully 'delighted with this; but Thunder-bolts growing 'scarce, I fasten'd Tooth and Nail upon our 'Garden-Wall, which I stuck to almost a Twelve-'month, and had in that time peeled and devoured 'half a Foot towards our Neighbour's Yard. I 'now thought my self the happiest Creature in 'the World, and I believe in my Conscience, I 'had eaten quite through, had I had it in my 'Chamber; but now I became lazy, and unwilling 'to stir, and was obliged to seek Food nearer 'Home. I then took a strange Hankering to 'Coals; I fell to scranching 'em, and had already 'consumed, I am certain, as much as would have 'dressed my Wedding Dinner, when my Uncle 'came for me Home. He was in the Parlour with 'my Governess when I was called down. I went 'in, fell on my Knees, for he made me call him 'Father; and when I expected the Blessing I 'asked, the good Gentleman, in a Surprize, turns 'himself to my Governess, and asks, Whether this '(pointing to me) was his Daughter? This (added 'he) is the very Picture of Death. My Child was 'a plump-fac'd, hale, fresh-coloured Girl; but this 'looks as if she was half-starved, a mere Skeleton. 'My Governess, who is really a good Woman, 'assured my Father I had wanted for nothing; 'and withal told him I was continually eating 'some Trash or other, and that I was almost eaten 'up with the Green-sickness, her Orders being 'never to cross me. But this magnified but little 'with my Father, who presently, in a kind of Pett, 'paying for my Board, took me home with him. 'I had not been long at home, but one *Sunday* at 'Church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young 'neighbouring Gentleman that pleased me hugely; 'I liked him of all Men I ever saw in my Life, 'and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. 'The very next Day he came, with his Father, a 'visiting to our House: We were left alone to-'gether, with Directions on both Sides to be in 'Love with one another, and in three Weeks time 'we were married. I regained my former Health 'and Complexion, and am now as happy as the 'Day is long. Now, *Mr.* SPEC., I desire you 'would find out some Name for these craving 'Damsels, whether dignified or distinguished 'under some or all of the following Denomina-'tions, (to wit) *Trash-eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, 'Pipe-champers, Chalk-lickers, Wax-nibblers, 'Coal-Scranchers, Wall-peelers,* or *Gravel-dig-'gers:* And, good Sir, do your utmost endeavour 'to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable 'Folly, so prevailing among the young ones of 'our Sex, who may not meet with such sudden 'good Luck as,

SIR,
Your constant Reader,
and very humble Servant,
Sabina Green,
T. *Now* Sabina Rentfree.

No. 432.] *Wednesday, July* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Inter-strepit anser olores.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, July* 14.

'ACCORDING to a late Invitation in one of your Papers to every Man who pleases to 'write, I have sent you the following short Dis-'sertation against the Vice of being prejudiced.

Your most humble Servant.

'Man is a sociable Creature, and a Lover of 'Glory; whence it is that when several Persons 'are united in the same Society, they are studious 'to lessen the Reputation of others, in order to 'raise their own. The Wise are content to guide 'the Springs in Silence, and rejoice in Secret at 'their regular Progress: To prate and triumph is 'the Part allotted to the Trifling and Superficial: 'The Geese were providentially ordained to save 'the *Capitol*. Hence it is, that the Invention of 'Marks and Devices to distinguish Parties, is 'owing to the *Beaux* and *Belles* of this Island. 'Hats moulded into different Cocks and Pinches, 'have long bid mutual Defiance; Patches have 'been set against Patches in Battel-aray: Stocks 'have risen or fallen in Proportion to Head-'Dresses; and Peace or War been expected, as 'the *White* or the *Red* Hood hath prevailed. 'These are the Standard-Bearers in our contending 'Armies, the Dwarfs and Squires who carry the 'Impresses of the Giants or Knights, not born to 'fight themselves, but to prepare the Way for the 'ensuing Combat.

'It is Matter of Wonder to reflect how far Men 'of weak Understanding and strong Fancy are 'hurried by their Prejudices, even to the believ-'ing that the whole Body of the adverse Party 'are a Band of Villains and Dæmons. Foreign-'ers complain, that the *English* are the proudest 'Nation under Heaven. Perhaps they too have 'their Share; but be that as it will, general 'Charges against Bodies of Men is the Fault I 'am writing against. It must be own'd, to our 'Shame, that our common People, and most who 'have not travelled, have an irrational Contempt 'for the Language, Dress, Customs, and even the 'Shape and Minds of other Nations. Some Men 'otherwise of Sense, have wondered that a great 'Genius should spring out of *Ireland*; and think 'you mad in affirming, that fine Odes have been 'written in *Lapland*.

'This Spirit of Rivalship, which heretofore 'reigned in the Two Universities, is extinct, and 'almost over betwixt College and College: In 'Parishes and Schools the Thirst of Glory still 'obtains. At the Seasons of Football and Cock-'fighting, these little Republicks reassume their 'national Hatred to each other. My Tenant in 'the Country is verily perswaded, that the Parish 'of the Enemy hath not one honest Man in it.

'I always hated Satyrs against Woman, and 'Satyrs against Man; I am apt to suspect a 'Stranger who laughs at the Religion of *The* '*Faculty*; My Spleen rises at a dull Rogue, who 'is severe upon Mayors and Aldermen; and was 'never better pleased than with a Piece of Jus-'tice executed upon the Body of a Templer, who 'was very arch upon Parsons.

'The Necessities of Mankind require various 'Employments; and whoever excels in his Pro-'vince is worthy of Praise. All Men are not 'educated after the same Manner, nor have all 'the same Talents. Those who are deficient de-'serve our Compassion, and have a Title to our 'Assistance. All cannot be bred in the same 'Place; but in all Places there arise, at different 'Times, such Persons as do Honour to their 'Society, which may raise Envy in little Souls, 'but are admired and cherished by generous 'Spirits.

'It is certainly a great Happiness to be edu-'cated in Societies of great and eminent Men. 'Their Instructions and Examples are of extra-'ordinary Advantage. It is highly proper to in-'still such a Reverence of the governing Per-'sons, and Concern for the Honour of the Place, 'as may spur the growing Members to worthy 'Pursuits and honest Emulation: But to swell 'young Minds with vain Thoughts of the Dignity 'of their own Brotherhood, by debasing and 'villifying all others, doth them a real Injury. 'By this means I have found that their Efforts 'have become languid, and their Prattle irksome, 'as thinking it sufficient Praise that they are 'Children of so illustrious and ample a Family. 'I should think it a surer as well as more gen-'erous Method, to set before the Eyes of Youth 'such Persons as have made a noble Progress in 'Fraternities less talk'd of; which seems tacitly 'to reproach their Sloth, who loll so heavily in the 'Seats of mighty Improvement: Active Spirits 'hereby would enlarge their Notions, whereas by 'a servile Imitation of one, or perhaps two, ad-'mired Men in their own Body, they can only 'gain a secondary and derivative kind of Fame. 'These Copiers of Men, like those of Authors or 'Painters, run into Affectations of some Oddness, 'which perhaps was not disagreeable in the 'Original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-'soul'd Transcriber.

'By such early Corrections of Vanity, while 'Boys are growing into Men, they will gradually 'learn not to censure superficially; but imbibe 'those Principles of general Kindness and Hu-'manity, which alone can make them easie to 'themselves, and beloved by others.

'Reflections of this nature have expunged all 'Prejudices out of my Heart, insomuch that, 'tho' I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the 'Pope and Cardinals without violent Emotions; 'and tho' I am naturally grave, I expect to meet 'good Company at *Paris*.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I find you are a general Undertaker, and 'have by your Correspondents or self an Insight 'into most things: which makes me apply my 'self to you at present in the sorest Calamity that 'ever befel Man. My Wife has taken something 'ill of me, and has not spoke one Word, good or 'bad, to me, or any Body in the Family, since '*Friday* was Seven-night. What must a Man do

'in that Case? Your Advice would be a great 'Obligation to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Thimbleton.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When you want a Trifle to fill up a Paper, in 'inserting this you will lay an Obligation on

Your humble Servant,
July 15*th*, 1712. Olivio.

Dear Olivia,

"It is but this Moment I have had the Happi- "ness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the "Present I received the second of *April*. I am "heartily sorry it did not come to Hand the Day "before; for I can't but think it very hard upon "People to lose their Jest, that offer at one but "once a Year. I congratulate my self however "upon the Earnest given me of something fur- "ther intended in my Favour, for I am told, that "the Man who is thought worthy by a Lady to "make a Fool of, stands fair enough in her "Opinion to become one Day her Husband. "Till such time as I have the Honour of being "sworn, I take Leave to subscribe my self,

Dear Olivia,

Your Fool Elect,
T. Nicodemuncio.

No. 433.] *Thursday, July* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.—Mart.

THE Moral World, as consisting of Males and Females, is of a mixt Nature, and filled with several Customs, Fashions and Ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but *One* Sex. Had our Species no Females in it, Men would be quite different Creatures from what they are at present; their Endeavours to please the opposite Sex, polishes and refines them out of those Manners which are most Natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the Plans which they approve in their own Opinions, but according to those Plans which they think are most agreeable to the Female World. In a Word, Man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished Creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own Make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable Creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their Thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other Sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a Design upon us; every Feature of their Faces, every part of their Dress is filled with Snares and Allurements. There would be no such Animals as Prudes or Coquets in the World, were there not such an Animal as Man. In short, it is the Male that gives Charms to Womankind, that produces an Air in their Faces, a Grace in their Motions, a Softness in their Voices, and a Delicacy in their Complections.

As this mutual Regard between the two Sexes tends to the Improvement of each of them, we may observe that Men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal Natures, who live as if there were no such things as Women in the World; as on the contrary, Women, who have an Indifference or Aversion for their Counter-parts in human Nature, are generally Sower and Unamiable, Sluttish and Censorious.

I am led into this Train of Thoughts by a little Manuscript which is lately fallen into my Hands, and which I shall communicate to the Reader, as I have done some other curious Pieces of the same Nature, without troubling him with any Enquiries about the Author of it. It contains a summary Account of two different States which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of *Amazons*, or Women without Men; the other was a Republick of Males that had not a Woman in their whole Community. As these two States bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their Frontiers at a certain Season of the Year, where those among the Men who had not made their Choice in any former Meeting, associated themselves with particular Women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their Wives in every one of these yearly Rencounters. The Children that sprung from this Alliance, if Males, were sent to their respective Fathers, if Females, continued with their Mothers. By means of this Anniversary Carnival, which lasted about a Week, the Commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective Subjects.

These two States were engaged together in a perpetual League, Offensive and Defensive, so that if any Foreign Potentate offered to attack either of them, both the Sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to Reason. It was remarkable that for many Ages this Agreement continued inviolable between the two States, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were Husbands and Wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a Week in a Year.

In the Account which my Author gives of the Male Republick, there were several Customs very remarkable. The Men never shaved their Beards, or pared their Nails above once in a Twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual Meeting upon their Frontiers. I find the Name of a Minister of State in one Part of their History, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean Linnen; and of a certain great General who was turned out of his Post for Effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible Witnesses that he washed his Face every Morning. If any Member of the Commonwealth had a soft Voice, a smooth Face, or a supple Behaviour, he was banished into the Commonwealth of Females, where he was treated as a Slave, dressed in Petticoats, and set a Spinning. They had no Titles of Honour among them, but such as denoted some Bodily Strength or Perfection, as such an one *the Tall*,

such an one *the Stocky*, such an one *the Gruff*. Their publick Debates were generally managed with Kicks and Cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the Council Table with broken Shins, black Eyes, and bloody Noses. When they would reproach a Man in the most bitter Terms, they would tell him his Teeth were white, or that he had a fair Skin, and a soft Hand. The greatest Man I meet with in their History, was one who could lift Five hundred Weight, and wore such a prodigious Pair of Whiskers as had never been seen in the Commonwealth before his Time. These Accomplishments it seems had rendred him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the Republick. Having made this short Extract out of the History of the Male Commonwealth, I shall look into the History of the neighbouring State which consisted of Females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to Communicate it to the Publick. C.

No. 434.] *Friday, July* 18, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quales Threiciæ cùm flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.—Virg.

HAVING carefully perused the Manuscript I mentioned in my Yesterday's Paper, so far as it relates to the Republick of Women, I find in it several Particulars which may very well deserve the Reader's Attention.

The Girls of Quality, from six to twelve Years old, were put to publick Schools, where they learned to Box and play at Cudgels, with several other Accomplishments of the same Nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little Miss returning Home at Night with a broken Pate, or two or three Teeth knocked out of her Head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great Horse, to Shoot, Dart, or Sling, and listed into several Companies, in order to perfect themselves in Military Exercises. No Woman was to be married till she had killed her Man. The Ladies of Fashion used to play with young Lions instead of Lap-dogs, and when they made any Parties of Diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at Ombre or Piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the Bar for a whole Afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a Blush seen, or a Sigh heard, in the Commonwealth. The Women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes after a Battel paint their Cheeks with the Blood of their Enemies. For this Reason likewise the Face which had the most Scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found Lace, Jewels, Ribbons, or any Ornaments in Silver or Gold among the Booty which they had taken, they used to dress their Horses with it, but never entertained a Thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular Rights and Privileges allowed to any Member of the Commonwealth, who was a Mother of three Daughters. The Senate was made up of old Women; for by the Laws of the Country none was to be a Councellor of State that was not past Child-bearing. They used to boast their Republick had continued Four thousand Years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their Time by *Lunar* Years.

There was a great Revolution brought about in this Female Republick, by means of a neighbouring King, who had made War upon them several Years with various Success, and at length overthrew them in a very great Battel. This Defeat they ascribe to several Causes; some say that the Secretary of State having been troubled with the Vapours, had committed some fatal Mistakes in several Dispatches about that Time. Others pretend, that the first Minister being big with Child, could not attend the Publick Affairs, as so great an Exigency of State required; but this I can give no manner of Credit to, since it seems to contradict a Fundamental Maxim in their Government which I have before mentioned. My Author gives the most probable Reason of this great Disaster; for he affirms, that the General was brought to Bed, or (as others say) Miscarried the very Night before the Battel: However it was, this signal Overthrow obliged them to call in the Male Republick to their Assistance; but notwithstanding their Common Efforts to repulse the Victorious Enemy, the War continued for many Years before they could entirely bring it to a happy Conclusion.

The Campaigns which both Sexes passed together made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the End of the War they did not care for parting. In the Beginning of it they lodged in separate Camps, but afterwards as they grew more familiar, they pitched their Tents promiscuously.

From this time the Armies being Chequered with both Sexes, they polished apace. The Men used to invite their Fellow-Soldiers into their Quarters, and would dress their Tents with Flowers and Boughs, for their Reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her Name in the Table, or Chalking out her Figure upon a Wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous Language, which by degrees improved into Verse and Sonnet. These were as the first Rudiments of Architecture, Painting, and Poetry among this Savage People. After any Advantage over the Enemy, both Sexes used to Jump together and make a Clattering with their Swords and Shields, for Joy, which in a few Years produced several Regular Tunes and Sett Dances.

As the two Armies romped on these Occasions, the Women complained of the thick bushy Beards and long Nails of their Confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such Figures as were most pleasing to their Female Friends and Allies.

When they had taken any Spoils from the Enemy, the Men would make a Present of every thing that was Rich and Showy to the Women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the Necks, or Heads, or Arms of their Mistresses, with any thing which they thought

appeared Gay or Pretty. The Women observing that the Men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such Trappings and Gugaws, set their Heads at Work to find out new Inventions, and to outshine one another in all Councils of War or the like solemn Meetings. On the other hand, the Men observing how the Womens Hearts were set upon Finery, begun to Embellish themselves and look as agreeably as they could in the Eyes of their Associates. In short, after a few Years conversing together, the Women had learnt to Smile, and the Men to Ogle, the Women grew Soft, and the Men Lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the War, which concluded with an entire Conquest of their common Enemy, the Colonels in one Army Married the Colonels in the other; the Captains in the same Manner took the Captains to their Wives: The whole Body of common Soldiers were matched, after the Example of their Leaders. By this means the two Republicks incorporated with one another, and became the most Flourishing and Polite Government in the Part of the World which they Inhabited. C.

No. 435.] *Saturday, July* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec duo sunt at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque
videntur.—Ovid.

MOST of the Papers I give the Publick are written on Subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious Essays and Discourses; but there is another sort of Speculations, which I consider as Occasional Papers, that take their Rise from the Folly, Extravagance, and Caprice of the present Age. For I look upon my self as one set to watch the Manners and Behaviour of my Countrymen and Contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd Fashion, ridiculous Custom, or affected Form of Speech that makes its Appearance in the World, during the Course of these my Speculations. The Petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its Motions. The Party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had Intelligence of the Coloured Hood the very first time it appeared in a Publick Assembly. I might here mention several other the like Contingent Subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct Papers. By this Means I have so effectually quashed those Irregularities which gave Occasion to 'em, that I am afraid Posterity will scarce have a sufficient Idea of them, to relish those Discourses which were in no little Vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the Fashions and Customs I attacked were some Fantastick Conceits of my own, and that their Great-Grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this Reason, when I think on the Figure my several Volumes of Speculations will make about a Hundred Years hence, I consider them as so many Pieces of old Plate, where the Weight will be regarded, but the Fashion lost.

Among the several Female Extravagancies I have already taken Notice of, there is one which still keeps its Ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dress themselves in a Hat and Feather, a Riding-coat and a Perriwig, or at least tie up their Hair in a Bag or Ribbond, in imitation of the smart Part of the opposite Sex. As in my Yesterday's Paper I gave an Account of the Mixture of two Sexes in one Commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this Mixture of two Sexes in one Person. I have already shewn my Dislike of this Immodest Custom more than once; but in Contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the Highways about this great City are still very much infested with these Female Cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY'S about this time Twelve-month, an Equestrian Lady of this Order appeared upon the Plains which lay at a distance from his House. I was at that time walking in the Fields with my old Friend; and as his Tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a Sight, Sir ROGER asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the Country Fellow reply'd, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, saving your Worship's Presence, in a Coat and Hat. This produced a great deal of Mirth at the Knight's House, where we had a Story at the same time of another of his Tenants, who meeting this Gentleman-like Lady on the High-way, was asked by her *whether that was* Coverly-Hall, the Honest Man seeing only the Male Part of the Querist, replied, *Yes, Sir;* but upon the second Question, *whether Sir* ROGER DE COVERLY *was a married Man*, having dropped his Eye upon the Petticoat, he changed his Note into *No, Madam.*

Had one of these Hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal's* Days, with what an Indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent Satyrist. He would have represented her in a Riding Habit, as a greater Monster than the Centaur. He would have called for Sacrifices or Purifying Waters, to expiate the Appearance of such a Prodigy. He would have invoked the Shades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to see into what the *Roman* Ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the Sex with greater Tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle Methods to bring them off from any little Extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the Partition between the two Sexes, and to take Notice of the smallest Encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more Complaints on this Subject. I am sure my She-Disciples who peruse these my daily Lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an Amphibious Dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my Female Readers in *Hyde Park*, who looked upon me with a masculine Assurance, and cocked her Hat full in my Face.

For my part, I have one general Key to the Behaviour of the Fair Sex. When I see them singular in any Part of their Dress, I conclude it

is not without some Evil Intention; and therefore question not but the Design of this strange Fashion is to smite more effectually their Male Beholders. Now to set them right in this Particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a Figure entirely Female, than with such an one as we may see every Day in our Glasses: Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a Man on Horseback, in his Breeches and Jack-Boots, and at the same time dressed up in a Commode and a Night-raile.

I must observe that this Fashion was first of all brought to us from *France*, a Country which has Infected all the Nations of *Europe* with its Levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole People, having more than once found fault with those general Reflections which strike at Kingdoms or Commonwealths in the Gross: A piece of Cruelty, which an ingenious Writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wished the *Roman* People had all but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I shall therefore only Remark, that as Liveliness and Assurance are in a peculiar manner the Qualifications of the *French* Nation, the same Habits and Customs will not give the same Offence to that People, which they produce among those of our own Country. Modesty is our distinguishing Character, as Vivacity is theirs: And when this our National Virtue appears in that Female Beauty, for which our *British* Ladies are celebrated above all others in the Universe, it makes up the most amiable Object that the Eye of Man can possibly behold. C.

No. 436.] *Monday, July* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt Populariter.—Juv.

BEING a Person of insatiable Curiosity, I could not forbear going on *Wednesday* last to a Place of no small Renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of *Britons*, namely, to the Bear-Garden at *Hockley in the Hole*;[1] where (as a whitish brown Paper, put into my Hands in the Street, informed me) there was to be a Tryal of Skill to be exhibited between two Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock precisely. I was not a little charm'd with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus:

I James Miller, *Serjeant, (lately come from the Frontiers of* Portugal) *Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing in most Places where I have been of the great Fame of* Timothy Buck *of* London, *Master of the said Science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several Weapons following*, viz.

Back-Sword,	*Single Falchon,*
Sword and Dagger,	*Case of Falchons,*
Sword and Buckler,	*Quarter Staff.*

[1] See note on p. 52.

If the generous Ardour in *James Miller* to dispute the Reputation of *Timothy Buck*, had something resembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy Buck* return'd Answer in the same Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himself, but in that, as the Fame went out, he had fought *Parkes of Coventry*.[1] The Acceptance of the Combat ran in these Words:

I Timothy Buck *of* Clare-Market, *Master of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr.* Parkes *of* Coventry, *will not fail (God Willing) to meet this fair Inviter at the Time and Place appointed, desiring a clear Stage and no Favour.*

Vivat Regina.

I shall not here look back on the Spectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this kind, but must believe this Custom took its rise from the Ages of Knight-Errantry; from those who lov'd one Woman so well, that they hated all Men and Women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind; from those who demanded the Combat of their Contemporaries, both for admiring their Mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preserved, when the amorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retained the Barbarity, but lost the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wish, methinks, these Gentlemen had consulted me in the Promulgation of the Conflict. I was obliged by a fair young Maid whom I understood to be called *Elizabeth Preston*, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glass of Water; whom I imagined might have been, for Form's sake, the general Representative of the Lady sought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Amarillis* on these Occasions. It would have ran better in the Challenge, *I* James Miller, *Serjeant, who have travelled Parts abroad, and came last from the Frontiers of* Portugal, *for the Love of* Elizabeth Preston, *do assert, That the said* Elizabeth is the Fairest of Women. Then the Answer; *I* Timothy Buck, *who have stay'd in* Great Britain *during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of* Susanna Page, *do deny that* Elizabeth Preston *is so fair as the said* Susanna Page. Let *Susanna Page* look on, and I desire of *James Miller* no Favour.

This would give the Battel quite another Turn;

[1] John Sparkes of Coventry has this piece of biography upon his tombstone: 'To the memory 'of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city; he 'was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by 'profession, who, after having fought 350 battles 'in the principal parts of Europe with honour and 'applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed 'his sword, and, with Christian resignation, sub'mitted to the grand victor in the 52nd year of his 'age. *Anno salutis humanæ*, 1733.'

Serjeant James Miller afterwards became a captain, and fought in Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland in 1745.

and a proper Station for the Ladies, whose Complexion was disputed by the Sword, would animate the Disputants with a more gallant Incentive than the Expectation of Money from the Spectators; tho' I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that Fair One, whose Lover was approved by the Donor.

Yet, considering the Thing wants such Amendments, it was carried with great Order. *James Miller* came on first, preceded by two disabled Drummers, to shew, I suppose, that the Prospect of maimed Bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring *Miller* a Gentleman, whose Name I could not learn, with a dogged Air, as unsatisfied that he was not Principal. This Son of Anger lowred at the whole Assembly, and weighing himself as he march'd around from Side to Side, with a stiff Knee and Shoulder, he gave Intimations of the Purpose he smothered till he saw the Issue of this Encounter. *Miller* had a blue Ribband tied round the Sword Arm; which Ornament I conceive to be the Remain of that Custom of wearing a Mistress's Favour on such Occasions of old.

Miller is a Man of six Foot eight Inches Height, of a kind but bold Aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his Limbs: and such Readiness as spoke his Ease in them, was obtained from a Habit of Motion in Military Exercise.

The Expectation of the Spectators was now almost at its Height, and the Crowd pressing in, several active Persons thought they were placed rather according to their Fortune than their Merit, and took it in their Heads to prefer themselves from the open Area, or Pitt, to the Galleries. This Dispute between Desert and Property brought many to the Ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest Seats by Turns for the Space of ten Minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole Assembly giving up their Disputes, turned their Eyes upon the Champions. Then it was that every Man's Affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious Gentleman near me said, *I could methinks be* Miller's *Second, but I had rather have* Buck *for mine. Miller* had an Audacious Look, that took the Eye; *Buck* a perfect Composure, that engaged the Judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain Coat, and kept all his Air till the Instant of Engaging; at which time he undress'd to his Shirt, his Arm adorned with a Bandage of red Ribband. No one can describe the sudden Concern in the whole Assembly: the most tumultuous Crowd in Nature was as still and as much engaged, as if all their Lives depended on the first Blow. The Combatants met in the Middle of the Stage, and shaking Hands as removing all Malice, they retired with much Grace to the Extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an Heart full of Resolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled Countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own Defence, *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his Opponent. It is not easie to describe the many Escapes and imperceptible Defences between two Men of quick Eyes and ready Limbs; but *Miller's* Heat laid him open to the Rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large Cut on the Forehead. Much Effusion of Blood covered his Eyes in a Moment, and the Huzzas of the Crowd undoubtedly quickened the Anguish. The Assembly was divided into Parties upon their different ways of Fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the Galleries apparently suffered for *Miller*, and burst into a Flood of Tears. As soon as his Wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little Rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave Man can be wounded into more Patience and Caution? The next was a warm eager Onset, which ended in a decisive Stroke on the Left Leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the Gallery, during this second Strife, covered her Face: and for my Part, I could not keep my Thoughts from being mostly employed on the Consideration of her unhappy Circumstance that Moment, hearing the Clash of Swords, and apprehending Life or Victory concerned her Lover in every Blow, but not daring to satisfie her self on whom they fell. The Wound was exposed to the View of all who could delight in it, and sowed up on the Stage. The surly Second of *Miller* declared at this Time, that he would that Day Fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the same Weapons, declaring himself the Master of the renowned *Gorman*; but *Buck* denied him the Honour of that couragious Disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that Champion, accepted the Challenge.

There is something in Nature very unaccountable on such Occasions, when we see the People take a certain painful Gratification in beholding these Encounters. Is it Cruelty that administers this Sort of Delight? Or is it a Pleasure which is taken in the Exercise of Pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the Business of the Day being a Tryal of Skill, the Popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the Side of *Buck*. Is it that People's Passions have their Rise in Self-Love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the Courage they had) liable to the Fate of *Miller*, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like *Buck*?

Tully speaks of this Custom with less Horrour than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his Time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first Regulations, when Criminals only fought before the People. *Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina. The Shows of Gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those Times when only Criminals were Combatants, the Ear perhaps might receive many better Instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our Eyes, should fortifie us so well against Pain and Death.*[1] T.

[1] Tuscul. Quæst. lib. II., De Tolerando Dolore.

No. 437.] *Tuesday, July* 22, 1712. [

Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adolescentulos
Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando, et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meritricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?
Ter. And.

THE other Day passed by me in her Chariot a Lady with that pale and wan Complexion, which we sometimes see in young People, who are fallen into Sorrow and private Anxiety of Mind, which antedate Age and Sickness. It is not three Years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards Libertine in her Carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little Insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present Condition. *Favilla*, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen Fool with Wealth: Her Beauty and Merit are lost upon the Dolt, who is insensible of Perfection in any thing. Their Hours together are either painful or insipid: The Minutes she has to herself in his Absence, are not sufficient to give Vent at her Eyes to the Grief and Torment of his last Conversation. This poor Creature was sacrificed with a Temper (which, under the Cultivation of a Man of Sense, would have made the most agreeable Companion) into the Arms of this loathsome Yoak-fellow by *Sempronia*. *Sempronia* is a good Lady, who supports herself in an affluent Condition, by contracting Friendship with rich young Widows and Maids of plentiful Fortunes at their own Disposal, and bestowing her Friends upon worthless indigent Fellows; on the other Side, she ensnares inconsiderate and rash Youths of great Estates into the Arms of vitious Women. For this Purpose, she is accomplished in all the Arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent Visits; she knows all that passes in every Quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite Servants, Busiebodies, Dependants, and poor Relations of all Persons of Condition in the whole Town. At the Price of a good Sum of Money, *Sempronia*, by the Instigation of *Favilla's* Mother, brought about the Match for the Daughter, and the Reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of Fortune, more than *Favilla* could expect, has gained her the Visits and frequent Attendance of the Crowd of Mothers, who had rather see their Children miserable in great Wealth, than the happiest of the Race of Mankind in a less conspicuous State of Life. When *Sempronia* is so well acquainted with a Woman's Temper and Circumstance, that she believes Marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the Man who shall get her; her next Step is to look out for some one, whose Condition has some secret Wound in it, and wants a Sum, yet, in the Eye of the World, not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless Fellow with what Estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a Share of good Humour and Sobriety as is requisite: After this is settled, no Importunities, Arts, and Devices are omitted to hasten the Lady to her Happiness. In the general indeed she is a Person of so strict Justice, that she marries a poor Gallant to a rich Wench, and a Moneyless Girl to a Man of Fortune. But then she has no manner of Conscience in the Disparity, when she has a Mind to impose a poor Rogue for one of an Estate, she has no Remorse in adding to it, *that* he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes those Imperfections Arguments of the Truth of his Wealth, and will, on such an Occasion, with a very grave Face, charge the People of Condition with Negligence in the Education of their Children. Exception being made t'other Day against an ignorant Booby of her own Cloathing, whom she was putting off for a rich Heir, *Madam*, said she, *you know there is no making Children who know they have Estates attend their Books.*

Sempronia, by these Arts, is loaded with Presents, importuned for her Acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first Taste of Life, as a Woman of examplary good Breeding. But sure, to murder and to rob are less Iniquities, than to raise Profit by Abuses, as irreparable as taking away Life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a Lady at Play of Half her Fortune, is not so ill, as giving the whole and her self to an unworthy Husband. But *Sempronia* can administer Consolation to an unhappy Fair at Home, by leading her to an agreeable Gallant elsewhere. She can then preach the general Condition of all the Married World, and tell an unexperienced young Woman the Methods of softning her Affliction, and laugh at her Simplicity and Want of Knowledge, with an *Oh! my Dear, you will know better.*

The Wickedness of *Sempronia*, one would think, should be superlative; but I cannot but esteem that of some Parents equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice the greatest Endowments and Qualifications to base Bargains. A Parent who forces a Child of a liberal and ingenious Spirit into the Arms of a Clown or a Blockhead, obliges her to a Crime too odious for a Name. It is in a Degree the unnatural Conjunction of rational and brutal Beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished Woman with such a Disparity. And I could name Crowds who lead miserable Lives, for want of Knowledge in their Parents, of this Maxim, that good Sense and good Nature always go together. That which is attributed to Fools, and called good Nature, is only an Inability of observing what is faulty, which turns in Marriage, into a Suspicion of every thing as such, from a Consciousness of that Inability.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am entirely of your Opinion with Relation 'to the Equestrian Females, who affect both the 'Masculine and Feminine Air at the same time; 'and cannot forbear making a Presentment 'against another Order of them who grow very 'numerous and powerful; and since our Language 'is not very capable of good compound Words, I 'must be contented to call them only the *Naked* '*Shouldered*. These Beauties are not contented

'to make Lovers where-ever they appear, but 'they must make Rivals at the same time. Were 'you to see *Gatty* walk the *Park* at high Mall, 'you would expect those who followed her and 'those who met her could immediately draw 'their Swords for her. I hope, Sir, you will pro-'vide for the future, that Women may stick to 'their Faces for doing any future Mischief and 'not allow any but direct Traders in Beauty to 'expose more than the fore Part of the Neck, un-'less you please to allow this After-Game to 'those who are very defective in the Charms of 'the Countenance. I can say, to my Sorrow, 'the present Practice is very unfair, when to look 'back is Death; and it may be said of our Beau-'ties, as a great Poet did of Bullets,

They kill and wound like Parthians *as they fly.*

'I submit this to your Animadversion; and am, 'for the little while I have left,

Your humble Servant,
the languishing PHILANTHUS.

P. S. *Suppose you mended my Letter, and made a Simile about the Porcupine, but I submit that also.* T.

No. 438.] *Wednesday, July* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Animum rege qui nisi paret
Imperat—— Hor.

IT is a very common Expression, That such a one is very good-natur'd, but very passionate. The Expression indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow passionate People so much Quarter: But I think a passionate Man deserves the least Indulgence Imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the Mischief he does is quickly dispatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of these good-natur'd passionate Men say in a mix'd Company even to his own Wife or Child, such Things as the most inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have spoke, even in Imagination. It is certain that quick Sensibility is inseparable from a ready Understanding; but why should not that good Understanding call to it self all its Force on such Occasions, to master that sudden Inclination to Anger. One of the greatest Souls now in the World[1] is the most subject by Nature to Anger, and yet so famous from a Conquest of himself this Way, that he is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's Self. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthiest Discipline we can put our selves to. When a Man has made any Progress this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneasie to himself as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he sent for, *That Blockhead*, begins he—— *Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, but Servants now a-days* ——The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to give Orders in these things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impertinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monstrous that the Shame and Confusion in which this good-natured angry Man must needs behold his Friends while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much Reflection as to create an Amendment. This is the most scandalous Disuse of Reason imaginable; all the harmless Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry Men shall, in an Instant, assemble together so many Allusions to secret Circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the best-natured Man in the whole World. If you would see Passion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reason, behold it represented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus:

Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust! Avaunt;
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.
Eternal Discord!
Fury! Revenge! Disdain and Indignation!
Tear my swoln Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.
My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Wind,
Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Every passionate Fellow in Town talks half the Day with as little Consistency, and threatens Things as much out of his Power.

The next disagreeable Person to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish Fellow. A peevish Fellow is one who has some Reason in himself for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with Pishes and Pshaws, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his Presence. There should be Physick mixed in the Food of all which these Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger passes, forsooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleas'd: but none above the Character of wearing a peevish Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All Things among Men of Sense and Condition should pass

[1] Lord Somers.

the Censure, and have the Protection, of the Eye of Reason.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peevish Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as those sort of People exert themselves most against these below them, you see their Humour best, in their Talk to their Servants. That is so like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickest Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pityful is the Condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest Scene of Anger and the Disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet Writing, and I overheard as I sat in the Back-room at a *French* Bookseller's. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect Solemn Air, and tho' a Person of great Parts otherwise, slow in understanding anything which makes against himself. The Composure of the faulty Man, and the whimsical Perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly New: After turning over many Volumes, said the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you;* Sir, said the Chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it; It is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many Years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.* My Friend, reply'd he, canst thou be so Senseless as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first Volume, and to be short I will be Paid.* Sir, answered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is lost, and learn by this little Loss to bear much greater Adversities, which you must expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me.* Friend, you grow Warm, I tell you the Book is lost, and I foresee in the Course even of a prosperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Case no need of bearing, for you have the Book.* I say, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Resignation of your self to the Distresses of this Life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The Loss is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the least Pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the Book is lost, but do not you for that Reason lose your self. T.

No. 439.] *Thursday, July* 24, 1712. [*Addison.*

Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
Ovid.

OVID describes the Palace of Fame[1] as situated in the very Center of the Universe, and perforated with so many Windows and Avenues as gave her the Sight of every thing that was done in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Sea. The Structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it Eccho'd every Word which was spoken in the whole Compass of Nature; so that the Palace, says the Poet, was always filled with a confused Hubbub of low dying Sounds, the Voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this General Rendezvous of Speeches and Whispers.

I consider Courts with the same Regard to the Governments which they superintend, as *Ovid's* Palace of Fame with regard to the Universe. The Eyes of a watchful Minister run through the whole People. There is scarce a Murmur or Complaint that does not reach his Ears. They have News-gatherers and Intelligencers distributed into their several Walks and Quarters, who bring in their respective Quotas, and make them acquainted with the Discourse and Conversation of the whole Kingdom or Common-wealth where they are employed. The wisest of Kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected Spies, who are planted by Kings and Rulers over their Fellow-Citizens, as well as to those Voluntary Informers that are buzzing about the Ears of a great Man, and making their Court by such secret Methods of Intelligence, has given us a very prudent Caution: *Curse not the King, no not in thy Thought, and Curse not the Rich in thy Bed-chamber: For a Bird of the Air shall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings shall tell the matter.*[2]

As it is absolutely necessary for Rulers to make use of other Peoples Eyes and Ears, they should take particular Care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the Person whose Life and Conversation are enquired into. A Man who is capable of so infamous a Calling as that of a Spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great Ties of Honour, or Checks of Conscience, to restrain him in those covert Evidences, where the Person accused has no Opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful, than that which is true. There will be no Occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth Discovery; so that he naturally inflames every Word and Circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious Wretches let their private Passions into these their clandestine Informations, and often wreck their particular Spite or Malice against the Person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant

[1] Metamorphoses, Bk xii.
[2] Eccl. x. 20.

Scene enough, which an *Italian* Author describes between a Spy, and a Cardinal who employed him. The Cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The Spy begins with a low Voice, Such an one, the Advocate, whispered to one of his Friends, within my Hearing, that your Eminence was a very great Poultron; and after having given his Patron Time to take it down, adds that another called him a Mercenary Rascal in a publick Conversation. The Cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The Spy proceeds, and loads him with Reports of the same Nature, till the Cardinal rises in great Wrath, calls him an impudent Scoundrel, and kicks him out of the Room.

It is observed of great and heroick Minds, that they have not only shewn a particular Disregard to those unmerited Reproaches which have been cast upon 'em, but have been altogether free from that Impertinent Curiosity of enquiring after them, or the poor Revenge of resenting them. The Histories of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* are full of this kind of Instances. Vulgar Souls are of a quite contrary Character. *Dionysius*, the Tyrant of *Sicily*, had a Dungeon which was a very curious Piece of Architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some Remains in that Island. It was called *Dionysius's* Ear, and built with several little Windings and Labyrinths in the form of a real Ear. The Structure of it made it a kind of whispering Place, but such a one as gathered the Voice of him who spoke into a Funnel, which was placed at the very Top of it. The Tyrant used to lodge all his State-Criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any Evil Designs upon him, in this Dungeon. He had at the same time an Apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the Funnel, and by that Means over-hear every thing that was whispered in [the[1]] Dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander* would rather have died by the Treason, than have used such disingenuous Means for the detecting of it.

A Man, who in ordinary Life is very Inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his Time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every Arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the Power of every insignificant Enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this Reason I could never bear one of those officious Friends, that would be telling every malicious Report, every idle Censure that [passed[2]] upon me. The Tongue of Man is so petulant, and his Thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a Stress upon any present Speeches and Opinions. Praise and Obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same Mouth upon the same Person, and upon the same Occasion. A generous Enemy will sometimes bestow Commendations, as the dearest Friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking Ill. The Man who is indifferent in either of these Respects, gives his Opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in Humour.

[1] [this] [2] [passes]

I shall conclude this Essay with Part of a Character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the first Book of his History, and which gives us the lively Picture of a great Man teizing himself with an absurd Curiosity.

'He had not that Application and Submission, 'and Reverence for the Queen, as might have been 'expected from his Wisdom and Breeding; and 'often crossed her Pretences and Desires with 'more Rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he 'was impertinently sollicitous to know what her 'Majesty said of him in private, and what Resent-'ments she had towards him. And when by some 'Confidents, who had their Ends upon him from 'those Offices, he was informed of some bitter Ex-'pressions fallen from her Majesty, he was so ex-'ceedingly afflicted and tormented with the Sense 'of it, that sometimes by passionate Complaints and 'Representations to the King; sometimes by more 'dutiful Addresses and Expostulations with the 'Queen, in bewailing his Misfortune; he fre-'quently exposed himself, and left his Condition 'worse than it was before, and the Eclaircisment 'commonly ended in the Discovery of the Persons 'from whom he had received his most secret In-'telligence.[1] C.

No. 440.] *Friday, July* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

Vivere si rectè nescis, discede peritis.—Hor.

I HAVE already given my Reader an Account of a Sett of merry Fellows, who are passing their Summer together in the Country, being provided of a great House, where there is not only a convenient Apartment for every particular Person, but a large Infirmary for the Reception of such of them as are any way indisposed, or out of Humour. Having lately received a Letter from the Secretary of this Society, by Order of the whole Fraternity, which acquaints me with their Behaviour during the last Week, I shall here make a Present of it to the Publick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are glad to find that you approve the 'Establishment which we have here made for 'the retrieving of good Manners and agreeable 'Conversation, and shall use our best Endeavours 'so to improve our selves in this our Summer Re-'tirement, that we may next Winter serve as 'Patterns to the Town. But to the end that this 'our Institution may be no less Advantageous to 'the Publick than to our selves, we shall commun-'icate to you one Week of our Proceedings, de-'siring you at the same time, if you see any thing 'faulty in them, to favour us with your Admoni-'tions. For you must know, Sir, that it has been 'proposed among us to chuse you for our Visitor, 'to which I must further add, that one of the 'College having declared last Week, he did not 'like the *Spectator* of the Day, and not being 'able to assign any just Reasons for such his

[1] Written of Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland.

'Dislike, he was sent to the Infirmary *Nemine Contradicente*.

'On *Monday* the Assembly was in very good 'Humour, having received some Recruits of '*French* Claret that Morning: when unluckily, 'towards the middle of the Dinner, one of the 'Company swore at his Servant in a very rough 'manner, for having put too much Water in his 'Wine. Upon which the President of the Day, 'who is always the Mouth of the Company, after 'having convinced him of the Impertinence of his 'Passion, and the Insult it had made upon the 'Company, ordered his Man to take him from the 'Table and convey him to the Infirmary. There 'was but one more sent away that Day; this was 'a Gentleman who is reckoned by some Persons 'one of the greatest Wits, and by others one of 'the greatest Boobies about Town. This you 'will say is a strange Character, but what makes 'it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is 'perpetually the Reverse of himself, being 'always merry or dull to Excess. We brought 'him hither to divert us, which he did very well 'upon the Road, having lavished away as much 'Wit and Laughter upon the Hackney Coachman 'as might have served him during his whole Stay 'here, had it been duly managed. He had been 'lumpish for two or three Days, but was so far 'connived at, in hopes of Recovery, that we dis-'patched one of the briskest Fellows among the 'Brotherhood into the Infirmary, for having told 'him at Table he was not merry. But our Pre-'sident observing that he indulged himself in 'this long Fit of Stupidity, and construing it as 'a Contempt of the College, ordered him to retire 'into the Place prepared for such Companions. 'He was no sooner got into it, but his Wit and 'Mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, 'that he shook the whole Infirmary with the 'Noise of it, and had so good an Effect upon the 'rest of the Patients, that he brought them all 'out to Dinner with him the next Day.

'On *Tuesday* we were no sooner sat down, but 'one of the Company complained that his Head 'aked; upon which another asked him, in an in-'solent manner, what he did there then; this in-'sensibly grew into some warm Words; so that 'the President, in order to keep the Peace, gave 'directions to take them both from the Table, and 'lodge them in the Infirmary. Not long after, 'another of the Company telling us, he knew by 'a Pain in his Shoulder that we should have 'some Rain, the President ordered him to be re-'moved, and placed as a Weather-glass in the 'Apartment above mentioned.

'On *Wednesday* a Gentleman having received 'a Letter written in a Woman's Hand, and 'changing Colour twice or thrice as he read it, 'desired leave to retire into the Infirmary. The 'President consented, but denied him the Use of 'Pen, Ink and Paper, till such time as he had 'slept upon it. One of the Company being seated 'at the lower end of the Table, and discovering 'his secret Discontent by finding fault with every 'Dish that was served up, and refusing to Laugh 'at any thing that was said, the President told 'him, that he found he was in an uneasie Seat, 'and desired him to accommodate himself better 'in the Infirmary. After Dinner a very honest 'Fellow chancing to let a Punn fall from him, his 'Neighbour cryed out, *to the Infirmary*; at the 'same time pretending to be Sick at it, as having 'the same Natural Antipathy to a Punn, which 'some have to a Cat. This produced a long 'Debate. Upon the whole, the Punnster was 'Acquitted, and his Neighbour sent off.

'On *Thursday* there was but one Delinquent. 'This was a Gentleman of strong Voice, but 'weak Understanding. He had unluckily en-'gaged himself in a Dispute with a Man of 'excellent Sense, but of a modest Elocution. 'The Man of Heat replied to every Answer of 'his Antagonist with a louder Note than ordinary, 'and only raised his Voice when he should have 'enforced his Argument. Finding himself at 'length driven to an Absurdity, he still reasoned 'in a more clamorous and confused manner, 'and to make the greater Impression upon his 'Hearers, concluded with a loud Thump upon 'the Table. The President immediately ordered 'him to be carried off, and dieted with Water-'gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently 'weakened for Conversation.

'On *Friday* there passed very little remark-'able, saving only, that several Petitions were 'read of the Persons in Custody, desiring to be 'released from their Confinement, and vouching 'for one another's good Behaviour for the future.

'On *Saturday* we received many Excuses from 'Persons who had found themselves in an unso-'ciable Temper, and had voluntarily shut them-'selves up. The Infirmary was indeed never so 'full as on this Day, which I was at some loss to 'account for, till upon my going Abroad I ob-'served that it was an Easterly Wind. The Retire-'ment of most of my Friends has given me Oppor-'tunity and Leisure of writing you this Letter, 'which I must not conclude without assuring you, 'that all the Members of our College, as well 'those who are under Confinement, as those 'who are at Liberty, are your very humble Serv-'ants, tho' none more than,

C. *&c.*

No. 441.] *Saturday, July* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.—Hor.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched Being. He is subject every Moment to the greatest Calamities and Misfortunes. He is beset with Dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless Casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them.

It is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Management of every Thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the Assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural Homage, which such a Creature

bears to so infinitely Wise and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him for the Blessings and Conveniences of Life, and an habitual Trust in him for Deliverance out of all such Dangers and Difficulties as may befall us.

The Man, who always lives in this Disposition of Mind, has not the same dark and melancholy Views of Human Nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own Weakness and Imperfection, he comforts himself with the Contemplation of those Divine Attributes, which are employed for his Safety and his Welfare. He finds his Want of Foresight made up by the Omniscience of him who is his Support. He is not sensible of his own want of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the Person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is Powerful in *his* Power, Wise by *his* Wisdom, Happy by *his* Happiness. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loses his own Insufficiency in the Fullness of Infinite Perfection.

To make our Lives more easie to us, we are commanded to put our Trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a Reliance a Duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several Motives, which might be made use of to reccommend this Duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, He will not fail those who put their Trust in him.

But without considering the Supernatural Blessing which accompanies this Duty, we may observe that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or in other Words, that this firm Trust and Confidence in the great Disposer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Person who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his Friend, often excites himself beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a Confidence of Success. I could produce Instances from History, of Generals, who out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of some invisible Assistant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a Belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a Trust in the Assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Cheerfulness, and all other Dispositions of Mind that alleviate those Calamities which we are *not* able to remove.

The Practice of this Virtue administers great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but most of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the last Moments of its [Separation,[1]] when it is just entring on another State of Existence, to converse with Scenes, and Objects, and Companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such Tremblings of Thought, such Fear, such Anxiety, such Apprehensions, but the casting of all her Cares upon him who first gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to Guide and Comfort her in her [Progress[1]] through Eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Psalm, which is a kind of *Pastoral* Hymn, and filled with those Allusions which are usual in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my Reader with the following Translation of it.[2]

I.

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around. C.

[1] [Dissolution]

[1] [Passage]

[2] By Addison.

No. 442.] *Monday, July* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Scribimus Indocti Doctique—— Hor.

I DO not know whether I enough explained my self to the World, when I invited all Men to be assistant to me in this my Work of Speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my Readers, that besides the Letters and valuable Hints I have from Time to Time received from my Correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary Papers sent with a Design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they might be printed entire, and without any Alteration, by way of *Spectator*. I must acknowledge also, that I my self being the first Projector of the Paper, thought I had a Right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own Style, by

leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the Character and Genius of my Paper, with which it was almost impossible these could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two Men think alike, and therefore so many Men so many *Spectators*. Besides, I must own my Weakness for Glory is such, that if I consulted that only, I might be so far sway'd by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a *Spectator* besides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the first Perusal of those Papers, I felt some secret Inclinations of Ill-will towards the Persons who wrote them. This was the Impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late Review (more for the Sake of Entertainment than Use) regarding them with another Eye than I had done at first, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own Use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as *Spectators*) I found my self moved by a Passion very different from that of Envy; sensibly touched with Pity, the softest and most generous of all Passions, when I reflected what a cruel Disapointment the Neglect of those Papers must needs have been to the Writers who impatiently longed to see them appear in Print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the Hopes of having a Share with me in the Applause of the Publick; a Pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a Sense of it. In this Manner of viewing those Papers, I really found I had not done them Justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the World whether it was possible to alter a Word in them without doing them a manifest Hurt and Violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native Dress and Colours: And therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the World of a considerable Satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them publick.

After I have published a few of these *Spectators*, I doubt not but I shall find the Success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An Author should take all Methods to humble himself in the Opinion he has of his own Performances. When these Papers appear to the World, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I shall not repine, though I my self shall have left me but very few Days to appear in Publick: But preferring the general Weal and Advantage to any Consideration of my self, I am resolved for the Future to publish any *Spectator* that deserves it, entire, and without any Alteration; assuring the World (if there can be Need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the Authors think fit to subscribe their Names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful Design, will be by giving out Subjects or Themes of all Kinds whatsoever, on which (with a Preamble of the extraordinary Benefit and Advantage that may accrue thereby to the Publick) I will invite all manner of Persons, whether Scholars, Citizens, Courtiers, Gentlemen of the Town or Country, and all Beaux, Rakes, Smarts, Prudes, Coquets, Housewives, and all Sorts of Wits, whether Male or Female, and however distinguished, whether they be True-Wits, Whole, or Half-Wits, or whether Arch, Dry, Natural, Acquired, Genuine, or Deprav'd Wits; and Persons of all sorts of Tempers and Complexions, whether the Severe, the Delightful, the Impertinent, the Agreeable, the Thoughtful, Busie, or Careless; the Serene or Cloudy, Jovial or Melancholy, Untowardly or Easie; the Cold, Temperate, or Sanguine; and of what Manners or Dispositions soever, whether the Ambitious or Humble-minded, the Proud or Pitiful, Ingenious or Base-minded, Good or Ill-natur'd, Publick-spirited or Selfish; and under what Fortune or Circumstance soever, whether the Contented or Miserable, Happy or Unfortunate, High or Low, Rich or Poor (whether so through Want of Money, or Desire of more) Healthy or Sickly, Married or Single; nay, whether Tall or Short, Fat or Lean; and of what Trade, Occupation, Profession, Station, Country, Faction, Party, Persuasion, Quality, Age or Condition soever, who have ever made Thinking a Part of their Business or Diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these Subjects to the World, according to their several and respective Talents or Genius's, and as the Subject given out hits their Tempers, Humours, or Circumstances, or may be made profitable to the Publick by their particular Knowledge or Experience in the Matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a Time; to the End they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible Pleasure of seeing their Essay allowed of and relished by the rest of Mankind.

I will not prepossess the Reader with too great Expectation of the extraordinary Advantages which must redound to the Publick by these Essays, when the different Thoughts and Observations of all Sorts of Persons, according to their Quality, Age, Sex, Education, Professions, Humours, Manners and Conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine Light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the World.

The Thesis *propos'd for the present Exercise of the Adventurers to write* Spectators, *is* MONEY, *on which Subject all Persons are desired to send in their Thoughts within Ten Days after the Date hereof.* T.

No. 443.] *Tuesday, July* 29, 1712. [*Steele.*

Sublatam ex oculis Quærimus invidi.—Hor.

Camilla *to the* SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Venice, July* 10, N.S.

'I TAKE it extreamly ill, that you do not 'reckon conspicuous Persons of your Nation 'are within your Cognizance, tho' out of the 'Dominions of *Great Britain*. I little thought 'in the green Years of my Life, that I should 'ever call it an Happiness to be out of dear *Eng-'land*; but as I grew to Woman, I found my 'self less acceptable in Proportion to the Encrease

'of my Merit. Their Ears in *Italy* are so differently formed from the Make of yours in *England*, that I never come upon the Stage, 'but a general Satisfaction appears in every 'Countenance of the whole People. When I 'dwell upon a Note, I behold all the Men accompanying me with Heads enclining and falling of their Persons on one Side, as dying away 'with me. The Women too do Justice to my 'Merit, and no ill-natur'd worthless Creature 'cries, *The vain Thing*, when I am rapt up in the 'Performance of my Part, and sensibly touched 'with the Effect my Voice has upon all who hear 'me. I live here distinguished as one whom 'Nature has been liberal to in a graceful Person, 'an exalted Mein, and Heavenly Voice. These 'Particularities in this strange Country, are Arguments for Respect and Generosity to her who 'is possessed of them. The *Italians* see a thousand Beauties I am sensible I have no Pretence 'to, and abundantly make up to me the Injustice 'I received in my own Country, of disallowing 'me what I really had. The Humour of Hissing, which you have among you, I do not know 'any thing of; and their Applauses are uttered 'in Sighs, and bearing a Part at the Cadences of 'Voice with the Persons who are performing. I 'am often put in Mind of those complaisant Lines 'of my own Countryman,[1] when he is calling all 'his Faculties together to hear *Arabella;*

Let all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death:
And thou, most fickle, most uneasie Part,
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busie, idle Thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulse: and let my Blood,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be softly staid;
Let me be all but my Attention dead.

'The whole City of *Venice* is as still when I am 'singing, as this Polite Hearer was to Mrs. 'Hunt. But when they break that Silence, did 'you know the Pleasure I am in, when every 'Man utters his Applause, by calling me aloud 'the *Dear Creature*, the *Angel*, the *Venus;* '*What Attitude she moves with!*—— *Hush,* 'she sings again! We have no boistrous Wits 'who dare disturb an Audience, and break the 'publick Peace meerly to shew they dare. Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I write this to you thus in Haste, 'to tell you I am so very much at ease here, that 'I know nothing but Joy; and I will not return, 'but leave you in *England* to hiss all Merit of 'your own Growth off the Stage. I know, Sir, 'you were always my Admirer, and therefore I 'am yours,

CAMILLA.[2]

'*P. S.* I am ten times better dressed than ever 'I was in *England.*

[1] William Congreve upon Arabella Hunt.
[2] Mrs. Tofts, see note on p. 38.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Project in yours of the 11th Instant, of 'furthering the Correspondence and Knowledge 'of that considerable Part of Mankind, the Trading World, cannot but be highly commendable. 'Good Lectures to young Traders may have very 'good Effects on their Conduct: but beware you 'propagate no false Notions of Trade; let none 'of your Correspondents impose on the World, 'by putting forth base Methods in a good Light, 'and glazing them over with improper Terms. 'I would have no Means of Profit set for Copies 'to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not Noise be called Industry, nor 'Impudence Courage. Let not good Fortune be 'imposed on the World for good Management, 'nor Poverty be called Folly; impute not always 'Bankruptcy to Extravagance, nor an Estate to 'Foresight; Niggardliness is not good Husbandry, nor Generosity Profusion.

'*Honestus* is a well-meaning and judicious 'Trader, hath substantial Goods, and trades with 'his own Stock; husbands his Money to the best 'Advantage, without taking all Advantages of 'the Necessities of his Workmen, or grinding the 'Face of the Poor. *Fortunatus* is stocked with 'Ignorance, and consequently with Self-Opinion; 'the Quality of his Goods cannot but be suitable 'to that of his Judgment. *Honestus* pleases 'discerning People, and keeps their Custom by 'good Usage; makes modest Profit by modest 'Means, to the decent Support of his Family: 'Whilst *Fortunatus* blustering always, pushes 'on, promising much, and performing little, with 'Obsequiousness offensive to People of Sense; 'strikes at all, catches much the greater Part; 'raises a considerable Fortune by Imposition on 'others, to the Discouragement and Ruin of 'those who trade in the same Way.

'I give here but loose Hints, and beg you to be 'very circumspect in the Province you have now 'undertaken: If you perform it successfully, it 'will be a very great Good; for nothing is more 'wanting, than that Mechanick Industry were set 'forth with the Freedom and Greatness of Mind 'which ought always to accompany a Man of a 'liberal Education.

Your humble Servant,
From my Shop under the R. C.
Royal-Exchange, July 14.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *July* 24, 1712.

'Notwithstanding the repeated Censures that 'your Spectatorial Wisdom has passed upon 'People more remarkable for Impudence than 'Wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass 'with the giddy Part of Mankind for sufficient 'Sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the 'former Qualification to recommend them. An'other timely Animadversion is absolutely neces'sary; be pleased therefore once for all to let 'these Gentlemen know, that there is neither 'Mirth nor Good Humour in hooting a young 'Fellow out of Countenance; nor that it will ever 'constitute a Wit, to conclude a tart Piece of 'Buffoonry with a *what makes you blush?* Pray 'please to inform them again, That to speak what 'they know is shocking, proceeds from ill Na-

'ture, and a Sterility of Brain; especially when 'the Subject will not admit of Raillery, and 'their Discourse has no Pretension to Satyr but 'what is in their Design to disoblige. I should be 'very glad too if you would take Notice, that a 'daily Repetition of the same over-bearing Inso-'lence is yet more insupportable, and a Confirm-'ation of very extraordinary Dulness. The sud-'den Publication of this, may have an Effect 'upon a notorious Offender of this Kind, whose 'Reformation would redound very much to the 'Satisfaction and Quiet of

Your most humble Servant,

F. B.[1]

No. 444.] *Wednesday, July* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

[*Parturiunt montes.*—Hor.[2]]

IT gives me much Despair in the Design of reforming the World by my Speculations, when I find there always arise, from one Generation to another, successive Cheats and Bubbles, as naturally as Beasts of Prey, and those which are to be their Food. There is hardly a Man in the World, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary Quack Doctors, who publish their great Abilities in little brown Billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a Man Impostors and Murderers: yet such is the Credulity of the Vulgar, and the Impudence of these Professors, that the Affair still goes on, and new Promises of what was never done before are made every Day. What aggravates the Just is, that even this Promise has been made as long as the Memory of Man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a Paper given into my Hand by a Fellow without a Nose tells us as follows what good News is come to Town, to wit, that there is now a certain Cure for the *French* Disease, by a Gentleman just come from his Travels.

In Russel-Court, *over-against the* Cannon-Ball, *at the* Surgeon's Arms *in* Drury-Lane, *is lately come from his Travels a Surgeon who has practised Surgery and Physick both by Sea and Land these twenty four Years. He (by the Blessing) cures the* Yellow Jaundice, Green Sickness, Scurvy, Dropsy, Surfeits, long Sea Voyages, Campains, and Womens Miscarriages, Lying-Inn, *&c. as some People that has been lame these thirty Years can testifie; in short, he cureth all Diseases incident to Men, Women, or Children.*[3]

If a Man could be so indolent as to look upon this Havock of the human Species which is made by Vice and Ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous Work to comment upon the Declaration of this accomplished Traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the Vulgar in those who come from a great Way off. Ignorant People of Quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this Way; many Instances of which every Man will suggest to himself without my Enumeration of them. The Ignorants of lower Order, who cannot, like the upper Ones, be profuse of their Money to those recommended by coming from a Distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their Lives from the same Admiration.

The Doctor is lately come from his Travels, and has *practised* both by Sea and Land, and therefore Cures the *Green Sickness, long Sea Voyages, Campains, and Lying-Inn.* Both by Sea and Land! ——— I will not answer for the Distempers called *Sea Voyages and Campains;* But I dare say, those of Green Sickness and Lying-Inn might be as well taken Care of if the Doctor staid a-shoar. But the Art of managing Mankind, is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their Astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your Sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious Fellow, a Barber, of my Acquaintance, who, besides his broken Fiddle and a dryed Sea-Monster, has a Twine-Cord, strained with two Nails at each End, over his Window, and the Words *Rainy, Dry, Wet,* and so forth, written, to denote the Weather according to the Rising or Falling of the Cord. We very great Scholars are not apt to wonder at this: But I observed a very honest Fellow, a chance Customer, who sate in the Chair before me to be shaved, fix his Eye upon this Miraculous Performance during the Operation upon his Chin and Face. When those and his Head also were cleared of all Incumbrances and Excrescences, he looked at the Fish, then at the Fiddle, still grubling in his Pockets, and casting his Eye again at the Twine, and the Words writ on each Side; then altered his mind as to Farthings, and gave my Friend a Silver Six-pence. The Business, as I said, is to keep up the Amazement; and if my Friend had had only the Skeleton and Kitt, he must have been contented with a less Payment. But the Doctor we were talking of, adds to his long Voyages the Testimony of some People *that has been thirty Years lame.* When I received my Paper, a sagacious Fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the Thirty Years Confinement of his Friends, and went off very well convinced of the Doctor's Sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious Persons, who have had some extraordinary Accident, at their Birth, or a great Disaster in some Part of their Lives. Any thing, however foreign from the Business the People want of you, will convince them of your Ability in that you profess. There is a Doctor in *Mouse-Alley* near *Wapping*, who sets up for curing Cataracts upon the Credit of having, as his Bill sets forth, lost an Eye in the Emperor's Service. His Patients come in upon this, and he shews the Muster-Roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's Troops; and he puts out their Eyes with great Success. Who would believe that a Man should be a Doctor for

[1] Said to be the initials of Francis Beasniffe.

[2] [—*Dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu.* Hor.]

[3] In the first issue the whole bill was published. Two-thirds of it, including its more infamous part, was omitted from the reprint, and the reader will, I hope, excuse me the citation of it in this place.

the Cure of bursten Children, by declaring that his Father and Grandfather were [born[1]] bursten? But *Charles Ingoltson*, next Door to the *Harp* in *Barbican*, has made a pretty Penny by that Asseveration. The Generality go upon their first Conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you Credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the Purpose or not, I keep a *Latin* Sentence in my Front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my Readers say, casting his Eye on my twentieth Paper, *Move* Latin *still? What a prodigious Scholar is this Man!* But as I have here taken much Liberty with this learned Doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in Earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great Man: to wit, That from *Eight to Twelve, and from Two till Six, he attends for the good of the Publick to bleed for Three Pence.* T.

No. 445.] *Thursday, July* 31, 1712. [*Addison.*

Tanti non es uis. Sapis, Luperce.—Mart.

THIS is the Day on which many eminent Authors will probably Publish their Last Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Historians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to subsist under the Weight of a Stamp, and an approaching Peace. A Sheet of Blank Paper that must have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to Communicate any thing to the Publick, will make its way in the World but very heavily. In short, the Necessity of carrying a Stamp,[2] and the Improbability of notifying a Bloody Battel, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin Folios, which

[1] [both]

[2] The Stamp Act was to take effect from the first of August. Censorship of the press began in the Church soon after the invention of printing. The ecclesiastical superintendence introduced in 1479 and 1496 was more completely established by a bull of Leo X. in 1515, which required Bishops and Inquisitors to examine all books before printing, and suppress heretical opinions. The Church of Rome still adheres to the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* begun by the Council of Trent in 1546; and there is an Index Expurgatorius for works partly prohibited, or to be read after expurgation. In accordance with this principle, the licensing of English books had been in the power of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his delegates before the decree of the Star Chamber in 1637, which ordered that all books of Divinity, Physic, Philosophy, and Poetry should be licensed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the Bishop of London personally or through their appointed substitutes. The object of this decree was to limit the reprint of old books of divinity, &c. Thus Foxe's Book of Martyrs was denied a license. In 1640 Sir Edward Dering complained to Parliament that 'the most 'learned labours of our ancient and best divines 'must now be corrected and defaced with a '*deleatur* by the supercilious pen of my Lord's 'young chaplain, fit, perhaps, for the technical 'arts, but unfit to hold the chair of Divinity.' (Rushworth's Hist. Coll. iv. 55.) Historical works seem to have been submitted to the Secretary of State for his sanction. To May's poem of the *Victorious Reign of King Edward the Third* is prefixed, 'I have perused this Book, 'and conceive it very worthy to be published. Io. 'Coke, Knight, Principal Secretary of State, 'Whitehall, 17 of November, 1634.' But Aleyn's metrical *History of Henry VII.* (1638) is licensed by the Bishop of London's domestic chaplain, who writes: 'Perlegi historicum hoc poema, 'dignumque judico quod Typis mandetur. Tho. 'Wykes R. P. Episc. Lond. Chapell. Domest.' The first newspaper had been *the Weekly Newes*, first published May 23, 1622, at a time when, says Sir Erskine May (in his *Constitutional History of England*, 1760—1860), 'political discussion was 'silenced by the licenser, the Star Chamber, the 'dungeon, the pillory, mutilation, and branding.' The contest between King and Commons afterwards developed the free controversial use of tracts and newspapers, but the Parliament was not more tolerant than the king, and against the narrow spirit of his time Milton rose to his utmost height, fashioning after the masterpiece of an old Greek orator who sought to stir the blood of the Athenians, his Areopagitica, or Defence of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. In the reign of Charles II. the Licensing Act (13 and 14 Charles II. cap. 33) placed the control of printing in the Government, confined exercise of the printer's art to London, York, and the Universities, and limited the number of the master printers to twenty. Government established a monopoly of news in the London Gazette. 'Authors and printers of obnoxious 'works,' says Sir E. May, citing cases in notes, 'were hung, quartered, and mutilated, exposed in 'the pillory and flogged, or fined and imprisoned, 'according to the temper of their judges: their 'productions were burned by the common hang-'man. Freedom of opinion was under interdict: 'even news could not be published without li-'cense. . . James II. and his infamous judges 'carried the Licensing Act into effect with bar-'barous severity. But the Revolution brought 'indulgence even to the Jacobite Press; and when 'the Commons, in 1695, refused to renew the Li-'censing Act, a censorship of the press was for 'ever renounced by the law of England.' There remained, however, a rigorous interpretation of the libel laws; Westminster Hall accepting the traditions of the Star Chamber. Still there was enough removal of restriction to ensure the multiplication of newspapers and the blending of intelligence with free political discussion. In Queen Anne's reign the virulence of party spirit produced bitter personal attacks and willingness on either side to bring an antagonist under the libel laws. At the date of this *Spectator* paper Henry St. John, who had been made Secretary

have every other Day retailed to us the History of *Europe* for several Years last past. A Facetious Friend of mine, who loves a Punn, calls this present Mortality among Authors, *The Fall of the Leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter's* Death, there was Published a Sheet of very good Sayings, inscribed, *The last Words of Mr.* Baxter. The Title sold so great a Number of these Papers, that about a Week after there came out a second Sheet, inscrib'd, *More last Words of Mr.* Baxter. In the same manner, I have Reason to think, that several Ingenious Writers, who have taken their Leave of the Publick, in farewell Papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, tho' perhaps under another Form, and with a different Title. Be that as it will, it is my Business, in this place, to give an Account of my own Intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the Motives by which I Act, in this great Crisis of the Republick of Letters.

I have been long debating in my own Heart, whether I should throw up my Pen, as an Author that is cashiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to Operate within these Four and Twenty Hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my Speculations, from Day to Day, before the Publick. The Argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the Question is, that I am informed by my Bookseller he must raise the Price of every single Paper to Two-Pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the Duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my Readers should have their Learning as cheap as possible, it is with great Difficulty that I comply with him in this Particular.

However, upon laying my Reasons together in the Balance, I find that those which plead for the Continuance of this Work, have much the greater Weight. For, in the first Place, in Recompence for the Expence to which this will put my Readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every Paper so much Instruction, as will be a very good Equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who after the Perusal of it, does not find himself Two-pence the wiser, or the better Man for it; or who upon Examination, does not believe that he has had Two-pennyworth of Mirth or Instruction for his Money.

But I must confess there is another Motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the Tax on Paper was given for the Support of the Government; and as I have Enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my Paper, on such an Occasion, to a Spirit of Malecontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the Weal Publick; and if my Country receives Five or Six Pounds a-day by my Labours, I shall be very well pleased to find my self so useful a Member. It is a received Maxim, that no honest Man should enrich himself by Methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives; and by the same Rule I think we may pronounce the Person to deserve very well of his Countrymen, whose Labours bring more into the publick Coffers, than into his own Pocket.

Since I have mentioned the Word Enemies, I must explain my self so far as to acquaint my Reader, that I mean only the insignificant Party Zealots on both sides; Men of such poor narrow Souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an Eye to Whig or Tory. During the Course of this Paper, I have been accused by these despicable Wretches of Trimming, Time-serving, Personal Reflection, secret Satire, and the like. Now, tho' in these my Compositions, it is visible to any Reader of Common Sense, that I consider nothing but my Subject, which is always of an indifferent Nature; how is it possible for me to write so clear of Party, as not to lie open to the Censures of those who will be applying every Sentence, and finding out Persons and Things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several Paltry Scriblers and Declaimers have

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of State at the age of 32, was 34 years old, and the greatest commoner in England, as Swift said, turning the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him. This great position and the future it might bring him he was throwing away for a title, and becoming Viscount Bolingbroke. His last political act as a commoner was to impose the halfpenny stamp upon newspapers and sheets like those of the *Spectator*. Intolerant of criticism, he had in the preceding session brought to the bar of the House of Commons, under his warrant as Secretary of State, fourteen printers and publishers. In the beginning of 1712, the Queen's message had complained that by seditious papers and factious rumours designing men had been able to sink credit, and the innocent had suffered. On the 12th of February a committee of the whole house was appointed to consider how to stop the abuse of the liberty of the press. Some were for a renewal of the Licensing Act, some for requiring writers' names after their articles. The Government carried its own design of a halfpenny stamp by an Act (10 Anne, cap. 19) passed on the 10th of June, which was to come in force on the 1st of August, 1712, and be in force for 32 years. 'Do 'you know,' wrote Swift to Stella five days after the date of this *Spectator* paper, 'Do you know 'that all Grub-street is dead and gone last week? 'No more ghosts or murders now for love or 'money. . . Every single half sheet pays a 'halfpenny to the Queen. The *Observator* is 'fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with 'the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; 'the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price: I 'know not how long it will last.' It so happened that the mortality was greatest among Government papers. The Act presently fell into abeyance, was revived in 1725, and thenceforth maintained the taxation of newspapers until the abolition of the Stamp in 1859. One of its immediate effects was a fall in the circulation of the *Spectator*. The paper remained unchanged, and some of its subscribers seem to have resented the doubling of the tax upon them, by charging readers an extra penny for each halfpenny with which it had been taxed. (See No. 488.)

done me the Honour to be dull upon me in Reflections of this Nature; but notwithstanding my Name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible Tribe of Men, I have hitherto avoided all Animadversions upon 'em. The Truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking Notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible Insects which are discover'd by the Microscope, and cannot be made the Subject of Observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the Enemies of this Paper, I should be very ungrateful to the Publick, did not I at the same time testifie my Gratitude to those who are its Friends, in which Number I may reckon many of the most distinguished Persons of all Conditions, Parties and Professions in the Isle of *Great-Britain*. I am not so vain as to think this Approbation is so much due to the Performance as to the Design. There is, and ever will be, Justice enough in the World, to afford Patronage and Protection for those who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue, without regard to the Passions and Prejudices of any particular Cause or Faction. If I have any other Merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the Batteries of Ridicule. They have been generally planted against Persons who have appeared Serious rather than Absurd; or at best, have aimed rather at what is Unfashionable than what is Vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing Ridiculous that is not in some measure Criminal. I have set up the Immoral Man as the Object of Derision: In short; if I have not formed a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion, I have at least shewn how that Weapon may be put to a right Use, which has so often fought the Battels of Impiety and Profaneness. C.

No. 446.] *Friday, August* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid deceat, quid non; quò Virtus, quò ferat Error.—Hor.

SINCE two or three Writers of Comedy who are now living have taken their Farewell of the Stage, those who succeed them finding themselves incapable of rising up to their Wit, Humour and good Sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded Strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt Taste of the more Vicious Part of their Audience. When Persons of a low Genius attempt this kind of Writing, they know no difference between being Merry and being Lewd. It is with an Eye to some of these degenerate Compositions that I have written the following Discourse.

Were our *English* Stage but half so virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we should quickly see the Influence of it in the Behaviour of all the Politer Part of Mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule Religion, or its Professors; the Man of Pleasure would not be the compleat Gentleman; Vanity would be out of Countenance, and every Quality which is Ornamental to Human Nature, would meet with that Esteem which is due to it.

If the *English* Stage were under the same Regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the same Effect that had, in recommending the Religion, the Government, and Publick Worship of its Country. Were our Plays subject to proper Inspections and Limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant Hours in the highest Entertainments; but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our Age, that the Lewdness of our Theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the Licentiousness of the Theatre, and make it contribute its Assistance to the Advancement of Morality, and to the Reformation of the Age. As Matters stand at present, Multitudes are shut out from this noble Diversion, by reason of those Abuses and Corruptions that accompany it. A Father is often afraid that his Daughter should be ruin'd by those Entertainments, which were invented for the Accomplishment and Refining of Human Nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* Plays were written with such a Regard to Morality, that *Socrates* use to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

It happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* Theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be represented; and as in that Performance, which was a kind of Religious Ceremony, there were several indecent Parts to be acted, the People refused to see them whilst *Cato* was present. *Martial* on this Hint made the following Epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave Friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such Entertainment.

Nosces jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

Why dost thou come, great Censor of the Age,
To see the loose Diversions of the Stage?
With awful Countenance and Brow severe,
What in the Name of Goodness dost thou here?
See the mixt Crowd! how Giddy, Lewd and Vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

An Accident of this Nature might happen once in an Age among the *Greeks* or *Romans;* but they were too wise and good to let the constant Nightly Entertainment be of such a Nature, that People of the most Sense and Virtue could not be at it. Whatever Vices are represented upon the Stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the Poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the Person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the *English* Comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary Maxim, and that this Rule, tho' it held good upon the Heathen Stage, was not to be regarded in Christian Theatres. There is another Rule likewise, which was observed by Authors of Antiquity, and which these modern

Genius's have no regard to, and that was never to chuse an improper Subject for Ridicule. Now a Subject is improper for Ridicule, if it is apt to stir up Horrour and Commiseration rather than Laughter. For this Reason, we do not find any Comedy in so polite an Author as *Terence*, raised upon the Violations of the Marriage-Bed. The Falshood of the Wife or Husband has given Occasion to noble Tragedies, but a *Scipio* or a *Lelius* would have look'd upon Incest or Murder to have been as proper Subjects for Comedy. On the contrary, Cuckoldom is the Basis of most of our Modern Plays. If an Alderman appears upon the Stage, you may be sure it is in order to be Cuckolded. An Husband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the same Fate. Knights and Baronets, Country Squires, and Justices of the *Quorum*, come up to Town for no other Purpose. I have seen poor *Dogget* Cuckolded in all these Capacities. In short, our *English* Writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy Creature, commonly known by the Name of a Cuckold, as the Ancient Comick Writers were upon an eating Parasite, or a vain-glorious Soldier.

At the same time the Poet so contrives Matters, that the two Criminals are the Favourites of the Audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole Play, are pleased when they meet with proper Opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The Truth of it is, the accomplished Gentleman upon the *English* Stage, is the Person that is familiar with other Men's Wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine Woman is generally a Composition of Sprightliness and Falshood. I do not know whether it proceeds from Barrenness of Invention, Depravation of Manners, or Ignorance of Mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary Poets cannot frame to themselves the Idea of a Fine Man who is not a Whore-master, or of a Fine Woman that is not a Jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compiling a System of Ethics out of the Writings of these corrupt Poets, under the Title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this Thought, by a Project which has been executed by an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance. He has compos'd, it seems, the History of a young Fellow, who has taken all his Notions of the World from the Stage, and who has directed himself in every Circumstance of his Life and Conversation, by the Maxims and Examples of the Fine Gentlemen in *English* Comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a Copy of this new-fashioned Novel, I will bestow on it a Place in my Works, and question not but it may have as good an Effect upon the Drama, as *Don Quixote* had upon Romance.

C.

No. 447.] *Saturday, August* 2, 1712. [*Addison.*

Φημὶ πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμμεναι, φίλε· καὶ δὴ
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελεύτῶσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

THERE is not a Common Saying which has a better turn of Sense in it, than what we often hear in the Mouths of the Vulgar, that Custom is a second Nature. It is indeed able to form the Man anew, and to give him Inclinations and Capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. *Plot*, in his History of *Staffordshire*,[1] tells us of an Ideot that chancing to live within the Sound of a Clock, and always amusing himself with counting the Hour of the Day whenever the Clock struck, the Clock being spoiled by some Accident, the Ideot continued to strike and count the Hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the Truth of this Story, it is very certain that Custom has a Mechanical Effect upon the Body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary Influence upon the Mind.

I shall in this Paper consider one very remarkable Effect which Custom has upon Human Nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful Rules of Life. What I shall here take notice of in Custom, is its wonderful Efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A Person who is addicted to Play or Gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an Inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only End of his Being. The Love of a retired or busie Life will grow upon a Man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a Man may Smoak, or Drink, or take Snuff, till he is unable to pass away his Time without it; not to mention our Delight in any particular Study, Art, or Science, rises and improves in Proportion to the Application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an Exercise, becomes at length an Entertainment. Our Employments are changed into our Diversions. The Mind grows fond of those Actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with Reluctancy from those Paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such Actions as were at first Indifferent to us, but even such as were Painful, will by Custom and Practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his Natural Philosophy, that our Taste is never pleased better,

[1] Natural History of Staffordshire, by Robert Plot, L.L.D., fol. 1686. Dr. Plot wrote also a Natural History of Oxfordshire, and was a naturalist of mark, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, First Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Historiographer Royal, and Archivist of the Herald's Office. He died in 1696, aged 55.

than with those things which at first created a Disgust in it. He gives particular Instances of Claret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first Taste; but when it has once got a Relish of them, generally retains it for Life. The Mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated her self to any particular Exercise or Employment, not only loses her first Aversion towards it, but conceives a certain Fondness and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest Genius's this Age has produced,[1] who had been trained up in all the Polite Studies of Antiquity assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several Rolls and Records, that notwithstanding such an Employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible Pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will observe, that I have not here considered Custom as it makes things easie, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same Reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those Uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this Property of Human Nature, it may instruct us in very fine Moralities. In the first place, I would have no Man discouraged with that kind of Life or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but Use and Application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place I would recommend to every one that admirable Precept which *Pythagoras*[2] is said to have given to his Disciples, and which that Philosopher must have drawn from the Observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most Excellent, and Custom will render it the most Delightful. Men, whose Circumstances will permit them to chuse their own Way of Life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their Judgment tells them is the most laudable. The Voice of Reason is more to be regarded than the Bent of any present Inclination, since by the Rule above mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reason, though we can never force Reason to comply with Inclination.

In the third place, this Observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious Man, to overlook those Hardships and Difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the Prosecution of a Virtuous Life. *The Gods*, said *Hesiod*,[3] *have placed Labour before Virtue, the Way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easier the further you advance in it.* The Man who proceeds in it, with Steadiness and Resolution, will in a little time find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and that all her Paths are Peace.*

To enforce this Consideration, we may further observe that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleasure, which naturally accompanies those Actions to which we are habituated, but with those Supernumerary Joys of Heart, that rise from the Consciousness of such a Pleasure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reason, and from the Prospect of an happy Immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this Observation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care, when we are once settled in a regular Course of Life, how we too frequently indulge our selves in any of the most innocent Diversions and Entertainments, since the Mind may insensibly fall off from the Relish of virtuous Actions, and, by degrees, exchange that Pleasure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

The last Use which I shall make of this remarkable Property in Human Nature, of being delighted with those Actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the next. The State of Bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those Minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this World, gain a Relish of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taste that Knowledge and Perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of those spiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to rise up and Flourish in the Soul to all Eternity, must be planted in her, during this her present State of Probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

On the other hand, those evil Spirits, who, by long Custom, have contracted in the Body Habits of Lust and Sensuality, Malice and Revenge, an Aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for Pain and Misery. Their Torments have already taken root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the Body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant Pleasure in those Actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this Life; but when they are removed from all those Objects which are here apt to gratifie them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful Habits of Mind, which are called, [in*] Scripture Phrase, the Worm which never dies. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved by many Eminent Divines of the last Age, as in particular

[1] Dr. Atterbury.

[2] Diogenes Laertius, Bk viii.

[3] The paths of Virtue must be reached by toil,
Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil,
Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain,
Fair is the future and the prospect plain.
Works and Days, Bk i. *(Cooke's Translation).*

[*] [in the]

by Arch-Bishop *Tillotson* and Dr. *Sherlock*, but there is none who has raised such noble Speculations upon it as Dr. *Scott*,[1] in the First Book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Tongue, or in any other. That Excellent Author has shewn how every particular Custom and Habit of Virtue will, in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: As on the contrary, how every Custom or Habit of Vice will be the natural Hell of him in whom it subsists. C.

No. 448.] *Monday, August* 4, 1712. [*Steele.*

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.—Juv.

THE first Steps towards Ill are very carefully to be avoided, for Men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively Abhorrence of the least Unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous Falshood that People indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater Detestation than it commonly meets with: What I mean is a Neglect of Promises made on small and indifferent Occasions, such as Parties of Pleasure, Entertainments, and sometimes Meetings out of Curiosity in Men of like Faculties to be in each other's Company. There are many Causes to which one may assign this light Infidelity. *Jack Sippet* never keeps the Hour he has appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner; but he is an insignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Disturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes Care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his Place after having discomposed every Body, and desires there may be no Ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest Fellow, in disappointing so many Places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the Fop's Vanity to name Houses of better Chear, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day. The last Time I had the Fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the Manners of such a Wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his Circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable Habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at Ease, and suppose a Set of People who have a Kindness for him, at that Moment waiting out of Respect to him, and refusing to taste their Food or Conversation with the utmost Impatience. One of these Promisers sometimes shall make his Excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the Company have only to lament, that they have neglected Matters of Moment to meet him whom they find a Trifler. They immediately repent of the Value they had for him; and such Treatment repeated, makes Company never depend upon his Promise any more; so that he often comes at the Middle of a Meal, where he is secretly slighted by the Persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the Servants, whose Dinner is delayed by his prolonging their Master's Entertainment. It is wonderful, that Men guilty this Way, could never have observed, that the whiling Time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before Dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any Part in the four and twenty Hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their Guilt, in lengthning such a Suspension of agreeable Life. The constant offending this Way, has, in a Degree, an Effect upon the Honesty of his Mind who is guilty of it, as common Swearing is a kind of habitual Perjury: It makes the Soul unattentive to what an Oath is, even while it utters it at the Lips. *Phocion* beholding a wordy Orator while he was making a magnificent Speech to the People full of vain Promises, *Methinks*, said he, *I am now fixing my Eyes upon a Cypress Tree, it has all the Pomp and Beauty imaginable in its Branches, Leaves, and Height, but alas it bears no Fruit.*

Though the Expectation which is raised by impertinent Promisers is thus barren, their Confidence, even after Failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant Liar, the Boaster, and the Castle-Builder, and treated them as no ill-designing Men, (tho' they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones) but Persons who fall into that Way purely to recommend themselves by their Vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless Promisers, though in the most minute Circumstances, pass with so slight a Censure. If a Man should take a Resolution to pay only Sums above an hundred Pounds, and yet contract with different People Debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his Credit? This Man will as long support his good Name in Business, as he will in Conversation, who without Difficulty makes Assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this Vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great Criminal my self. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all other my Friends who are scrupulous to Promises of the meanest Consideration imaginable from an Habit of Virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take Shame upon my self for this Crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the Sort, that when as agreeable a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be of the Party with Women of Merit, like a Booby as I was, mistook the time of Meeting, and came the Night following. I wish every Fool who is negligent in this Kind, may have as great a Loss as I had in this; for the same Com-

[1] John Scott, a young tradesman of Chippenham, Wilts., prevailed on his friends to send him to Oxford, and became D.D. in 1685. He was minister of St. Thomas's, Southwark, Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Canon of Windsor, and refused a Bishopric. He was a strong opponent of the Catholics, and his 'Christian Life,' in folio, and 5 vols. 8vo, became very popular. He died in 1694.

pany will never meet more, but are dispersed into various Parts of the World, and I am left under the Compunction that I deserve, in so many different Places to be called a Trifler.

This Fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable People are fearful of appearing precious and reserved by Denials; but they will find the Apprehension of that Imputation will betray them into a childish Impotence of Mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft Creatures into the Misfortune of seeming to return Overtures of Good-will with Ingratitude. The first Steps in the Breach of a Man's Integrity are much more important than Men are aware of The Man who scruples breaking his Word in little Things would not suffer in his own Conscience so great Pain for Failures of Consequence, as he who thinks every little Offence against Truth and Justice a Disparagement. We should not make any thing we our selves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our Integrity.

I remember a Falshood of the trivial Sort, tho' not in relation to Assignations, that exposed a Man to a very uneasie Adventure. *Will. Trap* and *Jack Stint* were Chamber-fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about 25 Years ago. They one Night sate in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her entered both Hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Address privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-Maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint's* Letters, and giving him appointments at third Places. *Trap* began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discovered also that *Stint* opened all his Letters which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore writ a Letter in a feigned Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surpriz'd to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows.

Mr. *Stint*,

'You have gained a slight Satisfaction at 'the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. 'At the Price of a faithful Friend you have ob- 'tained an inconstant Mistress. I rejoice in this 'Expedient I have thought of to break my Mind 'to you, and tell you, You are a base Fellow, by 'a Means which does not expose you to the 'Affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as 'criminal as you are, you have still Shame enough 'to avenge yourself against the Hardiness of any 'one that should publickly tell you of it. I there- 'fore, who have received so many secret Hurts 'from you, shall take Satisfaction with Safety to 'my self. I call you Base, and you must bear 'it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that 'you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dis- 'honourable to come in Armour to assault him, 'who was in Ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of 'being guilty of the basest Practice imaginable, 'than that it is such as has made you liable to be 'treated after this Manner, while you your self 'cannot in your own Conscience but allow the 'Justice of the Upbraidings of

Your Injur'd Friend,

T. Ralph Trap.

No. 449.] *Tuesday, August* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Tibi scriptus, Matrona, libellus.—Mart.

WHEN I reflect upon my Labours for the Publick, I cannot but observe, that Part of the Species, of which I profess my self a Friend and Guardian, is sometimes treated with Severity; that is, there are in my Writings many Descriptions given of ill Persons, and not yet any direct Encomium made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this Error, I could not but immediately call to Mind several of the Fair Sex of my Acquaintance, whose Characters deserve to be transmitted to Posterity in Writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a Reason why I should not give them their Place in my Diurnal as long as it will last. For the Service therefore of my Female Readers, I shall single out some Characters of Maids, Wives and Widows, which deserve the Imitation of the Sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious Number of Heroines shall be the amiable *Fidelia*.

Before I enter upon the particular Parts of her Character, it is necessary to Preface, that she is the only Child of a decrepid Father, whose Life is bound up in hers. This Gentleman has used *Fidelia* from her Cradle with all the Tenderness imaginable, and has view'd her growing Perfections with the Partiality of a Parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the Children of all other Men, but never thought she was come to the utmost Improvement of which she her self was capable. This Fondness has had very happy Effects upon his own Happiness, for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her Spinet and Lute to the utmost Perfection: And the Lady's Use of all these Excellencies, is to divert the old Man in his easie Chair, when he is out of the Pangs of a Chronical Distemper. *Fidelia* is now in the twenty third Year of her Age; but the Application of many Lovers, her vigorous time of Life, her quick Sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune, are not able to draw her from the Side of her good old Father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of Affection so pure and angelick as that of a Father to a Daughter. He beholds her both with, and without Regard to her Sex. In Love to our Wives there is Desire, to our Sons there is Ambition; but in that to our Daughters, there is something which there are no Words to express. Her Life is designed wholly Domestick, and she

is so ready a Friend and Companion, that every thing that passes about a Man, is accompanied with the Idea of her Presence. Her Sex also is naturally so much exposed to Hazard, both as to Fortune and Innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new Cause of Fondness arising from that Consideration also. None but Fathers can have a true Sense of these sort of Pleasures and Sensations; but my Familiarity with the Father of *Fidelia*, makes me let drop the Words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his Tenderness towards her.

Fidelia on her Part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her Beauty, Wit, Air, and Mien, employs her whole Time in Care and Attendance upon her Father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous Women the Age has produced on her Knees helping on an old Man's Slipper! Her filial Regard to him is what she makes her Diversion, her Business, and her Glory. When she was asked by a Friend of her deceased Mother to admit of the Courtship of her Son, she answer'd, That she had a great Respect and Gratitude to her for the Overture in Behalf of one so near to her, but that during her Father's Life, she would admit into her Heart no Value for any thing that should interfere with her Endeavour to make his Remains of Life as happy and easie as could be expected in his Circumstances. The Lady admonished her of the Prime of Life with a Smile; which *Fidelia* answered with a Frankness that always attends unfeigned Virtue. *It is true, Madam, there is to be sure very great Satisfactions to be expected in the Commerce of a Man of Honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much Satisfaction in the Reflection, how much I mitigate a good Man's Pains, whose Welfare depends upon my Assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose Gratifications of Passion for the solid Reflections of Duty. I know not whether any Man's Wife would be allow'd, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a Wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my Parent.* The happy Father has her Declaration that she will not marry during his Life, and the Pleasure of seeing that Resolution not uneasie to her. Were one to paint filial Affection in its utmost Beauty, he could not have a more lively Idea of it than in beholding *Fidelia* serving her Father at his Hours of Rising, Meals, and Rest.

When the general Crowd of Female Youth are consulting their Glasses, preparing for Balls, Assemblies, or Plays; for a young Lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those Places, either for her Person, Wit, Fortune, or Conversation, and yet contemn all these Entertainments, to sweeten the heavy Hours of a decrepid Parent, is a Resignation truly heroick. *Fidelia* performs the Duty of a Nurse with all the Beauty of a Bride; nor does she neglect her Person, because of her Attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive Company, to whom she may make an Appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her Youth, does not think it any great Sacrifice to add to it the Spoiling of her Dress. Her Care and Exactness in her Habit, convince her Father of the Alacrity of her Mind; and she has of all Women the best Foundation for affecting the Praise of a seeming Negligence. What adds to the Entertainment of the good old Man is, that *Fidelia*, where Merit and Fortune cannot be overlook'd by Epistolary Lovers, reads over the Accounts of her Conquests, plays on her Spinet the gayest Airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for Gallantry) to intimate to him the Pleasures she despises for his Sake.

Those who think themselves the Patterns of good Breeding and Gallantry, would be astonished to hear that in those Intervals when the old Gentleman is at Ease, and can bear Company, there are at his House in the most regular Order, Assemblies of People of the highest Merit; where there is Conversation without Mention of the Faults of the Absent, Benevolence between Men and Women without Passion, and the highest Subjects of Morality treated of as natural and accidental Discourse; All which is owing to the Genius of *Fidelia*, who at once makes her Father's Way to another World easie, and her self capable of being an Honour to his Name in this.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other Day at the *Bear-Garden*, in 'hopes to have seen your short Face; but not 'being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of 'Letter, That there is a Mystery among the 'Gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial 'Penetration. For being in a Box at an Ale-'house, near that renowned Seat of Honour above-'mentioned, I over-heard two Masters of the 'Science agreeing to quarrel on the next Oppor-'tunity. This was to happen in the Company of 'a Set of the Fraternity of Basket-Hilts, who were 'to meet that Evening. When this was settled, 'one asked the other, Will you give Cuts or re-'ceive? the other answered, Receive. It was 'replied, Are you a passionate Man? No, pro-'vided you cut no more nor no deeper than we 'agree. I thought it my Duty to acquaint you 'with this, that the People may not pay their 'Money for Fighting, and be cheated.

Your Humble Servant,
T. Scabbard Rusty.

No. 450.] *Wednesday, August* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Quærenda pecunia primum
Virtus post nummos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ALL Men, through different Paths, make at 'the same common thing, *Money;* and it 'is to her we owe the Politician, the Merchant, 'and the Lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I 'believe to that also we are beholden for our '*Spectator*. I am apt to think, that could we look 'into our own Hearts, we should see Money in-'graved in them in more lively and moving Cha-'racters than Self-Preservation; for who can re-'flect upon the Merchant hoisting Sail in a doubt-'ful Pursuit of her, and all Mankind sacrificing

'their Quiet to her, but must perceive that the 'Characters of Self-Preservation (which were 'doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if 'not wholly defaced; and that those of Money '(which at first was only valuable as a Mean to 'Security) are of late so brightened, that the Cha-'racters of Self-Preservation, like a less Light set 'by a greater, are become almost imperceptible? 'Thus has Money got the upper Hand of what 'all Mankind formerly thought most dear, *viz.* 'Security; and I wish I could say she had here 'put a Stop to her Victories; but, alas! common 'Honesty fell a Sacrifice to her. This is the Way 'Scholastick Men talk of the greatest Good in 'the World; but I, a Tradesman, shall give you 'another Account of this Matter in the plain Nar-'rative of my own Life. I think it proper, in the 'first Place, to acquaint my Readers, that since 'my setting out in the World, which was in the 'Year 1660, I never wanted Money; having begun 'with an indifferent good Stock in the Tobacco-'Trade, to which I was bred; and by the con-'tinual Successes, it has pleased Providence to 'bless my Endeavours with, am at last arrived at 'what they call a *Plumb*.[1] To uphold my Dis-'course in the Manner of your Wits of Philoso-'phers, by speaking fine things, or drawing In-'ferences, as they pretend, from the Nature of 'the Subject, I account it vain; having never 'found any thing in the Writings of such Men, 'that did not favour more of the Invention of the 'Brain, or what is styled Speculation, than of 'sound Judgment or profitable Observation. I 'will readily grant indeed, that there is what the 'Wits call Natural in their Talk; which is the 'utmost those curious Authors can assume to 'themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, 'for they are but lamentable Teachers. And, 'what, I pray, is Natural? That which is pleasing 'and easie: And what are Pleasing and Easie? 'Forsooth, a new Thought or Conceit dressed up 'in smooth quaint Language, to make you smile 'and wag your Head, as being what you never 'imagined before, and yet wonder why you had 'not; meer frothy Amusements! fit only for Boys 'or silly Women to be caught with.

'It is not my present Intention to instruct my 'Readers in the Methods of acquiring Riches; 'that may be the Work of another Essay; but to 'exhibit the real and solid Advantages I have 'found by them in my long and manifold Ex-'perience; nor yet all the Advantages of so worthy 'and valuable a Blessing, (for who does not know 'or imagine the Comforts of being warm or living 'at Ease? And that Power and Preheminence are 'their inseperable Attendants?) But only to in-'stance the great Supports they afford us under 'the severest Calamities and Misfortunes; to shew 'that the Love of them is a special Antidote 'against Immorality and Vice, and that the same 'does likewise naturally dispose Men to Actions 'of Piety and Devotion: All which I can make 'out by my own Experience, who think my self 'no ways particular from the rest of Mankind, 'nor better nor worse by Nature than generally 'other Men are.

[1] £100,000.

'In the Year 1665, when the Sickness was, I 'lost by it my Wife and two Children, which were 'all my Stock. Probably I might have had more, 'considering I was married between 4 and 5 'Years; but finding her to be a teeming Woman, 'I was careful; as having then little above a Brace 'of thousand Pounds, to carry on my Trade and 'maintain a Family with. I loved them as usually 'Men do their Wives and Children, and therefore 'could not resist the first Impulses of Nature on 'so wounding a Loss; but I quickly roused my 'self, and found Means to alleviate, and at last 'conquer my Affliction, by reflecting how that she 'and her Children having been no great Expence 'to me, the best Part of her Fortune was still left; 'that my Charge being reduced to my self, a 'Journeyman, and a Maid, I might live far cheaper 'than before; and that being now a childless 'Widower, I might perhaps marry a no less de-'serving Woman, and with a much better Fortune 'than she brought, which was but 800*l.* And to 'convince my Readers that such Considerations 'as these were proper and apt to produce such an 'Effect, I remember it was the constant Observa-'tion at that deplorable Time, when so many 'Hundreds were swept away daily, that the Rich 'ever bore the Loss of their Families and Rela-'tions far better than the Poor; the latter having 'little or nothing before-hand, and living from 'Hand to Mouth, placed the whole Comfort and 'Satisfaction of their Lives in their Wives and 'Children, and were therefore inconsolable.

'The following Year happened the Fire; at 'which Time, by good Providence, it was my For-'tune to have converted the greatest Part of my 'Effects into ready Money, on the Prospect of an 'extraordinary Advantage which I was preparing 'to lay Hold on. This Calamity was very terrible 'and astonishing, the Fury of the Flames being 'such, that whole Streets, at several distant 'Places, were destroyed at one and the same 'Time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our 'Citizens were burnt out of what they had. But 'what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on 'the Ruins of our noble Metropolis; I did not 'shake my Head, wring my Hands, sigh, and shed 'Tears; I consider'd with my self what could this 'avail; I fell a plodding what Advantages might 'be made of the ready Cash I had, and immedi-'ately bethought my self what wonderful Penny-'worths might be bought of the Goods, that were 'saved out of the Fire. In short, with about '2000*l.* and a little Credit, I bought as much To-'bacco as rais'd my Estate to the Value of 10000*l.* 'I then *looked on the Ashes of our City, and the 'Misery of its late Inhabitants, as an Effect of 'the just Wrath and Indignation of Heaven to-'wards a sinful and perverse People.*

'After this I married again, and that Wife 'dying, I took another; but both proved to be 'idle Baggages: the first gave me a great deal of 'Plague and Vexation by her Extravagancies, and 'I became one of the Bywords of the City. I 'knew it would be to no manner of Purpose to go 'about to curb the Fancies and Inclinations of 'Women, which fly out the more for being re-'strained; but what I could I did. I watched 'her narrowly, and by good Luck found her in the

'Embraces (for which I had two Witnesses with 'me) of a wealthy Spark of the Court-end of the 'Town; of whom I recovered 15000 Pounds, 'which made me Amends for what she had idly 'squander'd, and put a Silence to all my Neigh-'bours, taking off my Reproach by the Gain they 'saw I had by it. The last died about two Years 'after I married her, in Labour of three Children. 'I conjecture they were begotten by a Country 'Kinsman of hers, whom, at her Recommendation, 'I took into my Family, and gave Wages to as a 'Journeyman. What this Creature expended in 'Delicacies and high Diet with her Kinsman (as 'well as I could compute by the Poulterers, Fish-'mongers, and Grocers Bills) amounted in the 'said two Years to one hundred eighty six 'Pounds, four Shillings, and five Pence Half-'penny. The fine Apparel, Bracelets, Lockets, 'and Treats, &c. of the other, according to the 'best Calculation, came in three Years and about 'three Quarters to Seven hundred forty four 'Pounds, seven Shillings and nine Pence. After 'this I resolv'd never to marry more, and found I 'had been a Gainer by my Marriages, and the 'Damages granted me for the Abuses of my Bed, '(all Charges deducted) eight thousand three 'hundred Pounds within a Trifle.

'I come now to shew the good Effects of the 'Love of Money on the Lives of Men towards 'rendring them honest, sober, and religious. 'When I was a young Man, I had a Mind to make 'the best of my Wits, and over-reached a Country 'Chap in a Parcel of unsound Goods; to whom, 'upon his upbraiding, and threatning to expose 'me for it, I returned the Equivalent of his Loss; 'and upon his good Advice, wherein he clearly 'demonstrated the Folly of such Artifices, which 'can never end but in Shame, and the Ruin of all 'Correspondence, I never after transgressed. 'Can your Courtiers, who take Bribes, or your 'Lawyers or Physicians in their Practice, or even 'the Divines who intermeddle in worldly Affairs, 'boast of making but one Slip in their Lives, and 'of such a thorough and lasting Reformation? 'Since my coming into the World I do not re-'member I was ever overtaken in Drink, save 'nine times, one at the Christening of my first 'Child, thrice at our City Feasts, and five times 'at driving of Bargains. My Reformation I can 'attribute to nothing so much as the Love and 'Esteem of Money, for I found my self to be ex-'travagant in my Drink, and apt to turn Projector, 'and make rash Bargains. As for Women, I 'never knew any, except my Wives: For my 'Reader must know, and it is what he may con-'fide in as an excellent Recipe, That the Love of 'Business and Money is the greatest Mortifier of 'inordinate Desires imaginable, as employing the 'Mind continually in the careful Oversight of 'what one has, in the eager Quest after more, in 'looking after the Negligences and Deceits of 'Servants, in the due Entring and Stating of Ac-'counts, in hunting after Chaps, and in the exact 'Knowledge of the State of Markets; which 'Things whoever thoroughly attends, will find 'enough and enough to employ his Thoughts on 'every Moment of the Day; So that I cannot call 'to Mind, that in all the Time I was a Husband, 'which, off and on, was about twelve Years, I ever 'once thought of my Wives but in Bed. And, 'lastly, for Religion, I have ever been a constant 'Churchman, both Forenoons and Afternoons on '*Sundays*, never forgetting to be thankful for any 'Gain or Advantage I had had that Day; and on '*Saturday* Nights, upon casting up my Accounts, 'I always was grateful for the Sum of my Week's 'Profits, and at *Christmas* for that of the whole 'Year. It is true, perhaps, that my Devotion has 'not been the most fervent; which, I think, ought 'to be imputed to the Evenness and Sedateness 'of my Temper, which never would admit of any 'Impetuosities of any Sort: And I can remember 'that in my Youth and Prime of Manhood, when 'my Blood ran brisker, I took greater Pleasure in 'Religious Exercises than at present, or many 'Years past, and that my Devotion sensibly de-'clined as Age, which is dull and unwieldly, came 'upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the Love of 'Money prevents all Immorality and Vice; which 'if you will not allow, you must, that the Pursuit 'of it obliges Men to the same Kind of Life as 'they would follow if they were really virtuous: 'Which is all I have to say at present, only re-'commending to you, that you would think of it, 'and turn ready Wit into ready Money as fast as 'you can. I conclude,

Your Servant,
T. Ephraim Weed.

No. 451.] *Thursday, August* 7, 1712. [*Addison.*

——— Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire minax impunè domos———

THERE is nothing so scandalous to a Govern-ment, and detestable in the Eyes of all good Men, as defamatory Papers and Pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame, as a Satyrical Author. An angry Writer, who cannot appear in Print, naturally vents his Spleen in Libels and Lampoons. A gay old Woman, says the Fable, seeing all her Wrinkles represented in a large Looking-glass, threw it upon the Ground in a Passion, and broke it into a thousand Pieces, but as she was afterwards sur-veying the Fragments with a spiteful kind of Pleasure, she could not forbear uttering her self in the following Soliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful Blow of mine, I have only multi-plied my Deformity, and see an hundred ugly Faces, where before I saw but one.

It has been proposed, *to oblige every Person that writes a Book, or a Paper, to swear himself the Author of it, and enter down in a publick Register his Name and Place of Abode.*

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed Scandal, which generally appears under borrowed Names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that such an Expedient would not only destroy Scandal, but Learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the Corn and Tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated Works of Piety, which have proceeded

from Anonymous Authors, who have made it their Merit to convey to us so great a Charity in secret: There are few Works of Genius that come out at first with the Author's Name. The Writer generally makes a Tryal of them in the World before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of Writing, would set Pen to Paper, if they knew, before-hand, that they must not publish their Productions but on such Conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the Papers I present the Publick are like Fairy Favours, which shall last no longer than while the Author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these Sons of Calumny and Defamation is, that all Sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty Scribler is countenanced by great Names, whose Interests he propagates by such vile and infamous Methods. I have never yet heard of a Ministry, who have inflicted an exemplary Punishment on an Author that has supported their Cause with Falsehood and Scandal, and treated, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their Rivals and Antagonists. Would a Government set an everlasting Mark of their Displeasure upon one of those infamous Writers, who makes his Court to them by tearing to Pieces the Reputation of a Competitor, we should quickly see an End put to this Race of Vermin, that are a Scandal to Government, and a Reproach to Human Nature. Such a Proceeding would make a Minister of State shine in History, and would fill all Mankind with a just Abhorrence of Persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those Arms which he scorned to make use of against his Enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine, what I have here said is spoken with a Respect to any Party or Faction. Every one who has in him the Sentiments either of a Christian or a Gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous Practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of National Crime, and distinguishes us from all the Governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest Strokes of Satyr which are aimed at particular Persons, and which are supported even with the Appearances of Truth, to be the Marks of an evil Mind, and highly Criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other Punishments, is under the Direction and Distribution of the Magistrate, and not of any private Person. Accordingly we learn from a Fragment of *Cicero*, that tho' there were very few Capital Punishments in the twelve Tables, a Libel or Lampoon which took away the good Name of another, was to be punished by Death. But this is far from being our Case. Our Satyr is nothing but Ribaldry, and *Billingsgate*. Scurrility passes for Wit; and he who can call Names in the greatest Variety of Phrases, is looked upon to have the shrewdest Pen. By this Means the Honour of Families is ruined, the highest Posts and greatest Titles are render'd cheap and vile in the Sight of the People; the noblest Virtues, and most exalted Parts, exposed to the Contempt of the Vicious and the Ignorant. Should a Foreigner, who knows nothing of our private Factions, or one who is to act his Part in the World when our present Heats and Animosities are forgot, should, I say, such an one form to himself a Notion of the greatest Men of all Sides in the *British* Nation, who are now living, from the Characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable Writings which are daily Published among us, what a Nation of Monsters must we appear!

As this cruel Practice tends to the utter Subversion of all Truth and Humanity among us, it deserves the utmost Detestation and Discouragement of all who have either the Love of their Country, or the Honour of their Religion at Heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the Consideration of those who deal in these pernicious Arts of Writing; and of those who take Pleasure in the Reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former Papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the Murderer and Assassin. Every honest Man sets as high a Value upon a good Name, as upon Life it self; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same Secrecy and Impunity.

As for Persons who take Pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable Libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the Guilt of the first Composers. By a Law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made Death for any Person not only to write a Libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my Opinion of this Matter, I shall conclude my Paper with the Words of Monsieur *Bayle*, who was a Man of great Freedom of Thought, as well as of exquisite Learning and Judgment.

'I cannot imagine, that a Man who disperses a 'Libel is less desirous of doing Mischief than the 'Author himself. But what shall we say of the 'Pleasure which a Man takes in the reading of a 'Defamatory Libel? Is it not an heinous Sin in 'the Sight of God? We must distinguish in this 'Point. This Pleasure is either an agreeable 'Sensation we are afflicted with, when we meet 'with a wity Thought which is well expressed, or 'it is a Joy which we conceive from the Dis-'honour of the Person who is defamed. I will 'say nothing to the first of these Cases; for per-'haps some would think that my Morality is not 'severe enough, if I should affirm that a Man is 'not Master of those agreeable Sensations, any 'more than of those occasioned by Sugar or 'Honey, when they touch his Tongue; but as to 'the second, every one will own that Pleasure to 'be a heinous Sin. The Pleasure in the first Case 'is of no Continuance; it prevents our Reason 'and Reflection, and may be immediately fol-'lowed by a secret Grief, to see our Neighbour's 'Honour blasted. If it does not cease immedi-'ately, it is a Sign that we are not displeased 'with the Ill-nature of the Satyrist, but are glad 'to see him defame his Enemy by all kinds of 'Stories; and then we deserve the Punishment 'to which the Writer of the Libel is subject. I 'shall here add the Words of a Modern Author. '*St.* Gregory *upon excommunicating those Writers* '*who had dishonoured* Castorius, *does not except* '*those who read their Works; because*, says he,

'*if Calumnies have always been the delight of* '*the Hearers, and a gratification of those Per-* '*sons who have no other Advantage over honest* '*Men, is not he who takes Pleasure in reading* '*them as guilty as he who composed them?* It is 'an uncontested Maxim, that they who approve 'an Action would certainly do it if they could; 'that is, if some Reason of Self-love did not 'hinder them. There is no difference, says *Cicero*, 'between advising a Crime, and approving it 'when committed. The *Roman* Law confirmed 'this Maxim, having subjected the Approvers 'and Authors of this Evil to the same Penalty. 'We may therefore conclude, that those who are 'pleased with reading Defamatory Libels, so far 'as to approve the Authors and Dispersers of 'them, are as guilty as if they had composed 'them: for if they do not write such Libels them-'selves, it is because they have not the Talent of 'Writing, or because they will run no hazard.[1]

The Author produces other Authorities to confirm his Judgment in this particular. C.

No. 452.] *Friday, August* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

Est natura Hominum Novitatis avida.
Plin. apud Lill.

THERE is no Humour in my Countrymen, which I am more enclined to wonder at, than their general Thirst after News. There are about half a Dozen Ingenious Men, who live very plentifully upon this Curiosity of their Fellow-Subjects. They all of them receive the same Advices from abroad, and very often in the same Words; but their Way of Cooking it is so different, that there is no Citizen, who has an Eye to the publick Good, that can leave the Coffee-house with Peace of Mind before he has given every one of them a Reading. These several Dishes of News are so very agreeable to the Palate of my Countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating Politicians, who oblige the Publick with their Reflections and Observations upon every piece of Intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The Text is given us by one set of Writers, and the Comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same Tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires in so many Articles of the same Paper; notwithstanding a Scarcity of Foreign Posts we hear the same Story repeated, by different Advices from *Paris*, *Brussels*, the *Hague*, and from every great Town in *Europe*; notwithstanding the Multitude of Annotations, Explanations, Reflections, and various Readings which it passes through, our Time lies heavy on our Hands till the Arrival of a fresh Mail: We long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next Step, or what will be the Consequences of that which has been already taken. A Westerly Wind keeps the whole Town in Suspence, and puts a Stop to Conversation.

This general Curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late Wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good Use to a Person who has such a Thirst awakened in him. Why should not a Man, who takes Delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to History, Travels, and other Writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual Fuel for his Curiosity, and meet with much more Pleasure and Improvement, than in these Papers of the Week? An honest Tradesman, who languishes a whole Summer in Expectation of a Battel, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a Day. He may read the News of a whole Campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the Products of any single Post. Fights, Conquests and Revolutions lye thick together. The Reader's Curiosity is raised and satisfied every Moment, and his Passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a State of uncertainty from Day to Day, or lying at the Mercy of Sea [and[1]] Wind. In short, the Mind is not here kept in a perpetual Gape after Knowledge, nor punished with that Eternal Thirst, which is the Portion of all our modern News-mongers and Coffee-house Politicians.

All Matters of Fact, which a Man did not know before, are News to him; and I do not see how any Haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present Quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more Importance to an *Englishman* to know the History of his Ancestors, than that of his Contemporaries who live upon the Banks of the *Danube* or the *Borysthenes*. As for those who are of another Mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from a Projector, who is willing to turn a Penny by this remarkable Curiosity of his Countrymen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You must have observed, that Men who fre-'quent Coffee-houses, and delight in News, are 'pleased with every thing that is Matter of Fact, 'so it be what they have not heard before. A 'Victory, or a Defeat, are equally agreeable to 'them. The shutting of a Cardinal's Mouth 'pleases them one Post, and the opening of it an-'other. They are glad to hear the *French* Court 'is removed to *Marli*, and are afterwards as much 'delighted with its Return to *Versailles*. They 'read the Advertisements with the same Curiosity 'as the Articles of publick News; and are as 'pleased to hear of a Pye-bald Horse that is 'stray'd out of a Field near *Islington*, as of a whole 'Troop that has been engaged in any Foreign 'Adventure. In short, they have a Relish for 'every thing that is News, let the matter of it be 'what it will; or to speak more properly, they are 'Men of a Voracious Appetite, but no Taste. 'Now, Sir, since the great Fountain of News, I 'mean the War, is very near being dried up; and 'since these Gentlemen have contracted such an 'inextinguishable Thirst after it; I have taken

[1] Dissertation upon Defamatory Libels. § 17.

[1] [, or]

'their Case and my own into Consideration, and 'have thought of a Project which may turn to the 'Advantage of us both. I have Thoughts of pub- 'lishing a daily Paper, which shall comprehend 'in it all the most remarkable Occurences in every 'little Town, Village and Hamlet, that lye within 'ten Miles of *London*, or in other Words, within 'the Verge of the Penny-Post. I have pitched 'upon this Scene of Intelligence for two Reasons; 'first, because the Carriage of Letters will be very 'cheap; and secondly, because I may receive 'them every Day. By this means my Readers 'will have their News fresh and fresh, and many 'worthy Citizens who cannot Sleep with any Satis- 'faction at present, for want of being informed 'how the World goes, may go to Bed contentedly, 'it being my Design to put out my Paper every 'Night at nine-a-Clock precisely. I have already 'established Correspondences in these several 'Places, and received very good Intelligence.

'By my last Advices from *Knights-bridge* I 'hear that a Horse was clapped into the Pound on 'the third Instant, and that he was not released 'when the Letters came away.

'We are informed from *Pankridge*,[1] that a 'dozen Weddings were lately celebrated in the 'Mother Church of that Place, but are referred 'to their next Letters for the Names of the Parties 'concerned.

'Letters from *Brompton* advise. That the 'Widow *Bligh* had received several Visits from '*John Milldew*, which affords great matter of 'Speculation in those Parts.

'By a Fisherman which lately touched at *Ham- 'mersmith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a 'certain Person well known in that Place, is like 'to lose his Election for Church-warden; but this being Boat-news, we cannot give entire Credit 'to it.

'Letters from *Paddington* bring little more, than that *William Squeak*, the Sow-gelder, 'passed through that Place the 5th Instant.

'They advise from *Fulham*, that things re- 'mained there in the same State they were. They 'had Intelligence, just as the Letters came away, 'of a Tub of excellent Ale just set abroach at '*Parsons Green*; but this wanted Confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a Specimen of the 'News with which I intend to entertain the Town, 'and which, when drawn up regularly in the Form 'of a News Paper, will, I doubt not, be very ac- 'ceptable to many of those Publick-spirited 'Readers, who take more delight in acquainting 'themselves with other Peoples Business than 'their own. I hope a Paper of this kind, which 'lets us know what is done near home, may be 'more useful to us, than those which are filled 'with Advices from *Zug* and *Bender*, and make 'some amends for that Dearth of Intelligence, 'which we may justly apprehend from times of 'Peace. If I find that you receive this Project 'favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one 'or two more; and in the mean time am, most 'worthy Sir, with all due Respect,

Your most Obedient,
C. *and most Humble Servant.*

[1] Pancras.

No. 453.] *Saturday, August* 9, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ——— Hor.

THERE is not a more pleasing Exercise of the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is sufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much Pleasure, that were there no positive Command which enjoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supream Being does not only confer upon us those Bounties which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even those Benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every Blessing we enjoy, by what Means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing Sensation in the Mind of a Grateful Man; it exalts the Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this great Object of Gratitude; on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the Celebration of their respective Attributes and Perfections. Those who are acquainted with the Works of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets which are still extant, will upon Reflection find this Observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian Poets have not turned their Thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our Idea of the Supream Being is not only infinitely more Great and Noble than what could possibly enter into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the Imagination, and give an Opportunity for the sublimest Thoughts and Conceptions.

Plutarch tells of a Heathen who was singing an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her Delight in Human Sacrifices, and other Instances of Cruelty and Revenge; upon which a Poet who was present at this piece of Devotion, and seems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine Nature, told the Votary, by way of Reproof, that in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wished he might have a Daughter of the same Temper with the Goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the Praises of one of those false Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a mixture of Impertinence and Absurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the Times of Christianity were the only People that had the Knowledge of the True God, have set the Christian World an Example how they ought to employ this Divine

Talent of which I am speaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without considering them as inspired Writers, they have transmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the Publick some Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I shall from time to time publish any Work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in Print,[1] and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys;
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise:

II.

O how shall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd Heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom those Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with Sickness oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk
Revived my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My Daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll pursue;
And after Death in distant Worlds
The Glorious Theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My Ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise. C.

[1] By himself.

No. 454.] *Monday, August* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Sine me, Vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi Laboris.—Ter. Heau.

IT is an inexpressible Pleasure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endless Curiosity, is a Delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation: Nay, they who enjoy it, must value Things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their Amusement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night last Week at *Richmond;* and being restless, not out of Dissatisfaction, but a certain busie Inclination one sometimes has, I rose at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for *London*, with a Resolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Person for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Visit of Conversation at their own Houses.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* by People as different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six a Clock give way to those of Nine, they of Nine to

the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the fashionable World, who have made Two a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we first put off from Shore, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of *London*; and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Chearfulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* it self, loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easie to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins, who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Stocks Market*.

Nothing remarkable happened in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms*, and taken in Melons, consigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading: when the Hackney-Coachmen of the foregoing Night took their leave of each other at the *Dark-House*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent, Chimney-Sweepers pass'd by us as we made up to the Market, and some Raillery happened between one of the Fruit Wenches and those black Men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with Allusion to their several Professions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I strolled from one Fruit-Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families. It was almost eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a Young Lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her Maid. I saw immediately she was of the Family of the *Vainloves*. There are a set of these who of all Things affect the Play of *Blindman's-Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of Woman is usually a janty Slattern; she hangs on her Cloaths, plays her Head, varies her Posture, and changes Place incessantly, and all with an Appearance of striving at the same time to hide her self, and yet give you to understand she is in Humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an Instant my Coachman took the Wink to pursue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* towards St. *James's*: While he whipped up *James-Street*, we drove for *King-Street*, to save the Pass at St. *Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for Way, and be entangled at the End of *Newport-Street* and *Long-Acre*. The Fright, you must believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Door, and obliged her, with her Mask off, to enquire into the Bustle, when she sees the Man she would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach-Window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of these Ladies keeps her Seat in a Hackney-Coach, as well as the best Rider does on a managed Horse. The laced Shooe of her left Foot, with a careless Gesture, just appearing on the opposite Cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As she was an excellent Coach Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and an Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers; till at last my Lady was conveniently lost with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This Chase was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that she was a Silk-Worm. I was surprized with this Phrase, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their best Customers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in Town without buying any thing. The Silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen; for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbands, and serve the Owners in getting them Customers as their common Dunners do in making them pay.

The Day of People of Fashion began now to Break, and Carts and Hacks were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of Cheapness; but my unhappy Curiosity is such, that I find it always my Interest to take Coach, for some odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happened so immediately; for at the Corner of *Warwick Street*, as I was listening to a new Ballad, a ragged Rascal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extream Poor, and should die in the Street for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six-pence to go into the next Ale-house and save his Life. He urged, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirst. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jest; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me sneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing Reflection to see the World so prettily chequered since I left *Richmond*, and the Scene still filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction encreased as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the Joy still rising till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange* of *London*. As other men in the Crowds about me were pleased with their Hopes

and Bargains, I found my Account in observing them, in Attention to their several Interests. I, indeed, looked upon my self as the richest Man that walked the *Exchange* that Day: for my Benevolence made me share the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the least of my Satisfactions in my Survey, to go up Stairs, and pass the Shops of agreeable Females; to observe so many pretty Hands busie in the Foldings of Ribbands, and the utmost Eagerness of agreeable Faces in the sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters; was an Amusement, in which I should longer have indulged my self, had not the dear Creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *To look at you*. I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the several Voices lost their Distinction, and rose up in a confused Humming; which created in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to my self, with a kind of Pun in Thought, *What Nonsense is all the Hurry of this World to those who are above it?* In these, or not much wiser Thoughts, I had like to have lost my Place at the Chop-House, where every Man according to the natural Bashfulness or Sullenness of our Nation, eats in a publick Room a Mess of Broth, or Chop of Meat, in dumb Silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the Foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin's*, and saw People who had dined with me at the Five-penny Ordinary just before, give Bills for the Value of large Estates; and could not but behold with great Pleasure, Property lodged in, and transferred in a Moment from such as would never be Masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common Scene of *Covent-Garden*, and passed the Evening at *Will's* in attending the Discourses of several Sets of People, who relieved each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Cards, Dice, Love, Learning and Politicks. The last Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Possession of the Bell-man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd, *Past Two of Clock*. This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into the Discourse of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of Six-pence, instead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chambers I writ down these *Minutes*; but was at a Loss what Instruction I should propose to my Reader from the Enumeration of so many Insignificant Matters and Occurrences: and I thought it of great Use, if they could learn with me to keep their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumstance will make every Face you see give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend; will make every Object a pleasing one; will make all the Good which arrives to any Man, an Encrease of Happiness to your self. T.

No. 455.] *Tuesday, August* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Ergo Apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata Carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum——

THE following Letters have in them Reflections which will seem of Importance both to the Learned World and to Domestick Life. There is in the first an Allegory so well carry'd on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to those who have a Taste of good Writing; and the other Billets may have their Use in common Life.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I walked t'other Day in a fine Garden, and 'observed the great Variety of Improvements in 'Plants and Flowers beyond what they otherwise 'would have been, I was naturally led into a Re'flection upon the Advantages of Education, or 'Moral Culture; how many good Qualities in the 'Mind are lost, for want of the like due Care in 'nursing and skilfully managing them, how many 'Virtues are choaked, by the Multitude of Weeds 'which are suffered to grow among them; how 'excellent Parts are often starved and useless, by 'being planted in a wrong Soil; and how very 'seldom do these moral Seeds produce the noble 'Fruits which might be expected from them, by a 'Neglect of proper Manuring, necessary Pruning, 'and an artful Management of our tender Inclina'tions and first Spring of Life: These obvious 'Speculations made me at length conclude, that 'there is a sort of vegetable Principle in the Mind 'of every Man when he comes into the World. 'In Infants the Seeds lie buried and undiscovered, 'till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of 'rational *Leaves*, which are *Words*; and in due 'Season the *Flowers* begin to appear in Variety 'of beautiful Colours, and all the gay Pictures of 'youthful Fancy and Imagination; at last the 'Fruit knits and is formed, which is green, per'haps, first, and soure, unpleasant to the Taste, 'and not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due 'Care and Application, it discovers itself in all 'the noble Productions of Philosophy, Mathe'maticks, close Reasoning, and handsome Argu'mentation: And these Fruits, when they arrive 'at a just Maturity, and are of a good Kind, af'ford the most vigorous Nourishment to the Minds 'of Men. I reflected further on the intellectual 'Leaves beforementioned, and found almost as 'great a Variety among them as in the vegetable 'World. I could easily observe the smooth shin'ing *Italian* Leaves; the nimble *French* Aspen 'always in Motion; the *Greek* and *Latin* Ever'greens, the *Spanish* Myrtle, the *English* Oak, 'the *Scotch* Thistle, the *Irish* Shambrogue, the 'prickly *German* and *Dutch* Holly, the *Polish* 'and *Russian* Nettle, besides a vast Number of 'Exoticks imported from *Asia*, *Africk*, and

'*America*. I saw several barren Plants, which 'bore only Leaves, without any Hopes of Flower 'or Fruit: The Leaves of some were fragrant and 'well-shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. 'I wonder'd at a Set of old whimsical Botanists, 'who spent their whole Lives in the Contempla- 'tion of some withered *Ægyptian, Coptick, Ar- 'menian*, or *Chinese* Leaves, while others made 'it their Business to collect in voluminous Herbals 'all the several Leaves of some one Tree. The 'Flowers afforded a most diverting Entertain- 'ment, in a wonderful Variety of Figures, Colours 'and Scents; however, most of them withered 'soon, or at best are but *Annuals*. Some pro- 'fessed Florists make them their constant Study 'and Employment, and despise all Fruit; and 'now and then a few fanciful People spend all 'their Time in the Cultivation of a single Tulip, 'or a Carnation: But the most agreeable Amuse- 'ment seems to be the well chusing, mixing, and 'binding together these Flowers, in pleasing Nose- 'gays to present to Ladies. The Scent of *Italian* 'Flowers is observed, like their other Perfume, to 'be too strong, and to hurt the Brain: that of the '*French* with glaring, gaudy Colours, yet faint 'and languid: *German* and *Northern* Flowers 'have little or no Smell, or sometimes an unpleas- 'ant one. The Antients had a Secret to give a 'lasting Beauty, Colour, and Sweetness to some 'of their choice Flowers, which flourish to this 'Day, and which few of the Moderns can effect. 'These are becoming enough and agreeable in their 'Season, and do often handsomely adorn an En- 'tertainment, but an Over-fondness of them seems 'to be a Disease. It rarely happens to find a 'Plant vigorous enough, to have (like an Orange- 'Tree) at once beautiful shining Leaves, fragrant 'Flowers, and delicious nourishing Fruit.

SIR, Yours, &c.

Dear SPEC, *August* 6, 1712.

'You have given us in your *Spectator* of *Satur- 'day* last, a very excellent Discourse upon the 'Force of Custom, and its wonderful Efficacy in 'making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot 'deny but that I received above Two penny-worth 'of Instruction from your Paper, and in the gen- 'eral was very well pleased with it; but I am, 'without a Compliment, sincerely troubled that I 'cannot exactly be of your Opinion, That it makes 'every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the 'Honour to be yoked to a young Lady, who is, 'in plain *English*, for her Standing, a very 'eminent Scold. She began to break her Mind 'very freely both to me and to her Servants about 'two Months after our Nuptials; and tho' I have 'been accustomed to this Humour of hers this 'three Years, yet, I do not know what's the Mat- 'ter with me, but I am no more delighted with it 'than I was at the very first. I have advised 'with her Relations about her, and they all tell 'me that her Mother and her Grandmother before 'her were both taken much after the same Man- 'ner; so that since it runs in the Blood, I have 'but small Hopes of her Recovery. I should be 'glad to have a little of your Advice in this Mat- 'ter: I would not willingly trouble you to con- 'trive how it may be a Pleasure to me; if you 'will but put me in a Way that I may bear it with 'Indifference, I shall rest satisfied.

Dear SPEC,
Your very humble Servant.

P. S. 'I must do the poor Girl the Justice to 'let you know, that this Match was none of her 'own chusing, (or indeed of mine either;) in Con- 'sideration of which I avoid giving her the least 'Provocation; and indeed we live better together 'than usually Folks do who hated one another 'when they were first joined: To evade the Sin 'against Parents, or at least to extenuate it, my 'Dear rails at my Father and Mother, and I curse 'hers for making the Match.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I like the Theme you lately gave out ex- 'tremely, and should be as glad to handle it as 'any Man living: But I find myself no better 'qualified to write about Money, than about my 'Wife; for, to tell you a Secret which I desire 'may go no further, I am Master of neither of 'those Subjects.

Yours,
Aug. 8, 1712. Pill Garlick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I desire you would print this in *Italick*, so as 'it may be generally taken Notice of. It is de- 'signed only to admonish all Persons, who speak 'either at the Bar, Pulpit, or any publick As- 'sembly whatsoever, how they discover their 'Ignorance in the Use of Similes. There are in 'the Pulpit it self, as well as other Places, such 'gross Abuses in this Kind, that I give this Warn- 'ing to all I know, I shall bring them for the 'Future before your Spectatorial Authority. On '*Sunday* last, one, who shall be nameless, reprov- 'ing several of his Congregation for standing at 'Prayers, was pleased to say, *One would think*, 'like the Elephant, *you had no Knees*. Now I 'my self saw an Elephant in *Bartholomew-Fair* 'kneel down to take on his Back the ingenious 'Mr. *William Penkethman*.

T. *Your most humble Servant.*

No. 356.] *Wednesday, August* 13, 1712. [*Steele.*

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur Huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.—Tull.

OTWAY, in his Tragedy of *Venice preserv'd*, has described the Misery of a Man, whose Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterness of being the Scorn and Laughter of base Minds, the Anguish of being insulted by Men hardened beyond the Sense of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being wasted, under Pretence of Justice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of *Pierre* to *Jaffeir*:[1]

I pass'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains:

[1] Act I., sc. 2.

The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's *cruel Hand had sign'd it.*
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale.
There was another making villanous Jests
At thy Undoing: He had ta'en Possession
Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments:
Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding Night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of Belvedira,
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the Condition of Bankrupcy. The Calamity which happens to us by ill Fortune, or by the Injury of others, has in it some Consolation; but what arises from our own Misbehaviour or Error, is the State of the most exquisite Sorrow. When a Man considers not only an ample Fortune, but even the very Necessaries of Life, his Pretence to Food it self at the Mercy of his Creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the State of the Dead, with his Case thus much worse, that the last Office is performed by his Adversaries, instead of his Friends. From this Hour the cruel World does not only take Possession of his whole Fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no Relation to it. All his indifferent Actions have new Interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former Life, discharge themselves of their Obligations to him, by joining in the Reproaches of his Enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a Pride mixed with the Impatience of the Creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the Downfal of a prosperous Man, than be discharged to the common Satisfaction of themselves and their Creditors. The wretched Man, who was lately Master of Abundance, is now under the Direction of others; and the Wisdom, Oeconomy, good Sense and Skill in human Life before, by reason of his present Misfortune, are of no Use to him in the Disposition of any thing. The Incapacity of an Infant or a Lunatick, is designed for his Provision and Accommodation; but that of a Bankrupt, without any Mitigation in respect of the Accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter Ruin, except there be a Remainder ample enough after the Discharge of his Creditors to bear also the Expence of rewarding those by whose Means the Effect of all his Labours was transferred from him. This Man is to look on and see others giving Directions upon what Terms and Conditions his Goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done not with an Air of Trustees to dispose of his Effects, but Destroyers to divide and tear them to Pieces.

There is something sacred in Misery to great and good Minds; for this Reason all wise Lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the Man who has Right on his Side, to act with any Mixture of Resentment against the Defendant. Virtuous and modest Men, though they be used with some Artifice, and have it in their Power to avenge themselves, are slow in the Application of that Power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous Measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only Persons injured, but also that to bear it longer, would be a Means to make the Offender injure others, before they proceed. Such Men clap their Hands upon their Hearts, and consider what it is to have at their Mercy the Life of a Citizen. Such would have it to say to their own Souls, if possible, That they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their Power to have spared a Man, they destroyed. This is a Due to the common Calamity of Human Life, due in some measure to our very Enemies. They who scruple doing the least Injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost Justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the Variety of Human Life reflect upon it, and he will find the Man who wants Mercy has a Taste of no Enjoyment of any Kind. There is a natural Disrelish of every thing which is good in his very Nature, and he is born an Enemy to the World. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his Actions, and has no Sense of Iniquity but from the Punishment which shall attend it. The Law of the Land is his Gospel, and all his Cases of Conscience are determined by his Attorney. Such Men know not what it is to gladden the Heart of a miserable Man, that Riches are the Instruments of serving the Purposes of Heaven or Hell, according to the Disposition of the Possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratifie all who are in their Power, and chuse to do one or other as they are affected with Love or Hatred to Mankind. As for such who are insensible of the Concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these Men are to be valued only for their Mortality, and as we hope better Things from their Heirs. I could not but read with great Delight a Letter from an eminent Citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better Fortune, and able by his Countenance to retrieve his lost Condition.

SIR,

'It is in vain to multiply Words and make Apologies for what is never to be defended by the 'best Advocate in the World, the Guilt of being 'Unfortunate. All that a Man in my Condition 'can do or say, will be received with Prejudice 'by the Generality of Mankind, but I hope not 'with you: You have been a great Instrument in 'helping me to get what I have lost, and I know '(for that Reason, as well as Kindness to me) you 'cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To 'shew you I am not a Man incapable of bearing 'Calamity, I will, though a poor Man, lay aside 'the Distinction between us, and talk with the 'Frankness we did when we were nearer to an 'Equality: As all I do will be received with Pre'judice, all you do will be looked upon with 'Partiality. What I desire of you, is, that you, 'who are courted by all, would smile upon me 'who am shunned by all. Let that Grace and 'Favour which your Fortune throws upon you, be

'turned to make up the Coldness and Indifference 'that is used towards me. All good and generous 'Men will have an Eye of Kindness for me for 'my own Sake, and the rest of the World will 'regard me for yours. There is an happy Con-'tagion in Riches, as well as a destructive one in 'Poverty; the Rich can make rich without part-'ing with any of their Store, and the Conver-'sation of the Poor makes Men poor, though 'they borrow nothing of them. How this is to 'be accounted for I know not? but Men's Estima-'tion follows us according to the Company we 'keep. If you are what you were to me, you can 'go a great Way towards my Recovery; if you 'are not, my good Fortune, if ever it returns, will 'return by slower Approaches.

I am SIR,
Your Affectionate Friend,
and Humble Servant.

This was answered with a Condescension that did not, by long impertinent Professions of Kindness, insult his Distress, but was as follows.

Dear Tom,

"I am very glad to hear that you have Heart "enough to begin the World a second Time. I "assure you, I do not think your numerous "Family at all diminished (in the Gifts of Nature "for which I have ever so much admired them) "by what has so lately happened to you. I shall "not only countenance your Affairs with my Ap-"pearance for you, but shall accommodate you "with a considerable Sum at common Interest "for three Years. You know I could make more "of it; but I have so great a Love for you that I "can wave Opportunities of Gain to help you: "For I do not care whether they say of me after "I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thou-"sand Pounds more than I wanted when I was "living.

T. *Your obliged humble Servant.*

No. 457.] *Thursday, August* 14, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Multa et præclara minantis.—Hor.

I SHALL this Day lay before my Reader a Letter, written by the same Hand with that of last *Friday*, which contained Proposals for a Printed News-paper, that should take in the whole Circle of the Penny-Post.

SIR,

The kind Reception you gave my last *Friday's* Letter, in which I broached my Project of a News-Paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the *Lowndes* of the learned World, and cannot think any Scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, tho' all the Money we raise by it is on our own Funds, and for our private Use.

I have often thought that a *News-Letter of Whispers*, written every Post, and sent about the Kingdom, after the same Manner as that of Mr. *Dyer*, Mr. *Dawkes*, or any other Epistolary Historian, might be highly gratifying to the Publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By Whispers I mean those Pieces of News which are communicated as Secrets, and which bring a double Pleasure to the Hearer; first, as they are private History, and in the next place as they have always in them a Dash of Scandal. These are the two chief Qualifications in an Article of News, [which[1]] recommend it, in a more than ordinary Manner, to the Ears of the Curious. Sickness of Persons in high Posts, Twilight Visits paid and received by Ministers of State, Clandestine Courtships and Marriages, Secret Amours, Losses at Play, Applications for Places, with their respective Successes or Repulses, are the Materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two Persons, that are each of them the Representative of a Species, who are to furnish me with those Whispers which I intend to convey to my Correspondents. The first of these is *Peter Hush*, descended from the ancient Family of the *Hushes*. The other is the old Lady *Blast*, who has a very numerous Tribe of Daughters in the two great Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. *Peter Hush* has a whispering Hole in most of the great Coffee-houses about Town. If you are alone with him in a wide Room, he carries you up into a Corner of it, and speaks in your Ear. I have seen *Peter* seat himself in a Company of seven or eight Persons, whom he never saw before in his Life; and after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low Voice, and under the Seal of Secrecy, the Death of a great Man in the Country, who was perhaps a Fox-hunting the very Moment this Account was [given[2]] of him. If upon your entring into a Coffee-house you see a Circle of Heads bending over the Table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my Friend *Peter* is among them. I have known *Peter* publishing the Whisper of the Day by eight a-Clock in the Morning at *Garraway's*, by twelve at *Will's*, and before two at the *Smyrna*. When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a Secret, I have been very well pleased to hear People whispering it to one another at second Hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, Sir, the great Incentive to Whispering is the Ambition which every one has of being thought in the Secret, and being look'd upon as a Man who has Access to greater People than one would imagine. After having given you this Account of *Peter Hush*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blast*, who is to communicate to me the private Transactions of the Crimp Table, with all the *Arcana* of the Fair Sex. The Lady *Blast*, you must understand, has such a particular Malignity in her Whisper, that it blights like an Easterly Wind, and withers every Reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular Knack at making private Weddings, and last Winter married above five Women of Quality to their Footmen. Her Whisper can make an innocent young Woman big with Child, or fill an healthful young Fellow with Distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a Visit into an Intrigue, and a distant Salute into an Assignation.

[1] [that] [2] [giving]

She can beggar the Wealthy, and degrade the Noble. In short, she can whisper Men Base or Foolish, Jealous or Ill-natured, or, if Occasion requires, can tell you the Slips of their Great Grandmothers, and traduce the Memory of honest Coachmen that have been in their Graves above these hundred Years. By these and the like Helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome News-Letter. If you approve my Project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next Post, and question not but every one of my Customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every Piece of News I send him is a Word in his Ear, and lets him into a Secret.

Having given you a Sketch of this Project, I shall, in the next Place, suggest to you another for a Monthly Pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial Wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several Authors in *France*, *Germany*, and *Holland*, as well as in our own Country, who publish every Month, what they call *An Account of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us an Abstract of all such Books as are printed in any Part of *Europe*. Now, Sir, it is my Design to publish every Month, *An Account of the Works of the Unlearned*. Several late Productions of my own Country-men, who many of them make a very eminent Figure in the Illiterate World, Encourage me in this Undertaking. I may, in this Work, possibly make a Review of several Pieces which have appeared in the Foreign *Accounts* above-mentioned, tho' they ought not to have been taken Notice of in Works which bear such a Title. I may, likewise, take into Consideration, such Pieces as appear, from time to time, under the Names of those Gentlemen who Compliment one another, in Publick Assemblies, by the Title of the *Learned Gentlemen*. Our Party-Authors will also afford me a great Variety of Subjects, not to mention Editors, Commentators, and others, who are often Men of no Learning, or, what is as bad, of no Knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this Hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the Pains and Application that so useful a Work deserves.

I am ever,

C. *Most Worthy SIR*, &c.

No. 458.] *Friday, August* 15, 1712. [*Addison.*

['Αιδὼς οὐκ ἀγάθη——— Hes.]
———*Pudor malus*——— Hor.

I COULD not Smile at the Account that was Yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modesty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the Person has had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.* This false kind of Modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as the most abandoned Impudence, and is the more inexcusable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than it self, and is punished with a kind of Remorse, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason: False Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the Humour of the Company. True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Instinct; the former is that Instinct, limited and circumscribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

We may conclude that Modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to spare, are bound for Persons whom they have but little Friendship for, give Recommendatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow Places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a Manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this meerly because they have not the Confidence to resist Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

Nor does this false Modesty expose us only to such Actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When [*Xenophanes*[1]] was called timorous, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice: *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the Torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in Human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

In the second place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in *England* a particular Bashfulness in every thing that regards Religion. A well-bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep

[1] [*Xenophon*]

himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode. Our Excess of Modesty makes us shamefaced in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion. This Humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very Modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to say Grace at his own Table: A Custom which is not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman-Catholick Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship. An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions. The same Show of Religion appears in all the Foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much into their Ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Precise.

This little Appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in some measure from that Modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those Swarms of Sectaries that overran the Nation in the time of the great *Rebellion*, carried their Hypocrisie so high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the Restoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of those Persons, who had made Religion a Cloak to so many Villanies. This led them into the other Extream, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritannical, and falling into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flourished in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious, it has ever since been out of Countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that Vicious Modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the Appearance of Christianity in Ordinary Life and Conversation, and which distinguishes us from all [our Neighbours.[1]]

Hypocrisie cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open Impiety. They are both equally destructive to the Person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, Hypocrisie is not so pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion. The due Mean to be observed is to be sincerely Virtuous, and at the same time to let the World see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted Modesty, to be ashamed before Men in a Particular of such unspeakable Importance. C.[2]

[1] [the Nations that lie about us.]
[2] No letter affixed in the first issue.

No. 459.] *Saturday, August* 16, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*—Hor.

RELIGION may be considered under two General Heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those Duties to which we are directed by Reason or Natural Religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the Name of Faith, the Second by that of Morality.

If we look into the more Serious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay so great a Stress upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build so much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man should be defective in neither of these Particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the Benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

Notwithstanding this general Division of Christian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the first has the Pre-eminence in several Respects.

First, Because the greatest Part of Morality (as I have stated the Notion of it,) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith shall fail, and be lost in Conviction.

Secondly, Because a Person may be qualified to do greater Good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality, without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly, Because Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Passions, and advancing the Happiness of every Man in his private Capacity.

Fourthly, Because the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in those of Faith.

Fifthly, Because Infidelity is not of so malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the same Reason in another Light, because it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Case of Invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, Because Faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining and carrying to greater Heights, several Points of Morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of our selves, both

in regard to the Grandeur and Vileness of our Natures.

Fourthly, By shewing us the Blackness and Deformity of Vice, which in the Christian System is so very great, that he who is possessed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is represented by several of our Divines as hating Sin to the same Degree that he loves the Sacred Person who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on these several Heads, which every one who is conversant in Discourses of this Nature will easily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian Faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

Secondly, That no Article of Faith can be true and authentick, which weakens or subverts the practical part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot possibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewise another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious Points, consider any ill Consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be Erroneous, before we give up our Assent to them.

For example, In that disputable Point of Prosecuting Men for Conscience Sake, besides the imbittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe; we cut them off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies, distress their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I see such dreadful Consequences rising from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my Religion.

In this Case the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident, the Principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable Nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true System of Faith may justifie it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produce Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for shewing it self by such cruel Instances. But, to conclude with the Words of an excellent Author,[1] *We have just enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.* C.

No. 460.] *Monday, August* 18, 1712. [*Parnell.*[2]

Decipimur Specie Recti——— Hor.

OUR defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we ourselves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiser World has chosen an exalted Word to describe its Enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools.*

Perhaps the latter part of this Reflection may seem a false Thought to some, and bear another Turn than what I have given: but it is at present none of my Business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a Vision.

Methought I was transported to a Hill,

[1] Probably Tillotson. The thought is expanded in part of his sermon on the Example of Jesus in doing good. It appears in another form in his sermon for the 5th of November, 1678, where he applies to our religious hatreds the saying that 'the richest and noblest wines make the 'sharpest vinegar;' again in another form in his sermon at the Yorkshire Feast.

[2] Thomas Parnell, the writer of this allegory, was the son of a commonwealthsman, who at the Restoration ceased to live on his hereditary lands at Congleton, in Cheshire, and bought an estate in Ireland. Born in 1679, at Dublin, where he became M.A. of Trinity College, in 1700 he was ordained after taking his degree, and in 1705 became Archdeacon of Clogher. At the same time he took a wife, who died in 1711. Parnell had been an associate of the chief Whig writers, had taste as a poet, and found pleasure in writing for the papers of the time. When the Whigs went out of power in Queen Anne's reign, Parnell connected himself with the Tories. On the warm recommendation of Swift, he obtained a prebend in 1713, and in May, 1716, a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a year. He died in July, 1717, aged 38. Inheriting his father's estates in Cheshire and Ireland, Parnell was not in need. Wanting vigour and passion, he was neither formidable nor bitter as a political opponent, and in 1712 his old friends, Steele and Addison, were glad of a paper from him; though, with Swift, he had gone over to the other side in politics.

green, flowery, and of an easie Ascent. Upon the broad Top of it resided squint-eyed *Errour*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themselves. To these repaired a Multitude from every Side, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming Air, went directly of themselves to *Errour*, without expecting a Conductor; others of a softer Nature went first to popular *Opinion*, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own Praises, she delivered them over to his Government.

When we had ascended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleasing; she breathed Odours as she spoke: She seemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a Paradise, which she promised as the Reward of his Merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: And it was observable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praising themselves for their Qualifications, or one another for those Qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own Characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At last we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Errour* was seated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Resemblance to *Truth*: And as she has a Light whereby she manifests the Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical Wand, that he might do something in Imitation of it, and please with Delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our Eyes on that part of the Sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue Prospect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Mists go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The Foundation hardly seemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it stood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we ascended was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senses. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the lowest Set of Pillars were of the slight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore so far the Resemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his Merits a sufficient Passport, and pressed forward. *In the Hall* we met with several Phantoms, that rov'd amongst us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreasing *Honour*, that had nothing to shew in but an old Coat of his Ancestors Atchievements: There was *Ostentation*, that made himself his own constant Subject, and *Gallantry* strutting upon his Tiptoes. At the upper End of the Hall stood a Throne, whose Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gayety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded Arms sat *Vanity*, deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who stood beside her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Cast inwards to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made use of for Conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a Design. The Arrow which he shot at the Soldier, was fledged from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed against the Man of Wit, was winged from the Quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treasuries: He made Nets for Statesmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to enflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne sat three false Graces. *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practise at, and *Fashion* ever changing the Posture of her Cloaths. These applied themselves to secure the Conquests which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Polities. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complections to all Things. *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and *Fashion* both concealed some home Defects, and added some foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Errour*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courses of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. These Expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general Disorder, till at last there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own Defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* cast a scornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a Vizard, and turned away; *Affectation* tossed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Fashion* would have it, that at least he must be *Ill-Manners*. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the Meaning of most part of that Warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter Words should be fulfilled, when a mighty Noise was heard without, and the Door was blackned by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were seen in the House before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and

Poverty brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, disappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to Prisons or Cellars, Solitude, or little Company, the meaner Arts or the viler Crafts of Life. But these, added he with a disdainful Air, are such who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Lustre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have seen such Scenes as these before now; the Glory you saw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thanked him for his Information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now terrified to good purpose by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Threshold, it was a strange Shock to them to find that the Delusion of *Errour* was gone, and they plainly discerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate Leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning Curiosity that had brought me into so much Danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due Point of *Esteem* which they ought to have for themselves; then the Part of the Building in which they stood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the Palace were sensible of this Descent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occasion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Consequences of following the Suggestions of *Vanity*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I write to you to desire, that you would again 'touch upon a certain Enormity, which is chiefly 'in Use among the Politer and better-bred Part 'of Mankind; I mean the Ceremonies, Bows, 'Courtsies, Whisperings, Smiles, Winks, Nods, 'with other familiar Arts of Salutation, which 'take up in our Churches so much Time, that 'might be better employed, and which seem so 'utterly inconsistent with the Duty and true Intent of our entering into those Religious Assemblies. The Resemblance which this bears 'to our indeed proper Behaviour in Theatres, 'may be some Instance of its Incongruity in the 'above-mentioned Places. In *Roman* Catholick 'Churches and Chappels abroad, I my self have 'observed, more than once, Persons of the first 'Quality, of the nearest Relation, and intimatest 'Acquaintance passing by one another unknowing 'as it were, and unknown, and with so little Notices of each other, that it looked like having 'their Minds more suitably and more solemnly 'engaged; at least it was an Acknowledgment 'that they ought to have been so. I have been 'told the same even of the *Mahometans*, with 'relation to the Propriety of their Demeanour 'in the Conventions of their erroneous Worship: 'And I cannot but think either of them sufficient 'and laudable Patterns for our Imitation in this 'Particular.

'I cannot help upon this Occasion remarking 'on the excellent Memories of those Devotionists, 'who upon returning from Church shall give a 'particular Account how two or three hundred 'People were dressed; a Thing, by reason of its 'Variety, so difficult to be digested and fixed in '[the][1] Head, that 'tis a Miracle to me how two 'poor Hours of Divine Service can be Time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking, the Duty 'of the Place too being jointly and, no doubt, oft 'pathetically performed along with it. Where it 'is said in Sacred Wit, that *the Woman ought to 'have a Covering on her Head, because of the 'Angels*,[2] that last Word is by some thought to 'be metaphorically used, and to signify young 'Men. Allowing this Interpretation to be right, 'the Text may not appear to be wholly foreign to 'our present Purpose.

'When you are in a Disposition proper for 'writing on such a Subject, I earnestly recommend 'this to you, and am,

SIR,

T. *Your very humble Servant.*

No. 461.] *Tuesday, August* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Non Ego credulus illis.—Virg.

FOR want of Time to substitute something else in the Room of them, I am at present obliged to publish Compliments above my Desert in the following Letters. It is no small Satisfaction, to have given Occasion to ingenious Men to employ their Thoughts upon sacred Subjects, from the Approbation of such Pieces of Poetry as they have seen in my *Saturday's* Papers. I shall never publish Verse on that Day but what is written by the same Hand; yet shall I not accompany those Writings with *Eulogiums*, but leave them to speak for themselves.

For the SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You very much promote the Interests of Virtue, while you reform the Taste of a Prophane 'Age, and persuade us to be entertained with 'Divine Poems, while we are distinguished by so 'many thousand Humours, and split into so many 'different Sects and Parties; yet Persons of every 'Party, Sect, and Humour are fond of conforming 'their Taste to yours. You can transfuse your 'own Relish of a Poem into all your Readers, according to their Capacity to receive; and when 'you recommend the pious Passion that reigns in 'the Verse, we seem to feel the Devotion, and 'grow proud and pleas'd inwardly, that we have 'Souls capable of relishing what the SPECTATOR 'approves.

'Upon reading the Hymns that you have published in some late Papers, I had a Mind to try 'Yesterday whether I could write one. The 114th

[1] [a] [2] 1 Corinthians xi. 10.

'*Psalm* appears to me an admirable Ode, and I 'began to turn it into our Language. As I was 'describing the Journey of *Israel* from *Egypt*, 'and added the Divine Presence amongst them, 'I perceived a Beauty in the *Psalm* which was 'entirely new to me, and which I was going to 'lose; and that is, that the Poet utterly conceals 'the Presence of God in the Beginning of it, and 'rather lets a Possessive Pronoun go without a 'Substantive, than he will so much as mention 'any thing of Divinity there. Judah**was his* '*Sanctuary, and* Israel *his Dominion or King-*'*dom.* The Reason now seems evident, and this 'Conduct necessary: For if God had appeared 'before, there could be no wonder why the Moun-'tains should leap and the Sea retire; therefore 'that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought 'in with due Surprise, his Name is not mentioned 'till afterward, and then with a very agreeable 'Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in 'all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted 'to imitate in a Translation without Paraphrase, 'and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the 'sacred Author.

'If the following Essay be not too incorrigible, 'bestow upon it a few Brightnings from your 'Genius, that I may learn how to write better, or 'to write no more.

Your daily Admirer, and humble Servant,[1] &c.

[1] This letter and the version of the 114th Psalm are by Dr Isaac Watts, who was at this time 38 years old, broken down by an attack of illness, and taking rest and change with his friend Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds. Isaac Watts, the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster at Southampton, had injured his health by excessive study. After acting for a time as tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, he preached his first sermon in 1698, and three years later became pastor of the Nonconformist congregation in Mark Lane. By this office he abided, and with Sir Thomas Abney also he abided; his visit to Theobalds, in 1712, being, on all sides, so agreeable that he stayed there for the remaining 36 years of his life. There he wrote his Divine and Moral Songs for children, his Hymns, and his metrical version of the Psalms. But his *Horæ Lyricæ*, published in 1709, had already attracted much attention when he contributed this Psalm to the *Spectator*. In the Preface to that collection of 'Poems chiefly of the 'Lyric kind, in Three Books, sacred, I. to Devotion 'and Piety. II. To Virtue, Honour, and Friend-'ship. III. To the Memory of the Dead,' he had argued that Poesy, whose original is divine, had been desecrated to the vilest purpose, enticed unthinking youth to sin, and fallen into discredit among some weaker Christians. 'They submit 'indeed to use it *in* divine psalmody, but they love 'the driest translation of the Psalms best.' Watts bade them look into their Bibles and observe the boldness of its poetic imagery, rejected the dictum of Boileau, that

De la foy d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
D'ornemens egayéz ne sont point susceptibles;

and pointed to the way he had chosen for himself as a Biblical rhymer. Poesy, he reminds his readers, is, as his title indicates, not the business of his life. 'And if I seized those hours of lei-'sure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly 'frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine 'or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy par-'don.' Watts died in 1748, aged 74.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

When Israel, *freed from* Pharaoh's *Hand,*
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah *was his Throne.*

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay,
The Deep divides to make them Way;
The Streams of Jordan *saw, and fled*
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains shook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai *on her Base could stand,*
Conscious of Sovereign Power at hand.

IV.

What Power could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan *backward roll his Tide?*
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai *feels?*

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: *See him here;*
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns:
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess their Lord.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the Advantage of 'your putting an Half-penny Value upon your 'self above the rest of our daily Writers to 'defame you in publick Conversation, and strive 'to make you unpopular upon the Account of 'this said Half-penny. But if I were you, I would 'insist upon that small Acknowledgment for the 'superior Merit of yours, as being a Work of In-'vention. Give me Leave therefore to do you 'Justice, and say in your Behalf what you cannot 'your self, which is, That your Writings have 'made Learning a more necessary Part of good 'Breeding than it was before you appeared: 'That Modesty is become fashionable, and Im-'pudence stands in need of some Wit, since you 'have put them both in their proper Lights. Pro-'phaneness, Lewdness, and Debauchery are not 'now Qualifications, and a Man may be a very 'fine Gentleman, tho' he is neither a Keeper nor 'an Infidel.

'I would have you tell the Town the Story of 'the *Sybills*, if they deny giving you Two-Pence. 'Let them know, that those sacred Papers were

'valued at the same Rate after two Thirds of 'them were destroyed, as when there was the 'whole Set. There are so many of us who will 'give you your own Price, that you may acquaint 'your Non-Conformist Readers, That they shall 'not have it, except they come in within such a 'Day, under Three-pence. I don't know, but 'you might bring in the *Date Obolum Belisario* 'with a good Grace. The Witlings come in Clusters 'to two or three Coffee-houses which have left 'you off, and I hope you will make us, who fine 'to your Wit, merry with their Characters who 'stand out against it.

I am your most humble Servant.

P.S. 'I have lately got the ingenious Authors 'of Blacking for Shoes, Powder for colouring the 'Hair, Pomatum for the Hands, Cosmetick for 'the Face, to be your constant Customers; so 'that your Advertisements will as much adorn 'the outward Man, as your Paper does the in-'ward.[1] T.

No. 462.] *Wednesday, August* 20, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nil ego prætulerim Jucundo sanus amico.—Hor.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great Force which Pleasantry in Company has upon all those with whom a Man of that Talent converses. His Faults are generally overlooked by all his Acquaintance, and a certain Carelessness that constantly attends all his Actions, carries him on with greater Success, than Diligence and Assiduity does others who have no Share of this Endowment. *Dacinthus* breaks his Word upon all Occasions both trivial and important; and when he is sufficiently railed at for that abominable Quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all he is a very pleasant Fellow. Dacinthus* is an ill-natured Husband, and yet the very Women end their Freedom of Discourse upon this Subject, *But after all he is very pleasant Company. Dacinthus* is neither in point of Honour, Civility, good Breeding, or good Nature unexceptionable, and yet all is answered, *For he is a very pleasant Fellow.* When this Quality is conspicuous in a Man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous Sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing Gratification as the Gaiety of such a Person; but when it is alone, and serves only to gild a Crowd of ill Qualities, there is no Man so much to be avoided as your pleasant Fellow. A very pleasant Fellow shall turn your good Name to a Jest, make your Character contemptible, debauch your Wife or Daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the World with Welcome where-ever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this Character to be attentive only to their own Satisfactions, and have very little Bowels for the Concerns or Sorrows of other *Men*; nay, they are capable of purchasing their own Pleasures at the Expence of giving Pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of Men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to his Insinuations. The Author of the following Letter carries the Matter so high, as to intimate that the Liberties of *England* have been at the Mercy of a Prince merely as he was of this pleasant Character.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is no one Passion which all Mankind so 'naturally give into as Pride, nor any other Pas-'sion which appears in such different Disguises: 'It is to be found in all Habits and all Com-'plexions. Is it not a Question, whether it does 'more Harm or Good in the World? And if 'there be not such a Thing as what we may call a 'virtuous and laudable Pride?

'It is this Passion alone, when misapplyed, 'that lays us so open to Flatterers; and he who can 'agreeably condescend to sooth our Humour or 'Temper, finds always an open Avenue to our 'Soul; especially if the Flatterer happen to be 'our Superior.

'One might give many Instances of this in a 'late *English* Monarch, under the Title of, *The 'Gayeties of King* Charles II. This Prince was 'by Nature extreamly familiar, of very easie Ac-'cess, and much delighted to see and be seen: 'and this happy Temper, which in the highest De-'gree gratified his Peoples Vanity, did him more 'Service with his loving Subjects than all his 'other Virtues, tho' it must be confessed he had 'many. He delighted, tho' a mighty King, to 'give and take a Jest, as they say; and a Prince 'of this fortunate Disposition, who were inclined 'to make an ill Use of his Power, may have any 'thing of his People, be it never so much to their 'Prejudice. But this good King made generally 'a very innocent Use, as to the Publick, of this 'ensnaring Temper; for, 'tis well known, he 'pursued Pleasure more than Ambition: He 'seemed to glory in being the first Man at Cock-'matches, Horse-races, Balls, and Plays; he ap-'peared highly delighted on those Occasions, and 'never failed to warm and gladden the Heart of 'every Spectator. He more than once dined with 'his good Citizens of *London* on their Lord-'Mayor's Day, and did so the Year that Sir '*Robert Viner* was Mayor. Sir *Robert* was a 'very loyal Man, and, if you will allow the Ex-'pression, very fond of his Sovereign; but what 'with the Joy he felt at Heart for the Honour 'done him by his Prince, and thro' the Warmth 'he was in with continual toasting Healths to the 'Royal Family, his Lordship grew a little fond 'of his Majesty, and entered into a Familiarity 'not altogether so graceful in so publick a Place. 'The King understood very well how to extricate 'himself on all kinds of Difficulties, and with an 'Hint to the Company to avoid Ceremony, stole 'off and made towards his Coach, which stood 'ready for him in *Guild-Hall* Yard: But the 'Mayor liked his Company so well, and was 'grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, 'and catching him fast by the Hand, cryed out

[1] Written in jest, but "The Famous Spanish 'Blacking for Gentlemen's Shoes,' and 'The 'famous Bavarian Red Liquor which gives such 'a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks,' had long been advertised in the *Spectator*.

with a vehement Oath and Accent, *Sir, You 'shall stay and take t'other Bottle.* The airy 'Monarch looked kindly at him over his Shoulder, 'and with a Smile and graceful Air, (for I saw 'him at the Time, and do now) repeated this Line 'of the old Song;

He that's drunk is as great as a King.

'and immediately [turned[1]] back and complied 'with his Landlord.

'I give you this Story, Mr. SPECTATOR, be-'cause, as I said, I saw the Passage; and I assure 'you it's very true, and yet no common one; and 'when I tell you the Sequel, you will say I have 'yet a better Reason for't. This very Mayor 'afterwards erected a Statue of his merry Monarch 'in *Stocks-Market*,[2] and did the Crown many and 'great Services; and it was owing to this Humour 'of the King, that his Family had so great a 'Fortune shut up in the Exchequer of their pleas-'ant Sovereign. The many good-natured Con-'descensions of this Prince are vulgarly known: 'and it is excellently said of him by a great Hand 'which writ his Character, *That he was not a 'King a Quarter of an Hour together in his 'whole Reign.*[3] He would receive Visits even 'from Fools and half Mad-men, and at Times I 'have met with People who have Boxed, fought 'at Back-sword, and taken Poison before King 'Charles II. In a Word, he was so pleasant a 'Man, that no one could be sorrowful under his 'Government. This made him capable of baffling, 'with the greatest Ease imaginable, all Sugges-'tions of Jealousie, and the People could not en-'tertain Notions of any thing terrible in him, 'whom they saw every way agreeable. This 'Scrap of the familar Part of that Prince's History 'I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the 'Request you lately made to your Correspond-'ents.

I am, SIR,
T. *Your most humble Servant.*

[1] [return'd]

[2] Stocks-market, upon the site of which the Mansion House was built in 1738, received its name from a pair of stocks erected near it as early as the year 1281. Sir Robert Viner here erected, in 1675, his white marble statue of Charles II., that he bought a bargain at Leghorn. It was a statue of John Sobieski trampling on a Turk, which had been left on the sculptor's hands, but his worship the Mayor caused a few alterations to be made for the conversion of Sobieski into Charles, and the Turk (still with a turban on his head) into Oliver Cromwell. After the building of the Mansion House this statue lay as lumber in an inn yard till, in 1779, the Corporation gave it to a descendant of the Mayor, who had the reason above given for reverencing Charles II.

[3] Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

No. 463.] *Thursday, August* 21, 1712. [*Addison.*

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cùm membra reponit
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.—Claud.

I WAS lately entertaining my self with comparing *Homer's* Ballance, in which *Jupiter* is represented as weighing the Fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a Passage of *Virgil*, wherein that Deity is introduced as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the Eastern Parts of the World, as in those noble Passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of *Babylon* the Day before his Death, had been weighed in the Ballance, and been found wanting. In other Places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the Mountains in Scales, making the Weight for the Winds, knowing the Ballancings of the Clouds, and in others, as weighing the Actions of Men, and laying their Calamities together in a Ballance. *Milton*, as I have observed in a former Paper, had an Eye to several of these foregoing Instances, in that beautiful Description[1] wherein he represents the Arch-Angel and the Evil Spirit as addressing themselves for the Combat, but parted by the Ballance which appeared in the Heavens and weighed the Consequences of such a Battel.

Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion Sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc'd Air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms; in these he puts two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight,
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the Beam:
Which Gabriel *spying, thus bespake the Fiend.*

Satan, *I know thy Strength, and thou know'st mine,*
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted Scale aloft; nor more, but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the Shades of Night.

These several amusing Thoughts having taken Possession of my Mind some time before I went

[1] Paradise Lost, end of Book IV.

to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary Ideas, raised in my Imagination a very odd kind of Vision. I was, methought, replaced in my Study, and seated in my Elbow Chair, where I had indulged the foregoing Speculations, with my Lamp burning by me, as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several Subjects of Morality, and considering the Nature of many Virtues and Vices, as Materials for those Discourses with which I daily entertain the Publick; I saw, methought, a Pair of Golden Scales hanging by a Chain of the same Metal over the Table that stood before me; when on a sudden, there were great Heaps of Weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these Weights, they shewed the Value of every thing that is in Esteem among Men. I made an Essay of them, by putting the Weight of Wisdom in one Scale, and that of Riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew its comparative Lightness, immediately *flew up and kickt the Beam*.

But, before I proceed, I must inform my Reader, that these Weights did not exert their Natural Gravity, 'till they were laid in the Golden Ballance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my Hand. This I found by several Instances; for upon my laying a Weight in one of the Scales, which was inscribed by the Word *Eternity*; tho' I threw in that of Time, Prosperity, Affliction, Wealth, Poverty, Interest, Success, with many other Weights, which in my Hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite Ballance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the Weight of the Sun, the Stars, and the Earth.

Upon emptying the Scales, I laid several Titles and Honours, with Pomps, Triumphs, and many Weights of the like Nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering Weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other Scale, when, to my great Surprize, it proved so exact a Counterpoise, that it kept the Ballance in an Equilibrium. This little glittering Weight was inscribed upon the Edges of it with the Word *Vanity*. I found there were several other Weights which were equally Heavy, and exact Counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with some others.

There were likewise several Weights that were of the same Figure, and seemed to Correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the Scales; as Religion and Hypocrisie, Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Vivacity, Superstition and Devotion, Gravity and Wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular Weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying my self to the Reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the Dialect of Men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES*; on the other side was written, *In the Language of the Gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS*. I found the Intrinsick value of this Weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good Fortune, and many other Weights, which were much more ponderous in my Hand than the other.

There is a Saying among the *Scotch*, that an Ounce of Mother is worth a Pound of Clergy; I was sensible of the Truth of this Saying, when I saw the Difference between the Weight of Natural Parts, and that of Learning. The Observation which I made upon these two Weights opened to me a new Field of Discoveries, for notwithstanding the Weight of Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning; I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same Scale with it. I made the same Observation upon Faith and Morality, for notwithstanding the latter out-weighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional Weight from its Conjunction with the former, than what it had by it self. This odd Phænomenon shewed it self, in other Particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, Depth of Sense and Perspicuity of Style, with innumerable other Particulars too long to be mentioned in this Paper.

As a Dream seldom fails of dashing Seriousness with Impertinence, Mirth with Gravity, methought I made several other Experiments of a more ludicrous Nature, by one of which I found that an *English* Octavo was very often heavier than a *French* Folio; and by another, that an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author weighed down a whole Library of Moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the Scales, and flung a two-penny Piece into the other. The Reader will not enquire into the Event, if he remembers the first Tryal which I have recorded in this Paper. I afterwards threw both the Sexes into the Ballance; but as it is not for my Interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the Result of this Experiment. Having an Opportunity of this Nature in my Hands, I could not forbear throwing into one Scale the Principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a Neutral Paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this Head also, though upon examining one of the Weights, I saw the Word *TEKEL* Engraven on it in Capital Letters.

I made many other Experiments, and though I have not Room for them all in this Day's Speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my Golden Scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this Lesson from them, not to despise or value any Things for their Appearances, but to regulate my Esteem and Passions towards them according to their real and intrinsick Value. C.

No. 464.] *Friday, August* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.—Hor.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any Passage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never

met with in a Quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful Saying in *Theognis; Vice is covered by Wealth, and Virtue by Poverty;* or to give it in the Verbal Translation, *Among Men there are some who have their Vices concealed by Wealth, and others who have their Virtues concealed by Poverty.* Every Man's Observation will supply him with Instances of Rich Men, who have several Faults and Defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their Riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more Natural Description of a Poor Man, whose Merits are lost in his Poverty, than that in the Words of the Wise Man. *There was a little City, and a few Men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great Bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor Wise Man, and he, by his Wisdom, delivered the City; yet no Man remembered that same poor Man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than Strength; nevertheless, the poor Man's Wisdom is despised, and his Words are not heard.*[1]

The middle Condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of Wisdom. Poverty turns our Thoughts too much upon the supplying of our Wants, and Riches upon enjoying our Superfluities; and, as *Cowley* has said in another Case, *It is hard for a Man to keep a steady Eye upon Truth, who is always in a Battel or a Triumph.*

If we regard Poverty and Wealth, as they are apt to produce Virtues or Vices in the Mind of Man, one may observe, that there is a Set of each of these growing out of Poverty, quite different from that which rises out of Wealth. Humility and Patience, Industry and Temperance, are very often the good Qualities of a poor Man. Humanity and Good-nature, Magnanimity, and a Sense of Honour, are as often the Qualifications of the Rich. On the contrary, Poverty is apt to betray a Man into Envy, Riches into Arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with Fraud, vicious Compliance, Repining, Murmur and Discontent; Riches expose a Man to Pride and Luxury, a foolish Elation of Heart, and too great a Fondness for the present World. In short, the middle Condition is most eligible to the Man who would improve himself in Virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of Knowledge. It was upon this Consideration that *Agur* founded his Prayer, which for the Wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me Vanity and Lies; give me neither Poverty, nor Riches; feed me with Food convenient for me. Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.*[2]

I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a very pretty Allegory, which is wrought into a Play[3] by *Aristophanes* the *Greek* Comedian. It seems originally designed as a Satyr upon the Rich, though, in some Parts of it, 'tis like the foregoing Discourse, a kind of Comparison between Wealth and Poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding Poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of the Temple. The Person he chanced to see was to Appearance an old sordid blind Man, but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus* the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Resolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to strole about the World in the Blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in a tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatned to banish her not only from his own House, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occasion pleads her Cause very notably, and represents to her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was Rich, they would never be supplied with those Pomps, Ornaments and Conveniencies of Life which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Votaries, in regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unweildiness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for her self, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this means the Deity recovered his Eyes, and begun to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that [was[1]] distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards [Men[2]] and at the same time by taking away his Gifts from the Impious and Undeserving. This produces several merry Incidents, till in the last Act *Mercury* descends with great Complaints from the Gods, that since the Good Men were grown Rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since this late Innovation he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was Religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Proposal which was relished by all the Good Men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a Solemn Procession to the Temple, and Install him in the Place of

[1] Eccl. ix. 14—16.
[2] Proverbs xxx. 7—9.
[3] The Plutus.

[1] [were]
[2] [Man]

Jupiter. This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points, first, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distributions of Wealth: and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them. C.

No. 465.] *Saturday, August* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te sèmper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium Spes.
Hor.

HAVING endeavoured in my last *Saturday's* Paper to shew the great Excellency of Faith, I here consider what are the proper Means of strengthning and confirming it in the Mind of Man. Those who delight in reading Books of Controversie, which are written on both sides of the Question in Points of Faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled Habit of it. They are one Day entirely convinced of its important Truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The Doubt [which[1]] was laid revives again, and shews it self in new Difficulties, and that generally for this Reason, because the Mind which is perpetually tost in Controversies and Disputes, is apt to forget the Reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former Perplexity, when it appears in a new Shape, or is started by a different Hand. As nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole Lives, without determining our selves one way or other in those Points which are of the last Importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may with-hold our Assent; but in Cases by which we are to regulate our Lives, it is the greatest Absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that Side which appears the most safe and [the] most probable. The first Rule therefore which I shall lay down is this, that when by Reading or Discourse we find our selves thoroughly convinced of the Truth of any Article, and of the Reasonableness of our Belief in it, we should never after suffer our selves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the Arguments which occasioned our Conviction, but we ought to remember the Strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the Conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common Art or Science, nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the Weakness and Limitation of our Intellectual Faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer*, one of the glorious Army of Martyrs who introduced the Reformation in *England*, behaved himself in that great Conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists in the Reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old Man knowing how his Abilities were impaired by Age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those Reasons which had directed him in the Choice of his Religion, left his Companions who were in the full Possession of their Parts and Learning, to baffle and confound their Antagonists by the Force of Reason. As for himself he only repeated to his Adversaries the Articles in which he firmly believed, and in the Profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the Mathematician proceeds upon the Propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the Demonstration may have slipt out of his Memory, he builds upon the Truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This Rule is absolutely necessary for weaker Minds, and in some measure for Men of the greatest Abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their Memories, and always keep by them in a readiness, those Arguments which appear to them of the greatest Strength, and which cannot be got over by all the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens Faith more than Morality. Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A Man is quickly convinced of the Truth of Religion, who finds it is not against his Interest that it should be true. The Pleasure he receives at Present, and the Happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give Credit to it, according to the ordinary Observation that *we are easie to believe what we wish*. It is very certain, that a Man of sound Reason cannot forbear closing with Religion upon an impartial Examination of it; but at the same time it is as certain, that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers Strength from Practice more than from Speculation.

There is still another Method which is more Persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual Adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant Acts of mental Worship, as in outward Forms. The devout Man does not only believe but feels there is a Deity. He has actual Sensations of Him; his Experience concurs with his Reason; he sees him more and more in all his Intercourses with him, and even in this Life almost loses his Faith in Conviction.

The last Method which I shall mention for the giving Life to a Man's Faith, is frequent Retirement from the World, accompanied with religious Meditation. When a Man thinks of any thing in the Darkness of the Night, whatever deep Impressions it may make in his Mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the Day breaks about him. The Light and Noise of the Day, which are perpetually soliciting his Senses, and calling off his Attention, wear out of his Mind the Thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much Strength, during the Silence and Darkness of the Night. A Man finds the same Difference as to himself in a Crowd and in a Solitude: the Mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that Variety of Objects which press upon her in a great City: She cannot apply herself to the Consideration of these Things which are of the utmost Concern to her. The Cares or Pleasures of the World strike

[1] [that]

in with every Thought, and a Multitude of vicious Examples [give [1]] a kind of Justification [to [2]] our Folly. In our Retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of Men; in the Country with those of God. One is the Province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind of every reasonable Man, who sees the Impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every Object on which he casts his Eye. The Supream Being has made the best Arguments for his own Existence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth, and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of Human Affairs. *Aristotle* says, that should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful Strokes of Poetry to this Purpose, in that exalted Strain, *The Heavens declare the Glory of God: And the Firmament showeth his handy-work. One Day telleth another: And one Night certifieth another. There is neither Speech nor Language: But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands: And their Words into the Ends of the World.*[3] As such a bold and sublime manner of Thinking furnishes very noble Matter for an Ode, the Reader may see it wrought into the following one.[4]

I.

The Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Etherial Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the listning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

III.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.' C.

[1] [give us] [2] [in]
[3] Psalm xix. 1—3. [4] By Addison.

No. 466.] *Monday, August* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Vera incessu patuit Dea.*—Virg.

WHEN *Æneas*, the Hero of *Virgil*, is lost in the Wood, and a perfect Stranger in the Place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a Lady in an Habit for the Chase. She enquires of him, Whether he has seen pass by that Way any young Woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the Sport in the Wood, or any other Way employed, according to the Custom of Huntresses? The Hero answers with the Respect due to the beautiful Appearance she made, tells her, He saw no such Person as she enquired for: but intimates, that he knows her to be of the Deities, and desires she would conduct a Stranger. Her Form from her first Appearance manifested she was more than mortal; but tho' she was certainly a Goddess, the Poet does not make her known to be the Goddess of *Beauty* till she moved: All the Charms of an agreeable Person are then in their highest Exertion, every Limb and Feature appears with its respective Grace. It is from this Observation, that I cannot help being so passionate an Admirer as I am of good Dancing.[1] As all Art is an Imitation of Nature, this is an Imitation of Nature in its highest Excellence, and at a Time when she is most agreeable. The Business of Dancing is to display Beauty, and for that Reason all Distortions and Mimickries, as such, are what raise Aversion instead of Pleasure: But Things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with Imposture and false Imitation. Thus, as in Poetry there are laborious Fools who write Anagrams and Acrosticks, there are Pretenders in Dancing, who think meerly to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such Creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a Knack of throwing a Grain of Corn through the Eye of a Needle, with a Bushel to keep his Hand in Use. The [Dancers[2]] on our Stages are very faulty in this Kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such Postures, as it would be a Pain for any of the Spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those Spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. *Prince* has a Genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt them to better things. In all the Dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the Characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his Performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by Motions proper to the Characters he represents. He gives to Clowns and Lubbards clumsie Graces, that is, he makes them Practise what they would think Graces: And I have seen Dances of his, which might give Hints that would be useful to a Comick Writer. These Performances have pleas'd the Taste of such as have not Reflection enough to know their Excellence, because they are in Nature; and the distorted Motions of others have offended those who could not form Reasons to themselves for

[1] See Nos. 66, 67, 334, 370, 376.
[2] [Dancing]

their Displeasure, from their being a Contradiction to Nature.

When one considers the inexpressible Advantage there is in arriving at some Excellence in this Art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following Letter has in it something very natural on this Subject.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Widower with but one Daughter; she 'was by Nature much inclined to be a Romp, and 'I had no way of educating her, but commanding 'a young Woman, whom I entertained to take Care 'of her, to be very watchful in her Care and At'tendance about her. I am a Man of Business, 'and obliged to be much abroad. The Neigh'bours have told me, that in my Absence our 'Maid has let in the Spruce Servants in the Neigh'bourhood to Junketings, while my Girl play'd 'and romped even in the Street. To tell you the 'plain Truth, I catched her once, at eleven Years 'old, at Chuck-Farthing among the Boys. This 'put me upon new Thoughts about my Child, and 'I determined to place her at a Boarding-School, 'and at the same Time gave a very discreet young 'Gentlewoman her Maintenance at the same 'Place and Rate, to be her Companion. I took 'little Notice of my Girl from Time to Time, but 'saw her now and then in good Health, out of 'Harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much 'Importunity I was lately prevailed with to go 'to one of their Balls. I cannot express to you 'the anxiety my silly Heart was in, when I saw 'my Romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt 'the pangs of a Father upon me so strongly in my 'whole Life before; and I could not have suffered 'more, had my whole Fortune been at Stake. My 'Girl came on with the most becoming Modesty 'I had ever seen, and casting a respectful Eye, 'as if she feared me more than all the Audience, I 'gave a Nod, which, I think, gave her all the 'Spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly 'to that Dignity of Aspect. My Romp, now the 'most graceful Person of her Sex, assumed a 'Majesty which commanded the highest Respect; 'and when she turned to me, and saw my Face 'in Rapture, she fell into the prettiest Smile, and 'I saw in all her Motion that she exulted in her 'Father's Satisfaction. You, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'will, better than I can tell you, imagine to your'self all the different Beauties and Changes of 'Aspect in an accomplished young Woman, set'ting forth all her Beauties with a Design to 'please no one so much as her Father. My Girl's 'Lover can never know half the Satisfaction that 'I did in her that Day. I could not possibly 'have imagined, that so great Improvement could 'have been wrought by an Art that I always held 'in it self ridiculous and contemptible. There is, 'I am convinced, no Method like this, to give 'young Women a Sense of their own Value and 'Dignity; and I am sure there can be none so 'expeditious to communicate that Value to others. 'As for the flippant insipidly Gay and wantonly 'Forward, whom you behold among Dancers, 'that Carriage is more to be attributed to the 'perverse Genius of the Performers, than imputed 'to the Art it self. For my Part, my Child has 'danced her self into my Esteem, and I have as 'great an Honour for her as ever I had for her 'Mother, from whom she derived those latent good 'Qualities which appeared in her Countenance 'when was dancing; for my Girl, tho' I say it my 'self, shewed in one Quarter of an Hour the in'nate Principles of a modest Virgin, a tender 'Wife, a generous Friend, a kind Mother, and an 'indulgent Mistress. I'll strain hard but I will 'purchase for her an Husband suitable to her 'Merit. I am your Convert in the Admiration of 'what I thought you jested when you recom'mended; and if you please to be at my House 'on *Thursday* next, I make a Ball for my 'Daughter, and you shall see her Dance, or, if 'you will do her that Honour, dance with her.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

PHILIPATER.

I have some time ago spoken of a Treatise written by Mr. *Weaver* on this Subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This Work sets this Matter in a very plain and advantageous Light; and I am convinced from it, that if the Art was under proper Regulations, it would be a mechanick way of implanting insensibly in Minds, not capable of receiving it so well by any other Rules, a Sense of good Breeding and Virtue.

Were any one to see *Mariamne* Dance, let him be never so sensual a Brute, I defie him to entertain any Thoughts but of the highest Respect and Esteem towards her. I was shewed last Week a Picture in a Lady's Closet, for which she had an hundred different Dresses, that she could clap on round the Face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of Habits in the diversity of the same Countenance. Motion, and change of Posture and Aspect, has an Effect no less surprising on the Person of *Mariamne* when she Dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This Ideot has a very good Ear, and a most agreeable Shape; but the Folly of the Thing is such, that it Smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she Dances you see the Simpleton from Head to Foot. For you must know (as Trivial as this Art is thought to be) no one ever was a good Dancer, that had not a good Understanding. If this be a Truth, I shall leave the Reader to judge from that Maxim, what Esteem they ought to have for such Impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their Heads, and, in a Word, play a thousand Pranks which many Animals can do better than a Man, instead of performing to Perfection what the human Figure only is capable of Performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty Lover, at least, of Virtue, should take so much Pains to recommend what the soberer Part of Mankind look upon to be a Trifle; but under Favour of the soberer Part of Mankind, I think they have not enough considered this Matter, and for that Reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own Justification, say that I attempt to bring into the Service of Honour and Virtue every Thing in Nature that can pretend to give elegant

Delight. It may possibly be proved, that Vice is in it self destructive of Pleasure, and Virtue in it self conducive to it. If the Delights of a free Fortune were under proper Regulations, this Truth would not want much Argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every Man, that there is a strict Affinity between all Things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest Sentiment of the Soul, to the most indifferent Gesture of the Body. T.

No. 467.] *Tuesday, Aug.* 26, 1712. [*John Hughes?*

——Quodcunque meæ poterunt Audere Camænæ
Seu Tibi par poterunt, seu, quod spes abnuit ultra;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine Charta.
Tibull. ad Messalam.

THE Love of Praise is a Passion deeply fixed in the Mind of every extraordinary Person, and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that Particle of the Divinity which distinguishes Mankind from the Inferior Creation. The Supreme Being it self is most pleased with Praise and Thanksgiving; the other Part of our Duty is but an Acknowledgment of our Faults, whilst this is the immediate Adoration of his Perfections. 'Twas an excellent Observation, That we then only despise Commendation when we cease to deserve it: and we have still extant two Orations of *Tully* and *Pliny*, spoken to the greatest and best Princes of all the *Roman* Emperors,[1] who, no doubt, heard with the greatest Satisfaction, what even the most disinterested Persons, and at so large a Distance of Time, cannot read without Admiration. *Cæsar* thought his Life consisted in the Breath of Praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his Glory; others have sacrificed themselves for a Name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a Sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: But by Merit and superior Excellencies not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal Reputation, is the last Degree of Happiness which we can hope for here. Bad Characters are dispersed abroad with Profusion, I hope for example Sake, and (as Punishments are designed by the Civil Power) more for the deterring the Innocent, than the chastising the Guilty. The Good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer Originals of this Kind to copy after, or that, thro' the Malignity of our Nature, we rather delight in the Ridicule than the Virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for Variety, sometimes to give the World a Representation of the bright Side of humane Nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: The Desire of Imitation may, perhaps, be a greater Incentive to the Practice of what is good, than the Aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid: And I cannot at present do this with more Satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some Justice to the Character of *Manilius*.[1]

It would far exceed my present Design, to give a particular Description of *Manilius* thro' all the Parts of his excellent Life: I shall now only draw him in his Retirement, and pass over in Silence the various Arts, the courtly Manners, and the undesigning Honesty by which he attained the Honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a Dignity and Veneration to the Ease he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with Pleasure on the Waves and Billows thro' which he has steered to so fair an Haven; he is now intent upon the *Practice of every Virtue*, which a great Knowledge and Use of Mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestick Employments he is no less glorious than in his publick; for 'tis in Reality a more difficult Task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive Life, than in one that is spent in Hurry and Business; Persons engaged in the latter, like Bodies violently agitated, from the Swiftness of their Motion have a Brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at Rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the Seeds of intrinsick Worth that thus shine out without any foreign Aid or Assistance.

His Liberality in another might almost bear the Name of Profusion; he seems to think it laudable even in the Excess, like that River which most enriches when it overflows: But *Manilius* has too perfect a Taste of the Pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his Power; and for that Reason he will have a just Oeconomy, and a splendid Frugality at home, the Fountain from whence those Streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with Disdain on those who propose their Death as the Time when they are to begin their Munificence; he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest Degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living Executor of his own Bounty, whilst they who have the Happiness to be within his Care and Patronage at once, pray for the Continuation of his Life, and their own good Fortune. No one is out of the reach of his Obligations; he knows

[1] Julius Cæsar and Trajan. Cicero most flattered Cæsar in the speech *pro Marcello*, but the memorable speech of his before Cæsar was that for Ligarius, who had borne arms against the new master of Rome in the African campaign. Cæsar had said, 'Why might we not as well once more 'hear a speech from Cicero? There is no doubt 'that Ligarius is a bad man and an enemy.' Yet the effect of the speech was that Cæsar was stirred with emotion, changed colour, and at reference to the battle of Pharsalia, 'he was,' says Plutarch, 'so affected that his body trembled, and some of 'the papers he held dropped from his hands, and 'thus he was overpowered, and acquitted Ligarius.' Of Pliny the younger there remains a fulsome Panegyric upon Trajan.

[1] Lord Cowper?

how, by proper and becoming Methods, to raise himself to a Level with those of the highest Rank; and his good Nature is a sufficient Warrant against the Want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as *Pindar* bids his Muse say of *Theron*:[1]

Swear, that Theron *sure has sworn,*
No one near him should be Poor.
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful Art,
Fortune's Free-Gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious Hand, and an unbounded Heart.

Never did *Atticus* succeed better in gaining the universal Love and Esteem of all Men; nor steer with more Success betwixt the Extreams of two contending Parties. 'Tis his peculiar Happiness, that while he espouses neither with an intemperate Zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual Felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any Person of whatsoever Age or Sex, but was immediately struck with the Merit of *Manilius*. There are many who are acceptable to some particular Persons, whilst the rest of Mankind look upon them with Coldness and Indifference; but he is the first whose entire good Fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, where-ever he comes to be admired, and where-ever he is absent to be lamented. His Merit fares like the Pictures of *Raphael*, which are either seen with Admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no Taste for a Composition which has received so universal an Applause. Envy and Malice find it against their Interest to indulge Slander and Obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an Enemy to detract from as for a Friend to add to his Praise. An Attempt upon his Reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one Way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just Commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the Sight with any Care of Dress; *his* outward Garb is but the Emblem of his Mind, it is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion which all have of his Merit, and that he gives a Lustre to the plainest Dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal Figure in the Room: He first engages your Eye, as if there were some Point of Light which shone stronger upon him than on any other Person.

He puts me in mind of a Story of the famous *Bussy d' Amboise*,[2] who at an Assembly at Court, where every one appeared with the utmost Magnificence, relying upon his own superior Behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that Day a plain Suit of Cloaths, and dressed all his Servants in the most costly gay Habits he could procure: The Event was, that the Eyes of the whole Court were fixed upon him, all the rest looked like his Attendants, whilst he alone had the Air of a Person of Quality and Distinction.

Like *Aristippus*, whatever Shape or Condition he appears in, it still sits free and easie upon him; but in some Part of his Character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the Largeness of his present Circumstances, the Rectitude of his Judgment has so far corrected the Inclinations of his Ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the Desires or Pursuits of any thing beyond his present Enjoyments.

A thousand obliging Things flow from him upon every Occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least Pains to look for them. One would think it were the Dæmon of good Thoughts that discovered to him those Treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their Way. Nothing can equal the Pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the Satisfaction one receives in the Civility and Attention he pays to the Discourse of others. His Looks are a silent Commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret Reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without Danger of Intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The Gravity of his Conversation is always enlivened with his Wit and Humour, and the Gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the Expence of your Reason, nor serious with the Loss of your good Humour; but, by a happy mixture in his Temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole Behaviour is equally distant from Constraint and Negligence, and he commands your Respect, whilst he gains your Heart.

There is in his whole Carriage such an engaging Softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher Passions, which, where-ever they find Place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward Demeanour of the Persons they belong to: But his Constitution is a just Temperature between Indolence on one hand and Violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, where-ever his Affairs will give him Leave to follow his own Inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with Vigour and Resolution in the Service of his Prince, his Country, or his Friend.

Z.

[1] Second Olympic Ode.

[2] Bussy d'Amboise had become famous in England through a tragedy by George Chapman, often presented in the time of James I., and revived after the Restoration. In 1691 Chapman's play was produced with some changes by Thomas D'Urfey. The man himself killed a relation in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, to get a title, and was trapped and killed by the Comte de Montsoreau, whose wife he went to seduce.

No. 468.] *Wednesday, August* 27, 1712. [*Steele.*

Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.—Plin. Epist.

MY Paper is in a kind a Letter of News, but it regards rather what passes in the World

of Conversation than that of Business. I am very sorry that I have at present a Circumstance before me, which is of very great Importance to all who have a Relish for Gayety, Wit, Mirth, or Humour; I mean the Death of poor *Dick Eastcourt*.[1] I have been oblig'd to him for so many Hours of Jollity, that it is but a small Recompence, tho' all I can give him, to pass a Moment or two in Sadness for the Loss of so agreeable a Man. Poor *Eastcourt!* the last Time I saw him we were plotting to shew the Town his great Capacity for acting in its full Light, by introducing him as dictating to a Set of young Players, in what manner to speak this Sentence, and utter t'other Passion —— He had so exquisite a Discerning of what was defective in any Object before him, that in an Instant he could shew you the ridiculous Side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to Men of no ill Judgment, before he had pointed at the Failure. He was no less skilful in the Knowledge of Beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned Compliments, as well as smart Repartees, of Mr. *Eastcourt's*, than of any other Man in *England*. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable Faculty of telling a Story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected Incidents to make his Court to one Part, and rally the other Part of the Company: Then he would vary the Usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp Language. He had the Knack to raise up a pensive Temper, and mortifie an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable Skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my Memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. *Hamlet* holding up the Skull which the Grave-digger threw to him, with an Account that it was the Head of the King's Jester, falls into very pleasing Reflections, and cries out to his Companion,

Alas, poor Yorick! *I knew him*, Horatio, *a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy; he hath born me on his Back a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is now, my Gorge rises at it. Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now, your Gambols, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a Roar: No one now to mock your own Jeerings: quite Chop-fallen. Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, Let her paint an Inch thick, to this Favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.*

It is an Insolence natural to the Wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the Character of a Man to his Circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good Qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whose Lowness upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this Humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick Wit in Conversation, a nice Judgment upon any Emergency, that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive Behaviour, could not raise this Man above being received only upon the Foot of contributing to Mirth and Diversion. But he was as easy under that Condition, as a Man of so excellent Talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his Business, he did it with all the seeming Alacrity imaginable, tho' it stung him to the Heart that it was his Business. Men of Sense, who could taste his Excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the Way in Conversation, and play after his own Manner; but Fools who provoked him to Mimickry, found he had the Indignation to let it be at their Expence who called for it, and he would shew the Form of conceited heavy Fellows as Jests to the Company at their own Request, in Revenge for interrupting him from being a Companion to put on the Character of a Jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable Companion, was, that in the Accounts he gave of Persons and Sentiments, he did not only hit the Figure of their Faces, and Manner of their Gestures, but he would in his Narration fall into their very Way of thinking, and this when he recounted Passages, wherein Men of the best Wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented Men of the lowest Rank of Understanding. It is certainly as great an Instance of Self-love to a Weakness, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any can be imagined. There were none but the Vain, the Formal, the Proud, or those who were incapable of amending their Faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest Degree pleasing; and I do not know any Satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an Impatience of seeing my self in the Air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite Talent this way, more than any Philosophy I could read on the Subject, that my Person is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address. It is to poor *Eastcourt* I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the Happiness of thinking nothing a Diminution to me, but what argues a Depravity of my Will.

It has as much surprized me as any thing in Nature, to have it frequently said, That he was not a good Player: But that must be owing to a Partiality for former Actors in the Parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by Comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the Nature of the Thing. When a Man of his Wit and Smartness could put on an utter Absence of common Sense in his Face as he did in the Character of *Bulfinch* in the *Northern Lass*,[1] and an Air of insipid Cunning and Vivacity in the Character of *Pounce* in the *Tender Husband*,[2] it is Folly to dispute his Capacity and Success, as he was an Actor.

Poor *Eastcourt!* let the Vain and Proud be at Rest; thou wilt no more disturb their Admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the Mirth of Stupids, who know nothing of thy Merit, for thy Maintenance.

[1] See p. 378.

[1] By Richard Brome, first acted in 1632.
[2] By Steele.

It is natural for the Generality of Mankind to run into Reflections upon our Mortality, when Disturbers of the World are laid at Rest, but to take no Notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us: But for my Part, I cannot but think the Loss of such Talents as the Man of whom I am speaking was Master of, a more melancholy Instance of Mortality, than the Dissolution of Persons of never so high Characters in the World, whose Pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a SPECTATOR, give an Account of this extraordinary Man, who, in his Way, never had an Equal in any Age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a Companion, and a Man qualified for Conversation. His Fortune exposed him to an Obsequiousness towards the worst Sort of Company, but his excellent Qualities rendered him capable of making the best Figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among Men of the most delicate Taste a whole Night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the Discourse to himself the most Part of it, and maintain his good Humour with a Countenance in a Language so delightful, without Offence to any Person or Thing upon Earth, still preserving the Distance his Circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some Sorrow for their abundant Mirth, and one Gush of Tears for so many Bursts of Laughter. I wish it were any Honour to the pleasant Creature's Memory, that my Eyes are too much suffused to let me [go on———[1].]

T.

[1] [go on——
It is a felicity his Friends may rejoice in, that he had his Senses, and used them as he ought to do, in his last Moments. It is remarkable that his Judgment was in its calm Perfection to the utmost Article, for when his Wife out of her fondness, desired she might send for a certain illiterate Humourist (whom he had accompanied in a thousand mirthful Moments, and whose Insolence makes Fools think he assumes from conscious Merit) he answered, '*Do what you please, but he won't come near me.*' Let poor Eastcourt's Negligence about this Message convince the unwary of a triumphant Empiric's Ignorance and Inhumanity.] This passage, omitted from the reprint, expresses Steele's anger at the neglect of Estcourt in his last hours by Dr. John Radcliffe, one of the chief physicians of the time, who as a rough-spoken humourist made many enemies, and was condemned as an empiric by many of his professional brethren. When called, in 1699, to attend King William, who asked his opinion on his swollen ankles, he said, 'I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' His maxim for making a fortune was to use all men ill, but Mead, it has been observed, made more money by the opposite method. Not very long after this bitter censure of Radcliffe for neglect of Estcourt, attempts were made to censure him formally in the House of Commons for refusal to attend in the last illness of Queen Anne, although requested to do so by the Privy Council. He denied that he had been asked to attend. He died himself three months after the Queen (in 1714, aged 64), his last days embittered by the public odium following the charge of disrespect to his dying sovereign. He died unmarried, and left the greater part of his money to beneficent uses, among them the erection of an infirmary and of the Radcliffe Library in Oxford.

[2] [Opportunities of exercising his]

No. 469.] *Thursday, August* 28, 1712. [*Addison.*

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.—Tull.

I AM perswaded there are few Men of generous Principles, who would seek after great Places, were it not rather to have an Opportunity in their Hands of obliging their particular Friends, or those whom they look upon as Men of Worth, than to procure Wealth and Honour for themselves. To an honest Mind the best Perquisites of a Place are the Advantages it gives a Man of doing Good.

Those who are under the great Officers of State, and are the Instruments by which they act, have more frequent Opportunities for the Exercise of Compassion, and Benevolence, than their Superiors themselves. These Men know every little Case that is to come before the Great Man, and if they are possessed with honest Minds, will consider Poverty as a Recommendation in the Person who applies himself to them, and make the Justice of his Cause the most powerful Solicitor in his Behalf. A Man of this Temper, when he is in a Post of Business, becomes a Blessing to the Publick: He patronizes the Orphan and the Widow, assists the Friendless, and guides the Ignorant: He does not reject the Person's Pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good Office for a Man because he cannot pay the Fee of it. In short, tho' he regulates himself in all his Proceedings by Justice and Equity, he finds a thousand [Occasions for all the Good-natured Offices of[2]] Generosity and Compassion.

A Man is unfit for such a Place of Trust, who is of a sower untractable Nature, or has any other Passion that makes him uneasie to those who approach him. Roughness of Temper is apt to discountenance the Timorous or Modest. The proud Man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean Condition, and who most want his Assistance. The impatient Man will not give himself time to be informed of the Matter that lies before him. An Officer with one or more of these unbecoming Qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper Person to keep off Impertinence and

Solicitation from his Superior; but this is a kind of Merit, that can never attone for the Injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious Qualities which render a Man very unfit for such a Place of Trust. The first of these is a Dilatory Temper, which commits innumerable Cruelties without Design. The Maxim which several have laid down for a Man's Conduct in ordinary Life should be inviolable with a Man in Office, never to think of doing that To-morrow which may be done To-day. A Man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of Injustice so long as he defers it. The Dispatch of a good Office is very often as beneficial to the Solicitor as the good Office it self. In short, if a Man compared the Inconveniences which another suffers by his Delays, with the trifling Motives and Advantages which he himself may reap by such a Delay, he would never be guilty of a Fault which very often does an irreparable Prejudice to the Person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little Trouble to himself.

But in the last Place, there is no Man so improper to be employed in Business, as he who is in any degree capable of Corruption; and such an one is the Man, who, upon any Pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned Fee of his Office. Gratifications, Tokens of Thankfulness, Dispatch Money, and the like specious Terms, are the Pretences under which Corruption very frequently shelters it self. An honest Man will however look on all these Methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate Fortune that is gained with Honour and Reputation, than in an overgrown Estate that is cankered with the Acquisitions of Rapine and Exaction. Were all our Offices discharged with such an inflexible Integrity, we should not see Men in all Ages, who grow up to exorbitant Wealth with the Abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary Mechanick. I cannot but think that such a Corruption proceeds chiefly from Mens employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the Character of shrewd worldly Men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal Education, and have been trained up in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue.

It has been observed, that Men of Learning who take to Business, discharge it generally with greater Honesty than Men of the World. The chief Reason for it I take to be as follows. A Man that has spent his Youth in Reading, has been used to find Virtue extolled, and Vice stigmatized. A Man that has past his Time in the World, has often seen Vice triumphant, and Virtue discountenanced. Extortion, Rapine and Injustice, which are branded with Infamy in Books, often give a Man a Figure in the World; while several Qualities which are celebrated in Authors, as Generosity, Ingenuity and Good-Nature, impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable Effect on Men, whose Tempers and Principles are equally Good and Vicious.

There would be at least this Advantage in employing Men of Learning and Parts in Business, that their Prosperity would set more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless Persons shot up into the greatest Figures of Life. C.

No. 470.] *Friday, August* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus est labor ineptiarum.—Mart.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late Years, when upon examining the new Edition of a Classick Author, I have found above half the Volume taken up with various Readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned Note upon a doubtful Passage in a *Latin* Poet, I have only been informed, that such or such Ancient Manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable Discovery of the like Importance. Indeed, when a different Reading gives us a different Sense, or a new Elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking Notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same Word, and gathers together the various Blunders and Mistakes of twenty or thirty different Transcribers, they only take up the Time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the Minds of the Ignorant. I have often fancied with my self how enraged an old *Latin* Author would be, should he see the several Absurdities in Sense and Grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various Readings. In one he speaks Nonsense; in another, makes use of a Word that was never heard of: And indeed there is scarce a Solecism in Writing which the best Author is not guilty of, if we may be at Liberty to read him in the Words of some Manuscript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the Prosecution of his Work.

I question not but the Ladies and pretty Fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore give them a Notion of this Practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several Persons who make an eminent Figure in the Republick of Letters. To this end we will suppose that the following [Song[1]] is an old Ode which I present to the Publick in a new Edition, with the several various Readings which I find of it in former Editions, and in Ancient Manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various Readings, will perhaps find their Account in the Song, which never before appeared in Print.

My Love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my Heart;
From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

[1] [Song, which by the way is a beautiful Descant upon a single Thought, like the Compositions of the best Ancient Lyrick Poets, I say we will suppose this Song]

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke:
'Till by her Wit Corinna *sav'd me,*
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting Anguish
For Belvidera *I endure;*
Hourly I Sigh and hourly Languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the false unconstant Lover,
After a thousand Beauties shown,
Does new surprizing Charms discover,
And finds Variety in One.

Various Readings.

Stanza the First, Verse the First. *And changing.*] The *and* in some Manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the *Cotton* Library writes it in three distinct Letters.

Verse the Second, *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would;* but as this would hurt the Metre, we have restored it to its genuine Reading, by observing that *Synæresis* which had been neglected by ignorant Transcribers.

Ibid. *'In my Heart.*] *Scaliger,* and others, *on my Heart.*

Verse the Fourth, *I found a Dart.*] The *Vatican* Manuscript for *I* reads *it,* but this must have been the Hallucination of the Transcriber, who probably mistook the Dash of the *I* for a *T.*

Stanza the Second, Verse the Second. *The fatal Stroke.*] *Scioppius, Salmasius* and many others, for *the* read *a,* but I have stuck to the usual Reading.

Verse the Third, *Till by her Wit.*] Some Manuscripts have it *his Wit,* others *your,* others *their Wit.* But as I find *Corinna* to be the Name of a Woman in other Authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her.*

Stanza the third, Verse the First. *A long and lasting Anguish.*] The *German* Manuscript reads *a lasting Passion,* but the Rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the Second. *For* Belvidera *I endure.*] Did not all the Manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera; Pelvis* being used by several of the Ancient Comick Writers for a Looking-glass, by which means the Etymology of the Word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signifie a Lady who often looks in her Glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those Beauties which our Poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the Third. *Hourly I sigh and hourly languish.*] Some for the Word *hourly* read *daily,* and others *nightly;* the last has great Authorities of its side.

Verse the Fourth. *The wonted Cure.*] The Elder *Stevens* reads *wanted Cure.*

Stanza the Fourth, Verse the Second. *After a thousand Beauties.*] In several Copies we meet with a *Hundred Beauties* by the usual Errour of the Transcribers, who probably omitted a Cypher, and had not Taste enough to know that the Word *Thousand* was ten Times a greater Compliment to the Poet's Mistress than an *Hundred.*

Verse the Fourth. *And finds Variety in one.*] Most of the Ancient Manuscripts have it *in two.* Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two Reasons which incline me to the Reading as I have published it; First, because the Rhime, and, Secondly, because the Sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the Oscitancy of Transcribers, who, to dispatch their Work the sooner, use to write all Numbers in Cypher, and seeing the Figure 1 following by a little Dash of the Pen, as is customary in old Manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the Dash for a second Figure, and by casting up both together composed out of them the Figure 2. But this I shall leave to the Learned, without determining any thing in a Matter of so great Uncertainty. C.

No. 471.] *Saturday, August* 30, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἔχειν βίον.
Euripid.

THE *Time present* seldom affords sufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleasure, Love or Admiration, do not lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul in constant Action, and supply an immediate Exercise to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Business, but always have Materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain Powers, that can recall what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful Faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those Repositories in several Animals, that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their present Pasture fails.

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chasms of Thought by Ideas of what is *past,* we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what *is to come.* These are the Passions of Hope and Fear.

By these two Passions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our present Thoughts Objects that lie hid in the remotest Depths of Time. We suffer Misery, and enjoy Happiness, before they are in Being; we can set the Sun and Stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandring into those retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the Existence of a Creature is to be circumscribed by Time, whose Thoughts are not? But I shall, in this Paper, confine my self to that particular Passion which goes by the Name of Hope.

Our Actual Enjoyments are so few and transient, that Man would be a very miserable Being, were he not endowed with this Passion, which gives him a Taste of those good Things that may possibly come into his Possession. *We should hope for every thing that is good,* says the old Poet *Linus, because there is nothing which may not*

be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us.[1] Hope quickens all the still Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her most Remiss and Indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and good Humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes Pain easie, and Labour pleasant.

Beside these several Advantages which rise from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great Efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present Enjoyments. The saying of *Cæsar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Estate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His Natural Magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in View. I question not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himself without my Direction.

The old Story of *Pandora's* Box (which many of the Learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) shews us how deplorable a State they thought the present Life, without Hope: To set forth the utmost Condition of Misery they tell us, that our Forefather, according to the Pagan Theology, had a great Vessel presented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up the Lid of it, says the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Distempers incident to Men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been enclosed in the Cup with so much bad Company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the Lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two Reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of Life is so happy as that which is full of Hope, especially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Person happy who enjoys it. This Proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present Enjoyments of the most happy Man, and how insufficient to give him an entire Satisfaction and Acquiescence in them.

My next Observation is this, that a Religious Life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded Hope, and such an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a Religious Man, is much more sure and certain than the Hope of any Temporal Blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has at the same time its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the most full and the most compleat Happiness.

I have before shewn how the Influence of Hope in general sweetens Life, and makes our present Condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a Religious Hope has still greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the Instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

Religious Hope has likewise this Advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* Man, and to fill his Mind not only with secret Comfort and Refreshment, but sometimes with Rapture and Transport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilst the Soul springs forward with Delight to the great Object which she has always had in view, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I shall conclude this Essay with those emphatical Expressions of a lively Hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those Dangers and Adversities which surrounded him; for the following Passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetick Sense. *I have set the Lord always before me: Because he is at my right Hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth: my Flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see Corruption. Thou wilt shew me the Path of Life: in thy Presence is Fullness of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.*[1]

C.

[1] Translation of the fragment on Hope.

[1] Psal. xvi. 8—11.

No. 472.] *Monday, September* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

——— Voluptas
Solamenque mali——— Virg.

I RECEIVED some time ago a Proposal, which had a Preface to it, wherein the Author discoursed at large of the innumerable Objects of Charity in a Nation, and admonished the Rich, who were afflicted with any Distemper of Body, particularly to regard the Poor in the same Species of Affliction, and confine their Tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The Proposer had been relieved from a Malady in his Eyes by an Operation performed by Sir *William Read*, and being a Man of Condition, had taken a Resolution to maintain three poor blind Men during their Lives, in Gratitude for that great Blessing. This Misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think, an Establishment for all the Poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the Addition of a very few others to those Wealthy who are in the same Calamity. However, the Thought of the Proposer arose from a very good Motive, and the parcelling of our selves out, as called to particular Acts of Beneficence, would be a pretty Cement of Society and Virtue. It is the ordinary Foundation for Mens holding a Commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of Pleasure; and sure it may also be some Reason for Amity, that they are under one common Distress. If all the Rich who are lame in the Gout, from a Life of Ease, Pleasure, and Luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous Life of Plea-

sure, and add a few of such laborious Men, who are become lame from unhappy Blows, Falls, or other Accidents of Age or Sickness; I say, would such gouty Persons administer to the Necessities of Men disabled like themselves, the Consciousness of such a Behaviour would be the best Julep, Cordial, and Anodine in the feverish, faint and tormenting Vicissitudes of that miserable Distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual Evils. These Classes of Charity would certainly bring down Blessings upon an Age and People; and if Men were not petrifyed with the Love of this World, against all Sense of the Commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable Bill for a poor Man in the Agony of Pain, aggravated by Want and Poverty, to draw upon a sick Alderman after this Form;

Mr. Basil Plenty,
SIR,

You have the Gout and Stone, with Sixty thousand Pound Sterling; I have the Gout and Stone, not worth one Farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the Bearer Twenty Shillings for Value received from,

Cripple-Gate, SIR,
Aug. 29, 1712. Your humble Servant,
Lazarus Hopeful.

The Reader's own Imagination will suggest to him the Reasonableness of such Correspondences; and diversify them into a thousand Forms; but I shall close this as I began upon the Subject of Blindness. The following Letter seems to be written by a Man of Learning, who is returned to his Study after a Suspence of an Ability to do so. The Benefit he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest Encomium he can give the Operator.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Ruminating lately on your admirable Discourses on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, I 'began to consider to which of our Senses we are 'obliged for the greatest and most important Share 'of those Pleasures; and I soon concluded that 'it was to the *Sight:* That is the Sovereign of 'the Senses, and Mother of all the Arts and 'Sciences, that have refined the Rudeness of the 'uncultivated Mind to a Politeness that distinguishes the fine Spirits from the barbarous '*Gout* of the *great* Vulgar and the *small*. The 'Sight is the obliging Benefactress, that bestows 'on us the most transporting Sensations that we 'have from the various and wonderful Products 'of Nature. To the Sight we owe the amazing 'Discoveries of the Height, Magnitude, and Motion of the Planets; their several Revolutions 'about their common Centre of Light, Heat, and 'Motion, the *Sun*. The *Sight* travels yet farther 'to the fixed Stars, and furnishes the Understanding with solid Reasons to prove, that each of 'them is a *Sun* moving on its own Axis in the 'Centre of its own Vortex or Turbillion, and performing the same Offices to its dependant Planets, 'that our glorious Sun does to this. But the Enquiries of the *Sight* will not be stopped here, but 'make their Progress through the immense Expanse to the *Milky Way*, and there divide the 'blended Fires of the *Galaxy* into infinite and 'different Worlds, made up of distinct Suns, and 'their peculiar Equipages of Planets, till unable 'to pursue this Track any farther, it deputes the 'Imagination to go on to new Discoveries, till it 'fill the unbounded Space with endless Worlds.

'The *Sight* informs the Statuary's Chizel with 'Power to give Breath to lifeless Brass and 'Marble, and the Painter's Pencil to swell the 'flat Canvas with moving Figures actuated by 'imaginary Souls. Musick indeed may plead 'another Original, since *Jubal*, by the different 'Falls of his Hammer on the Anvil, discovered by 'the Ear the first rude Musick that pleas'd the 'Antediluvian Fathers; but then the *Sight* has 'not only reduced those wilder Sounds into artful 'Order and Harmony, but conveys that Harmony 'to the most distant Parts of the World without 'the Help of Sound. To the *Sight* we owe not 'only all the Discoveries of Philosophy, but all 'the Divine Imagery of Poetry that transports 'the intelligent Reader of *Homer*, *Milton*, and '*Virgil*.

'As the Sight has polished the World, so does 'it supply us with the most grateful and lasting 'Pleasure. Let Love, let Friendship, paternal 'Affection, filial Piety, and conjugal Duty, declare the Joys the *Sight* bestows on a Meeting 'after Absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the Pleasures and Advantages of '*Sight;* every one that has it, every Hour he 'makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys 'them.

'Thus as our greatest Pleasures and Knowledge are derived from the Sight, so has Providence been more curious in the Formation of 'its Seat, the Eye, than of the Organs of the other 'Senses. That stupendious Machine is compos'd 'in a wonderful Manner of Muscles, Membranes, 'and Humours. Its Motions are admirably directed by the Muscles; the Perspicuity of the 'Humours transmit the Rays of Light; the Rays 'are regularly refracted by their Figure, the black 'Lining of the Sclerotes effectually prevents their 'being confounded by Reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many Objects the 'Eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively 'in an Instant, and at the same time to make a 'Judgment of their Position, Figure, or Colour. 'It watches against our Dangers, guides our Steps, 'and lets in all the visible Objects, whose Beauty 'and Variety instruct and delight.

'The Pleasures and Advantages of Sight being 'so great, the Loss must be very grievous; of 'which *Milton*, from Experience, gives the most 'sensible Idea, both in the third Book of his '*Paradise Lost*, and in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

To Light in the former.

——Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these Eyes, that roul in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, but find no Dawn.

And a little after,

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,

Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face divine;
But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
Surround me: From the chearful Ways of Men
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal Blank
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.

Again, in *Sampson Agonistes.*

——But Chief of all,
O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;
Blind among Enemies! O worse than Chains,
Dungeon, or Beggary, or decrepid Age!
Light, the prime Work of God, to me extinct,
And all her various Objects of Delight
Annull'd——

——Still as a Fool,
In Power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than Half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the Blaze of Noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse,
Without all Hopes of Day!

'The Enjoyment of Sight then being so great 'a Blessing, and the Loss of it so terrible an Evil, 'how excellent and valuable is the Skill of that 'Artist which can restore the former, and redress 'the latter? My frequent Perusal of the Ad-'vertisements in the publick News-Papers (gen-'erally the most agreeable Entertainment they 'afford) has presented me with many and various 'Benefits of this kind done to my Countrymen by 'that skilful Artist Dr. *Grant*, Her Majesty's 'Oculist Extraordinary, whose happy Hand has 'brought and restored to Sight several Hundreds 'in less than Four Years. Many have received 'Sight by his Means, who came blind from their 'Mother's Womb, as in the famous Instance of '*Jones* of *Newington.*[1] 'I my self have been 'cured by him of a Weakness in my Eyes next to 'Blindness, and am ready to believe any thing 'that is reported of his Ability this way: and 'know that many, who could not purchase his 'Assistance with Money, have enjoy'd it from his 'Charity. But a List of Particulars would swell 'my Letter beyond its Bounds, what I have said 'being sufficient to comfort those who are in the 'like Distress, since they may conceive Hopes of 'being no longer miserable in this Kind, while 'there is yet alive so able an Oculist as Dr. *Grant.*

I am the SPECTATOR'S *humble Servant,*
T. PHILANTHROPUS.

[1] A Full and True Account of a Miraculous Cure of a young Man in Newington, &c., was a pamphlet of 15 pages, published in 1709. William Jones was not born blind, and little benefited by the operation of the Doctor Grant, who in this pamphlet puffed himself.

No. 473.] *Tuesday, September* 2, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis?
Hor.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I AM now in the Country, and employ most of 'my Time in reading, or thinking upon what I 'have read. Your paper comes constantly down 'to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my 'Thoughts run into your Way; and I recommend 'to you a Subject upon which you have not yet 'touched, and that is the Satisfaction some Men 'seem to take in their Imperfections, I think one 'may call it glorying in their Insufficiency; a cer-'tain great Author is of Opinion it is the contrary 'to Envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it. 'Nothing is so common, as to hear Men of this 'Sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own 'Merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praising 'themselves for their Defects, freely allowing they 'commit some few frivolous Errors, in order to be 'esteemed persons of uncommon Talents and great 'Qualifications. They are generally professing 'an injudicious Neglect of Dancing, Fencing and 'Riding, as also an unjust Contempt for Travel-'ling and the Modern Languages; as for their Part '(say they) they never valued or troubled their 'Head about them. This panegyrical Satyr on 'themselves certainly is worthy of your Animad-'version. I have known one of these Gentlemen 'think himself obliged to forget the Day of an 'Appointment, and sometimes even that you 'spoke to him; and when you see 'em, they hope 'you'll pardon 'em, for they have the worst 'Memory in the World. One of 'em started up t'other Day in some Confusion, and said, Now 'I think on't, I'm to meet Mr. *Mortmain* the At-'torney about some Business, but whether it is to 'Day or to Morrow, faith, I can't tell. Now to 'my certain Knowledge he knew his Time to a 'Moment, and was there accordingly. These 'forgetful Persons have, to heighten their Crime, 'generally the best Memories of any People, as I 'have found out by their remembring sometimes 'through Inadvertency. Two or three of 'em 'that I know can say most of our modern Trage-'dies by Heart. I asked a Gentleman the other 'Day that is famous for a Good Carver, (at which 'Acquisition he is out of Countenance, imagining 'it may detract from some of his more essential 'Qualifications) to help me to something that was 'near him; but he excused himself, and blushing 'told me, Of all things he could never carve in 'his Life; though it can be proved upon him, 'that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with in-'comparable Dexterity. I would not be under-'stood as if I thought it laudable for a Man of 'Quality and Fortune to rival the Acquisitions of 'Artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy 'Qualities; No, I argue only against being 'ashamed at what is really Praiseworthy. As 'these Pretences to Ingenuity shew themselves 'several Ways, you'll often see a Man of this 'Temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for

'Wit only from Negligence in his Habit. Now I 'am upon this Head, I can't help observing also 'upon a very different Folly proceeding from 'the same Cause. As these above-mentioned 'arise from affecting an Equality with Men of 'greater Talents, from having the same Faults, 'there are others who would come at a Parallel 'with those above them, by possessing little Ad-'vantages which they want. I heard a young 'Man not long ago, who has sense, comfort him-'self in his Ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the 'Orientals: At the same Time that he published 'his Aversion to those Languages, he said that 'the Knowledge of 'em was rather a Diminution 'than an Advancement of a Man's Character: 'tho' at the same Time I know he languishes and 'repines he is not Master of them himself. When-'ever I take any of these fine Persons, thus de-'tracting from what they don't understand, I tell 'them I will complain to you, and say I am sure 'you will not allow it an Exception against a 'thing, that he who contemns it is an Ignorant in it.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Man of a very good Estate, and am 'honourably in Love. I hope you will allow, 'when the ultimate Purpose is honest, there may 'be, without Trespass against Innocence, some 'Toying by the Way. People of Condition are 'perhaps too distant and formal on those Occa-'sions: but, however that is, I am to confess to 'you, that I have writ some Verses to atone for 'my Offence. You profess'd Authors are a little 'severe upon us, who write like Gentlemen: But 'if you are a Friend to Love, you will insert my 'Poem. You cannot imagine how much Service 'it will do me with my Fair one, as well as Reput-'ation with all my Friends, to have something of 'mine in the *Spectator*. My Crime was, that I 'snatch'd a Kiss, and my Poetical Excuse as 'follows:

I.

Belinda, *see from yonder Flowers*
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impar'd in Show or Smell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,
Sweeter than their Ambrosial Dew;
Why are you angry at my Bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

III.

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In spight of your unkind Reserve,
To keep my famish'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Timothy Stanza.

SIR, *Aug.* 23, 1712.

'Having a little Time upon my Hands, I could 'not think of bestowing it better, than in writing 'an Epistle to the SPECTATOR, which I now do, 'and am,

SIR, Your humble Servant,
BOB SHORT.

P. S. 'IF you approve of my Style, I am likely 'enough to become your Correspondent. I desire 'your Opinion of it. I design it for that Way of 'Writing called by the Judicious the *Familiar*.

T.

TO

MR. *METHUEN*.[1]

SIR,

IT is with very great Pleasure I take an Oppor-tunity of publishing the Gratitude I owe You, for the Place You allow me in your Friendship and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my Thoughts, when I have endeavoured to Draw, in some Parts of these Discourses, the Character of a Good-natured, Honest, and Accomplished Gentleman. But such Representations give my Reader an Idea of a Person blameless only, or only laudable for such Perfections as extend no farther than to his own private Advantage and Reputation.

But when I speak of You, I Celebrate One who has had the Happiness of Possessing also those Qualities which make a Man useful to Society,

[1] Paul Methuen at the date of this Dedication M.P. for Brackley, and forty-two years old, was a lawyer who had distinguished himself as a diplomatist at the Court of Lisbon in 1703, and arranged the very short commercial treaty between Great Britain and Portugal which bears his name. Methuen then represented England at the Court of the Duke of Savoy, who deserted the French cause at the end of 1602, and the ambassador proved his courage also as a combatant when he took part in the defence and rescue of Turin from the French in 1706. After his return to England Paul Methuen was made (in 1709) a Commissioner of the Admiralty. In the year 1713 he first sat in Parliament as member for Brackley. He held afterwards various offices in the State, as those of Commissioner of the Treasury, Comptroller of the Household, Treasurer of the Household, Commissioner for inspecting the Law, was made Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath, and attained his highest dignity as Lord Chancellor of Ireland before his death in 1757, at the age of 86. The seventh volume, to which this Dedication is prefixed, is the last of the original Spectator. With the eighth volume, representing an unsuccessful attempt made to revive it, some time after its demise, Steele had nothing to do, and that volume is not inscribed to any living person.

and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them in the most Conspicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *British* Embassador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchased you the lasting Esteem of all who understand the Interest of either Nation.

Those Personal Excellencies which are overrated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by Wise Men, You have applied with the justest Skill and Judgment. The most graceful Address in Horsemanship, in the Use of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and as they have occasionally served to recover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Minister.

But your Abilities have not appear'd only in one Nation. When it was your Province to Act as Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince thro' all the Vicissitudes of his Fortune, and shared, by His Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He recovered His Capital. As far as it regards Personal Qualities, You attained, in that one Hour, the highest Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Minister in the Action, and the good Offices done the Vanquished in the Name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the most lively Examples of the Courage and Generosity of the Nation He represented.

Your Friends and Companions in your Absence frequently talk these things of You, and You cannot hide from us, (by the most discreet Silence in any Thing which regards Your self) that the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your easie Condescension in little Incidents of Mirth and Diversion, and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greatest Obligations we have to You. I do assure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Sense of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

SIR,
Your most Obedient, and
most Humble Servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

No. 474.] *Wednesday, September* 3, 1712. [*Steele.*

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the Number of those that have 'lately retired from the Center of Business 'and Pleasure, my Uneasiness in the Country 'where I am, arises rather from the Society than 'the Solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and 'return Visits from and to a Circle of Neigh-'bours, who through Diversity of Age or In-'clinations, can neither be entertaining or serv-'iceable to us, is a vile Loss of Time, and a 'Slavery from which a Man should deliver him-'self, if possible: For why must I lose the re-'maining part of my Life, because they have 'thrown away the former Part of theirs? It is 'to me an insupportable Affliction, to be tor-'mented with the Narrations of a Set of People, 'who are warm in their Expressions of the quick 'Relish of that Pleasure which their Dogs and 'Horses have a more delicate Taste of. I do 'also in my Heart detest and abhor that damnable 'Doctrine and Position of the Necessity of a 'Bumper, though to one's own Toast; for though 'tis pretended that these deep Politicians are used 'only to inspire Gaiety, they certainly drown that 'Chearfulness which would survive a moderate 'Circulation. If at these Meetings it were left to 'every Stranger either to fill his Glass according 'to his own Inclination, or to make his Retreat 'when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient 'to that of others, these Entertainments would 'be governed with more good Sense, and conse-'quently with more good Breeding, than at pre-'sent they are. Indeed where any of the Guests 'are known to measure their Fame or Pleasure 'by their Glass, proper Exhortations might be 'used to these to push their Fortunes in this sort 'of Reputation; but where 'tis unseasonably in-'sisted on to a modest Stranger, this Drench may 'be said to be swallowed with the same Neces-'sity, as if it had been tendered in the Horn[1] 'that purpose, with this aggravating Circum-'stance, that it distresses the Entertainer's Guest 'in the same degree it relieves his Horses.

'To attend with Impatience an Account of 'five-barr'd Gates, double Ditches, and Preci-'pices, and to sur[illegible]y the Orator with desiring 'Eyes, is to me ex[illegible]mely difficult, but absolutely 'necessary, to be [illegible]n tolerable Terms with him: 'but then the [illegible]sional Burstings out into 'Laughter, is of other Accomplishments the 'most requisite. confess at present I have not 'that command o these Convulsions, as is neces-'sary to be good Company; therefore I beg you 'would publish this Letter, and let me be known 'all at once for queer Fellow, and avoided. It 'is monstrous me, that we, who are given to 'Reading and n Conversation, should ever be 'visited by th Roarers: But they think they 'themselves, eighbours, may come into our 'Rooms with same Right, that they and their 'Dogs hunt in Grounds.

'Your Institu on of Clubs I have always ad-'mir'd, in which you constantly endeavoured the 'Union of the metaphorically Defunct, that is 'such as are neither serviceable to the Busy and 'Enterprizing part of Mankind, nor entertaining 'to the Retir'd and Speculative. There should 'certainly therefore in each County be estab-'lished a Club of the Persons whose Conversa-'tions I have described, who for their own pri-'vate, as also the publick Emolument, should ex-'clude, and be excluded all other Society. Their 'Attire should be the same with their Hunts-'mens, and none should be admitted into this 'green Conversation-Piece, except he had broke

[1] Used for giving a drench to horses.

'his Collar-bone thrice. A broken Rib or two 'might also admit a Man without the least Oppos-'ition. The President must necessarily have 'broken his Neck, and have been taken up dead 'once or twice: For the more Maims this Brother-'hood shall have met with, the easier will their 'Conversation flow and keep up; and when any 'one of these vigorous Invalids had finished his 'Narration of the Collar-bone, this naturally 'would introduce the History of the Ribs. Be-'sides, the different Circumstances of their Falls 'and Fractures would help to prolong and diver-'sify their Relations. There should also be 'another Club of such Men, who have not suc-'ceeded so well in maiming themselves, but are 'however in the constant Pursuit of these Ac-'complishments. I would by no means be sus-'pected by what I have said to traduce in general 'the Body of Fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon 'a reasonable Creature full-speed after a Pack of 'Dogs, by way of Pleasure, and not of Business, 'I shall always make honourable mention of it.

'But the most irksome Conversation of all 'others I have met with in the Neighbourhood, 'has been among two or three of your Travellers, 'who have overlooked Men and Manners, and 'have passed through *France* and *Italy* with the 'same Observation that the Carriers and Stage-'Coachmen do through *Great-Britain;* that is, 'their Stops and Stages have been regulated ac-'cording to the Liquor they have met with in 'their Passage. They indeed remember the 'Names of abundance of Places, with the parti-'cular Fineries of certain Churches: But their 'distinguishing Mark is certain Prettinesses of 'Foreign Languages, the Meaning of which they 'could have better express'd in their own. The 'Entertainment of these fine Observers, *Shake-'spear* has described to consist

'*In talking of the* Alps *and* Appennines,
'*The* Pyrenean, *and the River* Po.[1]

'and then concludes with a Sigh,

'*Now this is worshipful Society!*

'I would not be thought in all this to hate such 'honest Creatures as Dogs; I am only unhappy 'that I cannot partake in their Diversions. But 'I love them so well, as Dogs, that I often go 'with my Pockets stuffed with Bread to dispense 'my Favours, or make my way through them at 'Neighbours Houses. There is in particular a 'young Hound of great Expectation, Vivacity, 'and Enterprize, that attends my Flights where-'ever he spies me. This Creature observes my 'Countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. 'His Mirth, his Frolick, and Joy upon the Sight of 'me has been observed, and I have been gravely 'desired not to encourage him so much, for it 'spoils his Parts; but I think he shews them 'sufficiently in the several Boundings, Friskings, 'and Scourings, when he makes his Court to me: 'But I foresee in a little time he and I must keep 'Company with one another only, for we are fit 'for no other in these Parts. Having inform'd 'you how I do pass my time in the Country 'where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I 'would pass it, had I such a Fortune as would put 'me above the Observance of Ceremony and Cus-'tom.

'My Scheme of a Country Life then should be 'as follows. As I am happy in three or four 'very agreeable Friends, these I would constantly 'have with me; and the Freedom we took with 'one another at School and the University, we 'would maintain and exert upon all Occasions 'with great Courage. There should be certain 'Hours of the Day to be employ'd in Reading, 'during which time it should be impossible for 'any one of us to enter the other's Chamber, un-'less by Storm. After this we would communi-'cate the Trash or Treasure we had met with, 'with our own Reflections upon the Matter; the 'Justness of which we would controvert with 'good-humour'd Warmth, and never spare one 'another out of the complaisant Spirit of Con-'versation, which makes others affirm and deny 'the same matter in a quarter of an Hour. If 'any of the Neighbouring Gentlemen, not of our 'Turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I 'should look upon these Persons in the same 'degree Enemies to my particular state of Hap-'piness, as ever the *French* were to that of the 'Publick, and I would be at an annual Expence 'in Spies to observe their Motions. Whenever 'I should be surprized with a Visit, as I hate 'Drinking, I would be brisk in swilling Bum-'pers, upon this Maxim, That it is better to 'trouble others with my Impertinence, than to be 'troubled my self with theirs. The Necessity of 'an Infirmary makes me resolve to fall into that 'Project; and as we should be but Five, the 'Terrors of an involuntary Separation, which our 'Number cannot so well admit of, would make us 'exert our selves, in opposition to all the parti-'culars mentioned in your Institution of that 'equitable Confinement. This my way of Life I 'know would subject me to the Imputation of a 'morose, covetous and singular Fellow. These 'and all other hard words, with all manner of 'insipid Jests, and all other Reproach, would be 'matter of Mirth to me and my Friends: Be-'sides, I would destroy the Application of the 'Epithets Morose and Covetous, by a yearly 'Relief of my undeservedly necessitous Neigh-'bours, and by treating my Friends and Do-'mesticks with an Humanity that should ex-'press the Obligation to lie rather on my side; 'and for the word Singular, I was always of 'opinion every Man must be so, to be what one 'would desire him.

Your very humble Servant,
J. R.[1]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'About two Years ago I was called upon by 'the younger part of a Country Family, by my

[1] Falconbridge in King John, Act I. sc. i.

[1] This letter was by Steele's old college friend, Richard Parker, who took his degree of M.A. in 1697, became Fellow of Merton, and died Vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland. This is the friend whose condemnation of the comedy written by him in student days Steele had accepted without question.

'Mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. *Campbell*, the dumb Man; [1] for they told me that that 'was chiefly what brought them to Town, having 'heard Wonders of him in *Essex*. I, who always 'wanted Faith in Matters of that kind, was not 'easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should 'take it ill, I went with them; when to my surprize, 'Mr. *Campbell* related all their past Life, (in 'short, had he not been prevented, such a Dis-'covery would have come out, as would have 'ruined the next design of their coming to Town, '*viz.* buying Wedding-Cloaths.) Our Names—— 'though he never heard of us before——and we 'endeavoured to conceal——were as familiar to 'him as to our selves. To be sure, *Mr.* SPECTA-'TOR, he is a very learned and wise Man. Being 'impatient to know my Fortune, having paid my 'respects in a Family-*Jacobus*, he told me (after 'his manner) among several other things, that in 'a Year and nine Months I should fall ill of a new 'Fever, be given over by my Physicians, but 'should with much difficulty recover: That the 'first time I took the Air afterwards, I should be 'address'd to by a young Gentleman of a plenti-'ful Fortune, good Sense, and a generous Spirit. '*Mr.* SPECTATOR, he is the purest Man in the 'World, for all he said is come to pass, and I 'am the happiest She in *Kent*. I have been in 'quest of Mr. *Campbell* these three Months, and 'cannot find him out. Now hearing you are a 'dumb Man too, I thought you might correspond, 'and be able to tell me something; for I think my 'self highly oblig'd to make his Fortune, as he 'has mine. 'Tis very possible your Worship, who 'has Spies all over this Town, can inform me how 'to send to him: If you can, I beseech you be as 'speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

Your constant Reader and Admirer,
Dulcibella Thankley.

Ordered, That the Inspector I employ about Wonders, enquire at the *Golden-Lion*, opposite to the *Half-Moon* Tavern in *Drury-Lane*, into the Merit of this Silent Sage, and report accordingly.
T.

No. 475.] *Thursday, Sept.* 4, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Quæ res in se neque Consilium neque modum*
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.
. Ter.

IT is an old Observation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their Sovereign, than promote his real Service, that they accommodate their Counsels to his Inclinations, and advise him to such Actions only as his Heart is naturally set upon. The Privy-Counsellor of one in Love must observe the same Conduct, unless he would forfeit the Friendship of the Person who desires his Advice. I have known several odd Cases of this Nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common Woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the Advice of his Friend *Philander*, he consulted him upon the Occasion. *Philander* told him his Mind freely, and represented his Mistress to him in such strong Colours, that the next Morning he received a Challenge for his Pains, and before Twelve a Clock was run through the Body by the Man who had asked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occasion; she desired *Leonilla* to give her Opinion freely upon a young Fellow who made his Addresses to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great Frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless —— *Celia*, foreseeing what a Character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a Fortnight. The truth of it is, a Woman seldom asks Advice before she has bought her Wedding-Cloaths. When she has made her own Choice, for Form's sake she sends a *Congé d'elire* to her Friends.

If we look into the secret Springs and Motives that set People at work in these Occasions, and put them upon asking Advice, which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a Secret which is so very pleasing to them. A Girl longs to tell her Confident, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty Fellow that dwells so much in her Thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much Difficulty. Why else should *Melissa*, who had not a Thousand Pound in the World, go into every Quarter of the Town to ask her Acquaintance whether they would advise her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his Addresses to her with an Estate of Five Thousand a Year? 'Tis very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the Lady propose her Doubts, and to see the Pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a Practice that is in use among the vainer Part of our own Sex, who will often ask a Friend's Advice, in relation to a Fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is now on the Verge of Threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious Look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greatest Fortunes about Town. I star'd him full in the Face upon so strange a Question; upon which he immediately gave me an Inventory of her Jewels and Estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such Consequence without my Approbation. Finding he would have an Answer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's Consent, he had mine. This is about the Tenth Match which, to my knowledge, WILL. has consulted his Friends upon, without ever opening his Mind to the Party herself.

I have been engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which comes to me from some notable young Female Scribe, who, by the Contents of it, seems to have carried Matters so far, that she is ripe for asking Advice; but as I would not lose her Good-Will, nor forfeit the Reputation which I have with her for Wisdom, I shall only

[1] See note on p. 470.

communicate the Letter to the Publick, without returning any Answer to it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Now, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* is 'the prettiest Gentleman about Town. He is very 'tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like a 'Angel. His Mouth is made I don't know how, 'but 'tis the prettiest that I ever saw in my Life. 'He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal 'of Wit. If you did but see how he rolls his 'Stockins! He has a thousand pretty Fancies, 'and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like 'him. He is a very good Scholar, and can talk '*Latin* as fast as *English*. I wish you could but 'see him dance. Now you must understand poor 'Mr. *Shapely* has no Estate; but how can he 'help that, you know? And yet my Friends are so 'unreasonable as to be always teazing me about 'him, because he has no Estate: but I am sure 'he has that that is better than an Estate; for he 'is a Good-natured, Ingenious, Modest, Civil, 'Tall, Well-bred, Handsome Man, and I am 'obliged to him for his Civilities ever since I saw 'him. I forgot to tell you that he has black Eyes, 'and looks upon me now and then as if he had 'tears in them. And yet my Friends are so un-'reasonable, that they would have me be uncivil 'to him. I have a good Portion which they can-'not hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the '20th Day of *August* next, and am therefore 'willing to settle in the World as soon as I can, 'and so is Mr. *Shapely*. But every body I ad-'vise with here is poor Mr. *Shapely's* Enemy. 'I desire therefore you will give me your Advice, 'for I know you are a wise Man; and if you ad-'vise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I 'heartily wish you could see him dance, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

B. D.

'He loves your *Spectators* mightily.

C.

No. 476.] *Friday, September* 5, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*lucidus Ordo.*—Hor.

AMONG my Daily-Papers which I bestow on the Publick, there are some which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the Wildness of those Compositions which go by the Names of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole Scheme of the Discourse in my Mind before I set Pen to Paper. In the other kind of Writing, it is sufficient that I have several Thoughts on a Subject, without troubling my self to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper Heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are Patterns for Writing in this last kind, as *Tully* and *Aristotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of Genius who writes without Method, I fancy myself in a Wood that abounds with a great many noble Objects, rising among one another in the greatest Confusion and Disorder. When I read a methodical Discourse, I am in a regular Plantation, and can place my self in its several Centres, so as to take a view of all the Lines and Walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole Day together, and every Moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect Notion of the Place: In the other, your Eye commands the whole Prospect, and gives you such an Idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the Memory.

Irregularity and want of Method are only supportable in Men of great Learning or Genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their Pearls in Heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the Pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a Work, both in respect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his Invention. When a Man has plann'd his Discourse, he finds a great many Thoughts rising out of every Head, that do not offer themselves upon the general Survey of a Subject. His Thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their Drift and Meaning, when they are placed in their proper Lights, and follow one another in a regular Series, than when they are thrown together without Order and Connexion. There is always an Obscurity in Confusion, and the same Sentence that would have enlightened the Reader in one part of a Discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every Thought in a methodical Discourse shews [it[1]] self in its greatest Beauty, as the several Figures in a piece of Painting receive new Grace from their Disposition in the Picture. The Advantages of a Reader from a methodical Discourse, are correspondent with those of the Writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with Pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary Conversation than in Writing, provided a Man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand Coffee-house Debates every Day, am very sensible of this want of Method in the Thoughts of my honest Countrymen. There is not one Dispute in ten which is managed in those Schools of Politicks, where, after the three first Sentences, the Question is not entirely lost. Our Disputants put me in mind of the Cuttle-Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him till he becomes invisible. The Man who does not know how to methodize his Thoughts, has always, to borrow a Phrase from the Dispensary, *a barren Superfluity of Words;*[2] the Fruit is lost amidst the Exuberance of Leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most Eminent Immethodical Disputants of any that has fallen under my Observation. *Tom* has read enough to

[1] [its]

[2] It is said of Colon in the second Canto,

Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.

make him very Impertinent; his Knowledge is sufficient to raise Doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much Learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these Qualifications *Tom* sets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the Constitution of his Country, and gives shrewd Intimations that he does not believe another World. In short, *Puzzle* is an Atheist as much as his Parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place Topicks, into which he never fails to turn the Conversation, whatever was the Occasion of it: Tho' the matter in debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his Discourse runs upon the Unreasonableness of Bigotry and Priest-craft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the Admiration of all those who have less Sense than himself, and the Contempt of those who have more. There is none in Town whom *Tom* dreads so much as my Friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom's* Logick, when he finds him running off the Question, cuts him short with a *What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present Purpose?* I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the Superiority of the Argument, when he has been non-plus'd on a sudden by Mr. *Dry's* desiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head, but few Words, and gains the same Advantage over *Puzzle*, that a small Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined Militia. C.

No. 477.] *Saturday, September* 6, 1712. [*Addison.*

——An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.—Hor.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your Thoughts upon some of our *English* Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that Subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an Humorist in Gardening. I have several Acres about my House, which I call my Garden, and which a skilful Gardener would not know what to call. It is a Confusion of Kitchin and Parterre, Orchard and Flower-Garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a Foreigner who had seen nothing of our Country should be convey'd into my Garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural Wilderness, and one of the uncultivated Parts of our Country. My Flowers grow up in several Parts of the Garden in the greatest Luxuriancy and Profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its Rarity, that if I meet with any one in a Field which pleases me, I give it a place in my Garden. By this means, when a Stranger walks with me, he is surprized to see several large Spots of Ground cover'd with ten thousand different Colours, and has often singled out Flowers that he might have met with under a common Hedge, in a Field, or in a Meadow, as some of the greatest Beauties of the Place. The only Method I observe in this Particular, is to range in the same Quarter the Products of the same Season, that they may make their Appearance together, and compose a Picture of the greatest Variety. There is the same Irregularity in my Plantations, which run into as great a Wildness as their Natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the Soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a Labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next Tree I shall meet with is an Apple or an Oak, an Elm or a Pear-Tree. My Kitchin has likewise its particular Quarters assigned it; for besides the wholesome Luxury which that Place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchin-Garden a more pleasant Sight than the finest Orangery, or artificial Greenhouse. I love to see everything in its Perfection, and am more pleased to survey my Rows of Coleworts and Cabbages, with a thousand nameless Pot-herbs, springing up in their full Fragrancy and Verdure, than to see the tender Plants of Foreign Countries kept alive by artificial Heats, or withering in an Air and Soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a Fountain rising in the upper part of my Garden, which forms a little wandring Rill, and administers to the Pleasure as well as the Plenty of the Place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my Plantations; and have taken particular Care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open Field, so that it generally passes through Banks of Violets and Primroses, Plats of Willow, or other Plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another Circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my Neighbours call me, very whimsical: As my Garden invites into it all the Birds of the Country, by offering them the Conveniency of Springs and Shades, Solitude and Shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their Nests in the Spring, or drive them from their usual Haunts in Fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of Blackbirds than Cherries, and very frankly give them Fruit for their Songs. By this means I have always the Musick of the Season in its Perfection, and am highly delighted to see the Jay or the Thrush hopping about my Walks, and shooting before my Eye across the several little Glades and Alleys that I pass thro'. I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of Poetry: Your Makers of Parterres and Flower-Gardens, are Epigrammatists and Sonneteers in this Art; Contrivers of Bowers and Grotto's, Treillages and Cascades, are Romance Writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroick Poets; and if, as a Critick, I may single out any Passage of their Works to commend, I shall take notice of that Part in the upper Garden at *Kensington*, which was at first nothing but a Gravel-Pit. It must have been a fine Genius for Gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an Area, and to have hit the Eye with

so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect, they have made a very pleasing Contrast; for as on one side of the Walk you see this hollow Basin, with its several little Plantations lying so conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming Mount, made up of Trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the Center. A Spectator, who has not heard this Account of it, would think this Circular Mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow Space which I have before mention'd. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this Garden, who was not struck with that Part of it which I have here mention'd. As for my self, you will find, by the Account which I have already given you, that my Compositions in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindarick* Manner, and run into the beautiful Wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer Elegancies of Art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deserve your Attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the Discourse which I spoke of at the Beginning of my Letter, you are against filling an *English* Garden with Ever-Greens; and indeed I am so far of your Opinion, that I can by no means think the Verdure of an Ever-Green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our Trees in the Summer-Season. But I have often wonder'd that those who are like my self, and love to live in Gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter Garden*, which would consist of such Trees only as never cast their Leaves. We have very often little Snatches of Sunshine and fair Weather in the most uncomfortable Parts of the Year; and have frequently several Days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the finest Months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater Pleasure, than to walk in such a *Winter-Garden* as I have proposed. In the Summer-Season the whole Country blooms, and is a kind of Garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those Beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when Nature is in her Desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren Prospects, there is something unspeakably chearful in a Spot of Ground which is covered with Trees that smile amidst all the Rigours of Winter, and give us a View of the most gay Season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged my self in this Thought, that I have set apart a whole Acre of Ground for the executing of it. The Walls are covered with Ivy instead of Vines. The Laurel, the Hornbeam, and the Holly, with many other Trees and Plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively Scene. The glowing Redness of the Berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the Verdure of their Leaves, and are apt to inspire the Heart of the Beholder with that vernal Delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers.[1] It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of Birds retiring into this little Green Spot, and enjoying themselves among the Branches and Foliage, when my great Garden, which I have before mention'd to you, does not afford a single Leaf for their Shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the Pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent Delights in Human Life. A Garden was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in these Works of Nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous Habit of Mind. For all which Reasons I hope you will pardon the Length of my present Letter.

I am,

C. *SIR, &c.*

[1] In No. 393.

No. 478. *Monday, September* 8, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Usus
Quem penes Arbitrium est, et Jus et Norma——

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a Friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his Family, would oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shewn, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his Humour still continu'd, the things which I had been staring at along with him, began to fill my Head, and led me into a Set of amusing Thoughts concerning them.

I fancied it must be very surprizing to any one who enters into a detail of Fashions, to consider how far the Vanity of Mankind has laid it self out in Dress, what a prodigious number of People it maintains, and what a Circulation of Money it occasions. Providence in this Case makes use of the Folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the Support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-Makers, Lace-Men, Tire-Women, and a number of other Trades, which would be useless in a simple State of Nature, draw their Subsistence; tho' it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original Fault of being founded upon Vanity, keeps them poor by the light Inconstancy of its Nature. The Variableness of Fashion turns the Stream of Business which flows from it now into one Channel, and anon into another; so that different Sets of People sink or flourish in their turns by it.

From the Shops we retir'd to the Tavern, where I found my Friend express so much satisfaction for the Bargains he had made, that my moral Reflections, (if I had told them) might have pass'd for a Reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the Discourse run upon the use of Fashions.

Here we remembred how much Man is govern'd by his Senses, how lively he is struck by the

Objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much Clothes contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and how much we owe it to our selves that we should appear so.

We considered Man as belonging to Societies; Societies as form'd of different Ranks; and different Ranks distinguished by Habits, that all proper Duty or Respect might attend their Appearance.

We took notice of several Advantages which are met with in the Occurrences of Conversation. How the bashful Man has been sometimes so rais'd, as to express himself with an Air of Freedom, when he imagines that his Habit introduces him to Company with a becoming Manner: And again, how a Fool in fine Clothes shall be suddenly heard with Attention, till he has betray'd himself; whereas a Man of Sense appearing with a Dress of Negligence, shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by Time, and established in a Character. Such things as these we cou'd recollect to have happen'd to our knowledge so very often, that we concluded the Author had his Reasons, who advises his Son to go in Dress rather above his Fortune than under it.

At last the Subject seem'd so considerable, that it was proposed to have a Repository built for Fashions, as there are Chambers for Medals and other Rarities. The Building may be shap'd as that which stands among the Pyramids, in the Form of a Woman's Head. This may be rais'd upon Pillars, whose Ornaments shall bear a just relation to the Design. Thus there may be an Imitation of Fringe carv'd in the Base, a sort of Appearance of Lace in the Frieze, and a Representation of curling Locks, with Bows of Ribband sloping over them, may fill up the Work of the Cornish. The Inside may be divided into two Apartments appropriated to each Sex. The Apartments may be fill'd with Shelves, on which Boxes are to stand as regularly as Books in a Library. These are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd you are to behold a Baby dressed out in some Fashion which has flourish'd, and standing upon a Pedestal, where the time of its Reign is mark'd down. For its further Regulation, let it be order'd, that every one who invents a Fashion shall bring in his Box, whose Front he may at pleasure have either work'd or painted with some amorous or gay Device, that, like Books with gilded Leaves and Covers, it may the sooner draw the Eyes of the Beholders. And to the end that these may be preserv'd with all due Care, let there be a Keeper appointed, who shall be a Gentleman qualify'd with a competent Knowledge in Clothes; so that by this means the Place will be a comfortable Support for some Beau who has spent his Estate in dressing.

The Reasons offer'd by which we expected to gain the Approbation of the Publick, were as follows.

First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a Mode, and has any Imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is possible to hide by the Advantage of Clothes, may, by coming to this Repository, be furnish'd her self, and furnish all who are under the same Misfortune, with the most agreeable Manner of concealing it; and that on the other side, every one who has any Beauty in Face or Shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable Manner of shewing it.

Secondly, That whereas some of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a Fancy for Dress, a Project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much Money in the Kingdom. And perhaps the Balance of Fashion in *Europe*, which now leans upon the side of *France*, may be so alter'd for the future, that it may become as common with *Frenchmen* to come to *England* for their finishing Stroke of Breeding, as it has been for *Englishmen* to go to *France* for it.

Thirdly, Whereas several great Scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the World, have spent their time in studying to describe the Dresses of the Ancients from dark Hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much Learning, it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the Trouble, and the World from useless Volumes. This Project will be a Registry, to which Posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure Passages as tend that way in Authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit our selves to the Learning of Etymology, which might persuade the Age to come, that the Farthingal was worn for Cheapness, or the Furbeloe for Warmth.

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the Extravagance of Youth, and the whole Age in which their Children live; it is hoped that this ill Humour will be much suppress'd, when we can have recourse to the Fashions of their Times, produce them in our Vindication, and be able to shew that it might have been as expensive in Queen *Elizabeth's* time only to wash and quill a Ruff, as it is now to buy Cravats or Neck-Handkerchiefs.

We desire also to have it taken Notice of, That because we would shew a particular respect to Foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their Breeding here in a Knowledge which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we have conceived the Motto for the House in the Learned Language. There is to be a Picture over the Door, with a Looking-Glass and a Dressing-Chair in the Middle of it: Then on one side are to be seen, above one another, Patch-Boxes, Pin-Cushions, and little Bottles; on the other, Powder Baggs, Puffs, Combs and Brushes; beyond these, Swords with fine Knots, whose Points are hidden, and Fans almost closed, with the Handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the Sides till they meet at the Top, and form a Semicircle over the rest of the Figures: Beneath all, the Writing is to run in this pretty sounding Manner:

Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,[1]

[1] 'All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids, attend:
See prepared to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend.'

En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, Vincula, Spicula,
Hinc eligite, sumite, regite.

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
A. B.

The Proposal of my Correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious Method of placing Persons (whose Parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a Rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose, That there be a Board of Directors of the fashionable Society; and because it is a Matter of too much Weight for a private Man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my Correspondents if they would give in Lists of Persons qualify'd for this Trust. If the chief Coffee-houses, the Conversations of which Places are carry'd on by Persons, each of whom has his little number of Followers and Admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great Faithfulness. Old Beaus are to be presented in the first place; but as that Sect, with relation to Dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all Time-Servers, properly so deem'd; that is, such as, without any Conviction of Conscience or View of Interest, change with the World, and that merely from a Terror of being out of Fashion. Such also, who from Facility of Temper, and too much Obsequiousness, are vicious against their Will, and follow Leaders whom they do not approve, for Want of Courage to go their own Way, are capable Persons for this Superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the Course and Order of things, out of Fondness to be in Fashion, are proper Candidates. To conclude, those who are in Fashion without apparent Merit, must be supposed to have latent Qualities, which would appear in a Post of Direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming these Lists. Any who shall be pleased, according to these, or what further Qualifications may occur to himself, to send a List, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this Date.

N. B. *The Place of the Physician to this Society, according to the last mentioned Qualification, is already engag'd.* T.

No. 479.] *Tuesday, September* 9, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Dare Jure maritis.—Hor.

MANY are the Epistles I every day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all Ill-nature, in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy, but from want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The truth is, we generally make Love in a Style, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life: They are half Theatrical, half Romantick. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we were enamoured of as subject to Dishumour, Age, Sickness, Impatience or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature it self is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestick or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence must follow Indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstances. This latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity instead of Anger; and when they run over his Head, he is not disturb'd at their Noise, but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trusty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the most intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noise in the next Room: On the other side *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perriwig, or adjust his Cravat at the Glass, for the Noise of those damned Nurses and [squaling [1]] Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-house.

According as the Husband is dispos'd in himself, every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well-placed, and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour, and Friendship, which are in the highest Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Condition.

He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives Pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married Man, who has not bid adieu to the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these Cases Men cannot, indeed, make a sillier Figure, than in repeating such Pleasures and

[1] [squalwing]

Pains to the rest of the World; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of People, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good Lady tells her Husband what extraordinary things the Child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevail'd with to go home with a fond Husband: and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own head, when the Clock in the Parlour struck two, said, Pappa would come home to Dinner presently. While the Father has him in a rapture in his Arms, and is drowning him with Kisses, the Wife tells me he is but just four Years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his Observation of two a-Clock. I was called upon, by Looks upon the Child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet received my Compliment with great Acknowledgment of my Prescience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turned to Reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, and Triumph. On the other Hand, I have known an ill-natur'd Coxcomb, who was hardly improved in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Disposition, silence the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting things which were really above his own Capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse Jades that fall to Mens Lots, with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits, without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of Opinion, That this ought to be used sparingly. As I remember, those are his very Words;[1] but as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen-peck'd, own'd and acknowledged that he ow'd great part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wise Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation, asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature? He observ'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on horseback, mount the least managable they can get, and when they have master'd them, they are sure never to be discompos'd on the Backs of Steeds less restive.*[1] At several times, to different Persons, on the same Subject, he has said, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to* Xantippe, *that I bear so well your flying out in a Dispute.* To another, *My Hen clacks very much, but she brings me Chickens. They that live in a trading Street, are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts.* I would have, if possible, a wise Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew; for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my Design of Displaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions, I am got into Tales to the disadvantage of that State of Life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the single Condition. He that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort himself, *But, all this while my Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it that doubles Satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels Afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are marry'd without this Relish of their Circumstance, are in either a tasteless Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Reproaches. In a word the married State, with and without the Affection suitable to it, is the compleatest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life. T.

[1] Henry de Bracton in his treatise of five books *de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, says (Bk. I. ch. x.) 'quædam sunt sub virgâ, ut uxores, '&c.;' but qualifies private right with the secondary claim of the community.

No. 480.] *Wednesday, September* 10, 1712. [*Steele.*

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.
Hor.

THE other Day looking over those old Manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some Account, and which relate to the Character of the mighty *Pharamond* of *France*, and the close Friendship between him and his Friend *Eucrate*;[2] I found, among the Letters which had been in the custody of the latter, an Epistle from a Country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuses himself from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it seems, was contented with his Condition, had formerly been in the King's Service, but at the writing the following Letter, had, from Leisure and Reflection, quite another Sense of things than that which he had in the more active Part of his Life.

Monsieur Chezluy *to* Pharamond.

Dread Sir,

'I have from your own Hand (enclosed under

[1] Xenophon's Symposium, Bk. II.
[2] See Nos. 76, 84, 97.

'the Cover of Mr. *Eucrate* of your Majesty's 'Bed-Chamber) a Letter which invites me to 'Court. I understand this great Honour to be 'done me out of Respect and Inclination to me, 'rather than Regard to your own Service: For 'which Reason I beg leave to lay before your 'Majesty my Reasons for declining to depart 'from Home; and will not doubt but, as your 'Motive in desiring my Attendance was to make 'me an happier Man, when you think that will 'not be effected by my Remove, you will permit 'me to stay where I am. Those who have an 'Ambition to appear in Courts, have ever an 'Opinion that their Persons or their Talents are 'particularly formed for the Service or Ornament 'of that Place; or else are hurried by downright 'Desire of Gain, or what they call Honour, or 'take upon themselves whatever the Generosity 'of their Master can give them Opportunities to 'grasp at. But your Goodness shall not be thus 'imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to 'you, that frequent Solitude, and long Conversa- 'tion with such who know no Arts which polish 'Life, have made me the plainest Creature in your 'Dominions. Those less Capacities of moving 'with a good Grace, bearing a ready Affability to 'all around me, and acting with ease before 'many, have quite left me. I am come to that, 'with regard to my Person, that I consider it only 'as a Machine I am obliged to take Care of, in 'order to enjoy my Soul in its Faculties with 'Alacrity; well remembering, that this Habita- 'tion of Clay will in a few years be a meaner 'Piece of Earth than any Utensil about my 'House. When this is, as it really is, the most 'frequent Reflection I have, you will easily ima- 'gine how well I should become a Drawing-Room: 'Add to this, What shall a Man without Desires 'do about the generous *Pharamond*? Mon- 'sieur *Eucrate* has hinted to me, that you have 'thoughts of distinguishing me with Titles. As 'for my self, in the Temper of my present Mind, 'Appellations of Honour would but embarrass 'Discourse, and new Behaviour towards me 'perplex me in every Habitude of Life. I am 'also to acknowledge to you, that my Children, of 'whom your Majesty condescended to enquire, 'are all of them mean, both in their Persons and 'Genius. The Estate my eldest Son is Heir to, 'is more than he can enjoy with a good Grace. 'My Self-love will not carry me so far, as to im- 'pose upon Mankind the Advancement of Per- 'sons (merely for their being related to me) into 'high Distinctions, who ought for their own 'Sakes, as well as that of the Publick, to affect 'Obscurity. I wish, my generous Prince, as it is 'in your power to give Honours and Offices, it 'were also to give Talents suitable to them: 'Were it so, the noble *Pharamond* would re- 'ward the Zeal of my Youth with Abilities to do 'him Service in my Age.

'Those who accept of Favour without Merit, 'support themselves in it at the Expence of your 'Majesty. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, this is 'the Reason that we in the Country hear so often 'repeated the Word *Prerogative*. That Part of 'your Law which is reserved in your self for the 'readier Service and Good of the Publick, slight 'Men are eternally buzzing in our Ears to cover 'their own Follies and Miscarriages. It would 'be an Addition to the high Favour you have 'done me, if you would let *Eucrate* send me 'word how often, and in what Cases you allow a 'Constable to insist upon the Prerogative. From 'the highest to the lowest Officer in your Domin- 'ions, something of their own Carriage they would 'exempt from Examination under the Shelter of 'the Word *Prerogative*. I would fain, most 'noble *Pharamond*, see one of your Officers as- 'sert your Prerogative by good and gracious Ac- 'tions. When is it used to help the Afflicted, to 'rescue the Innocent, to comfort the Stranger? 'Uncommon Methods, apparently undertaken to 'attain worthy Ends, would never make Power 'invidious. You see, Sir, I talk to you with the 'Freedom your noble Nature approves, in all 'whom you admit to your Conversation.

'But, to return to your Majesty's Letter, I 'humbly conceive, that all Distinctions are useful 'to Men, only as they are to act in Publick; and 'it would be a romantick Madness, for a Man to 'be a Lord in his Closet. Nothing can be hon- 'ourable to a Man apart from the World, but the 'Reflection upon worthy Actions; and he that 'places Honour in a Consciousness of Well-doing, 'will have but little Relish for any outward Hom- 'age that is paid him, since what gives him dis- 'tinction to himself, cannot come within the Ob- 'servation of his Beholders. Thus all the Words 'of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only Repe- 'titions to a Man that the King has order'd him 'to be called so; but no Evidences that there is 'any thing in himself that would give the Man 'who applies to him those Ideas, without the 'Creation of his Master.

'I have, most noble *Pharamond*, all Honours 'and all Titles in your own Approbation; I tri- 'umph in them as they are your Gift, I refuse 'them as they are to give me the Observation of 'others. Indulge me, my Noble Master, in this 'Chastity of Renown; let me know my self in the 'Favour of *Pharamond*; and look down upon 'the Applause of the People.

I am,
in all Duty and Loyalty,
Your Majesty's most obedient
Subject and Servant,
Jean Chezluy.

SIR,

'I need not tell you with what Disadvantages 'Men of low Fortunes and great Modesty come 'into the World; what wrong Measures their 'Diffidence of themselves, and Fear of offending, 'often obliges them to take; and what a Pity it is 'that their greatest Virtues and Qualities, that 'should soonest recommend them, are the main 'Obstacle in the way of their Preferment.

'This, Sir, is my Case; I was bred at a Country- 'School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The 'Misfortunes of my Family forced me up to Town, 'where a Profession of the politer sort has pro- 'tected me against Infamy and Want. I am now 'Clerk to a Lawyer, and, in times of Vacancy 'and Recess from Business, have made my self 'Master of *Italian* and *French*; and tho' the 'Progress I have made in my Business has gain'd

'me Reputation enough for one of my standing; 'yet my Mind suggests to me every day, that it 'is not upon that Foundation I am to build my 'Fortune.

'The Person I have my present Dependance 'upon; has it in his Nature, as well as in his 'Power, to advance me, by recommending me to 'a Gentleman that is going beyond Sea in a pub- 'lick Employment. I know the printing this Letter 'would point me out to those I want Confidence 'to speak to, and I hope it is not in your Power 'to refuse making any Body happy.

'*September* 9, 1712. *Yours*, &c.

T. M. D.[1]

No. 481.] *Thursday, Sept.* 11, 1712. [*Addison.*

——*Uti non*
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius, in jus
Acres procurrunt—— Hor.

IT is [something[2]] pleasant enough to consider the different Notions, which different Persons have of the same thing. If Men of low Condition very often set a Value on Things, which are not prized by those who are in an higher Station of Life, there are many things these esteem which are in no Value among Persons of an inferior Rank. Common People are, in particular, very much astonished, when they hear of those solemn Contests and Debates, which are made among the Great upon the Punctilio's of a publick Ceremony, and wonder to hear that any Business of Consequence should be retarded by those little Circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a Porter's Decision in one of Mr. *Southern's* Plays,[3] which is founded upon that fine Distress of a Virtuous Woman's marrying a second Husband, while her first was yet living. The first Husband, who was suppos'd to have been dead, returning to his House after a long Absence, raises a noble Perplexity for the Tragick Part of the Play. In the mean while, the Nurse and the Porter conferring upon the Difficulties that would ensue in such a Case, honest *Sampson* thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old Proverb, that if his first Master be still living, *The Man must have his Mare again.* There is nothing in my time which has so much surprized and confounded the greatest part of my honest Countrymen, as the present Controversy between Count *Rechteren* and Monsieur *Mesnager*, which employs the wise Heads of so many Nations, and holds all the Affairs of *Europe* in suspence.[4]

Upon my going into a Coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next Table, which was of Count Rechteren, deputy for the Province of Overyssel. On the 24th of July the French, under Marshal Villars, had obtained a great victory at Denain, capturing the Earl of Albemarle, the Princes of Anhalt, of Holstein, Nassau Secken, and 2500 men, under the eyes of Prince Eugene, who was stopped at the bridge of Prouy on his way to rescue and entreated by the deputies of the States-general to retire. The allies lost a thousand killed and fifteen hundred drowned; the French only five hundred, and sixty flags were sent as trophies to Versailles. The insecure position taken by the Earl of Albemarle had been forced on Prince Eugene by the Dutch deputies, who found the arrangement cheapest. 'Tell me,' he said, 'of the conquests of Alexander. He had 'no Dutch deputies in his army.' Count Rechteren, deputy for Overyssel, complained that, a few days after this battle, when he was riding in his carriage by the gate of M. Ménager, the French Plenipotentiary, that gentleman's lackeys insulted his lackeys with grimaces and indecent gestures. He sent his secretary to complain to M. Ménager, demand satisfaction, and say that if it were not given, he should take it. Ménager replied, in writing, that although this was but an affair between lackeys, he was far from approving ill behaviour in his servants towards other servants, particularly towards servants of Count Rechteren, and he was ready to send to the Count those lackeys whom he had seen misbehaving, or even those whom his other servants should point out as guilty of the offensive conduct. Rechteren, when the answer arrived, was gone to the Hague, and it was forwarded to his colleague, M. Moërman. Upon his return to Utrecht, Rechteren sent his secretary again to Ménager, with the complaint as before, and received the answer as before. He admitted that he had not himself seen the grimaces and insulting gestures, but he ought, he said, to be at liberty to send his servants into Ménager's house for the detection of the offenders. A few days afterwards Ménager and Rechteren were on the chief promenade of Utrecht, with others who were Plenipotentiaries of the United Provinces, and after exchange of civilities, Rechteren said that he was still awaiting satisfaction. Ménager replied as before, and said that his lackeys all denied the charge against them. Ménager refused also to allow the accusers of his servants to come into his house and be their judges. Rechteren said he would have justice yet upon master and men. He was invested with a sovereign power as well as Ménager. He was not a man to take insults. He spoke some words in Dutch to his attendants, and presently Ménager's lackeys came with complaint that the lackeys of Rechteren tripped them up behind, threw them upon their faces, and threatened them with knives. Rechteren told the French Plenipotentiary that he would pay them for doing that, and discharge them if they did not do it. Rechteren's colleagues did what they could to cover or excuse his folly, and begged that the matter might not appear in a despatch to France or be represented to the States-

[1] Mr. Robert Harper, who died an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn. He sent his letter on the 9th of August, and it appeared September the 10th with omissions and alterations by Steele.

[2] [sometimes]

[3] *The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery.*

[4] The negotiations for Peace which were going on at Utrecht had been checked by the complaint

encompassed with a Circle of inferior Politicians, one of them, after having read over the News very attentively, broke out into the following Remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy Rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the Peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the Bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a Division, as the poor *Suisse Cantons* have lately experienced to their Cost. If Mo[u]nsieur [1] *What-d'ye-call-him's* Domesticks will not come to an Accommodation, I do not know how the Quarrel can be ended, but by a Religious War.

Why truly, says a *Wiseacre* that sat by him, were I as the King of *France*, I would scorn to take part with the Footmen of either side: Here's all the Business of *Europe* stands still, because Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager's* Man has had his Head broke. If Count *Rectrum* had given them a Pot of Ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this Bustle; but they say he's a warm Man, and does not care to be made Mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his Tongue hitherto, [began[2]] to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the Plenipotentiaries of our Christian Princes took this matter into their serious Consideration; for that Lacqueys were never so saucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the Treaty of Peace, if it might be done without prejudice to [the] Publick Affairs.

One who sat at the other End of the Table, and seemed to be in the Interests of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most Christian Majesty did not resent this matter because it was an Injury done to Monsieur *Mesnager's* Footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur *Mesnager's* Footmen to him? but because it was done to his Subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a Subject of *France* to have a bloody Nose, and his Sovereign not to take Notice of it. He is obliged in Honour to defend his People against Hostilities; and if the *Dutch* will be so insolent to a Crowned Head, as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under *His* Protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an Account for it.

This Distinction set the Controversy upon a new Foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm Fellow, who declared himself a Friend to the House of *Austria*, fell most unmercifully upon his *Gallick* Majesty, as encouraging his Subjects to make Mouths at their Betters, and afterwards screening them from the Punishment that was due to their Insolence. To which he added that the *French* Nation was so addicted to Grimace, that if there was not a Stop put to it at the General Congress, there would be no walking the Streets for them in a time of Peace, especially if they continued Masters of the *West-Indies*. The little Man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that if the Allies were of his Mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his Gallies, and tolerate the Protestant Religion in his Dominions, before he would Sheath his Sword. He concluded with calling Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* an Insignificant Prig.

The Dispute was now growing very Warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young Man of about One and Twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an Eye to the Law, taken the Debate into his Hand, and given it as his Opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* had behaved themselves right in this Affair. Count *Rechteren*, says he, should have made Affidavit that his Servants had been affronted, and then Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* would have done him Justice, by taking away their Liveries from 'em, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a Man makes a Mouth at me, I am not to knock the Teeth out of it for his Pains. Then again, as for Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager*, upon his Servants being beaten, why! he might have had his Action of Assault and Battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my Opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I heard a great deal more of this Conference, but I must confess with little Edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest Gentlemen, was, that the matter in Debate was of too high a Nature for such Heads as theirs, or mine, to Comprehend. O.

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general, but be left to the arbitration of the English Plenipotentiaries. This the French assented to, but they now demanded satisfaction against Rechteren, and refused to accept the excuse made for him, that he was drunk. He might, under other circumstances, says M. Torcy, the French minister of the time, in his account of the Peace Negociations, have dismissed the petty quarrel of servants by accepting such an excuse but, says M. de Torcy, 'it was desirable 'to retard the Conferences, and this dispute gave 'a plausible reason.' Therefore until the King of France and Bolingbroke had come to a complete understanding, the King of France ordered his three Plenipotentiaries to keep the States-general busy with the task of making it clear to his French Majesty whether Rechteren's violence was sanctioned by them, or whether he had acted under private passion, excited by the Ministers of the House of Austria. Then they must further assent to a prescribed form of disavowal, and deprive Rechteren of his place as a deputy. This was the high policy of the affair of the lackeys, which, as Addison says, held all the affairs of Europe in suspense, a policy avowed with all complacency by the high politician who was puller of the strings. (Memoires de Torcy, Vol. iii. pp. 411-13.)

[1] It is Monsieur in the first issue and also in the first reprint.

[2] [begun]

No. 482.] *Friday, September* 12, 1712. [*Addison.*

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.
Lucr.

WHEN I have published any single Paper that falls in with the Popular Taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of Letters. My *Tuesday's* Discourse, wherein I gave several Admonitions to the Fraternity of the *Henpeck'd*, has already produced me very many Correspondents; the Reason I cannot guess at, unless it be that such a Discourse is of general Use, and every married Man's Money. An honest Tradesman, who dates his Letter from *Cheapside*, sends me Thanks in the name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their Wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has administered great Consolation to their whole Club, and desires me to give some further Account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whose Reign he lived, whether he was a Citizen or a Courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: For that by his Sayings he appears to have been a very Wise Man and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last *Tuesday's* Paper, and that in his Wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like a Man of Temper and Learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his House to teach him Philosophy. *Tom Dapperwit* says, that he agrees with me in that whole Discourse, excepting only the last Sentence, where I affirm the married State to be either an Heaven or an Hell. *Tom.* has been at the charge of a Penny upon this occasion, to tell me, that by his Experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of State, commonly known by the Name of *Purgatory*.

The Fair Sex have likewise obliged me with their Reflections upon the same Discourse. A Lady, who calls herself *Euterpe*, and seems a Woman of Letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salick* Law in every Family, and why it is not fit that a Woman who has Discretion and Learning should sit at the Helm, when the Husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary Character, subscribes herself *Xantippe*, and tells me, that she follows the Example of her Name-sake; for being married to a Bookish Man, who has no Knowledge of the World, she is forced to take their Affairs into her own Hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for Conversation.

After this Abridgment of some Letters which are come to my hands upon this Occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have given us a lively Picture of that 'kind of Husband who comes under the De-'nomination of the Hen-peck'd; but I do not 'remember that you have ever touched upon one 'that is of the quite different Character, and who, 'in several Places of *England*, goes by the Name 'of a Cot-Quean. I have the Misfortune to be 'joined for Life with one of this Character, who 'in reality is more a Woman than [I am.[1]] He 'was bred up under the Tuition of a tender 'Mother, till she had made him as good a House-'wife as her self. He could preserve Apricots, 'and make Gellies, before he had been two Years 'out of the Nursery. He was never suffered to 'go abroad, for fear of catching Cold: when he 'should have been hunting down a Buck, he was 'by his Mother's Side learning how to Season it, 'or put it in Crust; and was making Paper-Boats 'with his Sisters, at an Age when other young 'Gentlemen are crossing the Seas, or travelling 'into Foreign Countries. He has the whitest 'Hand that you ever saw in your Life, and raises 'Paste better than any Woman in *England*. 'These Qualifications make him a sad Husband: 'He is perpetually in the Kitchin, and has a 'thousand Squabbles with the Cook-maid. He is 'better acquainted with the Milk-Score, than 'his Steward's Accounts. I fret to Death when 'I hear him find fault with a Dish that is not 'dressed to his liking, and instructing his Friends 'that dine with him in the best Pickle for a Wal-'nut, or Sauce for an Haunch of Venison. With 'all this, he is a very good-natured Husband, and 'never fell out with me in his Life but once, upon 'the over-roasting of a Dish of Wild-Fowl: At the 'same time I must own I would rather he was a 'Man of a rough Temper, that would treat me 'harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate 'busy Nature in a Province that does not belong 'to him. Since you have given us the Character 'of a Wife who wears the Breeches, pray say 'something of a Husband that wears the Petticoat. 'Why should not a Female Character be as ridi-'culous in a Man, as a Male Character in one of 'our Sex?

O. *I am, &c.*

No. 483.] *Saturday, Sept.* 13, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit——— Hor.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableness, than to interpret the Afflictions which befal our Neighbours, as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions of Religion, which, in its own nature, produces Good-will towards Men, and puts the mildest Construction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not Religion that sours a Man's Temper, but it

[1] [my self.]

is his Temper that sours his Religion: People of gloomy unchearful Imaginations, or of envious malignant Tempers, whatever kind of Life they are engaged in, will discover their natural Tincture of Mind in all their Thoughts, Words, and Actions. As the finest Wines have often the Taste of the Soil, so even the most religious Thoughts often draw something that is particular from the Constitution of the Mind in which they arise. When Folly or Superstition strike in with this natural Depravity of Temper, it is not in the power, even of Religion it self, to preserve the Character of the Person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old Maiden Gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the Name of *Nemesis*, is the greatest Discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that set such a Man's House on fire, or blew down his Barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox, she fetches a deep Sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine Face she was always looking on it in her Glass. Tell her of a Piece of good Fortune that has befallen one of her Acquaintance; and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her Mother used one of her Nieces very barbarously. Her usual Remarks turn upon People who had great Estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some Flaw in their own, or their Father's Behaviour. She can give you the Reason why such a one died Childless: Why such an one was cut off in the Flower of his Youth: Why such an one was Unhappy in her Marriage: Why one broke his Leg on such a particular Spot of Ground, and why another was killed with a Back-Sword, rather than with any other kind of Weapon. She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befal any of her Acquaintance, and when she hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the suffering Person, than on that of the Thief, or the Assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to her self is a Tryal, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment.

The very Description of this Folly, in ordinary Life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a Pomp and Dignity of Style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the Mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old Woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the Folly it self appear venerable. Indeed, most Historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle Superstition, and spoken of ill [Success,[1]] unforeseen Disasters, and terrible Events, as if they had been let into the Secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private Conduct by which the World is governed. One would think several of our own Historians in particular had many Revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *English* Monks seldom let any of their Kings depart in Peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the Power or Wealth of which the Ecclesiasticks were in those times possessed. *William the Conqueror's* Race generally found their Judgments in the *New Forest*, where their Father had pulled down Churches and Monasteries. In short, read one of the Chronicles written by an Author of this frame of Mind, and you would think you were reading an History of the Kings of *Israel* or *Judah*, where the Historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular Scheme of Providence, the Kings were distinguished by Judgments or Blessings, according as they promoted Idolatry or the Worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon Misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable, in regard to the Person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong Argument for a State of Retribution hereafter, that in this World virtuous Persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious Persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the Nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his Works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing Distribution of Good and Evil, which was necessary for carrying on the Designs of Providence in this Life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that Fire should fall from Heaven in the ordinary Course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant Guilt or depressed Virtue in particular Persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy Arm in the Defence of the one, or Punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a Day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective Merits.

The Folly of ascribing Temporal Judgments to any particular Crimes, may appear from several Considerations. I shall only mention two: First, That, generally speaking, there is no Calamity or Affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious Man, which does not sometimes happen to Men of approved Religion and Virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheist[1] was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there arose a very violent Tempest; upon which the Mariners told him, that it was a just Judgment upon them for having taken so impious a Man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the rest of the Ships that were in the same Distress, and ask'd them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every Vessel in the Fleet. We are all involved in the same Calamities, and subject to the same Accidents: and when we see any one of the Species under any particular Oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common Lot of human Nature, rather than from the Guilt of the Person who suffers.

Another Consideration, that may check our Presumption in putting such a Construction upon a Misfortune, is this, That it is impossible for us to know what are Calamities, and what are Bless-

[1] [Successes,]

[1] Diagoras the Melian, having attacked the popular religion and the Eleusinian mysteries, had a price set on his head, and left Athens B.C. 411. The Athenians called him Atheist, and destroyed his writings. The story in the text is from the third book of Cicero 'de Natura Deorum.'

ings. How many Accidents have pass'd for Misfortunes, which have turned to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Persons in whose Lot they have fallen? How many Disappointments have, in their Consequences, saved a man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments; but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its Beginnings, is an unjustifiable Piece of Rashness and Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may teach us a Caution in this Matter. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was Priestess to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion. The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petition'd her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happen'd to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any Ancient Historian who had given us an Account of it. O.

No. 484.] *Monday, September* 15, 1712. [*Steele.*

Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.
Plin. Epist.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young Fellows who are in their Progress thro' any Profession, none seem 'to have so good a Title to the Protection of the 'Men of Eminence in it as the modest Man; not 'so much because his Modesty is a certain Indi'cation of his Merit, as because 'tis a certain Ob'stacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all 'Professions this Virtue is thought to be more 'particularly unnecessary in that of the Law than 'in any other, I shall only apply my self to the 'Relief of such who follow this Profession with 'this Disadvantage. What aggravates the matter 'is, that those Persons who, the better to prepare 'themselves for this Study, have made some Pro'gress in others, have, by addicting themselves to 'Letters, encreased their natural Modesty, and 'consequently heighten'd the Obstruction to this 'sort of Preferment; so that every one of these 'may emphatically be said to be such a one as '*laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more 'behind.* It may be a Matter worth discussing 'then, Why that which made a Youth so amiable 'to the Ancients, should make him appear so 'ridiculous to the Moderns? and, Why in our 'days there should be Neglect, and even Oppres'sion of young Beginners, instead of that Pro'tection which was the Pride of theirs? In the 'Profession spoken of, 'tis obvious to every one 'whose Attendance is required at *Westminster-'Hall*, with what Difficulty a Youth of any Mo'desty has been permitted to make an Observa'tion, that could in no wise detract from the 'Merit of his Elders, and is absolutely necessary 'for the advancing his own. I have often seen 'one of these not only molested in his Utterance 'of something very pertinent, but even plunder'd 'of his Question, and by a strong Serjeant 'shoulder'd out of his Rank, which he has re'cover'd with much Difficulty and Confusion. Now 'as great part of the Business of this Profession 'might be dispatched by one that perhaps

——Abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus;
Hor.

'so I can't conceive the Injustice done to the 'Publick, if the Men of Reputation in this Calling 'would introduce such of the young ones into 'Business, whose Application to this Study will 'let them into the Secrets of it, as much as their 'Modesty will hinder them from the Practice: I 'say, it would be laying an everlasting Obligation 'upon a young Man, to be introduc'd at first only 'as a Mute, till by this Countenance, and a Reso'lution to support the good Opinion conceiv'd of 'him in his Betters, his Complexion shall be so 'well settled, that the Litigious of this Island may 'be secure of his obstreperous Aid. If I might 'be indulged to speak in the Style of a Lawyer, I 'would say, That any one about thirty years of 'Age, might make a common Motion to the Court 'with as much Elegance and Propriety as the most 'aged Advocates in the Hall.

'I can't advance the Merit of Modesty by any 'Argument of my own so powerfully, as by en'quiring into the Sentiments the greatest among 'the Ancients of different Ages entertain'd upon 'this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solo'mon*, we shall find Favour a necessary Conse'quence to a shame-fac'd Man. *Pliny*, the greatest 'Lawyer and most Elegant Writer of the Age he 'lived in, in several of his Epistles is very sollicit'ous in recommending to the Publick some young 'Men of his own Profession, and very often under'takes to become an Advocate, upon condition 'that some one of these his Favourites might be 'joined with him, in order to produce the Merit 'of such, whose Modesty otherwise would have 'suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a 'saucy Modern, that *Multum sanguinis, multum 'verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore; to 'have the Face first full of Blood, then the 'Countenance dashed with Modesty, and then 'the whole Aspect as of one dying with Fear, 'when a Man begins to speak*; should be es'teem'd by *Pliny* the necessary Qualifications of 'a fine Speaker.[1] *Shakespear* also has express'd

[1] The citation is from a charming letter in which Pliny (Bk. v. letter 17) tells Spurinna the pleasure he had just received from a recitation by a noble youth in the house of Calpurnius Piso, and how, when it was over, he gave the youth many kisses

'himself in the same favourable Strain of Modesty, 'when he says,

——In the Modesty of fearful Duty
I read as much as from the rattling Tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence——[1]

'Now since these Authors have profess'd themselves for the Modest Man, even in the utmost 'Confusions of Speech and Countenance, why 'should an intrepid Utterance and a resolute Vociferation thunder so successfully in our Courts 'of Justice? And why should that Confidence of 'Speech and Behaviour, which seems to acknowledge no Superior, and to defy all Contradiction, 'prevail over that Deference and Resignation 'with which the Modest Man implores that favourable Opinion which the other seems to command?

'As the Case at present stands, the best Consolation that I can administer to those who cannot 'get into that Stroke of Business (as the Phrase is) 'which they deserve, is to reckon every particular 'Acquisition of Knowledge in this Study as a real 'Increase of their Fortune; and fully to believe, 'that one day this imaginary Gain will certainly 'be made out by one more substantial. I wish 'you would talk to us a little on this Head, you 'would oblige,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.

The Author of this Letter is certainly a Man of good Sense; but I am perhaps particular in my Opinion on this Occasion; for I have observed, that under the Notion of Modesty, Men have indulged themselves in a spiritless Sheepishness, and been for ever lost to themselves, their Families, their Friends, and their Country. When a Man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without Injustice to any other; it is ever want of Breeding or Courage to be brow-beaten or elbow'd out of his honest Ambition. I have said often, Modesty must be an Act of the Will, and yet it always implies Self-Denial: For if a Man has an ardent Desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly Bashfulness, shrinks away, and lets his Merit languish in Silence, he ought not to be angry at the World that a more unskilful Actor succeeds in his Part, because he has not Confidence to come upon the Stage himself. The Generosity my Correspondent mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the Dawn of Merit, and hasten its Maturity, was a Work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal Scholar. That Concern which is described in the Letter, is to all the World the greatest Charm imaginable: but then the modest Man must proceed, and shew a latent Resolution in himself; for the Admiration of his Modesty arises from the Manifestation of his Merit. I must confess we live in an Age wherein a few empty Blusterers carry away the Praise of Speaking, while a Crowd of Fellows over-stock'd with Knowledge are run down by them. I say Overstock'd, because they certainly are so as to their Service of Mankind, if from their very Store they raise to themselves Ideas of Respect, and Greatness of the Occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their Thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen *Charles Frankair* rise up with a commanding Mien, and Torrent of handsome Words, talk a Mile off the Purpose, and drive down twenty bashful Boobies of ten times his Sense, who at the same time were envying his Impudence and despising his Understanding, it has been matter of great Mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret Lamentation, that the Fountains of every thing praise-worthy in these Realms, the Universities, should be so muddied with a false Sense of this Virtue, as to produce Men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous Education which does not qualify a Man to make his best Appearance before the greatest Man and the finest Woman to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the Nurseries of Learning, pert Coxcombs would know their Distance: But we must bear with this false Modesty in our young Nobility and Gentry, till they cease at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the Study of Eloquence. T.

and praises, congratulated his mother and his brother, in whom, as the reciter tried his powers, first fear for him and then delight in him was manifest. To the sentences quoted above the next is 'Etenim, nescio quo pacto, magis in studiis 'homines timor quàm fiducia decet.' 'I don't 'know how it is, but in brain-work mistrust better 'becomes men than self-confidence.'

[1] Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. sc. 1.

No. 485.] *Tuesday, September* 16, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit, etiam ab Invalido.—Quint. Curt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord *Clarendon* has observed, *That* '*few Men have done more harm than* '*those who have been thought to be able to do* '*least; and there cannot be a greater Error,* '*than to believe a Man whom we see qualified* '*with too mean Parts to do good, to be therefore* '*incapable of doing hurt. There is a Supply of* '*Malice, of Pride, of Industry, and even of* '*Folly, in the Weakest, when he sets his heart* '*upon it, that makes a strange progress in Mis-*'*chief.*' What may seem to the Reader the 'greatest Paradox in the Reflection of the His-'torian, is, I suppose, that Folly, which is gener-'ally thought incapable of contriving or executing 'any Design, should be so formidable to those 'whom it exerts it self to molest. But this will 'appear very plain, if we remember that *Solomon*

[1] When this was quoted Clarendon had been dead only 38 years, and his History of the Rebellion, first published in Queen Anne's reign, was almost a new Book. It was published at Oxford in three folio volumes, which appeared in the successive years 1702, 3, 4, and in this year, 1712, there had appeared a new edition of it (the sixth).

'says, *It is as Sport to a Fool to do mischief;* 'and that he might the more emphatically express 'the calamitous Circumstances of him who falls 'under the displeasure of this wanton Person, the 'same Author adds further, That *a Stone is* '*heavy, and the Sand weighty, but a Fool's* '*Wrath is heavier than them both.* It is im- 'possible to suppress my own Illustration upon 'this Matter, which is, That as the Man of Sa- 'gacity bestirs himself to distress his Enemy by 'Methods probable and reducible to Reason, so 'the same Reason will fortify his Enemy to elude 'these his regular Efforts; but your Fool projects, 'acts, and concludes with such notable Incon- 'sistence, that no regular Course of Thought can 'evade or counterplot his prodigious Machinations. 'My Frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to 'imply, That several of our Misfortunes arise 'from Things, as well as Persons, that seem of 'very little consequence. Into what tragical Ex- 'travagancies does *Shakespear* hurry *Othello* 'upon the loss of an Handkerchief only? and what 'Barbarities does *Desdemona* suffer from a slight 'Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Trifle? If 'the Schemes of all enterprizing Spirits were to 'be carefully examined, some intervening Acci- 'dent, not considerable enough to occasion any 'Debate upon, or give 'em any apprehension of 'ill Consequence from it, will be found to be the 'occasion of their ill Success, rather than any 'Error in Points of Moment and Difficulty, which 'naturally engag'd their maturest Deliberations. 'If you go to the Levee of any great Man, you 'will observe him exceeding gracious to several 'very insignificant Fellows; and this upon this 'Maxim, That the Neglect of any Person must 'arise from the mean Opinion you have of his 'Capacity to do you any Service or Prejudice; 'and that this calling his Sufficiency in question, 'must give him Inclination, and where this is, 'there never wants Strength or Opportunity to 'annoy you. There is no body so weak of In- 'vention, that can't aggravate or make some little 'Stories to vilify his Enemy; and there are very 'few but have good Inclinations to hear 'em, and 'tis infinite Pleasure to the Majority of Mankind 'to level a Person superior to his Neighbours. 'Besides, in all matter of Controversy, that Party 'which has the greatest Abilities labours under 'this Prejudice, that he will certainly be sup- 'posed, upon Account of his Abilities, to have 'done an Injury, when perhaps he has received 'one. It would be tedious to enumerate the 'Strokes that Nations and particular Friends have 'suffer'd from Persons very contemptible.

'I Think *Henry* IV. of *France*, so formidable 'to his Neighbours, could no more be secur'd 'against the resolute Villany of *Ravillac*, than '*Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, could be against 'that of *Felton*. And there is no incens'd Person 'so destitute, but can provide himself with a Knife 'or a Pistol, if he finds stomach to apply them. 'That Things and Persons of no moment should 'give such powerful Revolutions to the progress 'of those of the greatest, seems a providential 'Disposition to baffle and abate the Pride of 'human Sufficiency; as also to engage the Hu- 'manity and Benevolence of Superiors to all be- 'low 'em, by letting them into this Secret, that 'the Stronger depends upon the Weaker.

I am,
SIR,
Your very Humble Servant.

Dear Sir, *Temple, Paper-Buildings.*

'I received a Letter from you some time ago, 'which I should have answered sooner, had you 'informed me in yours to what part of this Island 'I might have directed my Impertinence; but 'having been let into the Knowledge of that Mat- 'ter, this handsome Excuse is no longer service- 'able. My Neighbour *Prettyman* shall be the 'Subject of this Letter; who falling in with the 'SPECTATOR's Doctrine concerning the Month of '*May*, began from that Season to dedicate him- 'self to the Service of the Fair in the following 'Manner. I observed at the Beginning of the 'Month he bought him a new Night-gown, either 'side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous 'and attractive; but till the End of the Month I 'did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his 'Contrivance, as the Use of that Garment has 'since suggested to me. Now you must know 'that all new Clothes raise and warm the Bearer's 'Imagination into a Conceit of his being a much 'finer Gentleman than he was before, banishing 'all Sobriety and Reflection, and giving him up to 'Gallantry and Amour. Inflam'd therefore with 'this way of thinking, and full of the Spirit of the 'Month of *May*, did this merciless Youth resolve 'upon the Business of Captivating. At first he 'confin'd himself to his Room only, now and then 'appearing at his Window in his Night-gown, and 'practising that easy Posture which expresses the 'very Top and Dignity of Languishment. It was 'pleasant to see him diversify his Loveliness, 'sometimes obliging the Passengers only with a 'Side-Face, with a Book in his Hand; sometimes 'being so generous as to expose the whole in the 'fulness of its Beauty; at the other times, by a 'judicious throwing back of his Perriwig, he 'would throw in his Ears. You know he is that 'Sort of Person which the Mob call a handsome 'jolly Man; which Appearance can't miss of Cap- 'tives in this part of the Town. Being em- 'boldened by daily Success, he leaves his Room 'with a Resolution to extend his Conquests; and 'I have apprehended him in his Night-gown 'smiting in all Parts of this Neighbourhood.

'This I, being of an amorous Complection, saw 'with Indignation, and had Thoughts of pur- 'chasing a Wig in these Parts; into which, being 'at a greater Distance from the Earth, I might 'have thrown a very liberal Mixture of white 'Horse-hair, which would make a fairer, and 'consequently a handsomer Appearance, while 'my Situation would secure me against any Dis- 'coveries. But the Passion to the handsome 'Gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of 'the Building, that it will be extremely difficult to 'divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand 'boldly to the Complection of my own Eye-brow, 'and prepare me an immense Black Wig of the 'same sort of Structure with that of my Rival. 'Now, tho' by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the 'number of the Admirers of his Complection, I

'shall have a fair Chance to divide the Passengers 'by the irresistible Force of mine.

'I expect sudden Dispatches from you, with 'Advice of the Family you are in now, how to 'deport my self upon this so delicate a Conjunc-'ture; with some comfortable Resolutions in 'favour of the handsome black Man against the 'handsome fair one.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

C.

N. B. *He who writ this, is a black Man two Pair of Stairs; the Gentleman of whom he writes, is fair, and one Pair of Stairs.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I only say, that it is impossible for me to say 'how much I am

Yours,

Robin Shorter.

P. S. 'I shall think it a little hard, if you do 'not take as much notice of this Epistle, as you 'have of the ingenious Mr. *Short's*. I am not 'afraid to let the World see which is the Deeper 'Man of the two.

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

Whereas a young Woman on horseback, in an Equestrian Habit on the 13th Instant in the Evening, met the SPECTATOR *within a Mile and an half of this Town, and flying in the Face of Justice, pull'd off her Hat, in which there was a Feather, with the Mein and Air of a young Officer, saying at the same time, Your Servant Mr.* SPEC. *or Words to that Purpose; This is to give Notice, that if any Person can discover the Name, and Place of Abode of the said Offender, so as she can be brought to Justice, the Informant shall have all fitting Encouragement.* T.

No. 486.] *Wednesday, September* 17, 1712. [*Steele.*

Audire est operæ pretium procedere recte
Qui mechis non vultis——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my Acquaintance 'Followers of *Socrates*, with more parti-'cular regard to that part of his Philosophy 'which we, among our selves, call his *Domesticks*; 'under which Denomination, or Title, we include 'all the Conjugal Joys and Sufferings. We have 'indeed, with very great Pleasure, observed the 'Honour you do the whole Fraternity of the 'Hen-peck'd, in placing that illustrious Man at 'our Head, and it does in a very great measure 'baffle the Raillery of pert Rogues, who have no 'advantage above us, but in that they are single. 'But when you look about into the Crowd of 'Mankind, you will find the Fair Sex reigns with 'greater Tyranny over Lovers than Husbands. 'You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is 'wholly exempt from their Dominion, and those 'that are so, are capable of no Taste of Life, and 'breathe and walk about the Earth as Insignifi-'cants. But I am going to desire your further 'Favour in behalf of our harmless Brotherhood, 'and hope you will shew in a true light the un-'married Hen-peck'd, as well as you have done 'Justice to us, who submit to the Conduct of our 'Wives. I am very particularly acquainted with 'one who is under entire Submission to a kind 'Girl, as he calls her; and tho' he knows I have 'been Witness both to the ill Usage he has re-'ceived from her, and his Inability to resist her 'Tyranny, he still pretends to make a Jest of 'me for a little more than ordinary Obsequious-'ness to my Spouse. No longer than *Tuesday* 'last he took me with him to visit his Mistress; 'and he having, it seems, been a little in Dis-'grace before, thought by bringing me with him 'she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall 'into general Discourse with him; and so he 'might break the Ice, and save himself all the 'ordinary Compunctions and Mortifications she 'used to make him suffer before she would be re-'conciled after any Act of Rebellion on his Part. 'When we came into the Room, we were received 'with the utmost Coldness; and when he pre-'sented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good 'Friend, she just had Patience to suffer my 'Salutation; but when he himself, with a very 'gay Air, offered to follow me, she gave him a 'thundering Box on the Ear, called him pitiful 'poor-spirited Wretch, how durst he see her 'Face? His Wig and Hat fell on different Parts 'of the Floor. She seized the Wig too soon for 'him to recover it, and kicking it down Stairs, 'threw herself into an opposite Room, pulling 'the Door after her with a Force, that you 'would have thought the Hinges would have 'given Way. We went down, you must think, 'with no very good Countenances; and as we 'sneaked off, and were driving home together, he 'confessed to me, that her Anger was thus highly 'raised, because he did not think fit to fight a 'Gentleman who had said she was what she was; 'but, says he, a kind Letter or two, or fifty 'pieces, will put her in Humour again. I asked 'him why he did not part with her; he answered, 'he loved her with all the Tenderness imaginable, 'and she had too many Charms to be abandoned 'for a little Quickness of Spirit. Thus does this 'illegitimate Hen-pecked over-look the Hussy's 'having no Regard to his very Life and Fame, in 'putting him upon an infamous Dispute about her 'Reputation; yet has he the Confidence to laugh 'at me, because I obey my poor Dear in keeping 'out of Harm's Way, and not staying too late 'from my own Family, to pass through the 'Hazards of a Town full of Ranters and De-'bauchees. You that are a Philosopher should 'urge in our behalf, that when we bear with a 'froward Woman, our Patience is preserved, in 'consideration that a breach with her might be a 'Dishonour to Children who are descended from 'us, and whose Concern makes us tolerate a 'thousand Frailties, for fear they should redound 'Dishonour upon the Innocent. This and the 'like Circumstances, which carry with them the

'most valuable Regards of human Life, may be 'mentioned for our long Suffering; but in the 'case of Gallants, they swallow ill Usage from 'one to whom they have no Obligation, but from 'a base Passion, which it is mean to indulge, 'and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'These Sort of Fellows are very numerous, 'and some have been conspicuously such, with- 'out Shame; nay they have carried on the Jest 'in the very Article of Death, and, to the Diminu- 'tion of the Wealth and Happiness of their 'Families, in bar of those honourably near to 'them, have left immense Wealth to their Para- 'mours. What is this but being a Cully in the 'Grave! Sure this is being Hen-peck'd with a 'Vengeance! But without dwelling upon these 'less frequent Instances of eminent Cullyism, 'what is there so common as to hear a Fellow 'curse his Fate that he cannot get rid of a Pas- 'sion to a Jilt, and quote an Half-Line out of a 'Miscellany Poem to prove his Weakness' is 'natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing 'to say to it: But then let them not pretend to be 'free all this while, and laugh at us poor married 'Patients.

'I have known one Wench in this Town carry 'an haughty Dominion over her Lovers so well, 'that she has at the same time been kept by a 'Sea-Captain in the *Straits*, a Merchant in the 'City, a Country Gentleman in *Hampshire*, and 'had all her Correspondences managed by one 'she kept for her own Uses. This happy Man '(as the Phrase is) used to write very punctually 'every Post, Letters for the Mistress to tran- 'scribe. He would sit in his Night-Gown and 'Slippers, and be as grave giving an Account, only 'changing Names, that there was nothing in those 'idle Reports they had heard of such a Scoundrel 'as one of the other Lovers was; and how could 'he think she could condescend so low, after such 'a fine Gentleman as each of them? For the 'same Epistle said the same thing to and of every 'one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his 'Lady went to Bed with great Order.

'To be short, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, we Husbands 'shall never make the Figure we ought in the 'Imaginations of young Men growing up in the 'World, except you can bring it about that a Man 'of the Town shall be as infamous a Character as 'a Woman of the Town. But of all that I have 'met in my time, commend me to *Betty Duall*: 'She is the Wife of a Sailor, and the kept Mis- 'tress of a Man of Quality; she dwells with the 'latter during the Sea-faring of the former. The 'Husband asks no Questions, sees his Apartments 'furnished with Riches not his, when he comes 'into Port, and the Lover is as joyful as a Man 'arrived at his Haven when the other puts to Sea. '*Betty* is the most eminently victorious of any of 'her Sex, and ought to stand recorded the only 'Woman of the Age in which she lives, who has 'possessed at the same time two Abused, and two 'Contented - - - - - T.

No. 487.] *Thursday, September* 18, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.
Petr.

THO' there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally considered them only as Revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the World, or as Presages of what is to happen in future Periods of time.

I shall consider this Subject in another Light, as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great Excellency of an Human Soul, and some Intimation of its Independency on Matter.

In the first Place, our Dreams are great Instances of that Activity which is natural to the human Soul, and which it is not in the power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Man appears tired and worn out with the Labours of the Day, this active part in his Composition is still busied and unwearied. When the Organs of Sense want their due Repose, and necessary Reparations, and the Body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual Substance to which it is united, the Soul exerts her self in her several Faculties, and continues in Action till her Partner is again qualified to bear her Company. In this case Dreams look like the Relaxations and Amusements of the Soul, when she is disincumbred of her Machine, her Sports and Recreations, when she has laid her Charge asleep.

In the Second Place, Dreams are an Instance of that Agility and Perfection which is natural to the Faculties of the Mind, when they are disengaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her Operations, when she acts in Conjunction with a Companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its Motions. But in Dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a Sprightliness and Alacrity she exerts her self. The slow of Speech make unpremeditated Harangues, or converse readily in Languages that they are but little acquainted with. The Grave abound in Pleasantries, the Dull in Repartees and Points of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of the Mind, than Invention; yet in Dreams it works with that Ease and Activity, that we are not sensible when the Faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading Papers, Books, or Letters; in which case the Invention prompts so readily, that the Mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own Suggestions for the Compositions of another.

I shall, under this Head, quote a Passage out of the *Religio Medici*,[1] in which the ingenious Author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking Thoughts. *We are somewhat more than our selves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking of the Soul. It is the Litigation of Sense, but the Liberty of Reason; and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps.*

[1] Part ii. § 11.

At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery Sign of Scorpius: *I was born in the Planetary Hour of* Saturn, *and I think I have a piece of that leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Jests, and laugh my self awake at the Conceits thereof. Were my Memory as faithful as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my Devotions: but our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls a confused and broken Tale of that that has passed——Thus it is observed that Men sometimes, upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body, begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a strain above Mortality.*

We may likewise observe in the third Place, that the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Sensations of Pain or Pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightned and inflamed, when it rises in the Soul at a time that the Body is thus laid at Rest. Every Man's Experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently, in different Constitutions. I shall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I shall leave to the Solution of my Reader. Supposing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another Circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in regard to what passes in Dreams, I mean that innumerable Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful Being only conscious of her own Existence at such a time, what a painful Solitude would her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping Moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she Dreams that she is in such a Solitude?

——Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg.

But this Observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful Power in the Soul, of producing her own Company on these Occasions. She converses with numberless Beings of her own Creation, and is transported into ten thousand Scenes of her own raising. She is herself the Theatre, the Actors, and the Beholder. This puts me in mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which *Plutarch* ascribes to *Heraclitus, That all Men whilst they are awake are in one common World; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a World of his own.*[1] The waking Man is conversant in the World of Nature, when he sleeps he retires to a private World that is particular to himself. There seems something in this Consideration that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have seen quoted out of *Tertullian*,[2] namely, its Power of divining in Dreams. That several such Divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common Historical Faith; there being innumerable Instances of this nature in several Authors, both Antient and Modern, Sacred and Profane. Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her state of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a great Dispute among the Learned; the matter of Fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Superstition or Enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body: It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The Corporeal Union is slackned enough to give the Mind more Play. The Soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakned, when she operates more in concert with the Body.

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an Human Soul, but of its Independance on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O.

[1] The reference is in the little book 'On Superstition,' where Plutarch quotes Heraclitus to add this comment of his own: 'But to the superstitious man there is no common world, for neither does he use right reason when awake, nor is he freed, when sleeping, from his perturbations.'

[2] Tertullian, in his book 'On the Soul,' has seven chapters (43—49) on Sleep and Dreams, with abundant recognition of divine communications to the soul in sleep, and quotations of several authors, sacred and profane.

No. 488.] *Friday, September* 19, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo assibus.
Eheu!—Hor.

I FIND, by several Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleased to pay Three Half-Pence for my Paper, than Two-Pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the best Part of his Breakfast, for that since the rise of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Dish of Coffee by it self, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than Lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any Passage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, *viz. Price Two-Pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an higher Price on our Commodities, since the late Tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that Subject, to speak a Word or two upon the present Duties on Castile-Soap. But there is none of these my Correspondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Sense and Elegance of Expression, than the generous *Philomedes*, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a Hundred of his Acquaintance, who shall take it in at that Price.

Letters from the Female World are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same Occasion; and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this Part of our Species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my Conduct in this Particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handsome Remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their Father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional Price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea-Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every Morning as usual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their Desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter; having given particular Orders, that the Tea-Table shall be set forth every Morning with its Customary Bill of Fare, and without any manner of Defalcation. I thought my self obliged to mention this Particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Lætitia*, who sent me this Account, will acquaint me with his Name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to many of my Readers; and, in order to it, must propose two Points to their Consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will easily make up the Half Penny a Day, which we have now under Consideration. Let a Lady sacrifice but a single Ribband to her Morning Studies, and it will be sufficient: Let a Family burn but a Candle a Night less than the usual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without Detriment to their private Affairs.

In the next Place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by Retail, let them have Patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the Burthen of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are sold single, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy; after some time they come to Market in greater Quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their first Appearance, from several accidental Circumstances of Time, Place and Person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every Reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind-hand with the fashionable and polite part of the World, than to strain himself beyond his Circumstances. My Bookseller has now about Ten Thousand of the Third and Fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an Edition both of the First and Second Volume. As he is a Person whose Head is very well turned to his Business, he thinks they would be a very proper Present to be made to Persons at Christenings, Marriages, Visiting-Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as several other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single Plate; and is of Opinion, that a Salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies, as a Salver of Sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately sent to the Writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my Thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

'Having heard the following Epigram very 'much commended, I wonder that it has not yet 'had a place in any of your Papers: I think the 'Suffrage of our Poet Laureat should not be over-'looked, which shews the Opinion he entertains 'of your Paper, whether the Notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your 'Hands.

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr. *TATE*.[1]

———Aliusque et idem
Nasceris——— *Hor.*

When first the Tatler *to a Mute was turn'd,*
Great Britain *for her Censor's Silence mourn'd.*

[1] Nahum Tate, born and educated at Dublin, and befriended in his youth by Dryden and Dorset, was at this time 60 years old, and poet-laureate, having *in 1692 succeeded in that office*

Robb'd of his sprightly Beams, she wept the Night,
'Till the Spectator *rose, and blaz'd as bright.*
So the first Man the Sun's first Setting view'd,
And sigh'd, till circling Day his Joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second Sun to name,
Whether a bright Successor, or the same.
So we: but now from this Suspence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with Judgment read,
'Tis the same Sun, and does himself succeed.
O.

No. 489.] *Saturday, Sept.* 20, 1712. [*Addison.*

—— Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

SIR,

UPON reading your *Essay* concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of those Pleasures which you have discovered, [that] *Greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all Objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my Imagination so much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot see the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleasing Astonishment; but when it is worked up in a Tempest, so that the Horizon on every side is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable Horrour that rises from such a Prospect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest Object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his Imagination one of the highest kinds of Pleasure that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that first poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raises in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Existence as much as a metaphysical Demonstration. The Imagination prompts the Understanding, and by the Greatness of the sensible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by Time nor Space.

As I have made several Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in Storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the Descriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little Fancies upon the occasion, as Authors of an inferiour Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those Circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempest. [1] It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following Description of a Ship in a Storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters: These see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted because of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble, and he bringeth them out of their Distresses. He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven.*[2]

By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion; thus troubling and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wish you would follow their Example. If this small Sketch may deserve a Place among your Works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman [3] upon the Conclusion of his Travels.

Thomas Shadwell, the Whig substitute for Dryden. Besides his version of the Psalms produced in concert with his friend Dr. Nicholas Brady, Tate produced his own notion of an improvement upon Shakespeare's King Lear and nine dramatic pieces, with other poetry, of which the above lines are a specimen. Tate was in his younger days the writer of the second part of Dryden's 'Absalom 'and Achithophel,' to which Dryden himself contributed only the characters of Julian Johnson as Ben Jochanan, of Shadwell as Og, and of Settle as Doeg. His salary as poet-laureate was £100 a year, and a butt of canary. He died three years after the date of this *Spectator* a poor man who had made his home in the Mint to escape his creditors.

[1] On the Sublime, § 10, where he compares a description of the terrors of the sea in a lost poem on the Arimaspians, by Aristæus the Proconnesian, with the passage in the 15th Book of the Iliad, which Pope thus translates:

He bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears,
And instant death on every wave appears.

[2] Psalm cvii. 23—30.

[3] Addison.

I.

How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region please;
The hoary Alpine *Hills it warm'd,*
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene *Seas:*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee;

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to Hear,
Nor impotent to Save.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was still.

IX.

In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be;
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee. O.[1]

[1] Appended to this number is the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author of the SPECTATOR *having received the Pastoral Hymn in his 441st Paper, set to Musick by one of the most Eminent Composers of our own Country and by a Foreigner, who has not put his name to his ingenious Letter, thinks himself obliged to return his thanks to those Gentlemen for the Honour they have done him.*

No. 490.] *Monday, September* 22, 1712. [*Steele.*

Domus et placens Uxor.—Hor.

I HAVE very long entertain'd an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in it self, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has consented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Desires, in spite of good Sense, Form and Order; when, in truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no way to be indulged or attain'd? and have we Appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other out of all the Species, with design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will for her or his own sake, keep things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When *this* Union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoy'd in the most sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it: but when it is subject to be chang'd, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Distaste, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness, before the rest of the World.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married these two Years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in Company, that in your Conversation with the Dear Things you are still put to a Sort of Cross-Purposes. Whenever you address your self in ordinary Discourse to *Viramira*, she turns her Head another way, and the Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her Dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, That is, my Dear, so pretty—— This puts me in mind of what I

have somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho Pança* is putting some necessary humble Question concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly Hints of his Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

On the other side, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for Dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your Absence, that they may speak their harsh Interpretations on each other's Words and Actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life, arises from Fashion. Prejudice in this Case is turn'd the wrong way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laugh'd into a Prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfactions.

With all Persons who have made good Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is describ'd as the State capable of the highest human Felicity. *Tully* has Epistles full of affectionate Pleasure, when he writes to his Wife, or speaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an Epigram of *Martial*,[1] in honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators say it was written the day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouse was retir'd to the Bathing-room in the Heat of the Day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this occasion we owe the following Epigram, which I shew'd my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB in *French*, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the Original. I expect it will please the *English* better than the *Latin* Reader.

When my bright Consort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd;
To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering Flood.
Thus thro' the Glass the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus thro' the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose.
I saw new Charms, and plung'd to seize my Store,
Kisses I snatch'd, the Waves prevented more.

My Friend would not allow that this luscious Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore used the Word *Consort*; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a Mistress as well, and give a more Gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine Gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the Passion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Woman, will, by little and little, grow into Friendship, and then it is ascended to [a[1]] higher Pleasure than it was in its first Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship itself. *Spencer* speaks of each kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take [Place[2]] between two married Persons.

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the Ballance down; to wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet.
But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured bind.

For natural Affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's *greater Flame;*
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering Discipline does tame,
Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Mass,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass. T.

[1] Lib. iv. ep. 22.

No. 491.] *Tuesday, September* 23, 1712. [*Steele.*

——— *Digna satis fortuna revisit.*—Virg.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exercise my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my self for my daily Labours. After an Hour spent in this loitering Way of Reading, something will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that please me most on such Occasions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Justice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the History. This will be better understood by the Reader from the following Narration[3] it self, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, surnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious Dominions now

[1 an] [2 its Place]

3 Founded upon note N to the Memoir of Charles of Burgundy in Bayle's Dictionary, where the authorities cited are Pontus Heuterus and others. It is not in Comines.

swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in Subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious Master for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of Exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had so much of the World, that he had a great share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no thought but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolv'd to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House; but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governor despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and Imprisoned her Husband, under pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governor's House, and as he pass'd thro' the Apartment, threw her self at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will save your Husband, you must give me an account of all you know without Prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any other Particulars whatsoever.* He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent to for an Audience. The Servant knew his distance when Matters of State where to be debated; and the Governor, laying aside the Air with which he had appear'd in publick, began to be the Supplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had possess'd her, and nothing less shou'd be the Price of her Husband's Life; and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, that she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easie to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted, upon so near an approach of Death; but let fall Words that signify'd to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confess'd to him that the Governor had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Apartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gaiety in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison: But, continu'd he, my Fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fix'd with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of

Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court. Her Person and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms gain'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following words, *Behold, O mighty* Charles, *a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been spent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your power to redress my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Distress'd, and the Punishment of Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of* Burgundy *ample matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

When she had spoke this, she deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Prosperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira:* the Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynsault,* as soon as he could recover his Surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault, Thus far have you done as constrain'd by my Authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind Usage of her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease.* To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turn'd to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestow'd on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynsault.* T.

No. 492.] *Wednesday, Sept.* 24, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quicquid est boni moris Levitate extinguitur. Sen.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 18.

'I AM a young Woman of Eighteen Years of 'Age, and, I do assure you, a Maid of unspotted Reputation, founded upon a very careful 'Carriage in all my Looks, Words and Actions. 'At the same time I must own to you, that it is 'with much constraint to Flesh and Blood that my 'Behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am 'naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gaiety, to a Free 'Air, to Motion and Gadding. Now what gives 'me a great deal of Anxiety, and is some Discouragement in the Pursuit of Virtue, is, that the 'young Women who run into greater Freedoms 'with the Men are more taken Notice of than I 'am. The Men are such unthinking Sots, that 'they do not prefer her who restrains all her 'Passions and Affections and keeps much within 'the Bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to 'the utmost Verge of Innocence, and parlies at the 'very Brink of Vice, whether she shall be a Wife 'or a Mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial Wisdom, who, I find, have passed very 'much of your Time in the Study of Woman, 'whether this is not a most unreasonable Proceeding. I have read somewhere, that *Hobbes* 'of *Malmesbury* asserts, that continent Persons 'have more of what they contain, than those who 'give a loose to their Desires. According to this 'Rule, let there be equal Age, equal Wit, and 'equal Good-Humour, in the Woman of Prudence, 'and her of Liberty; what Stores has he to expect, who takes the former? What Refuse must 'he be contented with, who chuses the latter? 'Well, but I sate down to write to you to vent my 'Indignation against several pert Creatures who 'are address'd to and courted in this Place, while 'poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'Every one of these affect gaining the Hearts 'of your Sex: This is generally attempted by a 'particular manner of carrying themselves with 'Familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing Walk, and 'keeps Time in her ordinary Gate. *Chloe,* her 'Sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her Conquests, comes into the Room before her with a 'familiar Run. *Dulcissa* takes Advantage of the 'Approach of the Winter, and has introduc'd a 'very pretty Shiver; closing up her Shoulders, 'and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this 'Mode carry their Fans between both Hands before them. *Dulcissa* herself, who is Author of 'this Air, adds the pretty Run to it; and has also, 'when she is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest Seat 'in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats 'fall with a lucky Decency about her. I know she 'practices this way of sitting down in her Chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may 'have seen an Actress fall down dead in a Tragedy. 'Not the least Indecency in her Posture. If you 'have observ'd what pretty Carcasses are carry'd 'off at the end of a Verse at the Theatre, it will 'give you a Notion how *Dulcissa* plumps into a 'Chair. Here's a little Country Girl that's very 'cunning, that makes her use of being young and 'unbred, and outdoes the Insnarers, who are almost twice her Age. The Air that she takes is 'to come into Company after a Walk, and is very 'successfully out of Breath upon occasion. Her 'Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and 'then looks round to see what young Men stare 'at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one 'of your Papers, to enumerate all the particular 'Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But 'I cannot omit *Dulceorella,* whose manner is the 'most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of 'Conquest as the busiest Virgin among us. She 'has a peculiar Art of staring at a young Fellow, 'till she sees she has got him, and inflam'd him 'by so much Observation. When she sees she 'has him, and he begins to toss his Head upon it, 'she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to 'observe what he is at a distance with her Eyes 'half shut. Thus the Captive, that thought her 'first struck, is to make very near Approaches, or

'be wholly disregarded. This Artifice has done 'more Execution than all the ogling of the rest of 'the Women here, with the utmost Variety of 'half Glances, attentive Heedlessnesses, childish 'Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial 'Oversights. After I have said thus much of 'Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am 'to complain to you of a Set of Familiar Romps, 'who have broken thro' all common Rules, and 'have thought of a very effectual way of shewing 'more Charms that all of us. These, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know these 'careless pretty Creatures are very Innocents 'again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for 'tis all harmless Freedom. They get on Ropes, 'as you must have seen the Children, and are 'swung by their Men Visitants. The Jest is, that 'Mr. such a one can name the Colour of Mrs. Such-'a-one's Stockings; and she tells him, he is a 'lying Thief, so he is, and full of Roguery; and 'she'll lay a Wager, and her Sister shall tell the 'Truth if he says right, and he can't tell what 'Colour her Garters are of. In this Diversion 'there are very many pretty Shrieks, not so much 'for fear of falling, as that their Petticoats shou'd 'untye: For there is a great care had to avoid 'Improprieties; and the Lover who swings the 'Lady, is to tye her Clothes very close with his 'Hatband, before she admits him to throw up her 'Heels.

'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, except you can note 'these Wantonnesses in their Beginnings, and bring 'us sober Girls into Observation, there is no help 'for it, we must swim with the Tide; the Coquets 'are too powerful a Party for us. To look into the 'Merit of a regular and well-behav'd Woman, is a 'slow thing. A loose trivial Song gains the Af-'fections, when a wise Homily is not attended to. 'There is no other way but to make war upon 'them, or we must go over to them. As for my 'Part, I will shew all the World it is not for want 'of Charms that I stand so long unasked; and if 'you do not take measures for the immediate Re-'dress of us Rigids, as the Fellows call us, I can 'move with a speaking Mien, can look significant-'ly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, 'can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be 'frighted as agreeably as any She in *England*. 'All which is humbly submitted to your Specta-'torial Consideration with all Humility, by

Your most humble Servant,

T. Matilda Mohair.

No. 493.] *Thursday, September* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.—Hor.

IT is no unpleasant matter of Speculation to consider the recommendatory Epistles that pass round this Town from Hand to Hand, and the abuse People put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the Testimony of Merit in the Person recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this sort is, *The Bearer hereof is so uneasie to me that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands: whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of Kindness for him, or Obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.* As negligent as Men are in this respect, a point of Honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a Man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless Creature into the Service or Interests of a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed are a little too keen in their Resentments, to trespass often this Way: But you shall sometimes know that the Mistress and the Maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free Language, and at last the Lady shall be pacified to turn her out of Doors, and give her a very good Word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a Year and Half's time, the same Face a Domestick in all parts of the Town. Good-breeding and Good-nature lead People in a great Measure to this Injustice: When Suitors of no Consideration will have Confidence enough to press upon their Superiors, those in Power are tender of speaking the Exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into Promises out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this latter Case, it would be a very useful Enquiry to know the History of Recommendations: There are, you must know, certain Abettors of this way of Torment, who make it a Profession to manage the Affairs of Candidates: These Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and supply any Defective Recommendation, by informing how such and such a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least Scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these Undertakers have your Business in hand, you may be sick, absent in Town or Country, and the Patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a Gentleman some Years ago, who punish'd a whole People for their Facility in giving their Credentials. This Person had belonged to a Regiment which did Duty in the *West-Indies*, and by the Mortality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer in the Colony. He oppressed his Subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every Man under his Command. When he had carried his Point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended Fit of Dishumour, and feigned Uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief Inhabitants a Design he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample Testimonials of their Approbation. The Planters came into it to a Man; and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the Words Justice, Generosity, and Courage, were inserted in his Commission, not omitting the general Good-liking of People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within few Months after came back to them their Governour on the Strength of their own Testimonials.

Such a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy Recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a Man bear to have it said to him, the Person I took into Confidence on the Credit you gave him,

has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the Character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that Rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honest Scrupulousness in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Servant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, since he could not please such a careless Fellow as he was. His Answer was as follows:

SIR,

'Thomas that lived with me was turned away be-'cause he was too good for me. You know I live 'in Taverns; he is an orderly sober Rascal, and 'thinks much to sleep in an Entry till two in a 'Morning. He told me one day when he was 'dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead 'before now, since I went to Dinner in the Even-'ing, and went to Supper at two in the Morning. 'We were coming down *Essex-street* one Night a 'little flustrated, and I was giving him the Word 'to alarm the Watch; he had the Impudence to 'tell me it was against the Law. You that are 'married, and live one Day after another the same 'Way, and so on the whole Week, I dare say will 'like him, and he will be glad to have his Meat in 'due Season. The Fellow is certainly very 'Honest. My Service to your Lady.

Yours, J. T.

Now this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that though the Love of Order made a Man very awkward in his Equipage, it was a valuable Quality among the Queer People who live by Rule; and had too much good Sense and good Nature to let the Fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his Vivacities.

I shall end this Discourse with a Letter of Recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will see in that Letter a Slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: All which are necessary Circumstances, both in Justice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the Authority of *Horace*, who perfectly understood how to live with great Men, may have a good Effect towards amending this Facility in People of Condition, and the Confidence of those who apply to them without Merit, I have translated the Epistle.[1]

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

SIR,

'*Septimius*, who waits upon you with this, is 'very well acquainted with the place you are 'pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For 'when he beseeches me to recommend him to 'your Notice, in such a manner as to be received 'by you, who are delicate in the choice of your 'Friends and Domesticks, he knows our Inti-'macy, and understands my Ability to serve him 'better than I do myself. I have defended my 'self against his Ambition to be yours, as long as 'I possibly could; but fearing the Imputation of 'hiding my Power in you out of mean and selfish 'Considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to 'give you this Trouble. Thus, to avoid the Ap-'pearance of a greater Fault, I have put on this 'Confidence. If you can forgive this Trans-'gression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, re-'ceive this Gentleman into your Interests and 'Friendship, and take it from me that he is an 'honest and a brave Man. T.

[1] This is a translation from Horace of the verse of No. 9 in Book I. of his Epistles; showing how it would read in the customary prose form of a letter of introduction.

No. 494.] *Friday, September* 26, 1712. [*Addison.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè detestabilem, quorum est tandem Philosophorum?
Cic.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the fashion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Sanctity as possible into his Face, and in particular to abstain from all Appearances of Mirth and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a Carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the Learned World,[1] has diverted me more than once with an Account of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Minister, who was Head of a College in those times.[2] This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republick of Letters, and just fitted out for the University with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were resolved that he should try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Minister whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The Youth, according to Custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy

[1] Supposed to be Anthony Henley, a gentleman of property, who corresponded with Swift, was a friend of Steele's, and contributed some unidentified papers to the *Tatler*. He died in August, 1711.

[2] Dr. Thomas Goodwin, who was born in 1600, and educated at Cambridge. He was one of those who, like Milton's tutor, Dr. Thomas Young, went to Holland to escape from persecution, and was pastor of the English church at Arnheim, till in the Civil Wars he came to London, and sat at Westminster as one of the Assembly of Divines. In 1649 Cromwell made him President of Magdalen College. As Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, he prayed with and for him in his last illness. At the Restoration, Dr. Goodwin was deprived of his post at Oxford, and he then preached in London to an Assembly of Independents till his death, in 1679. His works were collected in five volumes folio.

Generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Seriousness, to a long Gallery which was darkned at Noonday, and had only a single Candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a Taper, till at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a Dozen Night Caps upon his Head, and a religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled; but his Fears encreased when, instead of being ask'd what Progress he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occasion of his Conversion; upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole Examination was summed up with one short Question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frighted out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory; so that upon making his Escape out of this House of Mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general Form and Outside of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Persons, who, by a natural Unchearfulness of Heart, mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of Life, and give up themselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superstitious Fears and groundless Scruples cut them off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Chearfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons that have a proper Title to it.

Sombrius is one of these Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in Duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of Laughter as a Breach of his Baptismal Vow. An innocent Jest startles him like Blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes; describe a publick Ceremony, he shakes his Head; shew him a gay Equipage, he blesses himself. All the little Ornaments of Life are Pomps and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is scandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He sits at a Christening, or a Marriage Feast, as at a Funeral; sighs at the Conclusion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the rest of the Company grow pleasant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general Persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such Characters with Hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a Vice which I think none but He, who knows the Secrets of Men's Hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Persons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deserve our Compassion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a Behaviour does not deter Men from a Religious Life, by representing it as an unsociable State, that extinguishes all Joy and Gladness, darkens the Face of Nature, and destroys the Relish of Being it self.

I have, in former Papers, shewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulness in Religion, and how such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person. In short, those who represent Religion in so unamiable a Light, are like the Spies sent by *Moses* to make a Discovery of the Land of *Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Those who shew us the Joy, the Chearfulness, the Good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Clusters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleasant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer [1] has made a Discourse, to shew that the Atheist, who denies a God, does him less Dishonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to Human Nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is distinguished from all other Creatures by the Faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the Business of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as composes the Soul; it banishes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth, but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulness, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in it self. O.

[1] Plutarch, in his short Treatise 'On Superstition.'

No. 495.] *Saturday, Sept.* 27, 1712. [*Addison.*

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.—Hor.

AS I am one, who, by my Profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of Men, there are none whom I consider with so much Pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their Characters, or Ways of living. For this reason I have often amused my self with Speculations on the Race of People called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable Towns which I have passed through in the Course of my Travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the World, that they are become the Instruments by which the most distant Nations converse with one another, and by which Mankind are knit together in a general Correspondence: They are like the Pegs and Nails in a great Building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole Frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten Tracks of Observation, I shall consider this People in three Views: First, with regard to their Number; Secondly, their Dispersion; and, Thirdly, their Adherence to their Religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, First, what Natural Reasons, and, Secondly, what Providential Reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable Particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the Land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful Slaughter made of them under some of the *Roman* Emperors, which Historians describe by the Death of many Hundred Thousands in a War; and the innumerable Massacres and Persecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Christian Nations of the World. The *Rabbins*, to express the great Havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of Hyperbole, that there were such Torrents of Holy Blood shed as carried Rocks of an hundred Yards in Circumference above three Miles into the Sea.

Their Dispersion is the second remarkable Particular in this People. They swarm over all the *East*; and are settled in the remotest Parts of *China*: They are spread through most of the Nations of *Europe* and *Africk*, and many Families of them are established in the *West-Indies*: not to mention whole Nations bordering on *Prester-John's* Country, and some discovered in the inner Parts of *America*, if we may give any Credit to their own Writers.

Their firm Adherence to their Religion, is no less remarkable than their Numbers and Dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the Face of the whole Earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent Apostacies of this People, when they lived under their Kings, in the Land of *Promise*, and within sight of their Temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the Natural Reasons for these three Particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other Religion or People, I can, in the first place, attribute their Numbers to nothing but their constant Employment, their Abstinence, their Exemption from Wars, and above all, their frequent Marriages; for they look on Celibacy as an accursed State, and generally are married before Twenty, as hoping the *Messiah* may descend from them.

The Dispersion of the *Jews* into all the Nations of the Earth, is the second remarkable Particular of that People, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in Rebellions and Tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in View, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old Habitations in the Land of *Promise*. They have as often been banished out of most other Places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a People, and oblige them to seek a Livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole People is now a Race of such Merchants as are Wanderers by Profession, and at the same time, are in most if not all Places incapable of either Lands or Offices, that might engage them to make any Part of the World their Home.

This Dispersion would probably have lost their Religion, had it not been secured by the Strength of its Constitution: For they are to live all in a Body, and generally within the same Enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no Meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all Table Conversation, and the most agreeable Intercourses of Life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable Means of Conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what Providential Reason may be assigned for these three Particulars, we shall find that their Numbers, Dispersion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furnished every Age, and every Nation of the World, with the strongest Arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very Particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the Depositaries of these and all the other Prophecies, which tend to their own Confusion. Their Number furnishes us with a sufficient Cloud of Witnesses that attest the Truth of the Old Bible. Their Dispersion spreads these Witnesses thro' all parts of the World. The Adherence to their Religion makes their Testimony unquestionable. Had the whole Body of the *Jews* been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the Prophecies of the old Testament, that relate to the Coming and History of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the Prophecies of the *Sybils*, as made many Years after the Events they pretended to foretell. O.

No. 496.] *Monday, September* 29, 1712. [*Steele.*

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est.
Terent. Heaut. A. 1. Sc. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOSE Ancients who were the most accurate in their Remarks on the Genius and Temper of Mankind, by considering the various 'Bent and Scope of our Actions throughout the 'Progress of Life, have with great Exactness allotted Inclinations and Objects of Desire particular to every Stage, according to the different 'Circumstances of our Conversation and Fortune, 'thro' the several Periods of it. Hence they were 'disposed easily to excuse those Excesses which 'might possibly arise from a too eager Pursuit of 'the Affections more immediately proper to each 'State: They indulged the Levity of Childhood 'with Tenderness, overlooked the Gayety of 'Youth with Good-nature, tempered the forward 'Ambition and Impatience of ripen'd Manhood 'with Discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious 'Avarice of old Men to their want of relish for 'any other Enjoyment. Such Allowances as these 'were no less advantageous to common Society 'than obliging to particular Persons; for by maintaining a Decency and Regularity in the Course 'of Life, they supported the Dignity of human 'Nature, which then suffers the greatest Violence 'when the Order of things is inverted; and in no'thing is it more remarkably vilify'd and ridiculous, 'than when Feebleness preposterously attempts 'to adorn it self with that outward Pomp and 'Lustre, which serve only to set off the Bloom of 'Youth with better advantage. I was insensibly 'carried into Reflections of this nature, by just 'now meeting *Paulino* (who is in his Climacterick) 'bedeck'd with the utmost Splendour of Dress 'and Equipage, and giving an unbounded Loose 'to all manner of Pleasure, whilst his only Son is 'debarr'd all innocent Diversion, and may be seen 'frequently solacing himself in the *Mall* with no 'other Attendance than one antiquated Servant 'of his Father's for a Companion and Director.

'It is a monstrous want of Reflection, that a 'Man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign 'the Pleasures of Life in his Decay of Appetite 'and Inclination to them, his Son must have a 'much uneasier Task to resist the Impetuosity of 'growing Desires. The Skill therefore should, 'methinks, be to let a Son want no lawful Diversion, in proportion to his future Fortune, and 'the Figure he is to make in the World. The first 'Step towards Virtue that I have observed in 'young Men of Condition that have run into Ex'cesses, has been that they had a regard to their 'Quality and Reputation in the Management of 'their Vices. Narrowness in their Circumstances 'has made many Youths, *to* supply themselves as 'Debauchees, commence Cheats and Rascals. 'The Father who allows his Son to his utmost 'ability avoids this latter Evil, which as to the 'World is much greater than the former. But the 'contrary Practice has prevail'd so much among 'some Men, that I have known them deny them 'what was merely necessary for Education suit'able to their Quality. Poor young *Antonio* is a 'lamentable Instance of ill Conduct in this kind. 'The young Man did not want natural Talents; 'but the Father of him was a Coxcomb, who af'fected being a fine Gentleman so unmercifully, 'that he could not endure in his sight, or the fre'quent mention of one, who was his Son, growing 'into Manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay 'World. I have often thought the Father took a 'secret Pleasure in reflecting that when that fine 'House and Seat came into the next hands, *it* 'would revive his Memory, as a Person who knew 'how to enjoy them, from Observation of the 'Rusticity and Ignorance of his Successor. Cer'tain it is that a Man may, if he will, let his 'Heart close to the having no regard to any thing 'but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very 'Children. I recommend this Subject to your 'Consideration, and am,

SIR, Your most humble Servant, T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Sept.* 26, 1712.

'I am just come from *Tunbridge*, and have 'since my return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair's* 'Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty 'Story about the Diversion of Swinging in that 'Place. What was done, was only among Rela'tions; and no Man swung any Woman who was 'not second Cousin at farthest. She is pleased to 'say, care was taken that the Gallants tied the 'Ladies Legs before they were wafted into the 'Air. Since she is so spiteful, I'll tell you the 'plain Truth; there was no such Nicety observed, 'since we were all, as I just now told you, near 'Relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* her self has been 'swung there, and she invents all this Malice, be'cause it was observed she has crooked Legs, of 'which I was an Eye-Witness.

Your humble Servant,
Rachel Shoestring.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26, 1712.

'We have just now read your Paper, containing 'Mrs. *Mohair's* Letter. It is an Invention of her 'own from one end to the other; and I desire you 'would print the enclosed Letter by it self, and 'shorten it so as to come within the Compass of 'your Half-Sheet. She is the most malicious 'Minx in the World, for all she looks so innocent. 'Don't leave out that Part about her being in 'love with her Father's Butler, which makes her 'shun Men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble Servant,
Sarah Trice.

P. S. 'She has crooked Legs.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26, 1712.

'All that Mrs. *Mohair* is so vexed at against 'the good Company of this Place, is, that we all 'know she has crooked Legs. This is certainly 'true. I don't care for putting my Name, because 'one would not be in the Power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant unknown.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26, 1712.

'That insufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, who 'has told such Stories of the Company here, is 'with Child, for all her nice Airs and her crooked

'Legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those 'two Things, and you'll oblige every Body here, 'especially

Your humble Servant,

T. Alice Bluegarter.

No. 497.] *Tuesday, September* 30, 1712. [*Steele.*

Οὗτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων.—Menander.

A FAVOUR well bestow'd, is almost as great an Honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior Reputation of the Patron in this case, is, that he is always surrounded with specious Pretences of unworthy Candidates, and is often alone in the kind Inclination he has towards the Well-deserving. Justice is the first Quality in the Man who is in a Post of Direction; and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the Civil Wars, and in his Relation give an Account of a General Officer, who with this one Quality, without any shining Endowments, became so peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all Decisions between Man and Man were laid before him by the Parties concerned in a private Way; and they would lay by their Animosities implicitly, if he bid them be Friends, or submit themselves in the Wrong without Reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the Judgment of Court-Martials. His Manner was to keep the Dates of all Commissions in his Closet, and wholly dismiss from the Service such who were deficient in their Duty; and after that, took Care to prefer according to the Order of Battel. His Familiars were his entire Friends, and could have no interested Views in courting his Acquaintance; for his Affection was no Step to their Preferment, tho' it was to their Reputation. By this means a kind Aspect, a Salutation, a Smile, and giving out his Hand, had the weight of what is esteem'd by vulgar Minds more substantial. His Business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but Justice, was never affronted with a Request of a familiar daily Visitant for what was due to a brave Man at a Distance. Extraordinary Merit he used to recommend to the King for some Distinction at home, till the Order of Battel made way for his rising in the Troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent Manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at *an Halt*, as his Phrase was. Under this Description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without Reproach, and had no Promptitude in their Minds towards Glory. These Fellows were also recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into Posts wherein Diligence and common Honesty were all that were necessary. This General had no weak Part in his Line; but every Man had as much Care upon him, and as much Honour to lose as himself. Every Officer could answer for what pass'd where he was, and the General's Presence was never necessary any where, but where he had placed himself at the first Disposition, except that Accident happen'd from extraordinary Efforts of the Enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from Failure in his own Troops. It must be confess'd, the World is just so much out of order, as an unworthy Person possesses what should be in the Direction of him who has better Pretensions to it.

Instead of such a Conduct as this old Fellow us'd to describe in his General, all the Evils which have ever happen'd among Mankind have arose from the wanton Disposition of the Favours of the Powerful. It is generally all that Men of Modesty and Virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical Turn in a Great Man, to make way for things of real and absolute Service. In the time of Don *Sebastian* of *Portugal*, or some time since, the first Minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound Face of Wisdom and Gravity. They carry'd it so far, that, for the greater Shew of their profound Knowledge, a Pair of Spectacles tied on their Noses, with a black Ribband round their Heads, was what compleated the Dress of those who made their court at his Levee, and none with naked Noses were admitted to his Presence. A blunt honest Fellow, who had a Command in the Train of Artillery, had attempted to make an Impression upon the Porter day after day in vain, till at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark sute of Clothes, and two Pair of Spectacles on at once. He was conducted from Room to Room with great deference, to the Minister; and carrying on the Farce of the Place, he told his Excellence, That he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill Intention; but he was honest Such-a-one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheel-barrows and Pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the Great Man was seen to smile, and the successful Officer was reconducted with the same profound Ceremony out of the House.

When *Leo X.* reigned Pope of *Rome*, his Holiness, tho' a Man of Sense, and of an excellent Taste of Letters, of all things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humourists, and Coxcombs: Whether it were from Vanity, and that he enjoy'd no Talents in other Men but what were inferiour to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole Delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our Phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to advantage. A Priest of his former Acquaintance suffered a great many Disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular Character, till at last in despair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an Equipage so very fantastical, both as to the Dress of himself and Servants, that the whole Court were in an Emulation who should first introduce him to his Holiness.[1] What added to the Expectation his Holiness had of the Pleasure he should have in his Follies, was, that this Fellow, in a Dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had Matters of the highest Importance, upon which he wanted a Conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart,

[1] Founded on Note F to Bayle's account of Leo X.

the Impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

Do not be surprized, most holy Father, at seeing, instead of a Coxcomb to laugh at, your old Friend who has taken this way of Access to admonish you of your own Folly. Can any thing shew your Holiness how unworthily you treat Mankind, more than my being put upon this Difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of Folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest Insolence imaginable to rejoice in the Disgrace of human Nature. It is a criminal Humility in a Person of your Holiness's Understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the Conversation of Half-wits, Humorists, Coxcombs, and Buffoons. If your Holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational Man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the Impertinents you have favour'd, of all their Riches and Trappings at once, and bestowing them on the Humble, the Virtuous, and the Meek. If your Holiness is not concerned for the sake of Virtue and Religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own Safety it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the Pope is thus merry, the People will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great Veneration, are in themselves Objects of Scorn and Derision. If they once get a Trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holiness's saying this Sentence in one Night-Cap and t'other with the other, the change of your Slippers, bringing you your Staff in the midst of a Prayer, then stripping you of one Vest and clapping on a second during divine Service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, Sir, that at this rate a Head will be reckoned never the wiser for being Bald; and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going bare-foot does not at all help on in the way to Heaven. The red Cap and the Coul will fall under the same Contempt; and the Vulgar will tell us to our Faces that we shall have no Authority over them, but from the Force of our Arguments, and the Sanctity of our Lives. T.

No. 498.] *Wednesday, October* 1, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereaux Court, *Monday Evening, twenty eight Minutes and a Half past Six.*

Dear Dumb,

'IN short, to use no further Preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a Hackney-Coachman, when he has come to set down his Fare, 'which has consisted of two or three very fine 'Ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of 'them with an Air of Familiarity, without giving 'the least Offence, you would perhaps think me 'guilty of a Gasconade. But to clear my self from 'that Imputation, and to explain this Matter to 'you, I assure you that there are many Illustrious 'Youths within this City, who frequently recreate 'themselves by driving of a Hackney-Coach: 'But those whom, above all others, I would re-'commend to you, are the young Gentlemen be-'longing to our Inns of Court. We have, I 'think, about a dozen Coachmen, who have 'Chambers here in the *Temple;* and as it is 'reasonable to believe others will follow their Ex-'ample, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be 'thought convenient) be drove to *Westminster* by 'our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Person 'to apply his Meditations in this way, which is 'but a modest Computation, as the Humour is now 'likely to take. It is to be hop'd likewise, that 'there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be 'found a proportionable number of these hopeful 'Plants, springing up to the everlasting Renown 'of their native Country. Of how long standing 'this Humour has been, I know not; the first time 'I had any particular Reason to take notice of it, 'was about this time twelvemonth, when being 'upon *Hampstead-Heath* with some of these stu-'dious young Men, who went thither purely for the 'Sake of Contemplation, nothing would serve them 'but I must go thro' a Course of this Philosophy 'too; and being ever willing to embelish my self 'with any commendable Qualification, it was not 'long e'er they persuaded me into the Coach-box; 'nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the 'Fate of my Brother *Phaeton*, for having drove 'about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, 'through my own natural Sagacity, together with 'the good Instructions of my Tutors, who, to give 'them their due, were on all Hands encouraging 'and assisting me in this laudable Undertaking; I 'say, Sir, having drove about fifty Paces with pretty 'good Success, I must needs be exercising the 'Lash, which the Horses resented so ill from my 'Hands, that they gave a sudden Start, and there-'by pitched me directly upon my Head, as I very 'well remembered about Half an Hour after-'wards, which not only deprived me of all the 'Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Yards before, 'but had like to have broken my Neck into the 'Bargain. After such a severe Reprimand, you 'may imagine I was not very easily prevail'd with 'to make a second Attempt; and indeed, upon 'mature Deliberation, the whole Science seem'd, 'at least to me, to be surrounded with so many 'Difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown 'Advantages which might have accrued to me 'thereby, I gave over all Hopes of attaining it; 'and I believe had never thought of it more, but 'that my Memory has been lately refreshed by 'seeing some of these ingenious Gentlemen ply in 'the open Streets, one of which I saw receive so 'suitable a Reward of his Labours, that tho' I 'know you are no Friend to Story-telling, yet I 'must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

'About a fortnight since, as I was diverting my 'self with a pennyworth of Walnuts at the *Temple*-'Gate, a lively young Fellow in a Fustian Jacket 'shot by me, beckon'd a Coach, and told the 'Coachman he wanted to go as far as *Chelsey:* 'They agreed upon the Price, and this young 'Gentleman mounts the Coach-box; the Fellow 'staring at him, desir'd to know if he should not 'drive till they were out of Town? No, no, replied

'he: He was then going to climb up to him, but 'received another Check, and was then ordered to 'get into the Coach, or behind it, for that he 'wanted no Instructors; but be sure you Dog you, 'says he, don't you bilk me. The Fellow there-'upon surrender'd his Whip, scratch'd his Head, 'and crept into the Coach. Having my self oc-'casion to go into the *Strand* about the same 'Time, we started both together; but the Street 'being very full of Coaches, and he not so able a 'Coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had 'soon got a little Way before him; often, how-'ever, having the curiosity to cast my Eye back 'upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in 'this high Station; which he did with great Com-'posure till he came to the Pass, which is a Mili-'tary Term the Brothers of the Whip have given 'the Strait at St *Clement's* Church: when he was 'arrived near this Place, where are always Coaches 'in waiting, the Coachmen began to suck up the 'Muscles of their Cheeks, and to tip the Wink 'upon each other, as if they had some Roguery in 'their Heads, which I was immediately convinced 'of; for he no sooner came within Reach, but the 'first of them with his Whip took the exact Di-'mension of his Shoulders, which he very ingeni-'ously call'd Endorsing; and indeed I must say, 'that every one of them took due Care to endorse 'him as he came thro' their Hands. He seem'd 'at first a little uneasy under the Operation, and 'was going in all haste to take the Numbers of 'their Coaches; but at length by the Mediation 'of the worthy Gentleman in the Coach, his Wrath 'was asswaged, and he prevail'd upon to pursue 'his Journey; tho' indeed I thought they had 'clapt such a Spoke in his Wheel, as had disabled 'him from being a Coachman for that Day at least: 'For I am only mistaken, Mr SPEC. if some of 'these Endorsements were not wrote in so strong 'a Hand, that they are still legible. Upon my 'enquiring the Reason of this unusual Salutation, 'they told me, that it was a Custom among them, 'whenever they saw a Brother tottering or unstable 'in his Post, to lend him a hand in order to settle 'him again therein: For my part I thought their 'Allegations but reasonable, and so march'd off. 'Besides our Coachmen, we abound in divers 'other Sorts of ingenious robust Youth, who, I 'hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an 'account of their several Recreations to another 'Opportunity. In the mean time, if you would 'but bestow a little of your wholesome Advice 'upon our Coachmen, it might perhaps be a Re-'prieve to some of their Necks. As I understand 'you have several Inspectors under you, if you 'would but send one amongst us here in the '*Temple*, I am persuaded he would not want Em-'ployment. But I leave this to your own Con-'sideration, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
Moses Greenbag.

'*P.S.* I have heard our Criticks in the Coffee-'houses hereabout talk mightily of the Unity of 'Time and Place: According to my Notion of the 'Matter, I have endeavoured at something like it 'in the Beginning of my Epistle. I desire to be 'inform'd a little as to that Particular. In my next 'I design to give you some account of excellent 'Watermen, who are bred to the Law, and far 'outdo the Land-Students abovementioned. T.

No. 499.] *Thursday, October* 2, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges—— Pers.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half Year, that he had a great mind to try his Hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my Works. This Morning I received from him the following Letter, which, after having rectified some little Orthographical Mistakes, I shall make a Present of to the Publick.

Dear SPEC.

'I was, about two Nights ago, in Company with 'very agreeable young People of both Sexes, 'where talking of some of your Papers which are 'written on Conjugal Love, there arose a Dispute 'among us, whether there were not more bad 'Husbands in the World than bad Wives. A 'Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, 'took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous 'Siege in *Germany*, which I have since found re-'lated in my Historical Dictionary, after the fol-'lowing manner. When the Emperor *Conrade* 'the Third had besieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Ba-'varia*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women find-'ing that the Town could not possibly hold out 'long, petitioned the Emperor that they might 'depart out of it, with so much as each of them 'could carry. The Emperor knowing they could 'not convey away many of their Effects, granted 'them their Petition; When the Women, to his 'great Surprize, came out of the Place with every 'one her Husband upon her back. The Emperor 'was so moved at the sight, that he burst into 'Tears, and after having very much extolled the 'Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the 'Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into 'his Favour.

'The Ladies did not a little triumph at this 'Story, asking us at the same time, whether in 'our Consciences we believed that the Men of any 'Town in *Great Britain* would, upon the same 'Offer, and at the same Conjuncture, have loaden 'themselves with their Wives; or rather, whether 'they would not have been glad of such an oppor-'tunity to get rid of them? To this my very good 'Friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took upon him to 'be the Mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would 'be very much to blame if they would not do the 'same good Office for the Women, considering 'that their Strength would be greater, and their 'Burdens lighter. As we were amusing our selves 'with Discourses of this nature, in order to pass 'away the Evening, which now begins to grow 'tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive 'Diversion of Questions and Commands. I was 'no sooner vested with the regal Authority, but I 'enjoined all the Ladies, under pain of my Dis-'pleasure, to tell the Company ingenuously, in

'case they had been in the Siege abovementioned, 'and had the same Offers made them as the good 'Women of that Place, what every one of them 'would have brought off with her, and have 'thought most worth the saving? There were 'several merry Answers made to my Question, 'which entertained us till Bed-time. This filled 'my Mind with such a huddle of Ideas, that upon 'my going to sleep, I *fell* into the following Dream.

'I saw a Town of this Island, which shall be 'nameless, invested on every side, and the Inhab- 'itants of it so straitned as to cry for Quarter. 'The General refused any other Terms than those 'granted to the abovementioned Town of *Hens- 'berg*, namely, that the married Women might 'come out with what they could bring along with 'them. Immediately the City-Gates flew open, 'and a Female Procession appeared. Multitudes 'of the Sex following one another in a row, and 'staggering under their respective Burdens. I 'took my Stand upon an Eminence in the Enemies 'Camp, which was appointed for the general Ren- 'dezvous of these Female Carriers, being very de- 'sirous to look into their several Ladings. The 'first of them had a huge Sack upon her Should- 'ers, which she set down with great Care: Upon 'the opening of it, when I expected to have seen 'her Husband shot out of it, I found it was filled 'with China-Ware. The next appeared in a more 'decent Figure, carrying a handsome young Fel- 'low upon her Back: I could not forbear com- 'mending the young Woman for her Conjugal 'Affection, when to my great Surprize, I found 'that she had left the good Man at home, and 'brought away her Gallant. I saw the third, at 'some distance, with a little withered Face peep- 'ing over her Shoulder, whom I could not suspect 'for any but her Spouse, till upon her setting him 'down I heard her call him dear Pugg, and found 'him to be her Favourite Monkey. A fourth 'brought a huge Bale of Cards along with her; 'and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-Dog; for her Hus- 'band, it seems, being a very Burly Man, she 'thought it would be less trouble for her to bring 'away little *Cupid*. The next was the Wife of a 'rich Usurer, loaden with a Bag of Gold; she told 'us that her Spouse was very old, and by the 'course of Nature could not expect to live long; 'and that to shew her tender regards for him, she 'had saved that which the poor Man loved better 'than his Life. The next came towards us with 'her Son upon her Back, who, we were told, was 'the greatest Rake in the Place, but so much the 'Mother's Darling, that she left her Husband be- 'hind with a large Family of hopeful Sons and 'Daughters, for the sake of this Graceless Youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several 'Persons, with their several Loads that appeared 'to me in this strange Vision. All the Place about 'me was covered with packs of Ribbands, Bro- 'cades, Embroidery, and Ten thousand other Ma- 'terials, sufficient to have furnished a whole Street 'of Toy-shops. One of the Women, having an 'Husband who was none of the heaviest, was 'bringing him off upon her Shoulders, at the same 'time that she carried a great bundle of *Flanders- 'lace* under her Arm; but finding herself so over- 'loaden, that she could not save both of them, she 'dropp'd the good Man, and brought away the 'Bundle. In short, I found but one Husband 'among this great Mountain of Baggage, who was 'a lively Cobler, that kick'd and spurr'd all the 'while his Wife was carrying him on, and, as it 'was said, had scarce passed a Day in his Life 'without giving her the Discipline of the Strap.

'I cannot conclude my Letter, Dear SPEC. 'without telling thee one very odd Whim in this 'my Dream, I saw, methoughts, a dozen Women 'employed in bringing off one Man; I could not 'guess who it should be, till upon his nearer ap- 'proach I discover'd thy short Phiz. The Wo- 'men all declared that it was for the sake of thy 'Works, and not thy Person, that they brought 'thee off, and that it was on condition that thou 'should'st continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkest 'this Dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy 'Service, from,

Dear SPEC.

Thine, Sleeping and Waking,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

The Ladies will see, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL. is one of those old-fashioned Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, that shews his Parts by Raillery on Marriage, and one who has often tried his Fortune that way without Success. I cannot however dismiss his Letter, without observing, that the true Story on which it is built does Honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuse them, the Writer is obliged to have recourse to Dream and Fiction.[1]

No. 500.] *Friday, October* 3, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generosque nurusque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.—Ov. Met.

SIR,

'YOU who are so well acquainted with the 'Story of *Socrates*, must have read how, 'upon his making a Discourse concerning Love, 'he pressed his Point with so much Success, that 'all the Batchelors in his Audience took a Reso- 'lution to Marry by the first Opportunity, and 'that all the married Men immediately took Horse 'and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to 'think your Discourses, in which you have drawn 'so many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have 'had a very good Effect this way in *England.*

[1] At the end of this number and in all following numbers there is a change in the colophon, caused by the addition of Tonson's name to Buckley's. It runs henceforth thus: LONDON: Printed for *S. Buckley* and *J. Tonson*: And Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*. But an announcement at the head of the advertisements sets forth that

'*Advertisements for this Paper continue to be 'taken in by* S. Buckley *at the* Dolphin *in* Little- 'Britain, J. Tonson *at* Shakespear's *Head in the* 'Strand, C. Lillie *at the Corner of* Beauford 'Buildings, *and* A. Baldwin *in* Warwick-Lane.'

'We are obliged to you, at least for having taken 'off that Senseless Ridicule, which for many Years 'the Witlings of the Town have turned upon their 'Fathers and Mothers. For my own part, I was 'born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it; 'For which Reason, among many others, I should 'look upon my self as a most insufferable Cox-'comb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cuck-'oldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make 'use of *Husband* and *Wife* as Terms of Reproach. 'Nay, Sir, I will go one step further, and declare 'to you before the whole World, that I am a mar-'ried Man, and at the same time I have so much 'Assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have 'done.

'Among the several Pleasures that accompany 'this state of Life, and which you have described 'in your former Papers, there are two you have 'not taken Notice of, and which are seldom cast 'into the Account, by those who write on this Sub-'ject. You must have observed, in your Specu-'lations on Human Nature, that nothing is more 'gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or 'Dominion; and this I think my self amply pos-'sessed of, as I am the Father of a Family. I am 'perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in 'prescribing Duties, in hearing Parties, in ad-'ministring Justice, and in distributing Rewards 'and Punishments. To speak in the Language 'of the Centurion, *I say unto one, Go, and he 'goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; 'and to my Servant, Do This, and he doth it.* 'In short, Sir, I look upon my Family as a Patri-'archal Sovereignty, in which I am my self both 'King and Priest. All great Governments are 'nothing else but Clusters of these little private 'Royalties, and therefore I consider the Masters 'of Families as small Deputy-Governors presiding 'over the several little Parcels and Divisions of 'their Fellow Subjects. As I take great pleasure 'in the Administration of my Government in par-'ticular, so I look upon my self not only as a 'more useful, but as a much greater and happier 'Man than any Batchelor in *England* of [my[1]] 'Rank and Condition.

'There is another accidental Advantage in Mar-'riage, which has likewise fallen to my share, I 'mean the having a Multitude of Children. These 'I cannot but regard as very great Blessings. 'When I see my little Troop before me, I rejoice 'in the Additions which I have made to my 'Species, to my Country, and to my Religion, in 'having produced such a Number of reasonable 'Creatures, Citizens, and Christians. I am pleased 'to see my self thus perpetuated; and as there is 'no Production comparable to that of a human 'Creature, I am more proud of having been 'the Occasion of ten such glorious Productions, 'than if I had built a hundred Pyramids at my 'own Expence, or published as many Volumes of 'the finest Wit and Learning. In what a beauti-'ful Light has the Holy Scripture represented '*Abdon*, one of the Judges of *Israel*, who had 'forty Sons and thirty Grandsons, that rode on 'Threescore and Ten Ass-Colts, according to the 'Magnificence of the Eastern Countries? How 'must the Heart of the old Man rejoice, when he 'saw such a beautiful Procession of his own De-'scendants, such a numerous Cavalcade of his 'own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my 'Parlour with great content, when I take a re-'view of half a dozen of my little Boys mounting 'upon Hobby-Horses, and of as many little Girls 'tutoring their Babies, each of them endeavouring 'to excel the rest, and to do something that may 'gain my Favour and Approbation. I cannot 'question but he who has blessed me with so many 'Children, will assist my Endeavours in providing 'for them. There is one thing I am able to give 'each of them, which is a virtuous Education. I 'think it is Sir *Francis Bacon's* Observation, that 'in a numerous Family of Children the eldest is 'often spoiled by the Prospect of an Estate, and 'the youngest by being the Darling of the Parent; 'but that some one or other in the middle, who 'has not perhaps been regarded, has made his 'way in the World, and over-topped the rest. It 'is my Business to implant in every one of my 'Children the same Seeds of Industry, and the 'same honest Principles. By this Means I think 'I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them 'may grow considerable in some or other way of 'Life, whether it be in the Army, or in the Fleet, 'in Trade, or any of the three learned Professions; 'for you must know, Sir, that from long Experience 'and Observation, I am persuaded of what seems 'a Paradox to most of those with whom I con-'verse, namely, That a Man who has many Chil-'dren, and gives them a good Education, is more 'likely to raise a Family, than he who has but 'one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole 'Estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amus-'ing my self with finding out a General, an Ad-'miral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a 'Physician, or a Lawyer, among my little People 'who are now perhaps in Petticoats; and when I 'see the Motherly Airs of my little Daughters 'when they are playing with their Puppets, I 'cannot but flatter my self that their Husbands 'and Children will be happy in the Possession of 'such Wives and Mothers.

'If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think 'this Letter impertinent: but if you are a single 'Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and 'probably throw it into the Fire: Whatever you 'determine of it, you may assure yourself that it 'comes from one who is

Your most humble Servant,
and Well-wisher,
O. Philogamus.

[1] [my own]

No. 501.] *Saturday, October* 4, 1712. [*Parnell.*

Durum: sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.—Hor.

AS some of the finest Compositions among the Ancients are in Allegory, I have endea-voured, in several of my Papers, to revive that way of Writing, and hope I have not been alto-gether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is al-ways a great Demand for those particular Papers,

and cannot but observe that several Authors have endeavoured of late to excel in Works of this Nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am much obliged for the following Piece, and who was the Author of the Vision in the CCCCLXth Paper. O.

How are we tortured with the Absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What Excursions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! And how does it turn into it self again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the Disappointment? Our Grief, instead of having recourse to Reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further Nourishment. It calls upon Memory to relate the several Passages and Circumstances of Satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed: the Pleasures we purchased by those Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the Passion should often swell to such a Size as to burst the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make these Circumstances less strong and lively, so that Reason should become a more equal Match for the Passion, or if another Desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier Representation. These are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Vision upon this Subject, and may therefore stand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my self upon a naked Shore, with Company whose afflicted Countenances witnessed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, silent, and called the River of *Tears*, which issuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompassed an Island that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the Impatience and Haste of single Passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and composed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too who till then cry'd the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose Good-nature would not suffer her to forsake Persons in Trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small Comfort or Advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the Boat was push'd off, the Sheet was spread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a passage to the farther Bank, through several Difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the Island to be strangely overcast with Fogs, which no Brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy Horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy Tempers, insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily convey'd themselves round the Verge of the Island to find a Ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining our selves to others whom we found upon the same Journey, we marched solemnly as at a Funeral, through bordering Hedges of Rosemary, and through a Grove of Yew-trees, which love to over-shadow Tombs and flourish in Churchyards. Here we heard on every side the Wailings and Complaints of several of the Inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breasts, tearing their Hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightened by the Influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our Number was wrought up to such a Pitch of Wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a Bough which shot temptingly across the Path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind Endeavours of our above-mentioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the Island, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful Whistling in the Branches, the thickness of Air which occasioned faintish Respiration, and the violent Throbbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, sunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans that rolled through all the Passages. In the most retired Part of it sat the *Doleful Being* her self; the Path to her was strowed with Goads, Stings and Thorns; and her Throne on which she sat was broken into a Rock, with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Mist hung above her, her Head oppressed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate Subjects, full of her self to stupidity, in eternal Pensiveness, and the profoundest Silence. On one side of her stood *Dejection* just dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleness* wasting to a Skeleton; on the other side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguish* suffering outward *Troubles* to suck the Blood from her Heart in the shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Dismalness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose bluish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either hand of the Presence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we

halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath; and lifting our Eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of Satisfaction, in observing through the Shades what Numbers had entred the Island. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn Estate. It had also the Ground-work of Humanity and Compassion in it, tho' the Mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover it self, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad Occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and so by degrees became tolerable Company.

A considerable part of the troublesome Road was thus deceived; at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter Greyness, like the Breakings of Day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amusement*. Within a short while these Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the Air with so much Dolefulness, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the Ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the Shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the World only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the Troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The River being crossed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much Melancholy and Affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing serene at her Praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

No. 502.] Monday, October 6, 1712. [Steele.

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubent.—Ter.

WHEN Men read, they taste the Matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective Studies and Inclinations have prepared them, and make their Reflections accordingly. Some perusing *Roman* Writers, would find in them, whatever the Subject of the Discourses were, parts which implied the Grandeur of that People in their Warfare or their Politicks. As for my part, who am a meer SPECTATOR, I drew this Morning Conclusions of their Eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy Sentiments, from the reading a Comedy of *Terence*. The Play was the *Self-Tormentor*. It is from the Beginning to the End a perfect Picture of human Life, but I did not observe in the whole one Passage that could raise a Laugh. How well disposed must that People be, who could be entertained with Satisfaction by so sober and polite Mirth? In the first Scene of the Comedy, when one of the old Men accuses the other of Impertinence for interposing in his Affairs, he answers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any Sorrow that can arrive at Man.* It is said, this Sentence was received with an universal Applause. There cannot be a greater Argument of the general good Understanding of a People, than a sudden Consent to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has no Emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great Skill in the Actor, the Manner of uttering that Sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but People of the greatest Humanity, nay People elegant and skilful in Observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his Hand on his Breast, and with a winning Insinuation in his Countenance, expressed to his Neighbour that he was a Man who made his case his own: yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-Garden* might hit such an Attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a Minister of State in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* had all manner of Books and Ballads brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great Notice how much they took with the People; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present Dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes.[1] What passes on the Stage, and the Reception it meets with from the Audience, is a very useful Instruction of this Kind. According to what you may observe there on our Stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common Sense and

[1] Is this another version of the very wise man whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in a letter to Montrose, said that he knew, who 'believed, that 'if a Man were permitted to make all the ballads, 'he need not care who should make the laws of a 'nation'? Andrew Fletcher, who could not have known any of Elizabeth's statesmen, was yet alive when this paper was written.

Humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a Nation of Savages. It cannot be called a Mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other Night an old Woman carried off with a Pain in her Side, with all the Distortions and Anguish of Countenance which is natural to one in that Condition, was laughed and clapped off the Stage. *Terence's* Comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a Taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural Description of the innocent young Woman made by the Servant to his Master. *When I came to the House*, said he, *an old Woman opened the Door, and I followed her in, because I could by entring upon them unawares better observe what was your Mistress's ordinary manner of spending her Time, the only way of judging any one's Inclinations and Genius. I found her at her Needle in a sort of second Mourning, which she wore for an Aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for herself. Her Hair hung negligently about her Shoulders. She had none of the Arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that Negligence of Person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their Minds———Then she had a Maid who was at work near her, that was a Slattern, because her Mistress was careless; which I take to be another Argument of your security in her; for the* Go-betweens *of Women of Intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her Work for Joy, covered her Face, and decently hid her Tears*[1]——— He must be a very good Actor, and draw Attention rather from his own Character than the Words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this Speech, though so full of Nature and good Sense.

The intollerable Folly and Confidence of Players putting in Words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd Taste of the Audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a Cluster of Coxcombs to take up the House to themselves, and equally insult both the Actors and the Company. These Savages, who want all manner of Regard and Deference to the rest of Mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other Purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an Audience is composed of two sorts of People, those who know no Pleasure but of the Body, and those who improve or command corporeal Pleasures by the addition of fine Sentiments of the Mind. At present the intelligent part of the Company are wholly subdued, by the Insurrections of those who know no Satisfactions but what they have in common with all other Animals.

This is the reason that when a Scene tending to Procreation is acted, you see the whole Pit in such a Chuckle, and old Letchers, with Mouths open, stare at the loose Gesticulations on the Stage with shameful Earnestness; when the justest Pictures of human Life in its calm Dignity, and the properest Sentiments for the Conduct of it, pass by like meer Narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole House at some times in so proper a Disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the Entertainment would end in the Representation of the Rape of the *Sabines*.

I would not be understood in this Talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate Tendency to the Promotion of Virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the Interests of Virtue, and is not offensive to Good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this Reason I have no Exception to the well-drawn Rusticities in the *Country-Wake*;[2] and there is something so miraculously pleasant in *Dogget's* acting the awkward Triumph and comick Sorrow of *Hob* in different Circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the Gallantry of taking the Cudgels for *Gloucestershire*, with the Pride of Heart in tucking himself up, and taking Aim at his Adversary, as well as the other's Protestation in the Humanity of low Romance, That he could not promise the Squire to break *Hob's* Head, but he would, if he could, do it in Love; then flourish and begin: I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent Touches as these, as well as the Squire's being out of all patience at *Hob's* Success, and venturing himself into the Croud, are Circumstances hardly taken Notice of, and the height of the Jest is only in the very Point that Heads are broken. I am confident, were there a Scene written, wherein *Penkethman* should break his Leg by wrestling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact Rules of Surgery in making this Extention, and binding up the Leg, the whole House should be in a Roar of Applause at the dissembled Anguish of the Patient; the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy Address and arch Looks of the Surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of Ghosts, the Embattling of Armies, the Noise of Heroes in Love, with a thousand other Enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this Paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct Discourses; not forgetting any of the Audience who shall set up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage; and Players who shall prefer the Applause of Fools to that of the reasonable part of the Company. T.

[1] Heautontimoroumenos, Act ii. sc. 2.

[2] Dogget had been acting a few nights before in *the Country Wake*. The part of Hob was his own in every sense, he being the author of the farce, which afterwards was made into a very popular ballad opera called *Flora*, or *Hob in the Well*.

No. 503.] *Tuesday, October 7, 1712.* [*Steele.*

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo Mulieres.—Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mention'd with great Vehemence and Indignation the Misbehaviour 'of People at Church; but I am at present to talk 'to you on that Subject, and complain to you of 'one, whom at the same time I know not what to 'accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and 'diverting the Eyes of the Congregation to that 'one Object. However I have this to say, that 'she might have stay'd at her own Parish, and 'not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their Duty.

'Last *Sunday* was Seven-night I went into a 'Church not far from *London*-Bridge; but I wish 'I had been contented to go to my own Parish, I 'am sure it had been better for me: I say, I went 'to Church thither, and got into a Pew very near 'the Pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated 'with a Seat, before there entered into the Isle a 'young Lady in the very Bloom of Youth and 'Beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner 'imaginable. Her Form was such, that it engaged the Eyes of the whole Congregation in an 'Instant, and mine among the rest. Tho' we were 'all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least 'out of Countenance, or under the least Disorder, 'tho' unattended by any one, and not seeming to 'know particularly where to place her self. However, she had not in the least a confident Aspect, 'but moved on with the most graceful Modesty, 'every one making Way till she came to a Seat 'just over-against that in which I was placed. 'The Deputy of the Ward sat in that Pew, and 'she stood opposite to him; and at a Glance into 'the Seat, tho' she did not appear the least acquainted with the Gentleman, was let in, with a 'Confusion that spoke much Admiration at the 'Novelty of the Thing. The Service immediately 'began, and she compos'd her self for it with an 'Air of so much Goodness and Sweetness, that the 'Confession which she uttered so as to be heard 'where I sat, appeared an Act of Humiliation 'more than she had Occasion for. The Truth is, 'her Beauty had something so innocent, and yet 'so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a 'Phantom. None of the Pictures which we behold of the best *Italian* Painters, have any thing 'like the Spirit which appeared in her Countenance, at the different Sentiments expressed in 'the several Parts of Divine Service: That Gratitude and Joy at a Thanksgiving, that Lowliness 'and Sorrow at the Prayers for the Sick and Distressed, that Triumph at the Passages which 'gave Instances of the divine Mercy, which appeared respectively in her Aspect, will be in my 'Memory to my last Hour. I protest to you, Sir, 'she suspended the Devotion of every one around 'her; and the Ease she did every thing with, 'soon dispersed the churlish Dislike and Hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent 'amongst us, to a general Attention and Entertainment in observing her Behaviour. All the 'while that we were gazing at her, she took No'tice of no Object about her, but had an Art of 'seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her 'Eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One Thing 'indeed was particular, she stood the whole Service, and never kneeled or sat; I do not question 'but that was to shew her self with the greater 'Advantage, and set forth to better Grace her 'Hands and Arms, lifted up with the most ardent 'Devotion, and her Bosom, the fairest that ever 'was seen, bare to Observation; while she, you 'must think, knew nothing of the Concern she gave 'others, any other than as an Example of Devotion, that threw her self out, without regard to 'Dress or Garment, all Contrition, and loose of all 'Worldly Regards, in Ecstasy of Devotion. Well, 'now the Organ was to play a Voluntary, and she 'was so skilful in Musick, and so touched with it, 'that she kept time not only with some Motion 'of her Head, but also with a different Air in her 'Countenance. When the Musick was strong and 'bold, she look'd exalted, but serious; when lively 'and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the 'Notes were more soft and languishing, she was 'kind and full of Pity. When she had now made 'it visible to the whole Congregation, by her Motion and Ear, that she could dance, and she 'wanted now only to inform us that she could 'sing too, when the Psalm was given out, her 'Voice was distinguished above all the rest, or 'rather People did not exert their own in order to 'hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so 'strong. The Organist observed it, and he thought 'fit to play to her only, and she swelled every 'Note; when she found she had thrown us all 'out, and had the last Verse to herself in such a 'manner as the whole Congregation was intent 'upon her, in the same manner as we see in the 'Cathedrals they are on the Person who sings 'alone the Anthem. Well, it came at last to the 'Sermon, and our young Lady would not lose her 'Part in that neither; for she fixed her Eye upon 'the Preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of *Charles Mathers's* fine Tablets she set down the Sentence, at once shewing 'her fine Hand, the Gold-Pen, her Readiness in 'Writing, and her Judgment in chusing what to 'write. To sum up what I intend by this long 'and particular Account, I mean to appeal to you, 'whether it is reasonable that such a Creature as 'this shall come from a jaunty Part of the Town, 'and give herself such violent Airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive Congregation, with her Sublimities. The Fact, I assure 'you, was as I have related; but I had like to 'have forgot another very considerable Particular. As soon as Church was done, she immediately stepp'd out of her Pew, and fell into the 'finest pitty-pat Air, forsooth, wonderfully out of 'Countenance, tossing her Head up and down as 'she swam along the Body of the Church. I, with 'several others of the Inhabitants, follow'd her 'out, and saw her hold up her Fan to an Hackney-Coach at a Distance, who immediately came 'up to her, and she whipp'd into it with great 'Nimbleness, pull'd the Door with a bowing Mein, 'as if she had been used to a better Glass. She 'said aloud, *You know where to go;* and drove off. 'By this time the best of the Congregation was at

'the Church-Door, and I could hear some say, *A 'very fine Lady*; others, *I'll warrant ye, she's 'no better than she should be*; and one very wise 'old Lady said, *She ought to have been taken up.*

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I think this Matter lies wholly 'before you: for the Offence does not come under 'any Law, tho' it is apparent this Creature came 'among us only to give herself Airs, and enjoy her 'full Swing in being admir'd. I desire you would 'print this, that she may be confin'd to her own 'Parish; for I can assure you there is no attend-'ing any thing else in a Place where she is a 'Novelty. She has been talked of among us ever 'since under the Name of the *Phantom:* But I 'would advise her to come no more; for there is 'so strong a Party made by the Women against 'her, that she must expect they will not be ex-'cell'd a second time in so outrageous a manner, 'without doing her some Insult. Young Women, 'who assume after this rate, and affect exposing 'themselves to view in Congregations at t'other 'end of the Town, are not so mischievous, because 'they are rivall'd by more of the same Ambition, 'who will not let the rest of the Company be par-'ticular: But in the Name of the whole Congre-'gation where I was, I desire you to keep these 'agreeable Disturbances out of the City, where 'Sobriety of Manners is still preserv'd, and all 'glaring and ostentatious Behaviour, even in 'things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you 'may never see the Phantom, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T. Ralph Wonder.

No. 504.] *Wednesday, October* 8, 1712. [*Steele.*

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.—Ter.

IT is a great Convenience to those who want Wit to furnish out a Conversation, that there is something or other in all Companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which according to their Taste, does the Business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable Pastime in Country-Halls of Cross-purposes, Questions and Commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at Crambo, or cap Verses. Then above them are such as can make Verses, that is, Rhime; and among those who have the *Latin* Tongue, such as use to make what they call golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not Brains enough for any of these Exercises, and yet do not give up their Pretensions to Mirth. These can slap you on the Back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in Humour; the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making things come into such and such a Shape, as that of an Egg, an Hand, an Ax, or any thing that no body had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of Pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest Capacity, do not serve an honest Gentleman who wants Wit for his Ordinary Occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the Poor in Imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all Hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of small Intellects. These Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a Word which sounds like any one Word you have spoken to them they can turn the Discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you ask him to help you to some Bread, a Punster should think himself very ill-*bred* if he did not; and if he is not as well-*bred* as your self, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not understand that last Fancy, you must recollect that Bread is made of Grain; and so they go on for ever, without Possibility of being exhausted.

There are another Kind of People of small Faculties, who supply want of Wit with want of Breeding; and because Women are both by Nature and Education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we Men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every ones own Observation will suggest Instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double Meaners are dispersed up and down thro' all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the sillier and unbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the World, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a Sort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *Biters.*

A *Biter* [1] is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in it self; and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceiv'd you. In a Word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a Fool, because you do not think him a Knave. This Description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit

[1] See No. 47. Swift writes, 'I'll teach you a 'way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new fashioned 'way of being witty, and they call it a *Bite*. You 'must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in 'a serious manner, then she will answer, or speak 'as if you were in earnest, and then cry you, '"Madam, there's *a Bite*." I would not have you 'undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement 'in Court, and every where else among the great 'people; and I let you know it, in order to have 'it among you, and to teach you a new refine-'ment.'—Journal to Stella. Although 'bite' and 'biter' have not retained this sense, it remains in an occasional use of the word 'bitten.'

for what you gain of another, be it in point of Wit, or Interest, or any thing else?

This way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beasts of Prey, which devour harmless and unarmed Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they meet them. The Sharpers about Town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning Part of Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore used the Word *Biting to* express any Exploit wherein they had over-reach'd any innocent and inadvertent Man of his Purse. These Rascals of late Years have been the Gallants of the Town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty Air, to the discouragement of Modesty and all honest Arts. Shallow Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the Sharpers the Phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all Occasions, either to disown any nonsensical Stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the Force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning Creatures was enter'd into a Debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present State of Affairs to accompiish such a Proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroy'd his Side of the Question, as soon as you look'd with an Earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in Jest. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable, and if one of these Witlings knows any Particulars which may give Authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your Credulity. I remember a remarkable Instance of this Kind. There came up a shrewd young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concern'd Countenance, goes on at this rate: I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Yorkshire*—You look so surpriz'd you could not have heard of it—and yet the Particulars are such, that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your Service to know—on *Tuesday* last, just after Dinner—you know his Manner is to smoke, opening his Box, your Father fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth shew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty Man cry'd, *Bite, there was nothing in all this* - - - -

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous Way at once, I will give the Reader one late Instance of a *Bite*, which no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wish him the same Occasion. It is a Superstition with some Surgeons who beg the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactors, to go to the Gaol, and bargain for the Carcase with the Criminal himself. A good honest Fellow did so last Sessions, and was admitted to the condemned Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Business, and fell into discourse with a little Fellow, who refused Twelve Shillings, and insisted upon Fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry Fellow, who has been half-starved all his Life, and is now half-dead with Fear, cannot answer your Purpose. I have ever liv'd high and freely, my Veins are full, I have not pined in Imprisonment; you see my Crest swells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Catch* has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets. Come, for Twenty Shillings I am your Man—Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea—This witty Rogue took the Money, and as soon as he had it in his Fist, cries, *Bite, I am to be hang'd in Chains.* T.

No. 505.] *Thursday, October* 9, 1712. [*Addison.*

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Augurem,
Non vicanos Aruspices, non de circo Astrologos,
Non Isiacos Conjectores, non Interpretes somnium:
Non enim sunt ii aut scientiâ, aut arte Divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt;
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.
Ennius.

THOSE who have maintain'd that Men would be more miserable than Beasts, were their Hopes confin'd to this Life only; among other Considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the Anguish of the present Evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the Reflection on what is passed, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any Future Difficulties or Misfortunes is so natural to the Mind, that were a Man's Sorrows and Disquietudes summ'd up at the End of his Life, it would generally be found that he had suffer'd more from the Apprehension of such Evils as never happen'd to him, than from those Evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those Evils which befal us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the Prospect, than by their actual Pressure.

This natural Impatience to look into Futurity, and to know what Accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous Arts and Inventions. Some found their Prescience on the Lines of a Man's Hand, others on the Features of his Face; some on the Signatures which Nature has impressed on his Body, and others on his own Hand-Writing: Some read Mens Fortunes in the Stars, as others have searched after them in the Entrails of Beasts, or the Flights of Birds. Men of the best Sense have been touched, more or less, with these groundless Horrours and Presages of Futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent Works of Nature. Can any thing be more surprizing than to consider *Cicero*, who made the greatest Figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the Philosophers of Antiquity

in his Library and in his Retirements, as busying himself in the College of Augurs, and observing, with a religious Attention, after what manner the Chickens peck'd the several Grains of Corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these Follies are pretty well worn out of the Minds of the Wise and Learned in the present Age, Multitudes of weak and ignorant Persons are still Slaves to them. There are numberless Arts of Prediction among the Vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite Observations, of Days, Numbers, Voices, and Figures, which are regarded by them as Portents and Prodigies. In short, every thing Prophesies to the superstitious Man, there is scarce a Straw or a rusty Piece of Iron that lies in his way by Accident.

It is not to be conceiv'd how many Wizards, Gypsies, and Cunning-Men are dispers'd thro' all the Countries and Market-Towns of *Great-Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-tellers and Astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the Curiosity of several well-dispos'd Persons in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Among the many pretended Arts of Divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by Dreams. I have indeed observ'd in a late Speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary Occasions, supernatural Revelations made to certain Persons by this means; but as it is the chief Business of this Paper to root out popular Errors, I must endeavour to expose the Folly and Superstition of those Persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of Life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a Quarter of the Town that has always been the Habitation of some prophetick *Philomath*; it having been usual, time out of Mind, for all such People as have lost their Wits, to resort to that Place either for their Cure[1] or for their Instruction.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Moor-Fields*, Oct. 4, 1712.

'Having long consider'd whether there be any 'Trade wanting in this great City, after having 'survey'd very attentively all kinds of Ranks and 'Professions, I do not find in any Quarter of the 'Town an *Oneirocritick*, or, in plain *English*, an 'Interpreter of Dreams. For want of so useful a 'Person, there are several good People who are 'very much puzled in this Particular, and dream a 'whole Year together without being ever the wiser 'for it. I hope I am pretty well qualify'd for this 'Office, having studied by Candlelight all the 'Rules of Art which have been laid down upon 'this Subject. My great Uncle by my Wife's 'Side was a *Scotch* Highlander, and second-'sighted. I have four Fingers and two Thumbs 'upon one Hand, and was born on the longest 'Night of the Year. My Christian and Sir-Name 'begin and end with the same Letters. I am 'lodg'd in *Moorfields*, in a House that for these 'fifty years has been always tenanted by a Con-'jurer.

'If you had been in Company, so much as my 'self, with ordinary Women of the Town, you 'must know that there are many of them who 'every day in their Lives, upon seeing or hearing 'of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My Dream 'is out*; and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next 'night, till something or other has happen'd which 'has expounded the Visions of the preceding one. 'There are others who are in very great pain for 'not being able to recover the Circumstances of a 'Dream, that made strong Impressions upon them 'while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many 'whose waking Thoughts are wholly employ'd on 'their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of 'this curious and inquisitive Part of my Fellow-'Subjects, I shall in the first place tell those Per-'sons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never 'dream at all. In the next place, I shall make 'out any Dream, upon hearing a single Circum-'stance of it; and in the last place, shall expound 'to them the good or bad Fortune which such 'Dreams portend. If they do not presage good 'luck, I shall desire nothing for my Pains; not 'questioning at the same time that those who 'consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me 'a moderate Share out of any considerable Estate, 'Profit or Emolument which I shall thus discover 'to them. I interpret to the Poor for nothing, on 'condition that their Names may be inserted in 'Publick Advertisements, to attest the Truth of 'such my Interpretations. As for People of Quality 'or others, who are indisposed, and do not care to 'come in Person, I can interpret their Dreams by 'seeing their Water. I set aside one Day in the 'Week for Lovers; and interpret by the great for 'any Gentlewoman who is turned of Sixty, after 'the rate of half a Crown *per* Week, with the usual 'Allowances for good Luck. I have several 'Rooms and Apartments fitted up, at reasonable 'rates, for such as have not Conveniences for 'dreaming at their own Houses.

Titus Trophonius.

'*N. B.* I am not dumb. O.

[1] Bedlam was then in Moorfields.

No. 506.] *Friday, October* 10, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam: Sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.
Mart.

THE following Essay is written by the Gentleman, to whom the World is oblig'd for those several excellent Discourses which have been marked with the Letter X.

I have somewhere met with a Fable that made *Wealth* the Father of *Love*. It is certain a Mind ought, at least, to be free from the Apprehensions of Want and Poverty, before it can fully attend to all the Softnesses and Endearments of this Passion. Notwithstanding we see Multitudes of married People, who are utter Strangers to this delightful Passion amidst all the Affluence of the most plentiful Fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a Marriage happy,

that the Humours of two People should be alike; I could instance an hundred Pair, who have not the least Sentiment of Love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their Humours, that if they were not already married, the whole World would design them for Man and Wife.

The Spirit of Love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little Accidents which the Careless and Unpolite never attend to, till it is gone past Recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married State, than too great a Familiarity, and laying aside the common Rules of Decency. Tho' I could give Instances of this in several Particulars, I shall only mention that of *Dress*. The Beaus and Belles about Town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the Bait, when their first Design has succeeded. But besides the too common Fault in point of Neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern Comedies,[1] where a *French* Woman offering to undress and dress herself before the Lover of the Play, and assuring his Mistress that it was very useful in *France*, the Lady tells her that's a Secret in Dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolish'd an *English* Woman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before her Husband.

There is something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives, that they lose their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which, if a Man has either Good-Nature or Good-Breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the Ladies are generally most faulty in this Particular, who, at their first giving into Love, find the Way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy 'tis scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much Nicety and Discretion requir'd to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make Conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good Sense on the part of Man.

By a Man of Sense, I mean one acquainted with Business and Letters.

A Woman very much settles her Esteem for a Man, according to the Figure he makes in the World, and the Character he bears among his own Sex. As Learning is the chief Advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a Man of Fortune to be illiterate, as for a Woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary Occasions. It is this which sets the two Sexes at the greatest Distance; a Woman is vexed and surpriz'd, to find nothing more in the Conversation of a Man, than in the common Tattle of her own Sex.

Some small Engagement at least in Business, not only sets a Man's Talents in the fairest Light, and allots him a Part to act, in which a Wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occasions for those little Absences, which, whatever seeming Uneasiness they may give, are some of the best Preservatives of Love and Desire.

The Fair Sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole Man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own Expression, is always hanging at their Apron-Strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has Sense enough; she married *Erastus*, who is in a Post of some Business, and has a general Taste in most Parts of polite Learning. *Lætitia*, where ever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomly said or done by *Erastus*. *Erastus*, since his Marriage, is more gay in his Dress than ever, and in all Companies is as complaisant to *Lætitia* as to any other Lady. I have seen him give her her Fan, when it has dropped, with all the Gallantry of a Lover. When they take the Air together, *Erastus* is continually improving her Thoughts, and with a Turn of Wit and Spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an Insight into things she had no notions of before. *Lætitia* is transported at having a new World thus open'd to her, and hangs upon the Man that gives her such agreeable Informations. *Erastus* has carried this Point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. *Erastus* finds a Justness or Beauty in whatever she says or observes, that *Lætitia* herself was not aware of; and, by his Assistance, she has discovered an hundred good Qualities and Accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. *Erastus*, with the most artful Complaisance in the World, by several remote Hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own Discovery, and gives her all the Reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect Taste in Painting, and carried *Letitia* with him the other day to see a Collection of Pictures. I sometimes visit this happy Couple. As we were last Week walking in the long Gallery before Dinner, *I have lately laid out some Mony in Paintings*, says *Erastus*; *I bought that* Venus *and* Adonis *purely upon* Lætitia's *Judgment; it cost me threescore Guineas, and I was this morning offer'd* [*a*][1] *hundred for it.* I turned towards *Lætitia*, and saw her Cheeks glow with Pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon *Erastus*, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married *Tom Tawdry*; she was taken with his laced Coat and rich Sword-knot; she has the mortification to see *Tom* despised by all the worthy Part of his own Sex. *Tom* has nothing to do after Dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his Nails at St. *James's*, *White's*, or his own House. He has said nothing to *Flavilla* since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own Woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natur'd Authority of a Husband. Whatever

[1] Steele's *Funeral*, or *Grief a la Mode*, Act III.

[1] [an] and in first reprint.

Flavilla happens to assert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an Oath, by way of Preface, and, *My Dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly. Flavilla* had a Heart naturally as well dispos'd for all the Tenderness of Love as that of *Lætitia;* but as Love seldom continues long after Esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or despises the Person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole Life with. X.

No. 507.] *Saturday, October* 11, 1712. [*Addison.*

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.
Juv.

THERE is something very Sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow.* According to this Definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his Nature, as Error and Falshood. The Platonists have so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue,* to qualifie an human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this reason as they recommended Moral Duties to qualifie and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectifie the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called Mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth; which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as Virtue is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the Malignity of a *Lie* consists, and set forth in proper Colours, the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one Particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-lying.* This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain System of Lies. The Coffee-Houses are supported by them, the Press is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dried up. There is however one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are so little regarded, that Lies are at present discharg'd in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-Writers; [nay] his own Friends shake their Heads at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Tool or a well-meaning Ideot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary Emergency, it generally did Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made use of it; but at present every Man is upon his Guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

'I have frequently wonder'd to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it becomes the Voice of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Liars in their Party? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same time discover the Insufficiency of these Reasons to justify so Criminal a Practice.

In the first place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lie, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminish'd, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among *many.* But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself; Guilt, when it spreads thro' numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single Person had none shared with him in the Offence. In a word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter; tho' it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several Thousands; as a Drop of the blackest Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable Body of Water; the Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

The third and last great Motive for Mens joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to

look upon as the most meritorious. The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When *Pompey* was desired not to set Sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life, *It is necessary for me*, says he, *to Sail, but it is not necessary for me to Live*:[1] Every Man should say to himself, with the same Spirit, It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers hath carried this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lie, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it.* However extravagant such a Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a Lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any Temporal Reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O.

No. 508.] *Monday, October* 13, 1712. [*Steele.*

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur Tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea Civitate quæ libertate usa est.—Corn. Nepos.

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much Indignation; therefore I shall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correspondents, who suffer under the Hardships mention'd in them, describe them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In former Ages all Pretensions to Dominion 'have been supported and submitted to, either 'upon Account of Inheritance, Conquest or Elec'tion; and all such Persons who have taken upon '*'em* any Soveraignty over their Fellow-Creatures 'upon any other Account, have been always called 'Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty 'of any particular Barbarities, as because every 'Attempt to such a Superiority was in its Nature 'tyrannical. But there is another sort of Potentates, who may with greater Propriety be call'd 'Tyrants, than those last mention'd, both as they 'assume a despotick Dominion over those as free 'as themselves, and as they support it by Acts of 'notable Oppression and Injustice; and these are 'the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other 'Governments, the Punishments of some have 'been alleviated by the Reward of others; but 'what makes the Reign of these Potentates so 'particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite 'in punishing their Subjects, at the same time they 'have it not in their power to reward *'em*. That 'the Reader may the better comprehend the 'Nature of these Monarchs, as well as the miser'able State of those that are their Vassals, I shall 'give an Account of the King of the Company I 'am fallen into, whom for his particular Tyranny 'I shall call *Dionysius;* as also of the Seeds that 'sprung up to this odd sort of Empire.

'Upon all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary 'some one of the Company should take it upon 'him to get all things in such order and readiness, 'as may contribute as much as possible to the 'Felicity of the Convention; such as hastening 'the Fire, getting a sufficient number of Candles, 'tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing 'the Supper, and being brisk for the Dispatch of 'it. Know then, that *Dionysius* went thro' these 'Offices with an Air that seem'd to express a 'Satisfaction rather in serving the Publick, than 'in gratifying any particular Inclination of his own. 'We thought him a Person of an exquisite Palate, 'and therefore by consent beseeched him to be 'always our Proveditor; which Post, after he had 'handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise 'than accept. At first he made no other use 'of his Power, than in recommending such and 'such things to the Company, ever allowing these 'Points to be disputable; insomuch that I have 'often carried the Debate for Partridge, when his 'Majesty has given Intimation of the high Relish 'of Duck, but at the same time has chearfully 'submitted, and devour'd his Partridge with most 'gracious Resignation. This Submission on his 'side naturally produc'd the like on ours; of which 'he in a little time made such barbarous Advan'tage, as in all those Matters, which before seem'd 'indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as 'uncontroulable and unalterable as the Laws of the '*Medes* and *Persians*. He is by turns outragious, 'peevish, froward and jovial. He thinks it our 'Duty for the little Offices, as Proveditor, that in 'Return all Conversation is to be interrupted or 'promoted by his Inclination for or against the 'present Humour of the Company. We feel, at 'present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence 'of Office; however, I being naturally warm, 'ventur'd to oppose him in a Dispute about a 'Haunch of Venison. I was altogether for roast'ing, but *Dionysius* declar'd himself for boiling 'with so much Prowess and Resolution, that the 'Cook thought it necessary to consult his own 'Safety rather than the Luxury of my Proposi'tion. With the same Authority that he orders 'what we shall eat and drink, he also commands 'us where to do it, and we change our Taverns 'according as he suspects any Treasonable Prac'tices in the settling the Bill by the Master, or 'sees any bold Rebellion in point of Attendance 'by the Waiters. Another Reason for changing 'the Seat of Empire, I conceive to be the Pride 'he takes in the Promulgation of our Slavery, 'tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments 'even in these Palaces of our grand Monarch. 'When he has a mind to take the Air, a Party of 'us are commanded out by way of Life-Guard, 'and we march under as great Restrictions as 'they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we

[1] Quoted from Plutarch's Life, § 50. Terser in the original:—'Πλεῖν ἀνάγκη, ζῆν οὐκ ἀνάγκη.'

'give or keep the Way according as we are out-'number'd or not; and if the Train of each is 'equal in number, rather than give Battle, the 'Superiority is soon adjusted by a Desertion from 'one of 'em.

'Now, the Expulsion of these unjust Rulers 'out of all Societies, would gain a Man as ever-'lasting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus's* 'got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny 'from among the *Romans*. I confess my self to 'be in a Conspiracy against the Usurper of our 'Club; and to shew my Reading, as well as my 'merciful Disposition, shall allow him till the Ides 'of *March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to 'affect Empire till that time, and does not gradu-'ally recede from the Incursions he has made upon 'our Liberties, he shall find a Dinner dress'd 'which he has no Hand in, and shall be treated 'with an Order, Magnificence and Luxury as shall 'break his proud Heart; at the same time that he 'shall be convinc'd in his Stomach he was unfit 'for his Post, and a more mild and skilful Prince 'receive the Acclamations of the People, and be 'set up in his room: but, as *Milton* says,

'——*These Thoughts*
'*Full Counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,*
'*And who can think Submission? War, then War*
'*Open, or understood, must be resolv'd.*[1]

'I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat 'in the Country, who is a particular Friend of my 'Father's, and came hither to pass away a Month 'or two with his Daughters. I have been enter-'tained with the utmost Civility by the whole 'Family, and nothing has been omitted which can 'make my Stay easy and agreeable on the Part of 'the Family; but there is a Gentleman here, a 'Visitant as I am, whose Behaviour has given 'me great Uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, 'he used me with the utmost Complaisance; but, 'forsooth, that was not with regard to my Sex, 'and since he has no Designs upon me, he does 'not know why he should distinguish me from a 'Man in things indifferent. He is, you must 'know, one of those familiar Coxcombs, who have 'observed some well-bred Men with a good Grace 'converse with Women, and say no fine things, 'but yet treat them with that sort of Respect 'which flows from the Heart and the Understand-'ing, but is exerted in no Professions or Compli-'ments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, 'or avoid the contrary Fault of being troublesome 'in Complaisance, takes upon him to try his Talent 'upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon 'all Occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I 'had stuck him with my Bodkin, and behaved 'my self like a Man, since he won't treat me as a 'Woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, 'Sir, you would please to give him some Maxims 'of Behaviour in these Points, and resolve me if 'all Maids are not in point of Conversation to be 'treated by all Batchelors as their Mistresses? if 'not so, are they not to be used as gently as 'their Sisters? Is it sufferable, that the Fop of 'whom I complain should say, as he would rather 'have such a-one without a Groat, than me with 'the *Indies?* What right has any Man to make 'Suppositions of things not in his Power, and then 'declare his Will to the dislike of one that has 'never offended him? I assure you these are 'things worthy your Consideration, and I hope we 'shall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, tho' 'a Woman justly offended, ready to forgive all 'this, because I have no Remedy but leaving very 'agreeable Company sooner than I desire. This 'also is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, 'that he is inflicting Banishment upon me. Your 'printing this Letter may perhaps be an Admoni-'tion to reform him: Assoon as it appears I will 'write my Name at the End of it, and lay it in 'his Way; the making which just Reprimand, I 'hope you will put in the Power of,

SIR,
Your constant Reader,
T. *and humble Servant.*

[1] Paradise Lost, i. 659—662.

No. 509.] *Tuesday, October* 14, 1712. [*Steele.*

Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.
Ter.

THE useful Knowledge in the following Letter shall have a Place in my Paper, tho' there is nothing in it which immediately regards the Polite or the Learned World; I say immediately, for upon Reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Prosperity or Decay of the Trading Part of Mankind. My present Correspondent, I believe, was never in Print before; but what he says well deserves a general Attention, tho' delivered in his own homely Maxims, and a Kind of Proverbial Simplicity; which Sort of Learning has rais'd more Estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to *Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch*, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

Mr. WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR, Broadstreet, Oct. 10, 1712.

'I accuse you of many Discourses on the Sub-'ject of Money, which you have heretofore promis'd 'the Publick, but have not discharg'd your self 'thereof. But, forasmuch as you seem to depend 'upon Advice from others what to do in that Point, 'have sate down to write you the Needful upon 'that Subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I 'shall take this Opportunity to observe to you, that 'the thriving frugal Man shews it in every Part of 'his Expence, Dress, Servants, and House; and I 'must in the first place, complain to you, as 'SPECTATOR, that in these Particulars there is at 'this Time, throughout the City of *London*, a la-'mentable Change from that Simplicity of Man-'ners, which is the true Source of Wealth and 'Prosperity. I just now said, the Man of Thrift 'shews Regularity in every thing; but you may,

'perhaps, laugh that I take Notice of such a Particular as I am going to do, for an Instance that 'this City is declining, if their antient Oeconomy 'is not restor'd. The Thing which gives me this 'Prospect, and so much Offence, is the Neglect of 'the *Royal-Exchange*, I mean the Edifice so 'called, and the Walks appertaining thereunto. 'The *Royal-Exchange* is a Fabrick that well de'serves to be so called, as well to express that 'our Monarchs highest Glory and Advantage con'sists in being the Patrons of Trade, as that it is 'commodious for Business, and an Instance of the 'Grandeur both of Prince and People. But alas! 'at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any 'such Use or Purpose. Instead of the Assembly 'of honourable Merchants, substantial Trades'men, and knowing Masters of Ships; the Mump'ers, the Halt, the Blind, and the Lame; your 'Venders of Trash, Apples, Plumbs; your Ragga'muffins, Rakeshames, and Wenches, have justled 'the greater Number of the former out of that 'Place. Thus it is, especially on the Evening-'Change; so that what with the Din of Squalings, 'Oaths and Cries of Beggars, Men of the greatest 'Consequence in our City absent themselves from 'the Place. This Particular, by the way, is of evil 'Consequence; for if the *Change* be no Place for 'Men of the highest Credit to frequent, it will not 'be a Disgrace to those of less Abilities to absent. 'I remember the time when Rascally Company 'were kept out, and the unlucky Boys with Toys 'and Balls were whipped away by a Beadle. I 'have seen this done indeed of late, but then it 'has been only to chase the Lads from Chuck, 'that the Beadle might seize their Copper.

'I must repeat the Abomination, that the Wal'nut Trade is carry'd on by old Women within 'the Walks, which makes the Place impassable by 'reason of Shells and Trash. The Benches around 'are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the 'Beadles and Officers have the Impudence at '*Christmas* to ask for their Box, though they de'serve the Strapado. I do not think it impertinent 'to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neg'lect in the Domestick Care of the City, and the 'Domestick is the truest Picture of a Man every 'where else.

'But I designed to speak on the Business of 'Money and Advancement of Gain. The Man 'proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a 'sedate, plain, good Understanding, not apt to go 'out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, 'that Business may come to him. Sir *William* '*Turner*, that valuable Citizen, has left behind 'him a most excellent Rule, and couched it in 'very few Words, suited to the meanest Capacity. 'He would say, *Keep your Shop and your Shop* '*will keep you.* It must be confessed, that if a 'Man of a great Genius could add Steadiness to his 'Vivacities, or substitute slower Men of Fidelity 'to transact the methodical part of his Affairs, 'such a one would outstrip the rest of the World: 'But Business and Trade is not to be managed 'by the same Heads which write Poetry, and 'make Plans for the Conduct of Life in general. 'So tho' we are at this day beholden to the late 'witty and inventive Duke of *Buckingham* for 'the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glass, yet 'I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were 'his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal 'with my diligent Friend and Neighbour, Mr. '*Gumley*, for any Goods to be prepared and de'livered on such a Day, than he would with that 'illustrious Mechanick abovementioned.

'No, no, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, you Wits must not 'pretend to be rich; and it is possible the Reason 'may be, in some Measure, because you despise, 'or at least you do not value it enough to let it 'take up your chief Attention; which the Trader 'must do, or lose his Credit, which is to him what 'Honour, Reputation, Fame, or Glory is to other 'sort of Men.

'I shall not speak to the Point of Cash it self, 'till I see how you approve of these my Maxims 'in general: But, I think, a Speculation upon '*Many a Little makes a Mickle, A Penny sav'd* '*is a Penny got, Penny wise and Pound foolish,* '*It is Need that makes the old Wife trot*, would 'be very useful to the World, and if you treated 'them with Knowledge would be useful to your 'self, for it would make Demands for your Paper 'among those who have no Notion of it at present. 'But of these Matters more hereafter. If you did 'this, as you excel many Writers of the present 'Age for Politeness, so you would outgo the 'Author of the true Strops of Razors for Use.

'I shall conclude this Discourse with an Ex'planation of a Proverb, which by vulgar Errour 'is taken and used when a Man is reduced to an 'Extremity, whereas the Propriety of the Maxim 'is to use it when you would say, there is Plenty, 'but you must make such a Choice, as not to hurt 'another who is to come after you.

'Mr *Tobias Hobson*, from whom we have the 'Expression, was a very honourable Man, for I 'shall ever call the Man so who gets an Estate 'honestly. Mr. *Tobias Hobson* was a Carrier, 'and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, 'and one that saw where there might good Profit 'arise, though the duller Men overlooked it; this 'ingenious Man was the first in this Island who 'let out Hackney-Horses. He lived in *Cam'bridge*, and observing that the Scholars rid hard, 'his manner was to keep a large Stable of Horses, 'with Boots, Bridles, and Whips to furnish the 'Gentlemen at once, without going from College 'to College to borrow, as they have done since 'the Death of this worthy Man: I say, Mr *Hob'son* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle, always 'ready and fit for travelling; but when a Man 'came for a Horse, he was led into the Stable, 'where there was great Choice, but he obliged 'him to take the Horse which stood next to the 'Stable-Door; so that every Customer was alike 'well served according to his Chance, and every 'Horse ridden with the same Justice: From 'whence it became a Proverb, when what ought 'to be your Election was forced upon you, to say, '*Hobson's Choice.* This memorable Man stands 'drawn in Fresco at an Inn (which he used) in '*Bishopsgate-street*, with an hundred Pound Bag 'under his Arm, with this Inscription upon the 'said Bag,

'*The fruitful Mother of an Hundred more.*

'Whatever Tradesman will try the Experiment,

'and begin the day after you publish this my Dis-
'course to treat his Customers all alike, and all
'reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the
'same Success.

I am,
SIR,
Your loving Friend,
T. Hezekiah Thrift.

No. 510.] *Wednesday, October* 15, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Si sapis
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.
Ter.

I WAS the other day driving in [a][1] Hack thro' *Gerrard-street*, when my Eye was immediately catch'd with the prettiest Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, between Thirteen and Fourteen, fixed at the Chin to a painted Sash, and made part of the Landskip. It seemed admirably done, and upon throwing my self eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the Vanity of the Girl, and her pleasant Coquettry in acting a Picture till she was taken Notice of, and raised the Admiration of her Beholders. This little Circumstance made me run into Reflections upon the Force of Beauty, and the wonderful Influence the Female Sex has upon the other part of the Species. Our Hearts are seized with their Enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal Men, who by that Hardness lose the chief Pleasure in them, can resist their Insinuations, tho' never so much against our own Interest and Opinion. It is common with Women to destroy the good Effects a Man's following his own Way and Inclination might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interposing their Power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Loss and Disparagement. I do not know therefore a Task so difficult in human Life, as to be proof against the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves. There is certainly no Armour against Tears, sullen Looks, or at best constrained Familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with Transport and Alacrity. Sir *Walter Rawleigh* was quoted in a Letter (of a very ingenious Correspondent of mine) on this Subject. That Author, who had lived in Courts, Camps, travelled through many Countries, and seen many Men under several Climates, and of as various Complections, speaks of our Impotence to resist the Wiles of Women, in very severe Terms. His words are as follows:[2]

What Means did the Devil find out, or what Instruments did his own Subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his Mischief by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the Woman; so as by Adam's *hearkening to the Voice of his Wife, contrary to the express Commandment of the living God, Mankind by that her Incantation became the subject of Labour, Sorrow, and Death; the Woman being given to Man for a Comforter and Companion, but not for a Counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the Woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all Beasts, into whom the Devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the Motive of her Disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her Knowledge; an Affection which has ever since remained in all the Posterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the Man to yield to her Persuasions; even the same Cause which hath moved all Men since to the like Consent, namely, an Unwillingness to grieve her or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with Sorrow. But if* Adam *in the state of Perfection, and* Solomon *the Son of* David, *God's chosen Servant, and himself a Man endued with the greatest Wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the Persuasion and for the Love they bare to a Woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other Men in succeeding Ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked Practices by the Persuasion of their Wives, or other beloved Darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious Purposes with a counterfeit Passion of dissimulate Sorrow and Unquietness.*

The Motions of the Minds of Lovers are no where so well described, as in the Works of skillful Writers for the Stage. The Scene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the second Act of *Johnson's Catiline*, is an excellent Picture of the Power of a Lady over her Gallant. The Wench plays with his Affections; and as a Man of all Places in the World wishes to make a good Figure with his Mistress, upon her upbraiding him with Want of Spirit, he alludes to Enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the Hazard of his Life. When he is worked thus far, with a little Flattery of her Opinion of his Gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing Fondness to him, he brags to her till his Life is in her Disposal.

When a Man is thus liable to be vanquished by the Charms of her he loves, the safest Way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all Expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty, and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose Looks and Gestures are more prevalent with you, than your Reason and Arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable Slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a Truth for no other Reason, but that you had not Fortitude to support you in asserting it. A Man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable Wishes and Desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his Pride be in his Wife and Family, let him give them all the Conveniences of Life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent Pride, and not their exorbitant Desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little Arts imaginable are used to soften a Man's Heart, and raise his Passion above his Understanding; but in

[1] [an] and in first reprint.
[2] History of the World, Bk. i. ch. 4, sect. 4.

all Concessions of this Kind, a Man should consider whether the Present he makes flows from his own Love, or the Importunity of his Beloved: If from the latter, he is her Slave; if from the former, her Friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to Women with that Seriousness which so important a Circumstance deserves. Why was Courage given to Man, if his Wife's Fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her Guardian and Protector, as you were designed by Nature; but, in Compliance to her Weaknesses, you have disabled your self from avoiding the Misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the Hour in which you are to be reproached by her self for that very Complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult Mastery over our selves we can possibly attain, to resist the Grief of her who charms us: but let the Heart ake, be the Anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conscious to your self that you are a Man of Honesty. The old Argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a Trifle, by habitual Success will oblige the unhappy Man who gives Way to it, to resign the Cause even of his Country and his Honour. T.

[No. 511.] *Thursday, October 16,* [illegible] *ison.*

Quis non invenit turbâ quod am[illegible]

Dear Spec.

FINDING that my last Letter [illegible] intend to continue my epistola[illegible] [illegible]ondence with thee, on those dear confou[illegible] Creatures, *Women*. Thou knowest, all [illegible] little Learning I am Master of is upon th[illegible] Subject; I never looked in a Book, but for [illegible]eir sakes. I have lately met with two pure [illegible] for a *Spectator*, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy Hands. The first of them I found by [illegible] *English* Book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my Friend *Dapperwit's* Window, as I visited him one Morning. It luckily opened in the Place where I met with the following Account. He tells us that it was the Manner among the *Persians* to have several Fairs in the Kingdom, which all the young unmarried Women were annually exposed to Sale. The Men who wanted Wives came hither to provide themselves: Every Woman was given to the highest Bidder, and the Mony which she fetched laid aside for the publick Use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest People had the Choice of the Market, and culled out all the most extraordinary Beauties. As soon as the Fair was thus picked, the Refuse was to be distributed among the Poor, and among those who could not go to the Price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the *Agreeables*, without paying a Farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which Case the best Bidder was always the Purchaser. But now you must know, Spec. it happened in *Persia* as it does in our own Country, that there were as many *ugly Women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; so that by Consequence, after the Magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their Hands. In order therefore to clear the Market, the Money which the Beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the Ugly; so that a poor Man, who could not afford to have a Beauty for his Wife, was forced to take up with a Fortune; the greatest Portion being always given to the most Deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor Man was forced to live kindly with his Wife, or in case he repented of his Bargain, to return her Portion with her to the next publick Sale.

'What I would recommend to thee on this Occasion is, to establish such an imaginary Fair in *Great Britain:* Thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching Women of Quality with Coblers and Carmen, or describing Titles and Garters leading off in great Ceremony Shopkeepers and Farmers Daughters. Tho' to tell thee the Truth, I am confoundedly afraid that as the love of Mony prevails in our Island more than it did in *Persia*, we should find that some of our greatest Men would chuse out the Portions, and rival one another for the richest Piece of Deformity; and that on the contrary, the Toasts and Belles would be bought up by extravagant Heirs, Gamesters and Spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty Reflections upon this Occasion in Honour of the *Persian* Politicks, who took care, by such Marriages, to beautify the upper part of the Species, and to make the greatest Persons in the Government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious Pen.

'I have another Story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a Book. It [illegible] the General of the *Tartars*, after [illegible] *Chin*[illegible]

'Brother-in-Law as soon as he should know to 'whose Lot she fell. Upon which the Merchant 'again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her 'to his House, where she proved an excellent 'Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her 'Brother that she had promised him.

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second 'time, I could make a tolerable Vision upon this 'Plan. I would suppose all the unmarried Wo-'men in *London* and *Westminster* brought to 'Market in Sacks, with their respective Prices on 'each Sack. The first Sack that is sold is marked 'with five thousand Pound: Upon the opening of 'it, I find it filled with an admirable Housewife, 'of an agreeable Countenance: The Purchaser, 'upon hearing her good Qualities, pays down her 'Price very chearfully. The second I would 'open, should be a five hundred Pound Sack: 'The Lady in it, to our surprize, has the Face 'and Person of a Toast: As we are wondering 'how she came to be set at so low a Price, we 'hear that she would have been valued at ten 'thousand Pound, but that the Publick had made 'those Abatements for her being a Scold. I would 'afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and dis-'creet Woman, that should be the top of the 'Market; and perhaps discover half a dozen 'Romps tyed up together in the same Sack, at 'one hundred Pound an Head. The Prude and 'the Coquet should be valued at the same Price, 'tho' the first should go off the better of the 'two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a Vision, 'had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy 'own way, there is a Moral in it. Whatever thou 'may'st think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of 'thy queer Apologies for this Letter, as thou dids[illegible] 'for my last. The Women love a gay lively Fel[illegible] 'low, and are never angry at the Railleries of on[illegible] 'who is their known Admirer. I am always bitt[illegible] 'upon them, but well with them.

Thine.

O. HONEYCOM[illegible]

ing to the Perfection at which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devices have been made use of, to render this bitter Potion palatable! Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words, others in the most harmonious Numbers, some in Points of Wit, and others in short Proverbs.

But among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those Exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a Fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the Author for the sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. The Moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by Surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a Man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, whilst he is following the Dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing Circumstance in Advice.

In the next [illegible]ace, if we look into human Nature we shall find [illegible]at the Mind is never so muc[illegible] pleased, [illegible] she exerts her self in any Actio[illegible] that g[illegible] Idea of her own Perfections an[illegible] Abi[illegible] natural Pride and Ambition of th[illegible] Se[illegible]uch gratified in the reading of [illegible] Writings of this kind, the Read[illegible] [illegible]lf of the Performance; every th[illegible] [illegible] like a Discovery of his own; h[illegible] [illegible] while in applying Characters [illegible] [illegible]es, and is in this respect both a Re[illegible] [illegible]poser. It is no wonder therefore [illegible] [illegible]ccasions, when the Mind is thus plea[illegible] [illegible] self, and amused with its own Discove[illegible] [illegible] it is highly delighted with the Writing wh[illegible] [illegible] the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absa[illegible]* and *Achitophel*[1] was one of the most popu[illegible] Poems that ever appeared in *English*. The po[illegible] is indeed very fine, but had it been much fin[illegible] would not have so much pleased, without a pla[illegible] which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

This oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient Histories, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Co[illegible]el to their Kings in Fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, [illegible] is a pretty Instance of this Nature in a *Turkish* Tale, which I do not like the worse for that little Oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Hu-

[1] Dryden's satire on the intrigues of the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury to exclude the King's brother from the Throne. Monmouth was Absalom, and Shaftesbury Achitophel.

mourist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know*, says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir*, says he, *I have heard part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the Owls had said. *You must know then*, said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan* Mahmoud; *whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined Villages.*

The Story says, the Sultan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the Good of his People.[1]

To fill up my Paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magic, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of such a wonderful Virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skill'd in the Language of Birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise abovementioned might not have eaten such a Serpent, I shall leave to the Determinations of the Learned. O.

No. 513.] *Saturday, October* 18, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei—— Virg.

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickness*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

'The Indisposition which has long hung upon 'me, is at last grown to such [a [2]] Head, that it 'must quickly make an End of me, or of it self. 'You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad 'state of Health, there are none of your Works 'which I read with greater Pleasure than your '*Saturday's* Papers. I should be very glad if I 'could furnish you with any Hints for that Day's 'Entertainment. Were I able to dress up several 'Thoughts of a serious nature, which have made 'great Impressions on my Mind during a long Fit 'of Sickness, they might not be an improper En-'tertainment for that Occasion.

'Among all the Reflections which usually rise in 'the Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and In-'clination to consider his approaching End, there is 'none more natural than that of his going to ap-'pear Naked and Unbodied before Him who 'made him. When a Man considers, that as soon 'as the vital Union is dissolved, he shall see that 'Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a 'Distance, and only in his Works; or, to speak 'more philosophically, when by some Faculty in 'the Soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, 'and be more sensible of his Presence, than we 'are now of the Presence of any Object which the 'Eye beholds, a Man must be lost in Carelessness 'and Stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a 'Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excellent Trea-'tise upon Death, has represented, in very strong 'and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its 'first Separation from the Body, with regard to 'that invisible World which every where sur-'rounds us, tho' we are not able to discover it 'through this grosser World of Matter, which is 'accommodated to our Senses in this Life. His 'Words are as follow.

'That Death, which is our leaving this World, 'is nothing else but our putting off these Bodies, 'teaches us, that it is only our Union to these 'Bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other 'World: The other World is not at such a dis-'tance from us, as we may imagine; the Throne 'of God indeed is at a great remove from this 'Earth, above the third Heavens, where he dis-'plays his Glory to those blessed Spirits which 'encompass his Throne; but as soon as we step 'out of these Bodies, we step into the other World, 'which is not so properly another World, (for 'there is the same Heaven and Earth still) as a 'new state of Life: To live in these Bodies is 'to live in this World; to live out of them is to 'remove into the next: For while our Souls are 'confined to these Bodies, and can look only thro' 'these material Casements, nothing but what is 'material can affect us; nay, nothing but what 'is so gross, that it can reflect Light, and convey 'the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to 'the Eye: So that though within this visible 'World, there be a more glorious Scene of Things 'than what appears to us, we perceive nothing 'at all of it; for this Veil of Flesh parts the 'visible and invisible World: But when we put 'off these Bodies, there are new and surprizing 'Wonders present themselves to our Views; 'when these material Spectacles are taken off, 'the Soul, with its own naked Eyes, sees what 'was invisible before: And then we are in 'the other World, when we can see it, and con-

[1] Pilpay's Fables. [2] [an] and in first reprint.

'*verse with it: Thus St.* Paul *tell us, That* when 'we are at home in the Body, we are absent from 'the Lord; but when we are absent from the 'Body, we are present with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. '6, 8. *And methinks this is enough to cure us 'of our Fondness for these Bodies, unless we 'think it more desirable to be confined to a Prison, 'and to look through a Grate all our Lives, which 'gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that 'none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty 'to view all the Glories of the World. What 'would we give now for the least Glimpse of that 'invisible World, which the first step we take 'out of these Bodies will present us with? There 'are such things* as Eye hath not seen, nor Ear 'heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of 'Man to conceive: *Death opens our Eyes, en-'larges our Prospect, presents us with a new and 'more glorious World, which we can never see 'while we are shut up in Flesh; which should 'make us as willing to part with this Veil, as to 'take the Film off of our Eyes, which hinders 'our Sight.*

'As a thinking Man cannot but be very much 'affected with the Idea of his appearing in the 'presence of that Being *whom none can see and 'live*; he must be much more affected when he 'considers that this Being whom he appears 'before, will examine all the Actions of his past 'Life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I 'must confess that I think there is no Scheme of 'Religion, besides that of Christianity, which can 'possibly support the most virtuous Person under 'this Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what 'it will, let his Virtues rise to the highest 'pitch of Perfection attainable in this Life, there 'will be still in him so many secret Sins, so many 'human Frailties, so many Offences of Ignorance, 'Passion and Prejudice, so many unguarded 'Words and Thoughts, and in short, so many 'Defects in his best Actions, that, without the 'Advantages of such an Expiation and Atonement 'as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impos-'sible that he should be cleared before his So-'vereign Judge, or that he should be able *to stand 'in his Sight.* Our Holy Religion suggests to 'us the only Means whereby our Guilt may be 'taken away, and our imperfect Obedience ac-'cepted.

'It is this Series of Thought that I have en-'deavoured to express in the following Hymn, 'which I have composed during this my Sickness.

I.

When rising from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I see my Maker, Face to Face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be sought,
My Heart with inward Horrour shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.

V.

Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.

VI.

For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon sure.

'There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which 'Monsieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine 'one*, and which the famous Author of the Art of 'Speaking calls an *Admirable one*, that turns 'upon a Thought of the same Nature. If I could 'have done it Justice in *English*, I would have 'sent it you translated; it was written by Mon-'sieur *Des Barreaux*; who had been one of the 'greatest Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in 'his last Years was as remarkable a Penitent.[1]

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta Justice.
Ouy, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du suplice:
Ton interest s'oppose a ma felicité;
Et ta clemence meme attend que je perisse.
Contente ton desir puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre.
J'adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit:
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

'If these Thoughts may be serviceable to you, 'I desire you would place them in a proper Light, 'and am ever, with great Sincerity,

SIR,

O. *Yours, &c.*

[1] Jacques Vallée Seigneur des Barreaux, born in Paris in 1602, was Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and gave up his charge to devote himself to pleasure. He was famous for his songs and verses, for his affability and generosity and irreligion. A few years before his death he was converted, and wrote the pious sonnet given above, which had been very widely praised and quoted. In his religious days he lived secluded at Châlon sur Saône, where he died, in 1673.

No. 514.] *Monday, October* 20,[1] 1712. [*Steele.*

Me Parnassi deserta per ardua, dulcis
Raptat Amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla. priorum
Castaliam molle divertitur Orbita Clivo.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than usual the other Night, and not finding my self inclined to sleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me till I should be more disposed to Rest. He is the Author whom I always chuse on such Occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a Strain, which leaves the Mind composed, and softened into an agreeable Melancholy; the Temper in which, of all others, I chuse to close the Day. The Passages I turned to were those beautiful Raptures in his *Georgicks*, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the Love of Poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool Shades and Retirements of the Mountain *Hæmus*. I clos'd the Book and went to Bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an Impression on my Mind, that Fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the Wish of *Virgil*, in presenting to me the following Vision.

'Methought I was on a sudden plac'd in the Plains of *Bœotia*, where at the end of the Horizon I saw the Mountain *Parnassus* rising before me. The Prospect was of so large an Extent, that I had long wander'd about to find a Path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a Grove of Trees, which in the Plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my Sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great Number of Walks and Alleys, which often widened into beautiful Openings, as Circles or Ovals, set round with Yews and Cypresses, with Niches, Grotto's, and Caves placed on the Sides, encompassed with Ivy. There was no Sound to be heard in the whole Place, but only that of a gentle Breeze passing over the Leaves of the Forest, every thing beside was buried in a profound Silence. I was captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the Place, and never so much, before that Hour, was pleased with the Enjoyment of my self. I indulged the Humour, and suffered my self to wander without Choice or Design. At length, at the end of a Range of Trees, I saw three Figures seated on a Bank of Moss, with a silent Brook creeping at their Feet. I ador'd them as the tutelar Divinities of the Place, and stood still to take a particular View of each of them. The Middlemost, whose Name was *Solitude*, sat with her Arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own Thoughts, than any ways grieved or displeased. The only Companions which she admitted into that Retirement, was the Goddess *Silence*, who sat on her right Hand with her Finger on her Mouth, and on her left *Contemplation*, with her Eyes fixed upon the Heavens. Before her lay a celestial Globe, with several Schemes of Mathematical Theorems. She prevented my Speech with the greatest Affability in the World: Fear not, said she, I know your Request before you speak it; you would be led to the Mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies thro' this Place, and no one is so often employ'd in conducting Persons thither as my self. When she had thus spoken, she rose from her Seat, and I immediately placed my self under her Direction; but whilst I passed through the Grove, I could not help enquiring of her who were the Persons admitted into that sweet Retirement. Surely, said I, there can nothing enter here but Virtue and virtuous Thoughts: The whole Wood seems design'd for the Reception and Reward of such Persons as have spent their Lives according to the Dictates of their Conscience and the Commands of the Gods. You imagine right, said she; assure your self this Place was at first designed for no other: Such it continued to be in the Reign of *Saturn*, when none entered here but holy Priests, Deliverers of their Country from Oppression and Tyranny, who repos'd themselves here after their Labours, and those whom the Study and Love of Wisdom had fitted for divine Conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: Vice has learned so to mimick Virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its Disguise. See there! just before you, *Revenge* stalking by, habited in the Robe of *Honour*. Observe not far from him *Ambition* standing alone; if you ask him his Name, he will tell you it is *Emulation* or *Glory*. But the most frequent Intruder we have is *Lust*, who succeeds now the Deity to whom in better Days this Grove was entirely devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the Graces attending him, once reign'd over this happy Place; a whole Train of Virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable Thought durst presume for Admittance: But now! how is the whole Prospect changed? and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sordid Wealth, and imagine themselves fit Companions for so charming a Divinity?

'The Goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arriv'd at the utmost Boundaries of the Wood, which lay contiguous to a Plain that ended at the Foot of the Mountain. Here I kept close to my Guide, being sollicited by several Phantomes, who assured me they would shew me a nearer Way to the Mountain of the Muses. Among the rest *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite Numbers, whom I saw wandering at the Foot of the Hill. I turned away from this despicable Troop with Disdain, and addressing my self to my Guide, told her, that as I had some Hopes I should be able to reach up part of the Ascent, so I despaired of having Strength enough to attain the Plain on the Top. But being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the Sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrecoverably fall down to the lowest Verge, I resolved to hazard any Labour and Hardship in

[1] Room is made for this paper, in the original issue, by printing it in smaller type.

'the Attempt: So great a desire had I of enjoying 'the Satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the End 'of my Enterprize!

'There were two Paths, which led up by differ- 'ent Ways to the Summit of the Mountain; the 'one was guarded by the Genius which presides 'over the Moment of our Births. He had it in 'charge to examine the several Pretensions of 'those who desired a Pass that Way, but to ad- 'mit none excepting those only on whom *Melpo- 'mene* had look'd with a propitious Eye at the 'Hour of their Nativity. The other Way was 'guarded by *Diligence*, to whom many of those 'Persons apply'd who had met with a Denial the 'other Way; but he was so tedious in granting 'their Request, and indeed after Admittance the 'Way was so very intricate and laborious, that 'many after they had made some Progress, chose 'rather to return back than proceed, and very few 'persisted so long as to arrive at the End they 'proposed. Besides these two Paths, which at 'length severally led to the Top of the Mountain, 'there was a third made up of these two, which a 'little after the Entrance joined in one. This 'carried those happy Few, whose good Fortune 'it was to find it, directly to the Throne of *Apollo*. 'I don't know whether I should even now have 'had the Resolution to have demanded Entrance 'at either of these Doors, had I not seen a 'Peasant-like Man (followed by a numerous and 'lovely Train of Youths of both Sexes) insist upon 'Entrance for all whom he led up. He put me 'in mind of the Country Clown who is painted in 'the Map for leading Prince *Eugene* over the '*Alps*. He had a Bundle of Papers in his Hand, 'and producing several, which he said, were given 'to him by Hands which he knew *Apollo* would 'allow as Passes; among which, methoughts, I 'saw some of my own Writing; the whole As- 'sembly was admitted, and gave, by their Pre- 'sence, a new Beauty and Pleasure to these happy 'Mansions. I found the Man did not pretend to 'enter himself, but served as a kind of Forester 'in the Lawns to direct Passengers, who by their 'own Merit, or Instructions he procured for them, 'had Virtue enough to travel that way. I looked 'very attentively upon this kind homely Bene- 'factor, and forgive me, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, if I own 'to you I took him for your self. We were no 'sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three 'times with the Water of the Fountain *Agaripe*, 'which had Power to deliver us from all Harms, 'but only Envy, which reached even to the End 'of our Journey. We had not proceeded far in 'the middle Path when we arrived at the Sum- 'mit of the Hill, where there immediately ap- 'peared to us two Figures, which extremely en- 'gaged my Attention: the one was a young 'Nymph in the Prime of her Youth and Beauty; 'she had Wings on her Shoulders and Feet, and 'was able to transport herself to the most distant 'Regions in the smallest Space of Time. She was 'continually varying her Dress, sometimes into 'the most natural and becoming Habits in the 'World, and at others into the most wild and 'freakish Garb that can be imagined. There 'stood by her a Man full-aged, and of great 'Gravity, who corrected her Inconsistences, by 'shewing them in his Mirror, and still flung her 'affected and unbecoming Ornaments down the 'Mountain, which fell in the Plain below, and 'were gathered up and wore with great Satis- 'faction by those that inhabited it. The Name of 'the Nymph was *Fancy*, the Daughter of *Liberty*, 'the most beautiful of all the Mountain-Nymphs. 'The other was *Judgment*, the Off-spring of '*Time*, and the only Child he acknowledged to 'be his. A Youth, who sat upon a Throne just 'between them, was their genuine Off-spring; his 'Name was *Wit*, and his Seat was composed of 'the Works of the most celebrated Authors. I 'could not but see with a secret Joy, that though 'the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the Majority, yet 'our own Countrymen were the next both in 'Number and Dignity. I was now at Liberty 'to take a full Prospect of that delightful Region. 'I was inspired with new Vigour and Life, and 'saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing 'Views than before; I breathed a purer Æther in 'a Sky which was a continued Azure, gilded with 'perpetual Sun-shine. The two Summits of the 'Mountain rose on each Side, and formed in the 'midst a most delicious Vale, the Habitation of 'the Muses, and of such as had composed Works 'worthy of Immortality. *Apollo* was seated upon 'a Throne of Gold, and for a Canopy an aged 'Laurel spread its Boughs and its Shade over his 'Head. His Bow and Quiver lay at his Feet. 'He held his Harp in his Hand, whilst the Muses 'round about him celebrated with Hymns his 'Victory over the Serpent *Python*, and sometimes 'sung in softer Notes the Loves of *Leucothoe* and '*Daphnis*. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were 'seated the next to them. Behind were a great 'Number of others, among whom I was surprized 'to see some in the Habit of *Laplanders*, who, 'notwithstanding the Uncouthness of their Dress, 'had lately obtained a Place upon the Mountain. 'I saw *Pindar* walking all alone, no one daring 'to accost him, till *Cowley* join'd himself to him; 'but growing weary of one who almost walked 'him out of breath, he left him for *Horace* and '*Anacreon*, with whom he seemed infinitely de- 'lighted.

'A little further I saw another Groupe of Fi- 'gures; I made up to them, and found it was '*Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon*, and the Spirit 'of *Plato*; but most of all, *Musæus* had the 'greatest Audience about him. I was at too 'great a Distance to hear what he said, or to dis- 'cover the Faces of his Hearers; only I thought 'I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them, 'and stood in a Posture full of Admiration at the 'Harmony of his Words.

'Lastly, At the very Brink of the Hill I saw '*Boccalini* sending Dispatches to the World 'below of what happened upon *Parnassus*; but 'I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses, 'and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them 'revised by *Apollo*. I could now from this Height 'and serene Sky behold the infinite Cares and 'Anxieties with which Mortals below sought out 'their way through the Maze of Life. I saw the 'Path of Virtue lie strait before them, whilst In- 'terest, or some malicious Demon, still hurry'd 'them out of the Way. I was at once touched

'with Pleasure at my own Happiness, and Com-
'passion at the sight of their inextricable Errors.
'Here the two contending Passions rose so high,
'that they were inconsistent with the sweet Re-
'pose I enjoy'd, and awaking with a sudden start,
'the only Consolation I could admit of for my
'Loss, was the Hopes that this Relation of my
'Dream will not displease you.[1] T.

No. 515.] *Tuesday, October* 21, 1712. [*Steele.*

Pudet me et miseret qui harum mores cantabat mihi
Monuisse frustra ——— Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the Account
'I lately sent you of a Coquet who disturbed
'a sober Congregation in the City of *London*.
'That Intelligence ended at her taking Coach,
'and bidding the Driver go where he knew. I
'could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard
'as she drove, to *Paul's* Church-Yard, where
'there was a Stop of Coaches attending Company
'coming out of the Cathedral. This gave me
'opportunity to hold up a Crown to her Coach-
'man, who gave me the Signal, that he would
'hurry on, and make no Haste, as you know the
'Way is when they favour a Chase. By his many
'kind Blunders, driving against other Coaches,
'and slipping off some of his Tackle, I could keep
'up with him, and lodged my fine Lady in the
'Parish of St. *James's*. As I guessed when I
'first saw her at Church, her Business is to win
'Hearts and throw 'em away, regarding nothing
'but the Triumph. I have had the Happiness, by
'tracing her through all with whom I heard she
'was acquainted, to find one who was intimate
'with a Friend of mine, and to be introduced to
'her Notice. I have made so good use of my
'Time, as to procure from that Intimate of hers
'one of her Letters, which she writ to her when
'in the Country. This Epistle of her own may
'serve to alarm the World against her in ordinary
'Life, as mine, I hope, did those, who shall be-
'hold her at Church. The Letter was written
'last Winter to the Lady who gave it me; and I
'doubt not but you will find it the Soul of an
'happy self-loving Dame, that takes all the Ad-
'miration she can meet with, and returns none of
'it in Love to her Admirers.

Dear Jenny,

"I am glad to find you are likely to be dispos'd
"of in Marriage so much to your Approbation as
"you tell me. You say you are afraid only of
"me, for I shall laugh at your Spouse's Airs. I
"beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice
"a Discerner to laugh at any, but whom most
"other People think fine Fellows; so that your
"Dear may bring you hither as soon as his Horses
"are in Case enough to appear in Town, and you
"be very safe against any Raillery you may ap-
"prehend from me; for I am surrounded with
"Coxcombs of my own making, who are all
"ridiculous in a manner: your Good-man, I pre-
"sume, can't exert himself. As Men who cannot
"raise their Fortunes, and are uneasy under the
"Incapacity of shining in Courts, rail at Ambition;
"so do [awkard[1]] and insipid Women, who cannot
"warm the Hearts and charm the Eyes of Men,
"rail at Affectation: But she that has the Joy of
"seeing a Man's Heart leap into his Eyes at be-
"holding her, is in no Pain for want of Esteem
"among a Crew of that Part of her own Sex, who
"have no Spirit but that of Envy, and no Language
"but that of Malice. I do not in this, I hope,
"express my self insensible of the Merit of *Leo-*
"*dacia*, who lowers her Beauty to all but her
"Husband, and never spreads her Charms but to
"gladden him who has a Right in them: I say, I
"do Honour to those who can be Coquets, and
"are not such; but I despise all who would be so,
"and in Despair of arriving at it themselves, hate
"and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it
"will, in Answer to your Desire of knowing my
"History: One of my chief present Pleasures is
"in Country-Dances: and, in Obedience to me,
"as well as the Pleasure of coming up to me with
"a good Grace, shewing themselves in their Ad-
"dress to others in my Presence, and the like
"Opportunities, they are all Proficients that Way:
"And I had the Happiness of being the other
"Night where we made six Couple, and every
"Woman's Partner a profess'd Lover of mine.
"The wildest Imagination cannot form to it self
"on any Occasion, higher Delight than I acknow-
"ledge my self to have been in all that Evening.
"I chose out of my Admirers a Set of Men who
"most love me, and gave them Partners of such
"of my own Sex who most envy'd me.

"My way is, when any Man who is my Ad-
"mirer pretends to give himself Airs of Merit, as
"at this Time a certain Gentleman you know did,
"to mortify him by favouring in his Presence the
"most insignificant Creature I can find. At this
"Ball I was led into the Company by pretty Mr.
"*Fanfly*, who, you know, is the most obsequious,
"well-shaped, well-bred Woman's Man in Town.
"I at first Entrance declared him my Partner if
"I danced at all; which put the whole Assembly
"into a Grin, as forming no Terrours from such a
"Rival. But we had not been long in the Room,
"before I overheard the meritorious Gentleman
"above-mention'd say with an Oath, There is no
"Raillery in the Thing, she certainly loves the
"Puppy. My Gentleman, when we were danc-
"ing, took an Occasion to be very soft in his
"Oglings upon a Lady he danced with, and whom
"he knew of all Women I love most to outshine.

[1] This Advertisement follows:

A Letter written October 14, *dated* Middle Temple, *has been overlooked, by reason it was not directed to the* SPECTATOR *at the usual Places; and the Letter of the* 18*th, dated from the same Place, is groundless, the Author of the Paper of* Friday *last not having ever seen the Letter of the* 14*th. In all circumstances except the Place of Birth of the Person to whom the Letters were written, the Writer of them is misinformed.*

[1] Spelt generally in the first issue *awkard*, in the first reprint aukward.

"The Contest began who should plague the other "most. I, who do not care a Farthing for him, "had no hard Task to out-vex him. I made *Fanfly*, "with a very little Encouragement, cut Capers "*Coupee*, and then sink with all the Air and Ten- "derness imaginable. When he perform'd this, "I observed the Gentleman you know of fall into "the same way, and imitate as well as he could "the despised *Fanfly*. I cannot well give you, "who are so grave a Country Lady, the Idea of "the Joy we have when we see a stubborn Heart "breaking, or a Man of Sense turning Fool for "our sakes; but this happened to our Friend, and "I expect his Attendance whenever I go to "Church, to Court, to the Play, or the Park. This is "a Sacrifice due to us Women of Genius, who have "the Eloquence of Beauty, an easie Mein. I "mean by an easie Mein, one which can be on "Occasion easily affected: For I must tell you, "dear *Jenny*, I hold one Maxim, which is an un- "common one, to wit, That our greatest Charms "are owing to Affectation. 'Tis to That that our "Arms can lodge so quietly just over our Hips, "and the Fan can play without any Force or Mo- "tion but just of the Wrist. 'Tis to Affectation "we owe the pensive Attention of *Deidamia* at a "Tragedy, the scornful Approbation of *Dulcia- "mara* at a Comedy, and the lowly Aspect of "*Languicelsa* at a Sermon.

"To tell you the plain Truth, I know no Plea- "sure but in being admir'd, and have yet never "failed of attaining the Approbation of the Man "whose Regard I had a Mind to. You see all "the Men who make a Figure in the World (as "wise a Look as they are pleased to put upon the "Matter) are moved by the same Vanity as I am. "What is there in Ambition, but to make other "People's Wills depend upon yours? This indeed "is not to be aim'd at by one who has a Genius "no higher than to think of being a very good "Housewife in a Country Gentleman's Family. "The Care of Poultrey and Piggs are great Ene- "mies to the Countenance: The vacant Look of "a fine Lady is not to be preserved, if she admits "any thing to take up her Thoughts but her own "dear Person. But I interrupt you too long "from your Cares, and my self from my Con- "quests.

I am, Madam,
Your most humble Servant.

'Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her 'Friend's Answer to this Epistle, who is a very 'discreet ingenious Woman.

Dear Gatty,

"I take your Raillery in very good Part, "and am obliged to you for the free Air with "which you speak of your own Gayeties. But this "is but a barren superficial Pleasure; [indeed,[1]] "*Gatty*, we are made for Man, and in serious "Sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself "know it or no, all these Gallantries tend to no "other End but to be a Wife and Mother as fast "as you can.

I am, Madam,
T. *Your most [humble[2]] Servant.*

[1] [for indeed,] [2] [*obedient*]

No. 516.] *Wednesday, October* 22, 1712. [*Steele.*

Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quod Numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos
Esse Deos quos ipse colat——— Juv.

OF all the monstrous Passions and Opinions which have crept into the World, there is none so wonderful as that those who profess the common Name of *Christians*, should pursue each other with Rancour and Hatred for Differences in their Way of following the Example of their Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue the Steps of any Leader should form themselves after his Manners, that it is impossible to account for Effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves Followers of the highest Pattern of Meekness and Charity, but by ascribing such Effects to the Ambition and Corruption of those who are so audacious, with Souls full of Fury, to serve at the Altars of the God of Peace.

The Massacres to which the Church of *Rome* has animated the ordinary People, are dreadful Instances of the Truth of this Observation; and whoever reads the History of the *Irish* Rebellion, and the Cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what Rage poor Ignorants may be worked up by those who profess Holiness, and become Incendiaries, and under the Dispensation of Grace, promote Evils abhorrent to Nature.

This Subject and Catastrophe, which deserve so well to be remarked by the Protestant World, will, I doubt not, be considered by the Reverend and Learned Prelate that Preaches to-morrow before many of the Descendants of those who perished on that lamentable Day, in a manner suitable to the Occasion, and worthy his own great Virtue and Eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little Tract, called, *The Christian Hero*, published in 1701, what I find there in Honour of the renowned Hero *William* III. who rescued that Nation from the Repetition of the same Disasters. His late Majesty, of glorious Memory, and the most Christian King, are considered at the Conclusion of that Treatise as Heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholick World in the following Manner.

'There were not ever, before the Entrance of 'the Christian Name into the World, Men who 'have maintained a more renowned Carriage, than 'the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame 'of the present Age, and will be the Theme and 'Examination of the future. They are exactly 'form'd by Nature for those Ends to which 'Heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: 'Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but 'pursue it by different Means, and with different 'Motives. To one it consists in an extensive undis- 'puted Empire over his Subjects, to the other in 'their rational and voluntary Obedience: One's

'Happiness is founded in their want of Power, the 'other's in their want of Desire to oppose him. The 'one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury 'of a *Persian*, the other with the Moderation of a '*Spartan:* One is made to oppress, the other to 'relieve the Oppressed: The one is satisfy'd with 'the Pomp and Ostentation of Power to prefer and 'debase his Inferiours, the other delighted only 'with the Cause and Foundation of it to cherish 'and protect 'em. To one therefore Religion is 'but a convenient Disguise, to the other a vigor-'ous Motive of Action.

'For without such Ties of real and solid Hon-'our, there is no way of forming a Monarch, but 'after the Machiavillian Scheme, by which a 'Prince must ever seem to have all Virtues, but 'really to be Master of none, but is to be liberal, 'merciful and just, only as they serve his Interests; 'while, with the noble Art of Hypocrisy, Empire 'would be to be extended, and new Conquests be 'made by new Devices, by which prompt Address 'his Creatures might insensibly give Law in the 'Business of Life, by leading Men in the Enter-'tainment of it.[1]

'Thus when Words and Show are apt to pass 'for the substantial things they are only to ex-'press, there would need no more to enslave a 'Country but to adorn a Court; for while every 'Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable 'of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready 'Bait for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment 'Invitations to Servitude; which Slavery would 'be colour'd with all the Agreements, as they call 'it, imaginable. The noblest Arts and Artists, the 'finest Pens and most elegant Minds, jointly em-'ploy'd to set it off, with the various Embellish-'ments of sumptuous Entertainments, charming 'Assemblies, and polished Discourses; and those 'apostate Abilities of Men, the adored Monarch 'might profusely and skilfully encourage, while 'they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at so 'high a rate, that he, without Scorn of the one, or 'Love of the other, would alternately and occa-'sionally use both: So that his Bounty should 'support him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his 'Cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more severe Look 'than is natural, to suppose such must be the 'Consequences of a Prince's having no other Pur-'suit than that of his own Glory; for, if we con-'sider an Infant born into the World, and behold-'ing it self the mightiest thing in it, it self the 'present Admiration and future Prospect of a 'fawning People, who profess themselves great or 'mean, according to the Figure he is to make 'amongst them, what Fancy would not be de-'bauched to believe they were but what they pro-'fessed themselves, his mere Creatures, and use 'them as such by purchasing with their Lives a 'boundless Renown, which he, for want of a more 'just Prospect, would place in the Number of his 'Slaves, and the Extent of his Territories? Such 'undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a 'Prince's living with no Religion, which are not 'to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

'If Ambition were spirited with Zeal, what 'would follow, but that his People should be con-'verted into an Army, whose Swords can make 'Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Be-'lief? And if Men should be *stiff-neck'd* to the 'Doctrine of that visible Church, let them be con-'tented with an Oar and a Chain, in the midst of 'Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, '*whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burthen is light.*

'With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, 'and Indignation that others draw their Breath 'independent of his Frown or Smile, why should 'he not proceed to the Seizure of the World? 'And if nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the 'Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be 'other than mere Words, or solemn national Com-'pacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of 'that Army, who are never to lay down their 'Arms, till all Men are reduc'd to the necessity of 'hanging their Lives on his wayward Will; who 'might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own 'Sins by other Mens Sufferings, while he daily 'meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest?

'For mere Man, when giddy with unbridled 'Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeased 'with Myriads offer'd to his Pride, which may be 'puffed up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate 'World, into an Opinion that he is something 'more than human, by being something less: 'And, alas, what is there that mortal Man will not 'believe of himself, when complimented with the 'Attributes of God? Can he then conceive 'Thoughts of a Power as *Omnipresent* as his! 'But should there be such a Foe of Mankind now 'upon Earth, have our Sins so far provoked 'Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his 'Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius, 'that can conduct and animate us to our Death 'or our Defence? Yes; our great God never gave 'one to reign by his Permission, but he gave to 'another also to reign by his Grace.

'All the Circumstances of the illustrious Life of 'our Prince, seem to have conspired to make him 'the Check and Bridle of Tyranny; for his Mind 'has been strengthened and confirmed by one 'continual Struggle, and Heaven has educated 'him by Adversity to a quick Sense of the Dis-'tresses and Miseries of Mankind, which he was 'born to redress: In just scorn of the trivial 'glorious and light Ostentations of Power, that 'glorious Instrument of Providence moves, like 'that, in a steddy, calm, and silent Course, inde-'pendent either of Applause or Calumny; which 'renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a 'philosophick, an heroick, and a Christian Sense, 'an absolute Monarch; who satisfy'd with this 'unchangeable, just, and ample Glory, must needs 'turn all his Regards from himself to the Service 'of others; for he begins his Enterprize with his

[1] The extract is from very near the close of Steele's *Christian Hero*. At this part a few lines have been omitted. In the original the paragraph closed thus: . . . . 'the Entertainment of it, and mak-'ing their great Monarch the Fountain of all 'that's delicate and refined, and his Court the 'Model for Opinions in Pleasure, as well as the 'Pattern in Dress; which might prevail so far 'upon an undiscerning world as (to accomplish it 'or its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a 'superfluous Babble for an Universal Language.'

'own Share in the Success of them; for Integrity 'bears in it self its Reward, nor can that which 'depends not on Event ever know Disappoint-'ment.

'With the undoubted Character of a glorious 'Captain, and (what he much more values than 'the most splendid Titles) that of a sincere and 'honest Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, 'an universal Good not to be engrossed by us 'only, for distant Potentates implore his Friend-'ship, and injur'd Empires court his Assistance. 'He rules the World, not by an Invasion of the 'People of the Earth, but the Address of its 'Princes; and if that World should be again 'rous'd from the Repose which his prevailing 'Arms had given it, why should we not hope that 'there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the 'terrible Enemy that thinks himself prepar'd for 'Battel, may find he is but ripe for Destruction? 'and that there may be in the Womb of Time 'great Incidents, which may make the Cata-'strophe of a prosperous Life as unfortunate as 'the particular Scenes of it were successful? For 'there does not want a skilful Eye and resolute 'Arm to observe and grasp the Occasion: A 'Prince, *who from*[1]

'——*Fuit Ilium et ingens*
'*Gloria*—— Virg.

T.

No. 517.] *Thursday, October* 23, 1712. [*Addison.*

Heu Pietas! heu prisca Fides!—— Virg.

WE last night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*.[2] He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'Knowing that you was my old Master's good 'Friend, I could not forbear sending you the 'melancholy News of his Death, which has af-'flicted the whole Country, as well as his poor 'Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than 'we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his 'Death the last County Sessions, where he would 'go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, 'and her Fatherless Children, that had been 'wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman; for you 'know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor 'Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first 'Complaint he made was, that he had lost his 'Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a 'Sirloin, which was served up according to Cus-'tom; and you know he used to take great De-'light in it. From that time forward he grew 'worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to 'the last. Indeed we were once in great [Hope[1]] 'of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was 'sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had 'made love to the Forty last Years of his Life; 'but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. 'He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of 'his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple 'of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which be-'longed to my good old Lady his Mother: He 'has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he 'used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, be-'cause he thought he would be kind to him, and 'has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, 'bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tene-'ment with good Lands about it. It being a very 'cold Day when he made his Will, he left for 'Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great

[1] Here Steele abruptly breaks with 'Fuit Ilium'—the glory has departed—on the sentence: 'A 'Prince who from just Notion of his Duty to that 'Being to whom he must be accountable, has in 'the Service of his Fellow Creatures a noble Con-'tempt of Pleasures, and Patience of Labours, to 'whom 'tis Hereditary to be the Guardian and 'Asserter of the native Rights and Liberties 'of Mankind;' A few more clauses to the sentence formed the summary of William's character before the book closed with a prayer that Heaven would guard his important life.

[2] In No. 1 of the *Bee*, (for February, 1733) Eustace Budgell, who set up that publication, and who probably was the intimate friend of Addison's to whom he there refers, said of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Mr. Addison was so fond of this cha-'racter that a little before he laid down the *Spec-'tator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman 'would catch up his pen the moment he quitted 'it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain 'warmth in his expression which he was not often 'guilty of, By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that no-'body else may murder him.' Accordingly the whole *Spectator* No. 517 consists of nothing but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it. Steele had by this date resolved on bringing his Spectator to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dispose of all members of the Spectator's Club and break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning to the public that he had such an intention.

[1] [Hopes]

'Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-'hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take 'leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for 'our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a 'Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown 'Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he 'has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may 'live very comfortably upon, the remaining part 'of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal 'more in Charity, which is not yet come to my 'Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the 'Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple 'to the Church; for he was heard to say some 'time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, '*Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. 'The Chaplain tells every body that he made a 'very good End, and never speaks of him without 'Tears. He was buried according to his own 'Directions, among the Family of the *Coverly's*, 'on the Left Hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. 'The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, 'and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum*: 'The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy 'Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in 'Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Cap-'tain SENTRY, my Master's Nephew, has taken 'Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole 'Estate. When my old Master saw him a little 'before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and 'wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling 'to him, desiring him only to make good Use of 'it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts 'of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-'rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems 'a courteous Man, though he says but little. He 'makes much of those whom my Master loved, 'and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, 'that you know my poor Master was so fond of. 'It would have gone to your Heart to have heard 'the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day 'of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed him-'self since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the 'melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever 'happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all 'from,

Honoured Sir,
Your most Sorrowful Servant,
Edward Biscuit.

P. S. 'My Master desired, some Weeks before 'he died, that a Book which comes up to you by 'the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Free-'port*, in his Name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club. O.

No. 518.] *Friday, October* 24, 1712. [*Steele.*[1]

——Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.
Juv

THIS being a Day of Business with me, I must make the present Entertainment like a Treat at an House-warming, out of such Presents as have been sent me by my Guests. The first Dish which I serve up is a Letter come fresh to my Hand.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is with inexpressible Sorrow that I hear 'of the Death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily 'condole with you upon so melancholy an Oc-'casion. I think you ought to have blacken'd the 'Edges of a Paper which brought us so ill News, 'and to have had it stamped likewise in Black. 'It is expected of you that you should write his 'Epitaph, and, if possible, fill his Place in the 'Club with as worthy and diverting a Member. 'I question not but you will receive many Recom-'mendations from the publick of such as will ap-'pear Candidates for that Post.

'Since I am talking of Death, and have men-'tioned an Epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I 'have made discovery of a Church-Yard in which 'I believe you might spend an Afternoon, with 'great Pleasure to your self and to the Public: 'It belongs to the Church of *Stebon-Heath*, com-'monly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be that 'the People of that Parish have a particular 'Genius for an Epitaph, or that there be some 'Poet among them who undertakes that Work by 'the Great, I can't tell; but there are more re-'markable Inscriptions in that place than in any 'other I have met with, and I may say without 'Vanity, that there is not a Gentleman in *Eng-'land* better read in Tomb-stones than my self, 'my Studies having laid very much in Church-'yards. I shall beg leave to send you a Couple 'of Epitaphs, for a Sample of those I have just 'now mentioned. They are written in a different 'manner; the first being in the diffused and 'luxuriant, the second in the close contracted 'Style. The first has much of the Simple and 'Pathetick; the second is something Light, but 'Nervous. The first is thus:

Here Thomas Sapper *lyes interr'd. Ah why!*
Born in New England, *did in* London *dye;*
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha *by his Father* John.
Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by Death at th' Age of Twenty Three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,

[1] Of the two letters which form this number the second is by John Henley, known afterwards as 'Orator Henley,' of whom see a note to No. 396.

By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Also to breathe their last nine Years before,
And now have left their Father to deplore
The loss of all his Children, with his Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

The Second is as follows:

Here lies the Body of Daniel Saul,
Spittle-fields *Weaver, and that's all.*

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this 'Subject, without sending a short Epitaph which 'I once met with, though I cannot possibly recol-'lect the Place. The Thought of it is serious, and 'in my Opinion, the finest that I ever met with 'upon this Occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, 'after having told us the Name of the Person who 'lies interr'd to lanch out into his Praises. This 'Epitaph takes a quite contrary Turn, having 'been made by the Person himself some time be-'fore his Death.

Hic jacet R. C. *in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.*[1]

'Here lieth *R. C.* in expectation of the last 'Day. What sort of a Man he was, that Day 'will discover.

I am, SIR, &c.

The following Letter is dated from *Cambridge.*[2]

'*SIR*,

'Having lately read among your Speculations, an 'Essay upon Phisiognomy, I cannot but think 'that if you made a Visit to this ancient Uni-'versity, you might receive very considerable 'Lights upon that Subject, there being scarce a 'young Fellow in it who does not give certain 'Indications of his particular Humour and Dispos-'ition conformable to the Rules of that Art. In 'Courts and Cities every body lays a Constraint 'upon his Countenance, and endeavours to look 'like the rest of the World; but the Youth of 'this Place, having not yet formed themselves by 'Conversation, and the Knowledge of the World, 'give their Limbs and Features their full Play.

'As you have considered Human Nature in all 'its Lights, you must be extremely well apprized, 'that there is a very close Correspondence be-'tween the outward and the inward Man; that 'scarce the least Dawning, the least Parturiency 'towards a Thought can be stirring in the Mind 'of Man, without producing a suitable Revolu-'tion in his Exteriors, which will easily dis-'cover it self to an Adept in the Theory of 'the Phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsick 'Worth and Merit of a Son of *Alma Mater* 'is ordinarily calculated from the Cast of his 'Visage, the Contour of his Person, the Me-'chanism of his Dress, the Disposition of his 'Limbs, the Manner of his Gate and Air, with a 'number of Circumstances of equal Consequence 'and Information: The Practitioners in this Art 'often make use of a Gentleman's Eyes to give 'em Light into the Posture of his Brains; take a 'Handle from his Nose, to judge of the Size of his 'Intellects; and interpret the over-much Visibility 'and Pertness of one Ear, as an infallible mark of 'Reprobation, and a Sign the Owner of so saucy 'a Member fears neither God nor Man. In con-'formity to this Scheme, a contracted Brow, a 'lumpish down-cast Look, a sober sedate Pace, 'with both Hands dangling quiet and steddy in 'Lines exactly parallel to each Lateral Pocket 'of the Galligaskins, is Logick, Metaphysicks 'and Mathematicks in Perfection. So likewise 'the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a Saunter in 'the Gate; a Fall of one Wing of the Peruke 'backward, an Insertion of one Hand in the Fobb, 'and a negligent Swing of the other, with a Pinch 'of right and fine *Barcelona* between Finger and 'Thumb, a due Quantity of the same upon the 'upper Lip, and a Noddle-Case loaden with Pul-'vil. Again, a grave solemn stalking Pace is 'Heroick Poetry, and Politicks; an Unequal one, 'a Genius for the Ode, and the modern Ballad: 'and an open Breast, with an audacious Display 'of the Holland Shirt, is construed a fatal Tend-'ency to the Art Military.

'I might be much larger upon these Hints, but 'I know whom I write to. If you can graft any 'Speculation upon them, or turn them to the Ad-'vantage of the Persons concerned in them, you 'will do a Work very becoming the *British Spec-'tator*, and oblige

Your very Humble Servant,
Tom. Tweer.

No. 519.] *Saturday, October* 25, 1712. [*Addison.*

Inde Hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert Monstra sub æquore pontus.—Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in contemplating the material World, by which I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter, with the several Relations which those Bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprizing in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all those Animals with which every Part of the Universe is furnished. The Material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the Material World which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our Observations and Enquiries, it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals with which it is stocked. Every part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf swarms with Inhabitants. There is scarce a single Humour in the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also

[1] The European Magazine for July, 1787, says that the exact copy of this Epitaph, which is on a Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679, runs thus:

Aperiet Deus tumulos et educet nos de sepulchris
Qualis eram, dies isti hæc cum venerit, scies.

[2] By John Henley.

covered with other Animals, which are in the same manner the Basis of other Animals, that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble it self, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniencies for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* [1] draws a very good Argument from this Consideration, for the *peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no Part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at such a Distance from us should not be desart and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of [Perceptive [2]] Being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to my self, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-fish, which are form'd in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being sever'd from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is form'd that is compleat in all its Senses; and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denomination, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same Manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the Supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life: Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chasm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with diverse Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of Perception which does not appear in some one part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness, or Wisdom of the divine Being, more manifested in this his Proceeding?

There is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may by a parity of Reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a Superior Nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Lock*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between Man and his Maker for the Creative Power to exert it self in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being, and the Power which produced him.

That there should be more Species *of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued Series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region: and there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water; whose Blood is cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so like in taste, that the Scrupulous are allowed them on Fish-days. There are Animals so near*

[1] Fontenelle, *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*. Troisième Soir.

[2] [Preceptive] and in first reprint.

of kin both to Birds and Beasts, that they are in the middle between both: Amphibious Animals link the Terrestrial and Aquatick together; Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Sea-Men. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly join'd, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several Species *are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the* Species *of Creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: Which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more* Species *of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest State of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct* Species, *we have no clear distinct* Ideas.[1]

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the Animal and Intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren, may in another respect say to *Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister.*[2] O.

No. 520.] *Monday, October* 27, 1712. [*Francham.*[3]

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE just Value you have expressed for the 'Matrimonial State, is the Reason that I 'now venture to write to you, without Fear of 'being ridiculous; and confess to you, that 'though it is three Months since I lost a very 'agreeable Woman, who was my Wife, my Sor-'row is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst 'of Company, upon any Circumstance that re-'vives her Memory, with a Reflection what she 'would say or do on such an Occasion: I say, 'upon any Occurrence of that Nature, which I 'can give you a Sense of, though I cannot ex-'press it wholly, I am all over Softness, and am 'obliged to retire, and give Way to a few Sighs 'and Tears, before I can be easy. I cannot but 'recommend the Subject of Male Widowhood to 'you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first 'Opportunity. To those who have not lived like 'Husbands during the Lives of their Spouses, 'this would be a tasteless Jumble of Words; 'but to such (of whom there are not a few) who 'have enjoyed that State with the Sentiments 'proper for it, you will have every Line, which 'hits the Sorrow, attended with a Tear of Pity 'and Consolation. For I know not by what Good-'ness of Providence it is, that every Gush of 'Passion is a step towards the Relief of it; and 'there is a certain Comfort in the very Act of Sor-'rowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret 'Consciousness in the Mind, that the Affliction 'it is under flows from a virtuous Cause. My 'Concern is not indeed so outragious as at the first 'Transport; for I think it has subsided rather 'into a soberer State of Mind, than any actual 'Perturbation of Spirit. There might be Rules 'formed for Men's Behaviour on this great Inci-'dent, to bring them from that Misfortune into the 'Condition I am at present; which is, I think, 'that my Sorrow has converted all Roughness of 'Temper into Meekness, Good-nature, and Com-'placency: But indeed, when in a serious and 'lonely Hour I present my departed Consort to 'my Imagination, with that Air of Perswasion in 'her Countenance when I have been in Passion, 'that sweet Affability when I have been in good 'Humour, that tender Compassion when I have 'had any thing which gave me Uneasiness; I 'confess to you I am inconsolable, and my Eyes 'gush with Grief as if I had seen her but just then 'expire. In this Condition I am broken in upon 'by a charming young Woman, my Daughter, 'who is the Picture of what her Mother was on 'her Wedding-Day. The good Girl strives to 'comfort me; but how shall I let you know that 'all the Comfort she gives me is to make my Tears 'flow more easily? The Child knows she quick-'ens my Sorrows, and rejoices my Heart at the 'same Time. Oh, ye Learned! tell me by what 'Word to speak a Motion of the Soul, for which 'there is no name. When she kneels and bids 'me be comforted, she is my Child; when I take 'her in my Arms, and bid her say no more, she is 'my very Wife, and is the very Comforter I 'lament the Loss of. I banish her the Room, and 'weep aloud that I have lost her Mother, and that 'I have her.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, I wish it were possible for 'you to have a Sense of these pleasing Perplex-'ities; you might communicate to the guilty part 'of Mankind, that they are incapable of the 'Happiness which is in the very Sorrows of the 'Virtuous.

[1] Essay concerning Human Understanding, Bk. III. ch. vi. § 12.

[2] Job xvii. 14.

[3] The Mr. Francham who wrote this letter was of Norwich, whence it is dated.

'But pray spare me a little longer; give me 'Leave to tell you the Manner of her Death. She 'took leave of all her Family, and bore the vain 'Application of Medicines with the greatest 'Patience imaginable. When the Physician told 'her she must certainly die, she desired, as well 'as she could, that all who were present, except 'my self, might depart the Room. She said she 'had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I 'knew all she knew that concerned us in this 'World; but she desired to be alone, that in the 'presence of God only she might, without Inter-'ruption, do her last Duty to me, of thanking 'me for all my Kindness to her; adding, that she 'hoped in my last Moments I should feel the 'same Comfort for my Goodness to her, as she 'did in that she had acquitted herself with 'Honour, Truth and Virtue to me.

'I curb my self, and will not tell you that this 'Kindness cut my Heart in twain, when I ex-'pected an Accusation for some passionate Starts 'of mine, in some Parts of our Time together, to 'say nothing, but thank me for the Good, if there 'was any Good suitable to her own Excellence! 'All that I had ever said to her, all the Circum-'stances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded 'upon my Mind in the same Instant; and 'when immediately after I saw the Pangs of 'Death come upon that dear Body which I had 'often embraced with Transport, when I saw 'those cherishing Eyes begin to be ghastly, and 'their last Struggle to be to fix themselves on me, 'how did I lose all patience? She expired in my 'Arms, and in my Distraction I thought I saw 'her Bosom still heave. There was certainly Life 'yet still left; I cried she just now spoke to me: 'But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved 'about me from the Distemper of my own Head; 'for the best of Women was breathless, and gone 'for ever.

'Now the Doctrine I would, methinks, have 'you raise from this Account I have given you is, 'That there is a certain Equanimity in those who 'are good and just, which runs into their very 'Sorrow, and disappoints the Force of it. Though 'they must pass through Afflictions in common 'with all who are in human Nature, yet their 'conscious Integrity shall undermine their Afflic-'tion; nay, that very Affliction shall add Force 'to their Integrity, from a Reflection of the Use of 'Virtue in the Hour of Affliction. I sat down 'with a Design to put you upon giving us Rules 'how to overcome such Griefs as these, but I 'should rather advise you to teach Men to be capa-'ble of them.

'You Men of Letters have what you call the 'fine Taste in their Apprehensions of what is 'properly done or said: There is something like 'this deeply grafted in the Soul of him who is 'honest and faithful in all his Thoughts and 'Actions. Every thing which is false, vicious or 'unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the 'World should approve it. At the same time he 'has the most lively Sensibility in all Enjoyments 'and Sufferings which it is proper for him to have, 'where any Duty of Life is concerned. To want 'Sorrow when you in Decency and Truth should 'be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater Instance 'of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not to know 'the Beauty of any Passage in *Virgil*. You 'have not yet observed, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, that 'the fine Gentlemen of this Age set up for Hard-'ness of Heart, and Humanity has very little 'share in their Pretences. He is a brave Fellow 'who is always ready to kill a Man he hates, 'but he does not stand in the same Degree of 'Esteem who laments for the Woman he loves. I 'should fancy you might work up a thousand 'pretty Thoughts, by reflecting upon the Persons 'most susceptible of the sort of Sorrow I have 'spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon 'Examination, that they are the wisest and 'the bravest of Mankind who are most capable 'of it.

I am,

Norwich, 7° Octobris, 1712. *SIR, Your most humble Servant,* F. J. T.

No. 521.] *Tuesday, October* 28, 1712. [*Steele.*

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.—P. Arb.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many Years loud in this 'Assertion, That there are very few that can 'see or hear, I mean that can report what they 'have seen or heard; and this thro' Incapacity or 'Prejudice, one of which disables almost every 'Man who talks to you from representing things 'as he ought. For which Reason I am come to a 'Resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I 'contemn the Men given to Narration under the 'Appellation of a Matter of Fact Man: And 'according to me, a Matter of Fact Man is one 'whose Life and Conversation is spent in the Re-'port of what is not Matter of Fact.

'I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here, 'there was no knowing his Height or Figure, till 'you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, gave the Publick Satis-'faction in that Matter. In Relations, the Force 'of the Expression lies very often more in the 'Look, the Tone of Voice, or the Gesture, than 'the Words themselves; which being repeated in 'any other Manner by the Undiscerning, bear a 'very different Interpretation from their original 'Meaning. I must confess, I formerly have 'turn'd this Humour of mine to very good Account; 'for whenever I heard any Narration utter'd with 'extraordinary Vehemence, and grounded upon 'considerable Authority, I was always ready to 'lay any Wager that it was not so. Indeed I 'never pretended to be so rash, as to fix the 'Matter in any particular Way in Opposition to 'theirs; but as there are a hundred Ways of any 'thing happening, besides that it has happen'd, I 'only controverted its falling out in that one 'Manner as they settled it, and left it to the 'Ninety nine other Ways, and consequently had 'more Probability of Success. I had arrived at a 'particular skill in warming a Man so far in his 'Narration, as to make him throw in a little of 'the Marvelous, and then, if he has much Fire,

'the next Degree is the Impossible. Now this is 'always the Time for fixing the Wager. But this 'requires the nicest Management, otherwise very 'probably the Dispute may arise to the old De-'termination by Battle. In these Conceits I have 'been very fortunate, and have won some Wagers 'of those who have professedly valued themselves 'upon Intelligence, and have put themselves to 'great Charge and Expence to be misinformed 'considerably sooner than the Rest of the World.

'Having got a comfortable Sum by this my 'Opposition to publick Report, I have brought 'my self now to so great a Perfection in Inatten-'tion, more especially to Party Relations, that at 'the same time I seem with greedy Ears to devour 'up the Discourse, I certainly don't know one 'Word of it, but pursue my own Course of 'Thought, whether upon Business or Amuse-'ment, with much Tranquility: I say Inattention, 'because a late Act of Parliament has secur'd all 'Party-Lyars from the Penalty of a Wager,[1] 'and consequently made it unprofitable to attend 'them. However, good Breeding obliges a Man 'to maintain the Figure of the keenest Attention, 'the true Posture of which in a Coffee-house I 'take to consist in leaning over a Table, with the 'Edge of it pressing hard upon your Stomach; 'for the more Pain the Narration is received 'with, the more gracious is your bending over: 'Besides that the Narrator thinks you forget 'your Pain by the Pleasure of hearing him.

'Fort *Knock* has occasioned several very per-'plexed and inelegant Heats and Animosities; 'and there was one t'other day in a Coffee-house 'where I was, that took upon him to clear that 'Business to me, for he said he was there. I 'knew him to be that sort of Man that had not 'strength of Capacity to be inform'd of any thing 'that depended merely upon his being an Eye-'Witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he 'could give me no Information, for the very same 'Reason he believed he could, for he was there. 'However, I heard him with the same Greediness 'as *Shakespear* describes in the following Lines:

'*I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus,*
'*With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News.*

'I confess of late I have not been so much 'amazed at the Declaimers in Coffee-houses as I 'formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to 'be rewarded for their Vociferations. Of these 'Liars there are two Sorts. The Genius of the 'first consists in much Impudence and a strong 'Memory; the others have added to these Quali-'fications a good Understanding and smooth Lan-'guage. These therefore have only certain 'Heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they 'can, and may be call'd Embellishers; the others 'repeat only what they hear from others as literally 'as their Parts or Zeal will permit, and are called 'Reciters. Here was a Fellow in Town some 'Years ago, who used to divert himself by telling 'a Lie at *Charing-Cross* in the Morning at eight of [the] Clock, and then following it through all 'Parts of the Town till eight at Night; at which 'time he came to a Club of his Friends, and di-'verted them with an Account what Censure it 'had at *Will's* in *Covent-Garden*, how dangerous 'it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what In-'ference they drew from it with Relation to Stocks 'at *Jonathan's*. I have had the Honour to travel 'with this Gentleman I speak of in Search of one 'of his Falshoods; and have been present when 'they have described the very Man they have 'spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or 'short, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Ragga-'muffin, according as they liked the Intelligence. 'I have heard one of our ingenious Writers of 'News say, that when he has had a Customer 'come with an Advertisement of an Apprentice 'or a Wife run away, he has desired the Adver-'tiser to compose himself a little, before he dic-'tated the Description of the Offender: For when 'a Person is put into a publick Paper by a Man 'who is angry with him, the real Description of 'such Person is hid in the Deformity with which 'the angry Man described him; therefore this 'Fellow always made his Customers describe him 'as he would the Day before he offended, or else 'he was sure he would never find him out. These 'and many other Hints I could suggest to you 'for the Elucidation of all Fictions; but I leave 'it to your own Sagacity to improve or neglect 'this Speculation.

I am, SIR,
Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant.

Postscript *to the* Spectator, *Number* 502.

N. B. *There are in the Play of the* Self-Tormentor *of* Terence's, *which is allowed a most excellent Comedy, several Incidents which would draw Tears from any Man of Sense, and not one which would move his Laughter.* T.

[1] By 7 Anne, cap. 17, all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared void.

No. 522.] *Wednesday, October* 29, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum,
Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos
omneis homines.
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores:
valeant
Qui inter nos dissidium volunt: hanc, nisi mors,
Mi adimet nemo.—Ter.

I SHOULD esteem my self a very happy Man, if my Speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the Conduct of my Readers in one of the most important Affairs of Life, to wit their Choice in Marriage. This State is the Foundation of Community, and the chief Band of Society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on Subjects which may give Light to my unmarried Readers, in a particular which is so essential to their following Happiness or Misery. A virtuous Disposition, a good Understanding, an agreeable Person, and an easy Fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this Occasion. Because my present View is to

direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female Reader. The Advantages, as I was going to say, of Sense, Beauty and Riches, are what are certainly the chief Motives to a prudent young Woman of Fortune for changing her Condition; but as she is to have her Eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself whether the Man who has most of these Recommendations in the Lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent Talents, with a moderate Estate, and an agreeable Person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good Faculties may purchase Riches, but Riches cannot purchase worthy Endowments. I do not mean that Wit, and a Capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon Good-nature and Humanity. There are many ingenious Men, whose Abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy: Such are those who are far gone in the Pleasures of the Town, who cannot support Life without quick Sensations and gay Reflections, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reason, and a calm Motion of Spirits without Transport or Dejection. These ingenious Men, of all Men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in [a [1]] Husband. They are immediately sated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new Acquisitions of Beauty, to pass away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life; for with them every Hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of Man of Wit and Sense, that can reflect upon his own Make, and that of his Partner, with the Eyes of Reason and Honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the Woman (who chose him to be under his Protection in Sickness and Health) with the utmost Gratitude, whether from that Moment she is shining or defective in Person or Mind: I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with Good-nature the Failings of those who love them, and who always think those the Objects of Love and Pity, who came to their Arms the Objects of Joy and Admiration.

Of this latter sort is *Lysander*, a Man of Wit, Learning, Sobriety and Good-nature, of Birth and Estate below no Woman to accept, and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present Wishes, his Mistress rais'd his Fortune, but not that she made it. When a Woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall chuse of many near each other in other Pretensions, certainly he of best Understanding is to be preferr'd. Life hangs heavily in the repeated Conversation of one who has no Imagination to be fired at the several Occasions and Objects which come before him, or who cannot Strike out of his Reflections new Paths of pleasing Discourse. Honest *Will Thrash* and his Wife, tho' not married above four Months, have scarce had a Word to say to each other this six weeks; and one cannot form to one's self a sillier Picture, than these two Creatures in solemn Pomp and Plenty unable to enjoy their Fortunes, and at a full stop among a Crowd of Servants, to whose Taste of Life they are beholden for the little Satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in Being. The Hours of the Day, the Distinctions of Noon and Night, Dinner and Supper, are the greatest Notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the Life of a very modest Woman, joined to dull Fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the Commerce with an ingenious Companion too high, to say that every new Accident or Object which comes into such a Gentleman's way, gives his Wife new Pleasures and Satisfactions. The Approbation of his Words and Actions is a continual new Feast to her, nor can she enough applaud her good Fortune in having her Life varied every hour, her Mind more improv'd, and her Heart more glad from every Circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his Invention in forming new Pleasures and Amusements, and make the Fortune she has brought him subservient to the Honour and Reputation of her and hers. A Man of Sense who is thus oblig'd, is ever contriving the Happiness of her who did him so great a Distinction; while the Fool is ungrateful without Vice, and never returns a Favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for my self, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so: His Conscience should be of my side, whatever became of his Inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid Choice which has been made by those who have the Care of young Women, that the Marriage State it self has been liable to so much Ridicule. But a well-chosen Love, mov'd by Passion on both sides, and perfected by the Generosity of one Party, must be adorn'd with so many handsome Incidents on the other side, that every particular Couple would be an example in many Circumstances to all the rest of the Species. I shall end the Chat upon this Subject with a couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of Bargaining on these Occasions; and the other from his Rival, who has a less Estate, but great Gallantry of Temper. As for my Man of Prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a Father, and laying aside the Passion, comes to the Reason of the Thing.

Madam,

'My Counsel [1] has perused the Inventory of your 'Estate, and consider'd what Estate you have, 'which it seems is only yours, and to the Male 'Heirs of your Body; but, in Default of such 'Issue, to the right Heirs of your Uncle *Edward* 'for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advis'd you can-'not (the Remainder not being in you) dock the 'Entail; by which means my Estate, which is 'Fee-Simple, will come by the Settlement pro-'pos'd to your Children begotten by me, whether 'they are Males or Females; but my Children 'begotten upon you will not inherit your Lands, 'except I beget a Son. Now, Madam, since things 'are so, you are a Woman of that Prudence, and

[1] [an] and in first reprint.

[1] Spelt Council in the first issue and first reprint.

'understand the World so well, as not to expect 'I should give you more than you can give me.

I am, Madam,
(with great Respect)
Your most obedient humble Servant,
T. W.

The other Lover's Estate is less than this Gentleman's, but he express'd himself as follows.

Madam,

'I have given in my Estate to your Counsel,[1] 'and desired my own Lawyer to insist upon no 'Terms which your Friends can propose for your 'certain Ease and Advantage: For indeed I 'have no notion of making Difficulties of present-'ing you with what cannot make me happy with-'out you.

I am, Madam,
Your most devoted humble Servant,
B. T.

You must know the Relations have met upon this, and the Girl being mightily taken with the latter Epistle, she is laugh'd out, and Uncle *Edward* is to be dealt with to make her a suitable Match to the worthy Gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make use of the first light Night to show *B. T.* she understands a Marriage is not to be considered as a common Bargain. T.

No. 523.] *Thursday, October* 30, 1712. [*Addison.*

———*Nunc augur Apollo,*
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres Divûm fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor——— Virg.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising Genius among my Countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late Miscellany published by Mr. *Pope*,[2] in which there are many excellent Compositions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a Poem that is just publish'd *on the Prospect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with such a Reward from its Patrons, as so noble a Performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the Author had not amused himself with Fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of [this[1]] nature, he alludes to it only as to a Fable.

Many of our Modern Authors, whose Learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, do not know how to celebrate a Great Man, without mixing a parcel of School-Boy Tales with the Recital of his Actions. If you read a Poem on a fine Woman, among the Authors of this Class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, that on the Party concerned. I have known a Copy of Verses on a great Hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful Passages, the Admirer of it has repeated to me a Speech of *Apollo*, or a Description of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have search'd for the Actions of a great Man, who gave a Subject to the Writer, I have been entertained with the Exploits of a River-God, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous Progress, from one end of the Poem to the other. When we are at School it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the System of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a Theme, or point an Epigram with an Heathen God; but when we would write a manly Panegyrick, that should carry in it all the Colours of Truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No Thought is beautiful which is not just, and no Thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In Mock-Heroick Poems, the Use of the Heathen Mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the Design of such Compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous Machines of the Ancients to low Subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of Machinery in modern Writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a Necessity of admitting these Classical Legends into our serious Compositions, in order to give them a more Poetical Turn; I would recommend to their Consideration the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impossible for this Kind of Poetry to have subsisted without Fawns and Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs, and Water-Nymphs, with all the Tribe of rural Deities. But we see he has given a new Life, and a more natural Beauty to this way of Writing by substituting in the place of these Antiquated Fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the Shepherds of our own Country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their Heroes, by interweaving the Actions of Deities with their Atchievements; but for a Christian Author to write in the Pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a Favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a Correspondence between *Bellona* and the Marshal *de Villars*, would be downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past Sixteen. It is want of sufficient Elevation in a Genius to describe Realities, and place them in a shining Light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated Fables; as a Man may write a fine Description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does

[1] Spelt Council in the first issue and first reprint.

[2] In this year, 1712, Bernard Lintot, having observed the success of Tonson's volumes of Miscellanies, produced a Miscellany edited by Pope (now 24 years old), and containing the first sketch of his 'Rape of the Lock,' translations from Statius and Ovid, and other pieces. Addison's delight with the discovery of rising genius leads him to dispose in a sentence of 'that ingenious gentle-'man' who had just published a 'Rape of the 'Lock,' and proceed to warm praise of his personal friends, Thomas Tickell and Ambrose Philips. In his Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal on the Prospect of Peace, Tickell invites Strafford to 'One hour, oh! listen while the 'Muses sing.'

[1] [that]

not know how to draw the Character of any of his Contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd Practice, I shall publish the following Edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial Authority with which I stand invested.

'Whereas the Time of a General Peace is, 'in all appearance, drawing near, being inform'd 'that there are several ingenious Persons who 'intend to shew their Talents on so happy 'an Occasion, and being willing, as much as in 'me lies, to prevent that Effusion of Nonsense, 'which we have good Cause to apprehend; I do 'hereby strictly require every Person, who shall 'write on this Subject, to remember that he is a 'Christian, and not to Sacrifice his Catechism to 'his Poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him 'in the first place, to make his own Poem, without 'depending upon *Phœbus* for any part of it, or 'calling out for Aid upon any one of the Muses 'by Name. I do likewise positively forbid the 'sending of *Mercury* with any particular Message 'or Dispatch relating to the Peace, and shall by 'no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon her the 'Shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this 'Great Work. I do further declare, that I shall 'not allow the Destinies to have had an hand in 'the Deaths of the several thousands who have 'been slain in the late War, being of opinion that 'all such Deaths may be very well accounted for by 'the Christian System of Powder and Ball. I 'do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the 'Thread of Man's Life upon any pretence what-'soever, unless it be for the sake of the Rhyme. 'And whereas I have good Reason to fear, that '*Neptune* will have a great deal of Business on 'his Hands, in several Poems which we may now 'suppose are upon the Anvil, I do also prohibit 'his Appearance, unless it be done in Metaphor, 'Simile, or any very short Allusion, and that even 'here he be not permitted to enter, but with great 'Caution and Circumspection. I desire that the 'same Rule may be extended to his whole Fra-'ternity of Heathen Gods, it being my design to 'condemn every Poem to the Flames in which *Ju-'piter* Thunders, or exercises any other Act of Au-'thority which does not belong to him: In short, 'I expect that no Pagan Agent shall be introduc'd, 'or any Fact related which a Man cannot give 'Credit to with a good Conscience. Provided 'always, that nothing herein contained shall ex-'tend, or be construed to extend, to several of the 'Female Poets in this Nation, who shall be still left 'in full Possession of their Gods and Goddesses, 'in the same manner as if this Paper had never 'been written. O.

No. 524.] *Friday, October* 31, 1712. [[1]

Nos populo damus——— Sen.

WHEN I first of all took it in my Head to write Dreams and Visions, I determin'd to Print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own Invention. But several laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me Works of this Nature, which, for their Reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my Hands, my Book of Speculations would have been little else but a Book of Visions. Some of my Correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an Excuse for their not being in a Capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not past Fifteen. I have likewise by me the Dream of a Person of Quality, and another called the Lady's Dream. In these, and other Pieces of the same nature, it is suppos'd the usual Allowances will be made to the Age, Condition and Sex of the Dreamer. To prevent this Inundation of Dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams, the Advice which *Epictetus* has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise Precept. *Never tell thy Dreams*, says that Philosopher, *for tho' thou thy self may'st take a Pleasure in telling thy Dream, another will take no Pleasure in hearing it.* After this short Preface, I must do Justice to two or three Visions which I have lately publish'd, and which I have owned to have been written by other Hands. I shall add a Dream to these, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himself of that Country, and for all I know may be second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the Spirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the same time a certain Sublime, which that Author was never master of. I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the Taste of all my popular Readers, and amuse the Imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last Dream which I intend to publish this Season.

SIR,

'I was last *Sunday* in the Evening led into a 'serious Reflection on the Reasonableness of 'Virtue, and great Folly of Vice, from an ex-'cellent Sermon I had heard that Afternoon in 'my Parish-Church. Among other Observations, 'the Preacher shew'd us that the Temptations 'which the Tempter propos'd, were all on a Sup-'position, that we are either Madmen or Fools, 'or with an Intention to render us such; that in 'no other Affair we would suffer ourselves to be 'thus imposed upon, in a Case so plainly and 'clearly against our visible Interest. His illus-'trations and Arguments carried so much Per-'suasion and Conviction with them, that they re-'mained a considerable while fresh, and working

[1] The dream in this Paper is taken to have been the joint production of Alexander Dunlop, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, and a Mr. Montgomery, who traded to Sweden, and of whom it is hinted that he disordered his wits by falling in love with Queen Christina. Alexander Dunlop, born (1684) in America, where his father was an exile till the Revolution, as Greek Professor at Glasgow, published a Grammar, which was used for many years in Scottish Universities. He died in 1742.

'in my Memory; till at last the Mind, fatigued 'with Thought, gave way to the forcible Oppres- 'sions of Slumber and Sleep, whilst Fancy, un- 'willing yet to drop the Subject, presented me 'with the following Vision.

'Methought I was just awoke out of a Sleep, 'that I could never remember the beginning of; 'the Place where I found my self to be, was a 'wide and spacious Plain, full of People that 'wandered up and down through several beaten 'Paths, whereof some few were strait, and in 'direct lines, but most of them winding and turn- 'ing like a Labyrinth; but yet it appear'd to me 'afterwards, that these last all met in one Issue, 'so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary 'Courses, did at length meet and face one another, 'to the no little Amazement of many of them.

'In the midst of the Plain there was a great 'Fountain: They called it the Spring of *Self-* '*Love*; out of it issued two Rivulets to the East- 'ward and Westward, the Name of the first was '*Heavenly-Wisdom*, its Water was wonderfully 'clear, but of a yet more wonderful Effect; 'the other's Name was *Worldly-Wisdom*, its 'Water was thick, and yet far from dormant or 'stagnating, for it was in a continual violent Agi- 'tation; which kept the Travellers whom I shall 'mention by and by, from being sensible of the 'Foulness and Thickness of the Water; which 'had this Effect, that it intoxicated those who 'drunk it, and made 'em mistake every Object 'that lay before them: both Rivulets were parted 'near their Springs into so many others, as there 'were strait and crooked Paths, which they at- 'tended all along to their respective Issues.

'I observ'd from the several Paths many now 'and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise 'qualify themselves for their Journey, to the 'respective Rivulets that ran near them; they 'contracted a very observable Courage and 'Steadiness in what they were about, by drinking 'these Waters. At the end of the Perspective of 'every strait Path, all which did end in one Issue 'and Point, appeared a high Pillar, all of Diamond, 'casting Rays as bright as those of the Sun into 'the Paths; which Rays had also certain sympathiz- 'ing and alluring Virtues in them, so that whosoever 'had made some considerable progress in his 'Journey onwards towards the Pillar, by the re- 'peated impression of these Rays upon him, was 'wrought into an habitual Inclination and Con- 'version of his Sight towards it, so that it grew at 'last in a matter natural to him to look and gaze 'upon it, whereby he was kept steddy in the strait 'Paths, which alone led to that radiant Body, the 'beholding of which was now grown a Gratifi- 'cation to his Nature.

'At the Issue of the crooked Paths there was a 'great black Tower, out of the Centre of which 'streamed a long Succession of Flames, which did 'rise even above the Clouds; it gave a very great 'Light to the whole Plain, which did sometimes 'outshine the Light, and oppress the Beams of the 'Adamantine Pillar; *tho'* by the Observation I 'made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for 'any Diminution of Light, but that this lay in the 'Travellers, who would sometimes step out of the 'strait Paths, where they lost the full Prospect 'of the Radiant Pillar, and saw it but side-ways: 'but the great Light from the black Tower, which 'was somewhat particularly scorching to them, 'would generally light and hasten them to their 'proper Climate again.

'Round about the black Tower there were, 'methoughts, many thousands of huge mis-shapen 'ugly Monsters; these had great Nets, which 'they were perpetually plying and casting towards 'the crooked Paths, and they would now and then 'catch up those that were nearest to them: these 'they took up streight, and whirled over the 'Walls into the flaming Tower, and they were no 'more seen nor heard of.

'They would sometimes cast their Nets towards 'the right Paths to catch the Stragglers, whose 'Eyes for want of frequent drinking at the Brook 'that ran by them grew dim, whereby they lost 'their way; these would sometimes very narrowly 'miss being catched away, but I could not hear 'whether any of these had ever been so unfortun- 'ate, that had been before very hearty in the 'strait Paths.

'I considered all these strange Sights with great 'Attention, till at last I was interrupted by a 'Cluster of the Travellers in the crooked Paths, 'who came up to me, bid me go along with them, 'and presently fell to singing and dancing; they 'took me by the Hand, and so carried me away 'along with them. After I had follow'd them a 'considerable while, I perceiv'd I had lost the 'black Tower of Light, at which I greatly won- 'der'd; but as I looked and gazed round about 'me, and saw nothing, I begun to fancy my first 'Vision had been but a Dream, and there was no 'such thing in reality: but then I consider'd, that 'if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as 'well have an Illusion wrought on me at present, 'and not see what was really before me. I was 'very much confirmed in this Thought, by the Ef- 'fect I then just observ'd the Water of *Worldly-* '*Wisdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a 'little of it again, I felt a very sensible Effect in 'my Head; methought it distracted and dis- 'order'd all there: this made me stop of a sudden, 'suspecting some Charm or Inchantment. As I 'was casting about within my self what I should 'do, and whom to apply to in this Case, I spy'd 'at some distance off me a Man beckning, and 'making signs to me to come over to him. I 'cry'd to him, *I did not know the Way.* He 'then called to me audibly, to step at least out of 'the Path I was in; for if I staid there any longer 'I was in danger to be catched in a great Net 'that was just hanging over me, and ready to 'catch me up; that he wonder'd I was so blind, 'or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and 'visible a Danger; assuring me, that as soon as I 'was out of that Way, he would come to me to 'lead me into a more secure Path. This I did, 'and he brought me his Palm full of the Water of '*Heavenly-Wisdom*, which was of very great use 'to me, for my Eyes were streight cleared, and I 'saw the great black Tower just before me; but 'the great Net which I spy'd so near me, cast me 'in such a Terror, that I ran back as far as I could 'in one Breath, without looking behind me: then 'my Benefactor *thus* bespoke me, You have made

'the wonderful'st Escape in the World, the Water 'you used to drink is of a bewitching Nature, you 'would else have been mightily shocked at the 'Deformities and Meanness of the Place; for be-'side the Set of blind Fools, in whose Company 'you was, you may now observe many others who 'are only bewitched after another no less danger-'ous manner. Look a little that way, there goes 'a Crowd of Passengers, they have indeed so 'good a Head, as not to suffer themselves to be 'blinded by this bewitching Water; the black 'Tower is not vanished out of their sight, they 'see it whenever they look up to it; but see how 'they go side-ways, and with their Eyes down-'wards, as if they were mad, that they may thus 'rush into the Net, without being beforehand 'troubled at the Thought of so miserable a De-'struction. Their Wills are so perverse, and their 'Hearts so fond of the Pleasures of the Place, 'that rather than forgo them they will run all 'Hazards, and venture upon all the Miseries and 'Woes before them.

'See there that other Company, tho' they should 'drink none of the bewitching Water, yet they 'take a Course bewitching and deluding; see how 'they chuse the crookedest Paths, whereby they 'have often the black Tower behind them, and 'sometimes see the radiant Column side-ways, 'which gives them some weak Glimpse of it. 'These Fools content themselves with that, not 'knowing whether any other have any more of its 'Influence and Light than themselves: this Road 'is called that of *Superstition* or *Human Inven-'tion;* they grossly over-look that which the 'Rules and Laws of the Place prescribe to them, 'and contrive some other Scheme and Set of Di-'rections and Prescriptions for themselves, which 'they hope will serve their turn. He shewed me 'many other kind of Fools, which put me quite 'out of humour with the Place. At last he carried 'me to the right Paths, where I found true and 'solid Pleasure, which entertained me all the way, 'till we came in closer sight of the Pillar, where 'the Satisfaction increased to that measure that 'my Faculties were not able to contain it; in the 'straining of them I was violently waked, not a 'little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a 'Dream.

Glascow, Sept. 29.

No. 525.] *Saturday, Nov.* 1, 1712. [*John Hughes.*

Ὀδ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν —— Eurip.

IT is my Custom to take [frequent] Opportunities of enquiring from time to time, what Success my Speculations meet with in the Town. I am glad to find in particular, that my Discourses on Marriage have been well received. A Friend of mine gives me to understand, from *Doctors-Commons*, that more Licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty Fellows, who have resolved to commence Heads of Families by the first favourable Opportunity: One of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the Bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my Hand (as I now do) that a Man may shew his Face in good Company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a Woman with Kindness, who puts herself into his Power for Life.

I have other Letters on this Subject, which say that I am attempting to make a Revolution in the World of Gallantry, and that the Consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest Wit and Satyr of the last Age will be lost. That a bashful Fellow, upon changing his Condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the Raillery of his facetious Companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an Heiress of her Fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the [ridiculous[1]] Name of a fond Husband.

Indeed if I may speak my Opinion of great part of the Writings which once prevail'd among us under the Notion of Humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an Association among the Wits of those times to rally Legitimacy out of our Island. A State of Wedlock was the common Mark for all the Adventurers in Farce and Comedy, as well as the Essayers in Lampoon and Satyr, to shoot at, and nothing was a more standing Jest in all Clubs of fashionable Mirth, and gay Conversation. It was determined among those airy Criticks, that the Appellation of a *Sober Man* should signify a *Spiritless Fellow.* And I am apt to think it was about the same Time, that *Good-Nature*, a Word so peculiarly elegant in our Language that some have affirmed it cannot well be expressed in any other, came first to be render'd suspicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original Sense to so distant an Idea as that of *Folly.*

I must confess it has been my Ambition, in the course of my Writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper Ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the Subject of Marriage, in several Papers, I shall here add some further Observations which occur to me on the same Head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine Gentlemen, so indispensable an Ornament in fashionable Life, as Love. *A Knight Errant,* says *Don Quixot, without a Mistress, is like a Tree without Leaves;* and a Man of Mode among us, who has not some Fair One to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed, without his Periwig. We have Lovers in Prose innumerable. All our Pretenders to Rhyme are professed Inamorato's; and there is scarce a Poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed *Sacharissa* to improve his Vein.

If Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal Love* must be certainly so in a much higher Degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous Affectation of attracting the Eyes of Women with whom you are only captivated by Way of Amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their Features, and a regular and uni-

[1] [scandalous]

form Endeavour to make your self valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the Companion of your Life. The first is the Spring of a thousand Fopperies, silly Artifices, Falshoods, and perhaps Barbarities; or at best arises no higher than to a kind of Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Person a more sparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of substantial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Passion of Love to a Mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the Flame of a Fever; that to a Wife is like the Vital Heat.

I have often thought, if the Letters written by Men of Good-nature to their Wives, were to be compared with those written by Men of Gallantry to their Mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any Inequality of Style, would appear to have the Advantage. Friendship, Tenderness and Constancy, drest in a Simplicity of Expression, recommend themselves by a more native Elegance, than passionate Raptures, extravagant Encomiums, and slavish Adoration. If we were admitted to search the Cabinet of the beautiful *Narcissa*, among Heaps of Epistles from several Admirers, which are there preserv'd with equal Care, how few should we find but would make any one Sick in the Reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a Style must the wise *Benevolus*, who converses with that good Sense and good Humour among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmost Affection? *Benevolus*, both in Publick and Private, on all Occasions of Life, appears to have every good Quality and desirable Ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an habitual Complacency, which shines in his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and seasons his Conversation: Even those of his Acquaintance, who have never seen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in the Happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of Husbands, that he is the most stedfast of Friends, and the most agreeable of Companions.

There is a sensible Pleasure in contemplating such beautiful Instances of Domestick Life. The Happiness of the Conjugal State appears heighten'd to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two Persons of accomplished Minds, not only united in the same Interests and Affections, but in their Taste of the same Improvements, Pleasures and Diversions. *Pliny*, one of the finest Gentlemen, and politest Writers of the Age in which he lived, has left us, in his Letter to *Hispulla*, his Wife's Aunt, one of the most agreeable Family-Pieces of this Kind I have ever met with. I shall end this Discourse with a Translation of it; and I believe the Reader will be of my opinion, that *Conjugal Love* is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue.

PLINY *to* HISPULLA.[1]

'As I remember the great Affection which was 'between you and your excellent Brother, and 'know you love his Daughter as your own, so as 'not only to express the Tenderness of the best 'of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of 'Fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you 'to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, 'worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors. 'Her Ingenuity is admirable: her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of 'her Virtue; and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquir'd from 'her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, 'studies them, and even gets them by heart. 'You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when 'I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews 'when it is over. She finds means to have the 'first News brought her of the Success I meet 'with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree 'is made. If I recite any thing in publick, she 'cannot refrain from placing her self privately in 'some Corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes 'she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with 'the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the 'best of Instructors. From these Instances I take 'the most certain Omens of our perpetual and 'encreasing Happiness; since our Affection is not 'founded on my Youth and Person, which must 'gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. 'Nor indeed could less be expected from one who 'had the Happiness to receive her Education 'from you, who in your House was accustomed 'to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and 'even began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleased from my 'Infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly 'to presage I should be one day what my Wife 'fancies I am. Accept therefore our united 'Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on 'me, and hers, that you have given me to her, 'as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.

[1] Bk iv. ep. 19.

No. 526.] *Monday, November* 3, 1712. [*Steele.*

—*Fortius utere Loris.*—Ovid.

I AM very loth to come to Extremities with the young Gentlemen mention'd in the following Letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own Hand, till I am forc'd by Provocations too great to be suffer'd without the absolute Destruction of my Spectatorial Dignity. The Crimes of these Offenders are placed under the Observation of one of my chief Officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the Pass between *London* and *Westminster*. As I have great Confidence in the Capacity, Resolution and Integrity of the Person deputed by me to give an Account of Enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper Notices which are requisite for the Amendment of Manners in Publick, and the Instruction of each Individual of the Human Species in what is due from him, in respect to the whole Body of

Mankind. The present Paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned Letter, and the Copy of a Deputation which I have given to my trusty Friend Mr. *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my Animadversion upon the Delinquents mentioned by my Correspondent, as well as all others described in the said Deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must 'call you

'*Dear Dumb*,

'Being got again to the farther End of the '*Widow's* Coffee-house, I shall from hence give you 'some account of the Behaviour of our Hackney-'Coachmen since my last. These indefatigable 'Gentlemen, without the least Design, I dare say, of 'Self-Interest or Advantage to themselves, do still 'ply as Volunteers Day and Night for the Good 'of their Country. I will not trouble you with 'enumerating many Particulars, but I must by 'no means omit to inform you of an Infant about 'six foot high, and between twenty and thirty 'Years of Age, who was seen in the Arms of a 'Hackney Coach-man driving by *Will's* Coffee-'house in *Covent-Garden*, between the Hours of 'four and five in the Afternoon of that very Day, 'wherein you publish'd a Memorial against them. 'This impudent young Cur, tho' he could not sit 'in a Coach-box without holding, yet would he 'venture his Neck to bid defiance to your Specta-'torial Authority, or to any thing that you coun-'tenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard 'this Relation this Morning from a Gentleman 'who was an Eye-Witness of this his Impudence; 'and I was willing to take the first opportunity to 'inform you of him, as holding it extremely re-'quisite that you should nip him in the Bud. But 'I am my self most concerned for my Fellow-'Templers, Fellow-Students, and Fellow-Labour-'ers in the Law, I mean such of them as are 'dignified and distinguish'd under the Denomina-'tion of Hackney-Coachmen. Such aspiring 'Minds have these ambitious young Men, that 'they cannot enjoy themselves out of a Coach-'Box. It is however an unspeakable Comfort to 'me, that I can now tell you, that some of them 'are grown so bashful as to study only in the 'Night-time, or in the Country. The other Night 'I spied one of our young Gentlemen very diligent 'at his Lucubrations in *Fleet-Street*; and by the 'way, I should be under some concern, lest this hard 'Student should one time or other crack his Brain 'with studying, but that I am in hopes Nature 'has taken care to fortify him in proportion to 'the great Undertakings he was design'd for. An-'other of my Fellow-Templers, on *Thursday* last, 'was getting up into his Study at the Bottom of '*Grays-Inn-Lane*, in order, I suppose, to contem-'plate in the fresh Air. Now, Sir, my Request 'is, that the great Modesty of these two Gentle-'men may be recorded as a Pattern to the rest; 'and if you would but give them two or three 'Touches with your own Pen, tho' you might 'not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely 'from their Meditations, yet I doubt not but you 'would at least preserve them from being publick 'Spectacles of Folly in our Streets. I say, two or 'three Touches with your own Pen'; for I have 'really observed, Mr. SPEC. that those *Spectators* 'which are so prettily laced down the sides with 'little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do 'not carry with them that Authority as the others. 'I do again therefore desire, that for the sake of 'their dear Necks, you will bestow one Penful of 'your own Ink upon them. I know you are loth 'to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a 'thousand Pities that any young Gentleman, who 'is come of honest Parents, should be brought to 'publick Shame: And indeed I should be glad to 'have them handled a little tenderly at the first; 'but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no 'other Way to reclaim them, but by making use of 'some wholesome Severities; and I think it is 'better that a Dozen or two of such good-for-'nothing Fellows should be made Examples of, 'than that the Reputation of some Hundreds of 'as hopeful young Gentlemen as my self should 'suffer thro' their Folly. It is not, however, for 'me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our 'Coachmen will drive on this Trade, the very 'first of them that I do find meditating in the 'Street, I shall make Bold to take the Number of 'his Chambers, together with a Note of his Name, 'and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise 'him at your own Discretion.

I am, Dear SPEC.

For ever Yours,

Moses Greenbag,

Esq., if you please.

P. S. '*Tom Hammercloth*, one of our Coach-'men, is now pleading at the Bar at the other end 'of the Room, but has a little too much Vehe-'mence, and throws out his Arms too much to 'take his Audience with a good Grace.

To my Loving and Well-beloved John Sly, *Haberdasher of Hats and Tobacconist, between the Cities of* London *and* Westminster.

Whereas frequent Disorders, Affronts, Indignities, Omissions, and Trespasses, for which there are no Remedies by any Form of Law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the Minds of Men, happen near the Place of your Residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious Situation as the good Parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the Observation of the said Offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you from the hours of Nine in the Morning, till Four in the Afternoon, to keep a strict Eye upon all Persons and Things that are convey'd in Coaches, carried in Carts, or walk on Foot from the City of *London* to the City of *Westminster*, or from the City of *Westminster* to the City of *London*, within the said Hours. You are therefore not to depart from your Observatory at the end of *Devereux-Court* during the said space of each Day; but to observe the Behaviour of all Persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on Pebbles to sit at ease in Chariots, what Notice they take of their Foot-Acquaintance, and send me the speediest Advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or

appearing grave and distant to their old Friends. When Man and Wife are in the same Coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due Mein in the Eye of the World between Fondness and Coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have Addition of Honour or Riches, and Report whether they preserve the Countenance they had before such Addition. As to Persons on Foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their Condition, and are dress'd suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heel Shoe, with the decent Ornament of a Leather-Garter: To write down the Name of such Country Gentlemen as, upon the Approach of Peace, have left the Hunting for the Military Cock of the Hat: Of all who strut, make a Noise, and swear at the Drivers of Coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass: Of all young Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, who labour at a Perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the People. You are to do all that in you lies that Coaches and Passengers give way according to the Course of Business, all the Morning in Term-Time towards *Westminster*, the rest of the Year towards the *Exchange*. Upon these Directions, together with other secret Articles herein inclosed, you are to govern your self, and give Advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and spectatorial Hours, when Men of Business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail: Given under my Seal of Office.

T. *The* SPECTATOR.

No. 527.] *Tuesday, November* 4, 1712. [

Facile invenies, et pejorem, et pejus moratam,
Meliorem neque tu reperes, neque sol videt.
Plautus in Sticho.

I AM so tender of my Women-Readers, that I cannot defer the Publication of any thing which concerns their Happiness or Quiet. The Repose of a married Woman is consulted in the first of the following Letters, and the Felicity of a Maiden Lady in the second. I call it a Felicity to have the Addresses of an agreeable Man: and I think I have not any where seen a prettier Application of a Poetical Story than that of his, in making the Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the History-Picture of a Fan in so gallant a manner as he addresses it.[1] But see the Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tis now almost three months since I was in 'Town about some Business; and the Hurry of 'it being over, took Coach one Afternoon, and 'drove to see a Relation, who married about six 'Years ago a wealthy Citizen. I found her at 'home, but her Husband gone to the *Exchange*, 'and expected back within an Hour at the 'farthest. After the usual Salutations of Kindness, and a hundred Questions about Friends in 'the Country, we sat down to Piquet, played two or 'three Games, and drank Tea. I should have 'told you that this was my second time of seeing 'her since Marriage, but before she lived at the 'same Town where I went to School; so that the 'Plea of a Relation, added to the Innocence of 'my Youth, prevailed upon her good Humour to indulge me in a Freedom of Conversation as often, 'and oftner, than the strict Discipline of the 'School would allow of. You may easily imagine 'after such an Acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any Offence, as in calling to 'mind how many Inventions I had been put to in 'deluding the Master, how many Hands forged 'for Excuses, how many times been sick in perfect 'Health; for I was then never sick but at School, 'and only then because out of her Company. 'We had whiled away three Hours after this 'manner, when I found it past Five; and not expecting her Husband would return till late, rose 'up, told her I should go early next Morning for 'the Country: She kindly answered she was 'afraid it would be long before she saw me again; 'so I took my leave and parted. Now, Sir, I had 'not been got home a Fortnight, when I received 'a Letter from a Neighbour of theirs, that ever 'since that fatal Afternoon the Lady had been 'most inhumanly treated, and the Husband 'publickly stormed that he was made a Member 'of too numerous a Society. He had, it seems, 'listened most of the time my Cousin and I were 'together. As jealous Ears always hear double, 'so he heard enough to make him mad; and as 'jealous Eyes always see thro' Magnifying 'Glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom 'he had seen, a beardless Stripling, but fancied 'he saw a gay Gentleman of the *Temple*, ten 'Years older than my self; and for that reason, I 'presume, durst not come in, nor take any Notice 'when I went out. He is perpetually asking his 'Wife if she does not think the time long (as she 'said she should) till she see her Cousin again. 'Pray, Sir, what can be done in this Case? I 'have writ to him to assure him I was at his 'House all that afternoon expecting to see him: 'His Answer is, 'tis only a Trick of hers, and that 'he neither can nor will believe me. The parting 'Kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms 'him in all his Errors. *Ben. Johnson*, as I remember, makes a Foreigner in one of his 'Comedies, *admire the desperate Valour of the* 'bold English, *who let out their Wives to all* 'Encounters. The general Custom of Salutation 'should Excuse the Favour done me, or you 'should lay down Rules when such Distinctions 'are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, 'Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy Lady's 'Misfortune; and beg you would insert this 'Letter, that the Husband may reflect upon this 'Accident coolly. It is no small Matter, the Ease 'of a virtuous Woman for her whole Life: I know 'she will conform to any Regularities (tho' more 'strict than the common Rules of our Country require) to which his particular Temper shall 'incline him to oblige her. This Accident puts 'me in mind how generously *Pisistratus* the

[1] This second letter and the verses were from Pope.

'*Athenian* Tyrant behaved himself on a like Occasion, when he was instigated by his Wife to 'put to death a young Gentleman, because being 'passionately fond of his Daughter, he kissed 'her in publick as he met her in the Street; *What* '(says he) *shall we do to those who are our* '*Enemies, if we do thus to those who are our* '*Friends?*' I will not trouble you much longer, 'but am exceedingly concern'd lest this Accident 'may cause a virtuous Lady to lead a miserable 'Life with a Husband, who has no Grounds for 'his Jealousy but what I have faithfully related, 'and ought to be reckon'd none. 'Tis to be fear'd 'too, if at last he sees his Mistake, yet People 'will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving 'Scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this 'plain honest Letter, with *Ovid's* Relation about '*Cybele's* Image. The Ship wherein it was aboard 'was stranded at the mouth of the *Tyber*, and the 'Men were unable to move it, till *Claudia*, a 'Virgin, but suspected of Unchastity, by a slight 'Pull hawled it in. The Story is told in the 'fourth Book of the *Fasti*.

Parent of Gods, began the weeping Fair,
Reward or punish, but oh! hear my Pray'r.
If Lewdness e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom,
From Heav'n with Justice I receive my Doom;
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,
Thou, Goddess, thou my Innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the nicest Rules of Goodness sway'd,
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd Maid.
She spoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Surprize,
(The truth was witness'd by ten thousand Eyes)
The pitying Goddess easily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her Guide;
While Claudia, *blushing still for past Disgrace,*
March'd silent on with a slow solemn Pace:
Nor yet from some was all Distrust remov'd,
Tho' Heav'n such Virtue by such Wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
Philagnotes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will oblige a languishing Lover, if you 'will please to print the enclosed Verses in your 'next Paper. If you remember the *Metamorphosis*, you know *Procris*, the fond Wife of '*Cephalus*, is said to have made her Husband, 'who delighted in the Sports of the Wood, a Present of an unerring Javelin. In process of time 'he was so much in the Forest, that his Lady 'suspected he was pursuing some Nymph, under 'the pretence of following a Chace more innocent. 'Under this Suspicion she hid herself among the 'Trees, to observe his Motions. While she lay 'conceal'd, her Husband, tired with the Labour 'of Hunting, came within her hearing. As he was 'fainting with Heat, he cried out, *Aura veni*; '*Oh charming Air approach.*

'The unfortunate Wife, taking the Word *Air* 'to be the name of a Woman, began to move 'among the Bushes; and the Husband believing 'it a Deer, threw his Javelin and kill'd her. This 'History painted on a Fan, which I presented 'to a Lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

Come gentle Air! th' Eolian *Shepherd said,*
While Procris *panted in the secret Shade;*
Come gentle Air! the fairer Delia *cries,*
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,
Breathe on her Lips, and in her Bosom play.
In Delia's *Hand this Toy is fatal found,*
Nor did that fabled Dart more surely wound.
Both Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the Wound she gives.
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities Procris, *while her Lover dies.*

No. 528.] *Wednesday, Nov.* 5, 1712. [*Steele.*

Dum potuit solite gemitum virtute repressit.
Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a Woman loaded 'with Injuries, and the Aggravation of my 'Misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the Generality of Mankind, and tho' 'the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as 'such in the general Sense of the World. I have 'hid my Vexation from all Mankind; but have 'now taken Pen, Ink, and Paper, and am resolv'd 'to unbosom my self to you, and lay before you 'what grieves me and all the Sex. You have very 'often mentioned particular Hardships done to 'this or that Lady; but, methinks, you have not 'in any one Speculation directly pointed at the 'partial Freedom Men take, the unreasonable 'Confinement Women are obliged to, in the only 'Circumstance in which we are necessarily to have 'a Commerce with them, that of Love. The 'Case of Celibacy is the great Evil of our Nation; 'and the Indulgence of the vicious Conduct of 'Men in that State, with the Ridicule to which 'Women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if 'long unmarried, is the Root of the greatest Irregularities of this Nation. To shew you, Sir, 'that tho' you never have given us the Catalogue 'of a Lady's Library as you promised, we read 'good Books of our own chusing, I shall insert on 'this occasion a Paragraph or two out of *Echard's* '*Roman History*. In the 44th Page of the second 'Volume the Author observes, that *Augustus*, 'upon his Return to *Rome* at the end of a War, 'received Complaints that too great a Number of 'the young Men of Quality were unmarried. 'The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole '*Equestrian* Order; and having separated the 'Married from the Single, did particular Honours 'to the former, but he told the latter, that is to 'say, Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Batchelors, "That their Lives and Actions had been so pe"culiar, that he knew not by what Name to call "'em; not by that of Men, for they performed "nothing that was manly; not by that of Citizens, "for the City might perish notwithstanding their "Care; nor by that of *Romans*, for they de"signed to extirpate the *Roman* Name." 'Then

'proceeding to shew his tender Care and hearty 'Affection for his People, he further told them, "That their Course of Life was of such pernicious "Consequence to the Glory and Grandeur of the "*Roman* Nation, that he could not chuse but tell "them, that all other Crimes put together could "not equalize theirs: For they were guilty of "Murder, in not suffering those to be born which "should proceed from them; of Impiety, in "causing the Names and Honours of their An-"cestors to cease; and of Sacrilege, in destroying "their Kind, which proceeded from the immortal "Gods, and Human Nature, the principal thing "consecrated to 'em: Therefore in this Respect "they dissolved the Government, in disobeying "its Laws; betrayed their Country, by making "it barren and waste; nay and demolished their "City, in depriving it of Inhabitants. And he "was sensible that all this proceeded not from "any kind of Virtue or Abstinence, but from a "Looseness and Wantonness, which ought never "to be encouraged in any Civil Government." 'There are no Particulars dwelt upon that let us 'into the Conduct of these young Worthies, whom 'this great Emperor treated with so much Justice 'and Indignation: but any one who observes what 'passes in this Town, may very well frame to 'himself a Notion of their Riots and Debaucheries 'all Night, and their apparent Preparations for 'them all Day. It is not to be doubted but these '*Romans* never passed any of their Time in-'nocently but when they were asleep, and never 'slept but when they were weary and heavy with 'Excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves 'for the Repetition of them. If you did your 'Duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully ex-'amine into the Number of Births, Marriages, 'and Burials; and when you had deducted out of 'your Deaths all such as went out of the World 'without marrying, then cast up the number of 'both Sexes born within such a Term of Years 'last past, you might from the single People de-'parted make some useful Inferences or Guesses 'how many there are left unmarried, and raise some 'useful Scheme for the Amendment of the Age 'in that particular. I have not Patience to pro-'ceed gravely on this abominable Libertinism; 'for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, 'upon a certain lascivious Manner which all our 'young Gentlemen use in publick, and examine 'our Eyes with a Petulancy in their own, which 'is a downright Affront to Modesty. A disdainful 'Look on such an Occasion is return'd with a 'Countenance rebuked, but by averting their Eyes 'from the Woman of Honour and Decency to 'some flippant Creature, who will, as the Phrase 'is, be kinder. I must set down things as they 'come into my Head, without standing upon 'Order. Ten thousand to one but the gay Gentle-'man who stared, at the same time is an House-'keeper; for you must know they have got into a 'Humour of late of being very regular in their 'Sins, and a young Fellow shall keep his four. 'Maids and three Footmen with the greatest 'Gravity imaginable. There are no less than six 'of these venerable House-keepers of my Ac-'quaintance. This Humour among young Men 'of Condition is imitated by all the World below 'them, and a general Dissolution of Manners 'arises from the one Source of Libertinism, with-'out Shame or Reprehension in the Male Youth. 'It is from this one Fountain that so many Beauti-'ful helpless young Women are sacrific'd and 'given up to Lewdness, Shame, Poverty and 'Disease. It is to this also that so many excellent 'young Women, who might be Patterns of con-'jugal Affection and Parents of a worthy Race, 'pine under unhappy Passions for such as have 'not Attention enough to observe, or Virtue 'enough to prefer them to their common Wenches. 'Now, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I must be free to own to 'you, that I my self suffer a tasteless insipid 'Being, from a Consideration I have for a Man 'who would not, as he has said in my hearing, 'resign his Liberty, as he calls it, for all the Beauty 'and Wealth the whole Sex is possessed of. Such 'Calamities as these would not happen, if it 'could possibly be brought about, that by fining 'Batchelors as Papists Convict, or the like, they 'were distinguished to their disadvantage from 'the rest of the World, who fall in with the Mea-'sures of Civil Society. Lest you should think I 'speak this as being, according to the senseless 'rude Phrase, a malicious old Maid, I shall ac-'quaint you I am a Woman of Condition not now 'three and twenty, and have had Proposals from 'at least ten different Men, and the greater Num-'ber of them have upon the Upshot refused me. 'Something or other is always amiss when the 'Lover takes to some new Wench: A Settlement 'is easily excepted against; and there is very 'little Recourse to avoid the vicious Part of our 'Youth, but throwing one's self away upon some 'lifeless Blockhead, who tho' he is without Vice, 'is also without Virtue. Now-a-days we must be 'contented if we can get Creatures which are not 'bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. SPECTA-'TOR, I sat near you the other Day, and think I 'did not displease your Spectatorial Eyesight; 'which I shall be a better Judge of when I see 'whether you take notice of these Evils your own 'way, or print this Memorial dictated from the 'disdainful heavy Heart of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

T. Rachael Welladay.

No. 529.] *Thursday, November* 6, 1712. [*Addison.*

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Hor.

UPON the hearing of several late Disputes concerning Rank and Precedence, I could not forbear amusing my self with some Observations, which I have made upon the Learned World, as to this great Particular. By the Learned World I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in Works of Literature, whether in the Writing, Printing or Repeating Part. To begin with the Writers: I have observed that the Author of a *Folio*, in all Companies and Conversations, sets himself above the Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the

Author of an *Octavo;* and so on, by a gradual Descent and Subordination, to an Author in *Twenty Fours*. This Distinction is so well observed, that in an Assembly of the Learned, I have seen a *Folio* Writer place himself in an Elbow-Chair, when the Author of a *Duo-decimo* has, out of a just Deference to his superior Quality, seated himself upon a Squabb. In a word, Authors are usually ranged in Company after the same manner as their Works are upon a Shelf.

The most minute Pocket-Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets, or Works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of single Sheets, and of that Fraternity who publish their Labours on certain Days, or on every Day of the Week. I do not find that the Precedency among the Individuals, in this latter Class of Writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the Ceremonial which prevails in the Learned World, that I never presumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily Papers were gathered into those two first Volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the Heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one Book. I am also informed by my Bookseller, that six *Octavo's* have at all times been look'd upon as an Equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the Learned World surprized, if after the Publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my Place accordingly. When my scattered Forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular Bodies, I flatter my self that I shall make no despicable Figure at the Head of them.

Whether these Rules, which have been received time out of Mind in the Common-Wealth of Letters, were not originally established with an Eye to our Paper Manufacture, I shall leave to the Discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all Printers and Booksellers take the Wall of one another, according to the abovementioned Merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of Precedency which is settled among the three Learned Professions, by the Wisdom of our Laws. I need not here take Notice of the Rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these Professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a Degree above Squires; this last Order of Men being the illiterate Body of the Nation, are consequently thrown together into a Class below the three Learned Professions. I mention this for the sake of several Rural 'Squires, whose Reading does not rise so high as to *the Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that Precedency which by the Laws of their Country is not due to them. Their Want of Learning, which has planted them in this Station, may in some measure extenuate their Misdemeanour; and our Professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this Particular, considering that they are in a State of Ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their Right Hand from their Left

There is another Tribe of Persons who are Retainers to the Learned World, and who regulate themselves upon all Occasions by several Laws peculiar to their Body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted Principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and 'tis very well known the merry Drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower End of the Table, and in every Entertainment give way to the Dignity of the Buskin. It is a Stage Maxim, *Once a King, and always a King*. For this Reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithstanding the Height and Gracefulness of his Person, to sit at the Right Hand of an Hero, tho' he were but five Foot high. The same Distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve their Rank in private Conversation, while those who are Waiting-Women and Maids of Honour upon the Stage, keep their Distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add, that by a Parity of Reason, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comick Writers: Those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their Seats between the Authors of either Side. There has been a long Dispute for Precedency between the Tragick and Heroick Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this Decision. Burlesque Writers pay the same Deference to the Heroick, as Comick Writers to their Serious Brothers in the Drama.

By this short Table of Laws, Order is kept up, and Distinction preserved in the whole Republick of Letters. O.

No. 530.] *Friday, November* 7, 1712. [*Addison.*

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aheneа
Sævo mittere cum joco.—Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon Marriage, in some part or other of their Lives to enter into the Fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their Raillery return upon their own Heads. I scarce ever knew a Woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a Blessing to another Man, falls upon such a one as a Judgment. Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*[1] is set forth to us with much Wit and Humour, as an Example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable Amends, by chusing one of the most worthless Persons of it, for a Companion and Yoke-fellow. *Hymen*

[1] Heartwell in the play of the *Old Batchelor*. Addison here continues the winding up of the *Spectator* by finally disposing of another member of the club.

takes his Revenge in kind, on those who turn his Mysteries into Ridicule.

My Friend *Will Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the Women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Publick, has given the Ladies ample Satisfaction by marrying a Farmer's Daughter; a piece of News which came to our Club by the last Post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a Dairy-maid: But *Will*, in his Letter to me on this Occasion, sets the best Face upon the Matter that he can, and gives a more tollerable Account of his Spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former Gayety, having changed *Dear Spec.* which was his usual Salute at the Beginning of the Letter, into *My Worthy Friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter End of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made Love to every great Fortune that has appeared in Town for [above [1]] thirty Years together, and boasted of Favours from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain Country Girl.

His Letter gives us the Picture of a converted Rake. The sober Character of the Husband is dashed with the Man of the Town, and enlivened with those little Cant-phrases which have made my Friend *Will* often thought very pretty Company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

My Worthy Friend,

'I question not but you, and the rest of my 'Acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in 'the Smoak and Gallantries of the Town for thirty 'Years together, should all on a sudden grow 'fond of a Country Life. Had not my Dog [of 'a[2]] Steward run away as he did, without making 'up his Accounts, I had still been immersed in 'Sin and Sea-Coal. But since my late forced 'Visit to my Estate, I am so pleased with it, that 'I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am 'every Day abroad among my Acres, and can 'scarce forbear filling my Letter with Breezes, 'Shades, Flowers, Meadows, and purling Streams. 'The Simplicity of Manners, which I have heard 'you so often speak of, and which appears here 'in Perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an 'Instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your 'means the whole Club, that I have lately married 'one of my Tenants Daughters. She is born of 'honest Parents, and though she has no Portion, 'she has a great deal of Virtue. The natural 'Sweetness and Innocence of her Behaviour, the 'Freshness of her Complection, the unaffected 'Turn of her Shape and Person, shot me through 'and through every time I saw her, and did more 'Execution upon me in Grogram, than the greatest 'Beauty in Town or Court had ever done in 'Brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good Heir to my Estate; and if by 'her means I cannot leave to my Children what 'are falsely called the Gifts of Birth; high Titles 'and Alliances: I hope to convey to them the 'more real and valuable Gifts of Birth; strong 'Bodies, and Healthy Constitutions. As for your 'fine Women, I need not tell thee that I know 'them. I have had my share in their Graces, 'but no more of that. It shall be my Business 'hereafter to live the Life of an honest Man, and 'to act as becomes the Master of a Family. I 'question not but I shall draw upon me the 'Raillery of the Town, and be treated to the 'Tune of *the Marriage-Hater match'd*; but I 'am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon 'others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw 'such a Tribe of Fashionable young fluttering 'Coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my Post 'of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I 'felt a certain Stiffness in my Limbs, which 'entirely destroyed that Jauntyness of Air I was 'once Master of. Besides, for I may now confess 'my Age to thee, I have been eight and forty 'above these Twelve Years. Since my Retirement 'into the Country will make a Vacancy in the 'Club, I could wish you would fill up my Place 'with my Friend *Tom Dapperwit*. He has an 'infinite deal of Fire, and knows the Town. For 'my own part, as I have said before, I shall 'endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a Man in 'my Station, as a prudent Head of a Family, a 'good Husband, a careful Father (when it shall 'so happen) and as

Your most Sincere Friend,
and Humble Servant,
O. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

[1] [about] [2] [the]

No. 531.] *Saturday, November* 8, 1712. [*Addison.*

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.—Hor.

SIMONIDES being ask'd by *Dionysius* the Tyrant what God was, desired a Day's time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he desired two Days; and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double the Time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth; and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.[1]

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature; and since we have no Notion of any kind of spiritual Perfection but what we discover in our own Souls, we joyn Infinitude to each kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exist in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and Inhabits Eternity.

[1] This story is taken from Book I. of Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum.*

We are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joyning all these different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr. *Locke's* Authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the '*Idea* we have of the incomprehensible Supreme 'Being, we shall find, that we come by it the 'same way; and that the complex *Ideas* we have 'both of God and separate Spirits, are made up 'of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*: '*v. g.* having from what we experiment in our 'selves, got the *Ideas* of Existence and Duration, 'of Knowledge and Power, of Pleasure and 'Happiness, and of several other Qualities and 'Powers, which it is better to have, than to be 'without; when we would frame an *Idea* the most 'suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we 'enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of In-'finity; and so putting them together, make our 'Complex *Idea of God*.[1]

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of Spiritual Perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human Soul; but it is impossible that we should have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in our selves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption to determine whether the Supream Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the Soul, in her separate State, may have new Faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body; and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree;* to speak according to our Methods of [conceiving.[2]] I shall only add under this Head, that when we have raised our Notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what He really is. *There is no end of his Greatness:* The most exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this Light. *By his Word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his Works.*[1]

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we must have recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his Dispensations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, tho' indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate our selves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness, and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant Prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity and Self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn more on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewise quicken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting our selves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other our Nation has ever produced.[2] 'He had the profoundest Ve-'neration for the Great God of Heaven and 'Earth that I have ever observed in any Person. 'The very Name of God was never mentioned by 'him without a Pause and a visible Stop in his 'Discourse; in which, one that knew him most 'particularly above twenty Years, has told me, 'that he was so exact, that he does not remember 'to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of

[1] *Human Understanding*, Book II. ch. xxiii. § 33.

[2] [conceiving him.]

[1] Ecclus. xliii. 26—32.

[2] Bishop Burnet's sermon at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle (who died in 1691).

those who make use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Prophaneness of such a Practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished. O.

No. 532.] *Monday, November* 10, 1712. [*Steele.*

——Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Hor.

IT is a very honest Action to be studious to produce other Men's Merit; and I make no scruple of saying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Master of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Observation of the Unworthiness in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of yourself for that Unwillingness: And when you have got so far, you will find it a greater Pleasure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my self the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Person of the greatest Abilities,[1] who would not have let them appear by any other Means; to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Pursuits, who will be a Glory to our Age; and at all Times, and by all possible Means in my Power, undermined the Interests of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to substitute in their Stead, Learning, Piety, and good Sense. It is from this honest Heart that I find myself honoured as a Gentleman-Usher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Pope* have, it seems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verses in Praise, forsooth, of my self; and the other enclosed for my perusal an admirable Poem,[2] which, I hope, will shortly see the Light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any Thought of his, but insert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his Argument, that many of his own Works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime Sentiments may be lodged in the same Bosom without diminution to its Greatness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day in Company with five or 'six Men of some Learning; where chancing to 'mention the famous Verses which the Emperor '*Adrian* spoke on his Death-bed, they were all 'agreed that 'twas a Piece of Gayety unworthy 'that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not 'but dissent from this Opinion: Methinks it was 'by no means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy 'to his Soul at the Point of his Departure: in 'which Sense I naturally took the Verses at my 'first reading them when I was very young, and 'before I knew what Interpretation the World 'generally put upon them:

'*Animula vagula, blandula,*
'*Hospes Comesque corporis,*
'*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
'*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
'*Nec (ut soles) dabis Joca!*

'*Alas, my Soul! thou pleasing Companion of* '*this Body, thou fleeting thing that art now de-* 'serting it! whither art thou flying? to what '*unknown Region? Thou art all trembling,* 'fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of '*thy former Wit and Humour? thou shalt jest* 'and be gay no more. I confess I cannot appre-'hend where lies the Trifling in all this; 'tis the 'most natural and obvious Reflection imaginable 'to a dying Man: and if we consider the Emperor 'was a Heathen, that Doubt concerning the 'Future Fate of his Soul will seem so far from 'being the Effect of Want of Thought, that 'twas 'scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not 'to mention that here is a plain Confession in-'cluded of his Belief in its Immortality. The 'diminutive Epithets of *Vagula, Blandula,* and 'the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Le-'vity, but rather of Endearment and Concern; 'such as we find in *Catullus,* and the Authors of '*Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used 'to express the utmost Love and Tenderness for 'their Mistresses - - - - - If you think me right in 'my Notion of the last Words of *Adrian,* be 'pleased to insert this in the *Spectator;* if not, to 'suppress it.[1]

I am, &c.

[1] Addison.

[2] The Temple of Fame.

[1] Pope republished this in his 'Letters' in 1735, adding a metrical translation of Adrian's lines:

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah, whither art thou flying,
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

Two days after the insertion of this letter from Pope, Steele wrote to the young poet (Nov. 12): 'I have read over your "Temple of Fame" twice; 'and cannot find anything amiss of weight 'enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand 'thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-'morrow: after his perusal of it I will let you 'know his thoughts. I desire you would let me 'know whether you are at leisure or not? I have 'a design which I shall open a month or two 'hence, with the assistance of a few like yourself.

To the supposed Author of the *Spectator*.

In Courts licentious, and a shameless Stage,
How long the War shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted Fair,
Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare:

'If your thoughts are unengaged I shall explain 'myself further.' This design was the *Guardian*, which Steele was about to establish as the successor to the *Spectator;* and here we find him at work on the foundations of his new journal while the finishing strokes are being given to the *Spectator*. Pope in his reply to Steele said (Nov. 16): 'I shall be very ready and glad to contribute 'to any design that tends to the advantage of 'mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do: I wish 'I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am 'perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity). 'If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be 'pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. 'Addison of my most faithful service; of every 'one's esteem he must be assured already.' About a fortnight later, returning to the subject of Adrian's verses, Pope wrote to Steele in reply to subsequent private discussion of the subject (Nov. 29): 'I am sorry you published that notion about 'Adrian's verses as mine; had I imagined you 'would use my name, I should have expressed my 'sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I 'only wrote to have your opinion, and not to pub-'lish my own, which I distrusted.' Then after defending his view of the poem, and commenting upon the Latin diminutives, he adds, 'perhaps I 'should be much better pleased if I were told you 'called me "your little friend," than if you com-'plimented me with the title of "a great genius," 'or "an eminent hand," as Jacob' [Tonson] 'does 'all his authors."' Steele's genial reply produced from Pope, as final result of the above letter to the *Spectator*, one of the most popular of his short pieces. Steele wrote (Dec. 4): 'This is to desire 'of you that you would please to make an ode as 'of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the 'Emperor Adrian's "*animula vagula*," put into 'two or three stanzas for music. If you will com-'ply with this, and send me word so, you will 'very particularly oblige RICHARD STEELE.' This was written two days before the appearance of the last number of his *Spectator*. Pope answered, 'I do not send you word I will do, but 'have already done the thing you desire of me,' and sent his poem of three stanzas, called THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' &c.

These two letters were published by Warburton, but are not given by Pope in the edition of his correspondence, published in 1737, and the poem has no place in the collected works of 1717. It has been said that if the piece had been written in 1712 Steele would have inserted it in the *Spectator*. But it was not received until the last number of the *Spectator* had been published. Three months then elapsed before the appearance of the *Guardian*, to which Pope contributed eight papers. Pope, on his part, would be naturally unwilling to connect with the poem the few words he had sent with it to Steele, saying, 'You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me 'the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you 'will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but 'that I had in my head not only the verses of 'Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.' The &c. being short for Thomas Flatman, whose name would not have stood well by that of Sappho, though he was an accomplished man in his day, who gave up law for poetry and painting, and died in 1688, one of the best miniature painters of his time, and the author of 'Songs and Poems,' published in 1674, which in ten years went through three editions. Flatman had written—

'When on my sick-bed I languish,
'Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
'Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
'Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
'Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
'"Be not fearful, come away!"'

In height of Rapture clasp unheeded Pains,
And suck Pollution thro' their tingling Veins.

Thy spotless Thoughts unshock'd the Priest may hear,
And the pure Vestal in her Bosom wear.
To conscious Blushes and diminish'd Pride,
Thy Glass betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
Nor harsh thy Precepts, but infused by stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into Health.
Thy Works in Chloe's *Toilet gain a part,*
And with his Tailor share the Fopling's Heart:
Lash'd in thy Satire, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in Wit:
From Felon Gamesters the raw Squire is free,
And Britain *owes her rescu'd Oaks to thee.*
His Miss the frolick Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third Cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash Fool who scorn'd the beaten Road,
Dares quake at Thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless Stripling, who, expell'd to Town,
Damn'd the stiff College and pedantick Gown,
Aw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week
Spells uncouth Latin, *and pretends to* Greek.
A sauntring Tribe! such born to wide Estates,
With Yea and No in Senates hold Debates:
At length despis'd, each to his Fields retires,
First with the Dogs, and King amidst the Squires;
From Pert to Stupid sinks supinely down,
In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.

Such Readers scorn'd, thou wings't thy daring Flight
Above the Stars, and tread'st the Fields of Light;
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,
And Visions such as Jove *himself might dream;*
Man sunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,
Heaven's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his Scorn.

Such Hints alone could British Virgil *lend,*
And thou alone deserve from such a Friend:
A Debt so borrow'd, is illustrious Shame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame.
So flush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen be-stow'd,
With more than mortal Charms Æneas *glow'd.*

Such gen'rous Strifes Eugene *and* Marlbro' *try,*
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie.

Permit these Lines by Thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbler Themes she sings,
Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by Thee, I prophesy my Rhymes
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times:
Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds shall see,
But stand protected, as inspir'd by thee.

So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies;
Through the new Pupil fost'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrowed Life, and Vigour not his own.[1]

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

Mr. John Sly *humbly sheweth,*

'That upon reading the Deputation given to 'the said Mr. *John Sly*, all Persons passing by his 'Observatory behaved themselves with the same 'Decorum, as if your Honour your self had been 'present.

'That your said Officer is preparing, according 'to your Honour's secret Instructions, Hats for 'the several kind of Heads that make Figures in 'the Realms of *Great Britain*, with Cocks sig'nificant of their Powers and Faculties.

'That your said Officer has taken due Notice of 'your Instructions and Admonitions concerning 'the Internals of the Head from the outward 'Form of the same. His Hats for Men of the 'Faculties of Law and Physick do but just turn 'up, to give a little Life to their Sagacity; his 'military Hats glare full in the Face; and he has 'prepared a familiar easy Cock for all good Com'panions between the above-mentioned Extreams. 'For this End he has consulted the most Learned 'of his Acquaintance for the true Form and Di'mensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a 'Hat fit for it.

'Your said Officer does further represent, That 'the young Divines about Town are many of 'them got into the Cock Military, and desires 'your Instructions therein.

'That the Town has been for several Days 'very well behaved; and further your said Officer 'saith not. T.

No. 533.] *Tuesday, November* 11, 1712. [*Steele.*

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:
Et si duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ.—Plaut.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent Dis'courses against that unnatural Custom of 'Parents, in forcing their Children to marry con'trary to their Inclinations. My own Case, with'out further Preface, I will lay before you, and 'leave you to judge of it. My Father and Mo'ther both being in declining Years, would fain 'see me, their eldest Son, as they call it settled. 'I am as much for that as they can be; but I must 'be settled, it seems, not according to my own, 'but their liking. Upon this account I am teaz'd 'every Day, because I have not yet fallen in love, 'in spite of Nature, with one of a neighbouring 'Gentleman's Daughters; for out of their abund'ant Generosity, they give me the choice of four. '*Jack*, begins my Father, Mrs. *Catherine* is a 'fine Woman——Yes, Sir, but she is rather too 'old —— She will make the more discreet 'Manager, Boy. Then my Mother plays her 'part. Is not Mrs. *Betty* exceeding fair? Yes, 'Madam, but she is of no Conversation; she has 'no Fire, no agreeable Vivacity; she neither 'speaks nor looks with Spirit. True, Son; but 'for those very Reasons, she will be an easy, soft, 'obliging, tractable Creature. After all, cries an 'old Aunt, (who belongs to the Class of those 'who read Plays with Spectacles on) what think 'you, Nephew, of proper Mrs. *Dorothy*? What 'do I think? why I think she cannot be above six 'foot two inches high. Well, well, you may 'banter as long as you please, but Height of 'Stature is commanding and majestick. Come, 'come, says a Cousin of mine in the Family, I'll 'fit him; *Fidelia* is yet behind —— Pretty 'Miss *Fiddy* must please you ——— Oh! your 'very humble Servant, dear Cos. she is as much 'too young as her eldest Sister is too old. Is it 'so indeed, quoth she, good Mr. *Pert*? You who 'are but barely turned of twenty two, and Miss '*Fiddy* in half a Year's time will be in her Teens, 'and she is capable of learning any thing. Then 'she will be so observant; she'll cry perhaps now 'and then, but never be angry. Thus they will 'think for me in this matter, wherein I am more 'particularly concerned than any Body else. If 'I name any Woman in the World, one of these 'Daughters has certainly the same Qualities. 'You see by these few Hints, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, 'what a comfortable Life I lead. To be still more 'open and free with you, I have been passionately 'fond of a young Lady (whom give me leave to 'call *Miranda*) now for these three Years. I 'have often urged the Matter home to my Parents 'with all the Submission of a Son, but the Im'patience of a Lover. Pray, Sir, think of three 'Years; what inexpressible Scenes of Inquietude, 'what Variety of Misery must I have gone thro' 'in three long whole Years? *Miranda's* Fortune 'is equal to those I have mention'd; but her 'Relations are not Intimates with mine. Ah! 'there's the Rub. *Miranda's* Person, Wit, and 'Humour, are what the nicest Fancy could im'agine; and though we know you to be so elegant 'a Judge of Beauty, yet there is none among all 'your various Characters of fine Women prefer'able to *Miranda*. In a Word, she is never 'guilty of doing any thing but one amiss, (if she 'can be thought to do amiss by me) in being as 'blind to my Faults, as she is to her own Perfec'tions.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble obedient Servant,
Dustererastus.

[1] From Thomas Tickell.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When you spent so much time as you did 'lately in censuring the ambitious young Gentle- 'men who ride in Triumph through Town and 'Country in Coach-boxes, I wished you had em- 'ployed those Moments in consideration of what 'passes sometimes within-side of those Vehicles. 'I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the Insolence 'and Ill-breeding of some Persons who travelled 'lately with me in a Stage-Coach out of *Essex* to '*London*. I am sure, when you have heard what 'I have to say, you will think there are Persons 'under the Character of Gentlemen that are fit to 'be no where else but in the Coach-box. Sir, I 'am a young Woman of a sober and religious 'Education, and have preserved that Character; 'but on Monday was Fortnight it was my Mis- 'fortune to come to *London*. I was no sooner 'clapt in the Coach, but to my great Surprize, 'two Persons in the Habit of Gentlemen attack'd 'me with such indecent Discourse as I cannot re- 'peat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me 'to hear. I had no relief but the Hopes of a 'speedy End of my short Journey. Sir, form to 'your self what a Persecution this must needs be 'to a virtuous and a chaste Mind; and in order to 'your proper handling such a Subject, fancy your 'Wife or Daughter, if you had any, in such Cir- 'cumstances, and what Treatment you would 'think then due to such Dragoons. One of them 'was called a Captain, and entertained us with 'nothing but silly stupid Questions, or lewd Songs, 'all the way. Ready to burst with Shame and 'Indignation, I repined that Nature had not al- 'lowed us as easily to shut our Ears as our Eyes. 'But was not this a kind of Rape? Why should 'there be Accessaries in Ravishment any more 'than Murder? Why should not every Contributor 'to the Abuse of Chastity suffer Death? I am 'sure these shameless Hell-hounds deserved it 'highly. Can you exert your self better than on 'such an Occasion? If you do not do it effectually, 'I 'll read no more of your Papers. Has every 'impertinent Fellow a Privilege to torment me, 'who pay my Coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray 'consider us in this respect as the weakest Sex, 'and have nothing to defend our selves; and I 'think it is as Gentleman-like to challenge a Wo- 'man to fight, as to talk obscenely in her Com- 'pany, especially when she has not power to stir. 'Pray let me tell you a Story which you can make 'fit for publick View. I knew a Gentleman, who 'having a very good Opinion of the Gentlemen 'of the Army, invited ten or twelve of them to 'sup with him; and at the same time invited two 'or three Friends, who were very severe against 'the Manners and Morals of Gentlemen of that 'Profession. It happened one of them brought 'two Captains of his Regiment newly come into 'the Army, who at first Onset engaged the Com- 'pany with very lewd Healths and suitable Dis- 'course. You may easily imagine the Confusion 'of the Entertainer, who finding some of his 'Friends very uneasy, desired to tell them a Story 'of a great Man, one Mr. *Locke* (whom I find you 'frequently mention) that being invited to dine 'with the then Lords *Hallifax*, *Anglesey*, and '*Shafisbury*; immediately after Dinner, instead 'of Conversation, the Cards were called for, where 'the bad or good Success produced the usual 'Passions of Gaming. Mr. *Locke* retiring to a 'Window, and writing, my Lord *Anglesey* desired 'to know what he was writing: *Why, my Lords*, 'answered he, *I could not sleep last Night for 'the Pleasure and Improvement I expected from 'the Conversation of the greatest Men of the 'Age.* This so sensibly stung them, that they 'gladly compounded to throw their Cards in the 'Fire if he would his Paper, and so a Conversa- 'tion ensued fit for such Persons. This Story 'prest so hard upon the young Captains, together 'with the Concurrence of their superior Officers, 'that the young Fellows left the Company in 'Confusion. Sir, I know you hate long things; 'but if you like it, you may contract it, or how 'you will; but I think it has a Moral in it.

'But, Sir, I am told you are a famous Mechanick 'as well as a Looker-on, and therefore humbly 'propose you would invent some Padlock, with 'full Power under your Hand and Seal, for all 'modest Persons, either Men or Women, to clap 'upon the Mouths of all such impertinent impu- 'dent Fellows: And I wish you would publish a 'Proclamation, that no modest Person who has a 'Value for her Countenance, and consequently 'would not be put out of it, presume to travel 'after such a Day without one of them in their 'Pockets. I fancy a smart *Spectator* upon this 'Subject would serve for such a Padlock; and 'that publick Notice may be given in your Paper 'where they may be had with Directions, Price '*2d.* and that part of the Directions may be, 'when any Person presumes to be guilty of the 'above-mentioned Crime, the Party aggrieved 'may produce it to his Face, with a Request to 'read it to the Company. He must be very much 'hardened that could outface that Rebuke; and 'his further Punishment I leave you to prescribe.

Your humble Servant,

T.[1] Penance Cruel.

No. 534.] *Wednesday, November* 12, 1712. [*Steele.*

Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ—— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Woman of Nineteen, the only 'Daughter of very wealthy Parents; and have 'my whole Life been used with a Tenderness 'which did me no great Service in my Education. 'I have perhaps an uncommon Desire for Know- 'ledge of what is suitable to my Sex and Quality;

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[1] To this number is appended the advertisement:

This Day is Published,

a very neat Pocket Edition of the 3rd and 4th Volumes of the Spectator *in* 12°. *To which is added a compleat Index to the whole 4 volumes. Printed for* S. Buckley *at the Dolphin in* Little Britain *and* J. Tonson at Shakespear's *Head over against* Catherine Street *in the* Strand.

'but as far as I can remember, the whole Dispute 'about me has been, whether such a thing was 'proper for the Child to do, or not? Or whether 'such or such Food was the more wholsome for 'the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my 'Shape, that for my Complexion, and t'other for 'my Eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell 'you, I do not know that I have trod upon the 'very Earth since I was ten Years old: A Coach 'or Chair I am obliged to for all my Motions 'from one Place to another ever since I can re-'member. All who had to do to instruct me, 'have ever been bringing Stories of the notable 'things I have said and the Womanly manner of 'my behaving my self upon such and such an 'Occasion. This has been my State, till I came 'towards Years of Womanhood; and ever since 'I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been 'abused after another Manner. Now, forsooth, I 'am so killing, no one can safely speak to me. 'Our House is frequented by Men of Sense, and 'I love to ask Questions when I fall into such 'Conversation; but I am cut short with some-'thing or other about my bright Eyes. There is, 'Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women 'in; and none but those of the very first good 'Breeding (who are very few, and who seldom 'come into my way) can speak to us without re-'gard to our Sex. Among the generality of those 'they call Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to 'speak upon any subject whatsoever, without 'provoking somebody to say, *Oh! to be sure fine 'Mrs. such-a-one must be very particularly ac-'quainted with all that; all the World will 'contribute to her Entertainment and Informa-'tion.* Thus, Sir, I am so handsome, that I murder 'all who approach me; so wise, that I want no 'new Notices; and so well bred, that I am treated 'by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will 'answer as if I were their Friend or Companion. 'Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us Beauties 'and Fortunes into your Consideration, and do 'not let us be thus flattered out of our Senses. I 'have got an Hussey of a Maid, who is most 'craftily given to this ill Quality. I was at first 'diverted with a certain Absurdity the Creature 'was guilty of in every thing she said: She is a 'Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire 'she was born in, would tell me that every body 'reckon'd her Lady had the purest Red and White 'in the World: Then she would tell me, I was the 'most like one *Sisly Dobson* in their Town, who 'made the Miller make away with himself, and 'walk afterwards in the Corn-Field where they 'used to meet. With all this, this cunning Hussey 'can lay Letters in my way, and put a Billet in 'my Gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing 'of it. I do not know, from my Birth to this 'Day, that I have been ever treated by any one 'as I ought; and if it were not for a few Books 'which I delight in, I should be at this Hour a 'Novice to all common Sense. Would it not be 'worth your while to lay down Rules for Be-'haviour in this Case, and tell People, that we 'Fair-ones expect honest plain Answers as well as 'other People? Why must I, good Sir, because 'I have a good Air, a fine Complexion, and am in 'the Bloom of my Years, be mis-led in all my 'Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill 'confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence, 'but because I have the Advantages of Beauty and 'Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly Homage 'which is paid to us by the sort of People I have 'above spoken of, and the utter Negligence which 'others have for us, the Conversation of us young 'Women of Condition is no other than what must 'expose us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice. 'All this is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial 'Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,
Sharlot Wealthy.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's *Coffee-house.*

'Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a Paper, if you 'put in this; which is only to ask, whether that 'Copy of Verses, which is a Paraphrase of *Isaiah,* 'in one of your Speculations, is not written by 'Mr. *Pope?* Then you get on another Line, by 'putting in, with proper Distances, as at the end 'of a Letter,

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Abraham Dapperwit.

Mr. Dapperwit,

'I am glad to get another Line forward, by 'saying that excellent Piece is Mr. *Pope's;* and 'so, with proper Distances,

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
S----r.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was a wealthy Grocer in the City, and as 'fortunate as diligent; but I was a single Man, 'and you know there are Women. One in parti-'cular came to my Shop, who I wished might, 'but was afraid never would, make a Grocer's 'Wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual 'Way of Courting, and sold to her at less Price 'than I bought, that I might buy at less Price 'than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came, 'and helped me to many Customers at the same 'Rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You must 'needs think this was a good living Trade, and 'my Riches must be vastly improved. In fine, I 'was nigh being declared Bankrupt, when I de-'clared my self her Lover, and she herself mar-'ried. I was just in a Condition to support my 'self, and am now in Hopes of growing rich by 'losing my Customers.

Yours,
Jeremy Comfit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am in the Condition of the Idol you was once 'pleased to mention, and Bar-keeper of a Coffee-'house. I believe it is needless to tell you the 'Opportunities I must give, and the Importuni-'ties I suffer. But there is one Gentleman who 'besieges me as close as the *French* did *Bouchain.* 'His Gravity makes him work cautious, and his 'regular Approaches denote a good Engineer. 'You need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a 'Lawyer; and especially since he has had so little 'Use of it at *Westminster,* he may spare the more 'for me.

'What then can weak Woman do? I am will-

'ing to surrender, but he would have it at Discretion, and I with Discretion. In the mean 'time, whilst we parly, our several Interests are 'neglected. As his Siege grows stronger, my 'Tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my 'Bar, none come to him for Counsel but *in Forma 'Pauperis*. Dear Mr. 'SPECTATOR, advise him 'not to insist upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Desires contradict the well-meaning Lines 'of his Countenance. If we were agreed we 'might settle to something, as soon as we could 'determine where we should get most, by the 'Law, at the Coffee-house, or at *Westminster*.

Your humble Servant,
Lucinda Parly.

A Minuit from Mr. John Sly.

'The World is pretty regular for about forty 'Rod East, and ten West of the Observatory of 'the said Mr. *Sly;* but he is credibly informed, 'that when they are got beyond the Pass into the '*Strand*, or those who move City-ward are got 'within *Temple-Bar*, they are just as they were 'before. It is therefore humbly proposed that 'Moving-Centries may be appointed all the busy 'Hours of the Day between the *Exchange* and '*Westminster*, and report what passes to your 'Honour, or your subordinate Officers, from Time 'to Time.

Ordered,
That Mr. *Sly* name the said Officers, provided he will answer for their Principles and Morals. T.

No. 535.] *Thursday, November* 13, 1712. [*Addison.*

Spem longam reseces——— Hor.

MY Four Hundred and Seventy First Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I design this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on Temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

It is a Precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain an Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Distance from us. The Shortness and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes such a kind of Hope unreasonable and absurd. The Grave lies unseen between us and the Object which we reach after: Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular Enjoyments; but either by reason of their Emptiness, or the natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no sooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We still find new inviting Scenes and Landskips lying behind those which at a Distance terminated our View.

The natural Consequences of such Reflections are these; that we should take Care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a Length; that we should sufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their Fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our Life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a Distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our Disappointment will be greater than our Pleasure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miseries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our Want of Consideration, in one or all of these Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the sanguine Tribe of Lovers daily split, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymist and Projector are cast away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towring Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune [which are [1]] near them, for something that glitters in the Sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial Happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that Good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life; presses forward to imaginary Points of Bliss; and grasps at Impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares Men into Beggary, Ruin and Dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a Moral to an *Arabian* Fable, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur *Galland*.[2] The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several Amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian* Glass-Man.

Alnaschar, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian* Mony. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was over-heard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: *This Basket*, says he, *cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an Hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four*

[1] [that lie]
[2] Arabian Nights, translated by Antony Galland, who died 1715.

Hundred, which of course will amount in time to four Thousand. Four Thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making Eight Thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of Ten Thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of a Glass-Man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffick, till I have got together an Hundred Thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made my self Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's *Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage-Night. As soon as I have married the Grand* Visier's *Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Mony. I must afterwards make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to Honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great Surprize, will present him another Purse of the same Value, with some short Speech; as,* Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Legs and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this Chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces. O.

No. 536.] *Friday, November* 14, 1712. [*Addison.*

O veræ Phrygiæ neque enim Phryges!—— Virg.

AS I was the other day standing in my Bookseller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, stept out of her Coach, and brushing by me, beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further end of his Counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive Look, and at the same time presented him with a Letter: After which, pressing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, she delivered the remaining part of her Message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her Discourse, that she flushed, and cast an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been informed by my Bookseller, that I was the Man of the short Face, whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming Creature smiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtsie. She scarce gave me time to return her Salute, before she quitted the Shop with an easie Scuttle, and stepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her Departure, my Bookseller gave me a Letter, superscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own Hands, and to tell me that the speedy Publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends. I opened it therefore, with a Resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my Male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the Face of the pretty Scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

'You are always ready to receive any useful 'Hint or Proposal, and such, I believe, you will 'think one that may put you in a way to employ 'the most idle part of the Kingdom; I mean that 'part of Mankind who are known by the Name 'of the Womens-Men or Beaus, *&c. Mr.* 'SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Imploy-'ments, and for want of Business are often as 'much in the Vapours as the Ladies. Now what 'I propose is this, that since Knotting is again in 'fashion, which has been found a very pretty 'Amusement, that you would recommend it to 'these Gentlemen as something that may make 'them useful to the Ladies they admire. And 'since 'tis not inconsistent with any Game, or 'other Diversion, for it may be done in the Play-'house, in their Coaches, at the Tea-Table, and, 'in short, in all Places where they come for the 'sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased 'to forbid it there, to prevent Mistakes) it will be 'easily complied with. 'Tis beside an Imployment 'that allows, as we see by the Fair Sex, of many 'Graces, which will make the Beaus more readily 'come into it; it shews a white Hand and Diamond 'Ring to great advantage; it leaves the Eyes at 'full liberty to be employed as before, as also the 'Thoughts, and the Tongue. In short, it seems 'in every respect so proper, that 'tis needless to

'urge it further, by speaking of the Satisfaction 'these Male-Knotters will find, when they see 'their Work mixed up in a Fringe, and worn by 'the fair Lady for whom and with whom it was 'done. Truly, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, I cannot but be 'pleased I have hit upon something that these 'Gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis sad so con-'siderable a part of the Kingdom (I mean for 'Numbers) should be of no manner of use. I 'shall not trouble you farther at this time, but 'only to say, that I am always your Reader, 'and generally your Admirer, C. B.

P. S. 'The sooner these fine Gentlemen are 'set to Work the better; there being at this time 'several fine Fringes that stay only for more 'Hands.

I shall, in the next place, present my Reader with the Description of a Set of Men who are common enough in the World, tho' I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have lately, to so good purpose, 'enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it's to be hoped 'you'll discourage every Practice that rather pro-'ceeds from a regard to Interest, than to Happi-'ness. Now you cannot but observe, that most 'of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the 'Direction of the graver sort, to retain in their 'Service, by some small Encouragement, as great 'a Number as they can of supernumerary and 'insignificant Fellows, which they use like Whif-'flers, and commonly call *Shoeing-Horns*. These 'are never designed to know the length of the 'Foot, but only, when a good Offer comes, to whet 'and spur him up to the Point. Nay, 'tis the 'Opinion of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, 'that it's absolutely convenient for every prudent 'Family to have several of these Implements 'about the House, to clap on as Occasion serves, 'and that every Spark ought to produce a Certifi-'cate of his being a Shoeing-Horn, before he be 'admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I 'could name, if it was necessary, has at present 'more Shoeing-Horns of all Sizes, Countries, and 'Colours, in her Service, than ever she had new 'Shoes in her Life. I have known a Woman make 'use of a Shoeing-Horn for several Years, and 'finding him unsuccessful in that Function, con-'vert him at length into a Shoe. I am mistaken 'if your Friend *Mr.* WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, was 'not a cast Shoeing-Horn before his late Marriage. 'As for my self, I must frankly declare to you, 'that I have been an errant Shoeing-Horn for 'above these twenty Years. I served my first 'Mistress in that Capacity above five of the Num-'ber, before she was shod. I confess, though she 'had many who made their Applications to her, 'I always thought my self the best Shoe in her 'Shop, and it was not till a Month before her 'Marriage that I discovered what I was. This 'had like to have broke my Heart, and raised 'such Suspicions in me, that I told the next I 'made Love to, upon receiving some unkind 'Usage from her, that I began to look upon my 'self as no more than her Shoeing-Horn. Upon 'which, my Dear, who was a Coquet in her Na-'ture, told me I was Hypocondriacal, and that I 'might as well look upon my self to be an Egg 'or a Pipkin. But in a very short time after she 'gave me to know that I was not mistaken in my 'self. It would be tedious to recount to you the 'Life of an unfortunate Shoeing-Horn, or I might 'entertain you with a very long and melancholy 'Relation of my Sufferings. Upon the whole, I 'think, Sir, it would very well become a Man in 'your Post, to determine in what Cases a Woman 'may be allowed, with Honour, to make use of a 'Shoeing-Horn, as also to declare whether a 'Maid on this side Five and Twenty, or a Widow 'who has not been three Years in that State, may 'be granted such a Privilege, with other Diffi-'culties which will naturally occur to you upon 'that Subject.

I am, SIR,
With the most profound Veneration,
O. *Yours*, &c.

No. 537.] *Saturday, Nov.* 15, 1712. [*Y. Hughes.*

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν——

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been usual to remind Persons of Rank, 'on great Occasions in Life, of their Race 'and Quality, and to what Expectations they were 'born; that by considering what is worthy of 'them, they may be withdrawn from mean Pur-'suits, and encouraged to laudable Undertakings. 'This is turning Nobility into a Principle of Vir-'tue, and making it productive of Merit, as it is 'understood to have been originally a Reward 'of it.

'It is for the like reason, I imagine, that you 'have in some of your Speculations asserted to 'your Readers the *Dignity of Human Nature*. 'But you cannot be insensible that this is a con-'troverted Doctrine; there are Authors who con-'sider Human Nature in a very different View, 'and Books of Maxims have been written to shew 'the *Falsity of all Human Virtues*. The Re-'flections which are made on this Subject usually 'take some Tincture from the Tempers and Cha-'racters of those that make them. Politicians 'can resolve the most shining Actions among Men 'into Artifice and Design; others, who are soured 'by Discontent, Repulses, or ill Usage, are apt to 'mistake their Spleen for Philosophy; Men of 'profligate Lives, and such as find themselves in-'capable of rising to any Distinction among their 'Fellow-Creatures, are for pulling down all Ap-'pearances of Merit, which seem to upbraid them: 'and Satirists describe nothing but Deformity. 'From all these Hands we have such Draughts of 'Mankind as are represented in those burlesque 'Pictures, which the *Italians* call *Caracatura's*; 'where the Art consists in preserving, amidst dis-'torted Proportions and aggravated Features, 'some distinguishing Likeness of the Person, but

'in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of 'Mankind with the worst, and for the Faults of 'Particulars to degrade the whole Species. Such 'Methods tend not only to remove a Man's good 'Opinion of others, but to destroy that Reverence 'for himself, which is a great Guard of Innocence, 'and a Spring of Virtue.

'It is true indeed that there are surprizing Mixtures of Beauty and Deformity, of Wisdom and 'Folly, Virtue and Vice, in the Human Make; 'such a Disparity is found among Numbers of 'the same Kind, and every Individual, in some 'Instances, or at some Times, is so unequal to 'himself, that *Man* seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent Being in the whole Creation. 'So that the Question in Morality, concerning the 'Dignity of our Nature, may at first sight appear 'like some difficult Questions in Natural Philosophy, in which the Arguments on both Sides seem 'to be of equal Strength. But as I began with 'considering this Point as it relates to Action, I 'shall here borrow an admirable Reflection from 'Monsieur *Pascal*, which I think sets it in its 'proper Light.

'*It is of dangerous Consequence*, says he, *to 'represent to Man how near he is to the Level of 'Beasts, without shewing him at the same time 'his* Greatness. *It is likewise dangerous to let 'him see his Greatness, without his* Meanness. '*It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant 'of either; but very beneficial that he should be 'made sensible of both.*[1] Whatever Imperfections 'we may have in our Nature, it is the Business of 'Religion and Virtue to rectify them, as far as is 'consistent with our present State. In the mean 'time, it is no small Encouragement to generous 'Minds to consider that we shall put them all off 'with our Mortality. That sublime Manner of 'Salutation with which the *Jews* approached their 'Kings,

'O King, *live for ever!*

'may be addressed to the lowest and most despised 'Mortal among us, under all the Infirmities and 'Distresses with which we see him surrounded. 'And whoever believes the *Immortality of the 'Soul*, will not need a better Argument for the 'Dignity of his Nature, nor a stronger Incitement 'to Actions suitable to it.

'I am naturally led by this Reflection to a Subject I have already touched upon in a former 'Letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind 'the Thoughts of *Cicero* to this purpose, in the 'close of his Book concerning *Old Age*. Every 'one who is acquainted with his Writings, will 'remember that the elder *Cato* is introduced in 'that Discourse as the Speaker, and *Scipio* and '*Lelius* as his Auditors. This venerable Person is 'represented looking forward as it were from the 'Verge of extreme Old Age, into a future State, 'and rising into a Contemplation on the unperishable Part of his Nature, and its Existence after 'Death. I shall collect Part of his Discourse. 'And as you have formerly offered some Arguments for the Soul's Immortality, agreeable both 'to Reason and the Christian Doctrine, I believe 'your Readers will not be displeased to see how 'the same great Truth shines in the Pomp of 'Roman Eloquence.

"This, says *Cato*, is my firm Persuasion, that "since the human Soul exerts it self with so great "Activity, since it has such a Remembrance of the "Past, such a Concern for the Future, since it is "enriched with so many Arts, Sciences and Discoveries, it is impossible but the Being which "contains all these must be Immortal.

"The elder *Cyrus*, just before his Death, is "represented by XENOPHON speaking after this "Manner." '*Think not, my dearest Children, 'that when I depart from you I shall be no more, 'but remember, that my Soul, even while I lived 'among you, was invisible to you; yet by my 'Actions you were sensible it existed in this Body. 'Believe it therefore existing still, though it be 'still unseen. How quickly would the Honours 'of illustrious Men perish after Death, if their 'Souls performed nothing to preserve their 'Fame? For my own part, I never could think 'that the Soul while in a mortal Body, lives, 'but when departed out of it, dies; or that its 'Consciousness is lost when it is discharged out 'of an unconscious Habitation. But when it is 'freed from all corporeal Alliance, then it 'truly exists. Further, since the Human Frame 'is broken by Death, tell us what becomes of its 'Parts? It is visible whither the Materials of 'other Beings are translated, namely to the 'Source from whence they had their Birth. The 'Soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the 'Object of our Eyes.*[1]

"Thus *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one shall "persuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy Father, "or your Grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, "or *Africanus* his Father, or Uncle, or many "other excellent Men whom I need not name, "performed so many Actions to be remembered "by Posterity, without being sensible that Futurity was their Right. And, if I may be allowed "an old Man's Privilege, to speak of my self, do "you think I would have endured the Fatigue of "so many wearisome Days and Nights both at "home and abroad, if I imagined that the same "Boundary which is set to my Life must terminate "my Glory? Were it not more desirable to have "worn out my days in Ease and Tranquility, "free from Labour, and without Emulation? But "I know not how, my Soul has always raised it "self, and looked forward on Futurity, in this "View and Expectation, that when it shall depart "out of Life, it shall then live for ever: and if "this were not true, that the Mind is immortal, "the Souls of the most worthy would not, above "all others, have the strongest Impulse to Glory.

"What besides this is the Cause that the wisest "Men die with the greatest Æquanimity, the "ignorant with the greatest Concern? Does it "not seem that those Minds which have the most "extensive Views, foresee they are removing to "a happier Condition, which those of a narrower "Sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am

[1] *Pensées.* Part I. Art. iv. 7.

[1] Cyropædia, Book viii.

"transported with the Hope of seeing your Ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent Persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written: nor would I be detained from so pleasing a Journey. O happy Day, when I shall escape from this Croud, this Heap of Pollution, and be admitted to that Divine Assembly of exalted Spirits! When I shall go not only to those great Persons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my Son, than whom a better Man was never born, and whose Funeral Rites I my self performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back a Look on me, is gone before to those Habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have born my Loss with Courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted myself in the Assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more.

I am, SIR, &c.

I question not but my Reader will be very much pleased to hear, that the Gentleman who has obliged the World with the foregoing Letter, and who was the Author of the 210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, [the 375th on Virtue in Distress,] the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble Poem, Intitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, *occasioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

No. 538.] *Monday, Nov.* 17, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Ultra
Finem tendere opus.—Hor.

SURPRIZE is so much the Life of Stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a sweet Arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*, but not the particulars in this Point of Conversation which either long command the Attention, or strike with the Violence of a sudden Passion, or occasion the burst of Laughter which accompanies Humour. I have sometimes fancied that the Mind is in this case like a Traveller who sees a fine Seat in Haste; he acknowledges the Delightfulness of a Walk set with Regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first View had let him into all its Beauties from one End to the other.

However, a knowledge of the Success which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprize, as it has happily made the Characters of some, so has it also been the Ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Set of Men who outrage Truth, instead of affecting us with a Manner in telling it; who over-leap the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this Observation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathies* was a proper Field wherein such false Surprizes might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full Extent of traditional History. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our Consideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluviums of Cheese have over Bodies whose Pores are dispos'd to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of Cheese, but not the Taste; for which they brought a Reason from the Milk of their Nurses. Others again discours'd, without endeavouring at Reasons, concerning an unconquerable Aversion which some Stomachs have against a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one Aversion to another, till we had work'd up our selves to such a pitch of Complaisance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every Dish, and hop'd it would be no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this Civility amongst us turned the Discourse from Eatables to other sorts of Aversions; and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Conversation of this nature, began then to engross the Subject. One had sweated at the Sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant Cupboard; and he who cro ed the whole set of these Stories, reckon'd up the Number of Times in which it had occasion'd him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfy'd of my invincible Aversion to a Cat, I shall give an unanswerable Instance: As I was going through a Street of *London*, where I had never been till then, I felt a general Damp and Faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my Eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a Sign-Post on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

The Extravagance of this Turn in the way of Surprize, gave a stop to the Talk we had been carrying on: Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own Way; so that the Gentleman had Opportunity to press the Belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the Company had been endeavouring who should pitch the Bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring Cast, and at last my Friend of the Cat and Sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then consider'd the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the Possibility that

it might have pass'd for a Jest upon others, if he had not labour'd against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct such a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general Silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the Effect of Weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of Mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing Spirits would persuade themselves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution against Danger make us suppress our Opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavoured to amuse his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their Sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his Attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Punishment: And indeed (if we should even go no further) Silence, or a negligent Indifference has a deeper way of wounding than Opposition; because Opposition proceeds from an Anger that has a sort of generous Sentiment for the Adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some Esteem in your Mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of false Surprize, is to over-shoot such Talkers in their own Bow, or to raise the Story with further Degrees of Impossibility, and set up for a Voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a Discourse was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an account how it had turn'd his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwrack encompassed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowledge, to enlarge his Instances of the like nature to such a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different Causes, for the sake of Variety, it might seem at last, from his Share of the Conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the Passion of Fear should all his Life escape so common an Effect of it. By this time some of the Company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: But one rebuked the rest with an appearance of Severity, and with the known old Story in his Head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, since he knew one whose Perriwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the Talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same Method taken to bring us to Shame, which we fondly take to increase our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimickry, by which another puts on our Air of Conversation to show us to our selves: He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious Shame for what you have been saying, Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self; the Laugh of the Company runs against you; the censuring World is obliged to you for that Triumph which you have allowed them at your own Expence; and Truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diversion for the [Publick.[1]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The other Day, walking in *Pancras* Churchyard, I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a Thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers.

Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.

[I am, SIR,
Your Servant.]

No. 539.] *Tuesday, Nov.* 18, 1712. [*Budgell.*

Heteroclyta sunto.—Quæ Genus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Widow of a good Fortune and Family, and just come to Town; where I find I have Clusters of pretty Fellows come already to visit me, some dying with Hopes, others with Fears, tho' they never saw me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert Fellows with the same Freedom as I did my Country Acquaintance. I desire your Leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without Imputation of a Jilt; for since I make Declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the Liberty of insulting those who have the Vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that Resolution. There are Schools for learning to use Foils, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless way of aiming at the Heart, without design to wound it on either side, is the Play with which I am resolved to divert my self: The Man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into

[1] [Publick.
I am, Sir, your Servant.]

'a Fencing-School to pick a Quarrel. I hope, 'upon this Foundation, you will give me the free 'use of the natural and artificial Force of my 'Eyes, Looks, and Gestures. As for verbal Pro- 'mises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy 'on the conceited Interpreters of Glances and 'Motions. I am particularly skill'd in the down- 'cast Eye, and the Recovery into a sudden full 'Aspect, and away again, as you may have seen 'sometimes practised by us Country Beauties be- 'yond all that you have observed in Courts and 'Cities. Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy 'heedless Look, which covers Artifice the best of 'any thing. Tho' I can dance very well, I affect 'a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I 'appear an easy Prey and never exert my in- 'structed Charms till I find I have engaged a 'Pursuer. Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter; 'which will certainly begin the Chace of a rich 'Widow: The many Foldings, Escapes, Returns 'and Doublings which I make, I shall from time 'to time communicate to you, for the better In- 'struction of all Females who set up, like me, for 'reducing the present exorbitant Power and In- 'solence of Man.

I am,
SIR,
Your faithful Correspondent,
Relicta Lovely.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I depend upon your profess'd Respect for vir- 'tuous Love, for your immediate answering the 'Design of this Letter; which is no other than to 'lay before the World the Severity of certain 'Parents who desire to suspend the Marriage of 'a discreet young Woman of eighteen, three Years 'longer, for no other reason but that of her being 'too young to enter into that State. As to the 'consideration of Riches, my Circumstances are 'such, that I cannot be suspected to make my 'Addresses to her on such low Motives as Avarice 'or Ambition. If ever Innocence, Wit and 'Beauty, united their utmost Charms, they have 'in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on 'this Subject, and admonish her Parents that it 'may be from the very Imperfection of Human 'Nature it self, and not any personal Frailty of 'her or me, that our Inclinations baffled at pre- 'sent may alter; and while we are arguing with 'our selves to put off the Enjoyment of our present 'Passions, our Affections may change their Ob- 'jects in the Operation. It is a very delicate 'Subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, 'I am in hopes it would give the Parties concern'd 'some Reflection that might expedite our Happi- 'ness. There is a Possibility, and I hope I may 'say it without Imputation of Immodesty to her 'I love with the highest Honour; I say, there is 'a Possibility this Delay may be as painful to her 'as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, 'by reason of the severe Rules the Sex are under 'in being denied even the Relief of Complaint. 'If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise 'you a Place at my Wedding; and a Treatment 'suitable to your Spectatorial Dignity.

Your most humble Servant,
Eustace.

SIR,

'I Yesterday heard a young Gentleman, that 'look'd as if he was just come to the Town, and a 'Scarf, upon Evil-speaking; which Subject, you 'know, Archbishop *Tillotson* has so nobly handled 'in a Sermon in his *Folio*. As soon as ever he had 'named his Text, and had opened a little the Drift 'of his Discourse, I was in great hopes he had 'been one of Sir ROGER'S Chaplains. I have 'conceived so great an Idea of the charming Dis- 'course above, that I should have thought one 'part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing a 'Repetition of it. But alas! Mr. SPECTATOR, 'this Reverend Divine gave us his Grace's Ser- 'mon, and yet I don't know how; even I, that 'I am sure have read it at least twenty times, 'could not tell what to make of it, and was at a 'loss sometimes to guess what the Man aim'd at. 'He was so just indeed, as to give us all the 'Heads and the Sub-divisions of the Sermon; 'and farther I think there was not one beautiful 'Thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this 'Gentleman made so many pretty Additions; and 'he could never give us a Paragraph of the 'Sermon, but he introduced it with something 'which, methought, look'd more like a Design to 'shew his own Ingenuity, than to instruct the 'People. In short, he added and curtailed in 'such a manner that he vexed me; insomuch that 'I could not forbear thinking (what, I confess, I 'ought not to have thought of in so holy a Place) 'that this young Spark was as justly blameable as '*Bullock* or *Penkethman* when they mend a noble 'Play of *Shakespear* or *Johnson*. Pray, Sir, take 'this into your Consideration; and if we must be 'entertained with the Works of any of those great 'Men, desire these Gentlemen to give them us as 'they find them, that so, when we read them to 'our Families at home, they may the better re- 'member they have heard them at Church.

SIR,
Your humble Servant.

No. 540.] *Wednesday, November* 19, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Non Deficit Alter.*—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no Part of your Writings which I 'have in more Esteem than your Criticism 'upon *Milton*. It is an honourable and candid 'Endeavour to set the Works of our Noble Writers 'in the graceful Light which they deserve. You 'will lose much of my kind Inclination towards 'you, if you do not attempt the Encomium of '*Spencer* also, or at least indulge my Passion for 'that charming Author so far as to print the loose 'Hints I now give you on that Subject.

'Spencer's general Plan is the Representation 'of six Virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, 'Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, in six Le- 'gends by six Persons. The six Personages are 'supposed under proper Allegories suitable to 'their respective Characters, to do all that is 'necessary for the full Manifestation of the re- 'spective Virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to shew under the 'several Heads, are admirably drawn; no Images 'improper, and most surprizingly beautiful. The 'Red-cross Knight runs through the whole Steps 'of the Christian Life; *Guyon* does all that Tem-'perance can possibly require; *Britomartis* (a 'Woman) observes the true Rules of unaffected 'Chastity; *Arthegal* is in every Respect of Life 'strictly and wisely just; *Calidore* is rightly 'courteous.

'In short, in *Fairy-Land*, where Knights 'Errant have a full Scope to range, and to do 'even what *Ariosto's* or *Orlando's* could not do 'in the World without breaking into Credibility, '*Spencer's* Knights have, under those six Heads, 'given a full and a truly Poetical System of Chris-'tian, Public, and Low Life.

'His Legend of Friendship is more diffuse, and 'yet even there the Allegory is finely drawn, 'only the Heads various, one Knight could not 'there support all the Parts.

'To do honour to his Country, Prince *Arthur* 'is an Universal Hero; in Holiness, Temperance, 'Chastity, and Justice super-excellent. For the 'same Reason, and to compliment Queen *Eliza-'beth*, *Gloriana*, Queen of Fairies, whose Court 'was the Asylum of the Oppressed, represents 'that Glorious Queen. At her Commands all 'these Knights set forth, and only at her's the 'Red-cross Knight destroys the Dragon. *Guyon* 'overturns the Bower of Bliss, *Arthegal* (i. e. '*Justice*) beats down *Geryoneo* (i. e. *Phil.* II. 'King of *Spain*) to rescue *Belge* (i. e. *Holland*) 'and he beats the *Grantorto* (the same *Philip* in 'another Light) to restore *Irena* (i. e. *Peace to* 'Europe.)

'Chastity being the first Female Virtue, *Brito-'martis* is a *Britain*; her Part is fine, though it 'requires Explication. His stile is very Poetical; 'no Puns, Affectations of Wit, forced Antitheses, 'or any of that low Tribe.

'His old Words are all true *English*, and num-'bers exquisite; and since of Words there is the '*Multa Renascentur*, since they are all proper, 'such a Poem should not (any more than *Milton's*) 'subsist all of it of common ordinary Words. See 'Instances of Descriptions.

Causeless Jealousy in *Britomartis*, V. 6, 14, in its Restlessness.

Like as a wayward Child whose sounder Sleep
Is broken with some fearful Dream's Affright,
With froward Will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his Nurse's Might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell Despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose Locks mis-using,
Now seeking Darkness, and now seeking Light;
Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refusing:
Such was this Lady's Loves in her Love's fond accusing.

Curiosity occasioned by Jealousy, upon occasion of her Lover's Absence. *Ibid. Stan.* 8, 9.

Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd
One coming towards her with hasty Speed,
Well ween'd she then, e'er him she plain descry'd,
That it was one sent from her Love indeed;
Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and Dread,
Ne would she stay till he in Place coula come,
But ran to weet him forth to know his Tidings somme;
Even in the Door him meeting, she begun,
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?

Care and his *House* are described thus, IV. 6, 33, 34, 35.

Not far away, not meet for any Guest,
They spy'd a little Cottage, like some poor Man's Nest.

34.

There entring in, they found the Good-Man's self,
Full busily unto his Work ybent,
Who was so weel a wretched wearish Elf,
With hollow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks for-spent,
As if he had in Prison long been pent.
Full black and grisely did his Face appear,
Besmear'd with Smoke that nigh his Eye-sight blent,
With rugged Beard and Hoary shaggy Heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

35.

Rude was his Garment and to Rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
His blistred Hands amongst the Cinders brent,
And Fingers filthy, with long Nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the Food on which he fared.
His Name was Care; *a Blacksmith by his Trade,*
That neither Day nor Night from working spared,
But to small purpose Iron Wedges made:
These be unquiet Thoughts that careful Minds invade.

'Homer's Epithets were much admired by An-'tiquity: See what great Justness and Variety 'there is in these Epithets of the Trees in the 'Forest where the Red-cross Knight lost *Truth*, 'B. I. Cant. i. St. 8, 9.

The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The Builder Oak, sole King of Forests all.
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral.

9.

The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,
And Poets sage; the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Yew obedient to the Bender's Will.
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill;
The Myrrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round,
The Carver Holm, the Maple seldom inward sound.

'I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to 'let me conclude with these Verses, though I

'think they have already been quoted by you; 'They are Directions to young Ladies opprest 'with Calumny., VI. 6, 14.

The best (said he) *that I can you advise,*
Is to avoid the Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause whence Evil doth arise
Removed is, the Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight,
Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill,
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight;
So shall you soon repair your present evil
Plight. T.

No. 541.] *Thursday, Nov.* 20, 1712. [*John Hughes.*

Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete Lingua.
Hor.

MY Friend the *Templar*, whom I have so often mentioned in these Writings, having determined to lay aside his Poetical Studies, in order to a closer Pursuit of the Law, has put together, as a Farewel Essay, some Thoughts concerning [*Pronunciation* and *Action*],[1] which he has given me leave to communicate to the Publick. They are chiefly collected from his Favourite Author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate Friend of *Roscius* the Actor, and a good Judge of [*Dramatick*][2] Performances, as well as the most Eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated Books *de Oratore* with some Precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which Part he affirms that the best Orator in the World can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is Master of this, shall gain much greater Applause. What could make a stronger Impression, says he, than those Exclamations of *Gracchus—Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! To what Place betake my self? Shall I go to the* Capitol?—*Alas! it is overflowed with my Brother's Blood. Or shall I retire to my House? Yet there I behold my Mother plung'd in Misery, weeping and despairing!* These Breaks and Turns of Passion, it seems, were so enforced by the Eyes, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I insist, says *Tully*, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the Truth it self, have quitted this manner of speaking; and the Players, who are but the Imitators of Truth, have taken it up.

I shall therefore pursue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the *British Stage* I shall copy some of the Rules which this great *Roman* Master has laid down; yet, without confining my self wholly to his Thoughts or Words: and to adapt this Essay the more to the Purpose for which I intend it, instead of the Examples he has inserted in his Discourse, out of the ancient Tragedies, I shall make use of parallel Passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The Design of Art is to assist Action as much as possible in the Representation of Nature; for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Representations, and these have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the less they shew of Imitation.

Nature herself has assigned to every Emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Cast of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture; and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice, answer, like Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various Touches which raise them, form themselves into an Acute or Grave, Quick or Slow, Loud or Soft Tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of Tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softned, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with Art and Judgment; and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying sound. The passionate Character of King *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakespear*, abounds with the strongest Instances of this kind.

——Death! Confusion!
Fiery!—what Quality?—why Gloster! Gloster!
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall *and his Wife.*
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke?——&c.

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone; as in that pathetical Soliloquy of Cardinal *Wolsey* on his Fall.

Farewel!—a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the State of Man!—to-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow Blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him,
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easie Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.

We have likewise a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andromache* in the *Distrest-Mother*, particularly in these Lines.

I'll go, and in the Anguish of my Heart
Weep o'er my Child—If he must die, my Life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd Life,
Groan'd in Captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, *we'll go together!*
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd Eyes thy Sire I'll show,
And point him out among the Shades below.

[1] [*Action* and *Pronunciation*].
[2] [*Dramatical*], and in first reprint.

Fear expresses it self in a low, hesitating and abject Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice, while she is speaking it.

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the Deed,
Confounds us — Hark! — I laid the Daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had done it.

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that Speech of Don *Sebastian*.[1]

Here satiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield
Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous Modulation; as in the following Lines in *Caius Marius*.[2]

Lavinia! *O there's Musick in the Name,*
That softning me to infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring, like the first Leaps of Life.

And Perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform Sound of Voice; as in that celebrated Speech of *Hamlet*.

To be, or not to be?—that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub.
For in that sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this Mortal Coil,
Must give us pause—There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life;
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather chuse those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

[1] Dryden's. [2] Otway's.

As all these Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Sense, so the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were to enforce it. The Arm, which by a strong Figure *Tully* calls *The Orator's Weapon*, is to be sometimes raised and extended; and the Hand, by its Motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the Words, as they are uttered. The Stamping of the Foot too has its proper Expression in Contention, Anger, or absolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are as it were the Epitome of the Face; for which Reason, he says, the best Judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleased, even with *Roscius* himself in his Masque. No Part of the Body, besides the Face, is capable of as many Changes as there are different Emotions in the Mind, and of expressing them all by those Changes. Nor is this to be done without the Freedom of the Eyes; therefore *Theophrastus* call'd one, who barely rehearsed his Speech with his Eyes fix'd, an *absent Actor*.

As the Countenance admits of so great Variety, it requires also great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be shifted on every Occasion, lest it turn to Farce and Buffoonery; but it is certain that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of marking the Emotions of the Mind, sometimes by a stedfast Look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling, as the Sense of the Words is diversified: for Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features and Limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the Gesture, there is a wonderful Force implanted by Nature, since the Vulgar, the Unskilful, and even the most Barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the Sound of Words, but those who understand the Language; and the Sense of many things is lost upon Men of a dull Apprehension; but Action is a kind of Universal Tongue; all Men are subject to the same Passions, and consequently know the same Marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my Readers may be of Opinion, that the Hints I have here made use of, out of *Cicero*, are somewhat too refined for the Players on our Theatre: In answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a Maxim, that without Good Sense no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to personate the Dignity of a *Roman* Hero, who cannot enter into the Rules for Pronunciation and Gesture delivered by a *Roman* Orator.

There is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical: and that is the right *pitching* of the Voice. On this occasion he tells the Story of *Gracchus*, who employed a Servant with a little Ivory Pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, says *Tully*,[1] has its particular Medium and Compass, and the Sweetness of Speech consists in

[1] Near the end of the De Oratore.

leading it through all the Variety of Tones naturally, and without touching any Extreme. Therefore, says he, *Leave the Pipe at home, but carry the Sense of this Custom with you.*

No. 542.] *Friday, November* 21, 1712. [*Addison.*

Et sibi præferri se gaudet—— Ovid.

WHEN I have been present in Assemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his Works. Upon this Occasion many Letters of Mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his Correspondents: Such are those from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inspector of the Sign-Posts; the Master of the Fan-Exercise: with that of the Hoop'd Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* Cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the Ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable Arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the Day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous Expressions, and giving the Company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the Honour to send me such or such a particular Epistle, which happened to be talked of with the Esteem or Approbation of those who were present. These rigid Criticks are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-house, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their Names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often chuse this way of casting my Thoughts into a Letter, for the following Reasons; First, out of the Policy of those who try their Jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little Praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an Opportunity of introducing a great variety of Characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the Person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the Dignity Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous Compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious Names and Characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional Reflections as have been placed at the End of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular Honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my Thoughts out of Books which are written in other Languages. I have heard of a Person, who is more famous for his Library than his Learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private Conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own Knowledge; but had he read the Books which he has collected, he would find this Accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this Point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a Fault in quoting the Authors of several Passages which I might have made my own. But as this Assertion is in reality an Encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small Reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose Objections have given me a greater Concern, as they seem to reflect, under this Head, rather on my Morality than on my Invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of Falshood, when he talks to the Publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes Scenes of Action or Discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a Fable or Parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this Exception: since nothing, according to this Notion, can be related innocently, which was not once Matter of Fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these Occurrences as Truth, and what as Fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several Objections which have been made against these my Works, I must take Notice that there are some who affirm a Paper of this Nature should always turn upon diverting Subjects, and others who find Fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate Tendency to the Advancement of Religion or Learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my Conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper Subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the Censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance Vice and Ignorance, and support the Interest of true Wisdom and Virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the Publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular Paper or Discourse as a distinct Tract by it self, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective Writers.

SIR,

'I was this Morning in a Company of your 'Well-wishers, when we read over, with great 'Satisfaction, *Tully's* Observations on Action 'adapted to the *British* Theatre: Though, by the 'way, we were very sorry to find that you have 'disposed of another Member of your Club. Poor 'Sir *Roger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman 'dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken Possession of 'a fair Estate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a 'Farmer's Daughter; and the *Templar* with-'draws himself into the Business of his own Pro-'fession. What will all this end in? We are afraid 'it portends no Good to the Publick. Unless you 'very speedily fix a Day for the Election of new 'Members, we are under Apprehensions of losing 'the *British Spectator*. I hear of a Party of 'Ladies who intend to address you on this Subject, 'and question not, if you do not give us the Slip 'very suddenly, that you will receive Addresses 'from all Parts of the Kingdom to continue so 'useful a Work. Pray deliver us out of this Per-'plexity, and among the Multitude of your Read-'ers you will particularly oblige

Your most Sincere Friend and Servant,
O. Philo-Spec.

No. 543.] *Saturday, Nov.* 22, 1712. [*Addison.*

——Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen—— Ov.

THOSE who were skillful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of an Human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently Wise and Powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of an Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-work. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the Human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprize and Amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an Human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of Anatomical Observations.

The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Enquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of an Human Body. We should see the same Concatenation and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the Present Age, can look through a whole Planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of an Human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the Fabrick and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontested Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with it self. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five times less, or five times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion-Kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *Divisions* running upon the same *Ground*. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many *similar* Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation.

In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many Original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descants which it has made on every Original Species in particular.

But to pursue this Thought still farther: Every living Creature, considered in it self, has many very complicated Parts, that are exact copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same Manner. One *Eye* would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal; but in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a Mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation, and in every particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we see one half of the Body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless Fibres, and these Parts differing still in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires; sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. These Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a Human Eye; and if we consider now the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States of Existence; it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the same number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a degree of Credulity that is not under the direction of Common Sense. [We may carry this Consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.]

There are many more Demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power, and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the Sixth Book of the Poem, entitled *Creation*,[1] where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with great Perspicuity and Elegance. I have been particular on the Thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O.

No. 544.] *Monday, November* 24, 1712. [*Steele.*

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit
Quia res, Ætas usus semper aliquid apportet novi
Aliquid moneat, ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias
Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.—Ter.

THERE are, I think, Sentiments in the following Letter from my Friend Captain SENTRY, which discover a rational and equal Frame of Mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate Change of Condition.

Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15, *Worcestershire.*

SIR,

'I am come to the Succession of the Estate of 'my honoured Kinsman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; 'and I assure you I find it no easy Task to keep 'up the Figure of Master of the Fortune which 'was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain 'Man. I cannot (with respect to the great Obli-'gations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his 'Character, but I am confirmed in the Truth 'which I have, I think, heard spoken at the 'Club, to wit, That a Man of a warm and well-'disposed Heart with a very small Capacity, is 'highly superior in human Society to him who 'with the greatest Talents is cold and languid in 'his Affections. But, alas! why do I make a 'difficulty in speaking of my worthy Ancestor's 'Failings? His little Absurdities and Incapacity 'for the Conversation of the politest Men are 'dead with him, and his greater Qualities are 'even now useful to him. I know not whether 'by naming those Disabilities I do not enhance 'his Merit, since he has left behind him a Reput-'ation in his Country which would be worth the 'Pains of the wisest Man's whole Life to arrive 'at. By the way I must observe to you, that 'many of your Readers have mistook that Passage 'in your Writings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported 'to have enquired into the private Character of 'the young Woman at the Tavern. I know you 'mentioned that Circumstance as an Instance of 'the Simplicity and Innocence of his Mind, 'which made him imagine it a very easy thing to 'reclaim one of those Criminals, and not as an 'Inclination in him to be guilty with her. The 'less discerning of your Readers cannot enter 'into that Delicacy of Description in the Cha-'racter: But indeed my chief Business at this 'time is to represent to you my present State of

[1] Blackmore's.

'Mind, and the Satisfactions I promise to my self 'in the Possession of my new Fortune. I have 'continued all Sir ROGER's Servants, except such 'as it was a Relief to dismiss into little Beings within 'my Manor: Those who are in a List of the good 'Knight's own Hand to be taken care of by me, 'I have quartered upon such as have taken new 'Leases of me, and added so many Advantages 'during the Lives of the Persons so quartered, 'that it is the Interest of those whom they are 'joined with, to cherish and befriend them upon 'all Occasions. I find a considerable Sum of 'ready Money, which I am laying out among my 'Dependants at the common Interest, but with a 'Design to lend it according to their Merit, rather 'than according to their Ability. I shall lay a 'Tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to 'become Security to me for such of their own 'poor Youth, whether Male or Female, as want 'Help towards getting into some Being in the 'World. I hope I shall be able to manage my 'Affairs so, as to improve my Fortune every Year, 'by doing Acts of Kindness. I will lend my 'Money to the Use of none but indigent Men, 'secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by 'the Favour of my Family or my self. What 'makes this the more practicable, is, that if they 'will do any one Good with my Money, they are 'welcome to it upon their own Security: And I 'make no Exception against it, because the Per-'sons who enter into the Obligations, do *it* for 'their own Family. I have laid out four thousand 'Pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined 'what a Crowd of People are obliged by it. In 'Cases where Sir ROGER has recommended, I 'have lent Money to put out Children, with a 'Clause which makes void the Obligation, in case 'the Infant dies before he is out of his Apprentice-'ship; by which means the Kindred and Masters 'are extremely careful of breeding him to In-'dustry, that he may repay it himself by his 'Labour, in three Years Journeywork after his 'Time is out, for the Use of his Securities. Op-'portunities of this kind are all that have occurred 'since I came to my Estate: but I assure you I 'will preserve a constant Disposition to catch at 'all the Occasions I can to promote the Good and 'Happiness of my Neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little Establishment which has grown out of my past 'Life, that I doubt not, will administer great 'Satisfaction to me in that Part of it, whatever 'that is, which is to come.

'There is a Prejudice in favour of the Way of 'Life to which a Man has been educated, which I 'know not whether it would not be faulty to over-'come: It is like a Partiality to the Interest of 'one's own Country before that of any other 'Nation. It is from an Habit of Thinking, grown 'upon me from my Youth spent in Arms, that 'I have ever held Gentlemen, who have preserved 'Modesty, Good-nature, Justice, and Humanity 'in a Soldier's Life, to be the most valuable and 'worthy Persons of the human Race. To pass 'through imminent Dangers, suffer painful Watch-'ings, frightful Alarms, and laborious Marches 'for the greater part of a Man's Time, and pass 'the rest in a Sobriety conformable to the Rules of 'the most virtuous civil Life, is a Merit too great 'to deserve the Treatment it usually meets with 'among the other part of the World. But I 'assure you, Sir, were there not very many who 'have this Worth, we could never have seen the 'glorious Events which we have in our Days. I 'need not say more to illustrate the Character of 'a Soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary 'to him you observe loud, sawcy, and over-bear-'ing in a red Coat about Town. But I was going 'to tell you, that in Honour of the Profession of 'Arms, I have set apart a certain Sum of Money 'for a Table for such Gentlemen as have served 'their Country in the Army, and will please from 'Time to Time to sojourn all, or any Part of the 'Year, at *Coverley*: Such of them as will do me 'that Honour, shall find Horses, Servants, and all 'things necessary for their Accommodation and 'Enjoyment of all the Conveniences of Life in a 'pleasant various Country. If Colonel *Camperfelt* 'be in Town, and his Abilities are not employ'd 'another way in the Service, there is no Man 'would be more welcome here. That Gentle-'man's thorough Knowledge in his Profession, 'together with the Simplicity of his Manners, 'and Goodness of his Heart, would induce others 'like him to honour my Abode; and I should be 'glad my Acquaintance would take themselves to 'be invited or not, as their Characters have an 'Affinity to his.

'I would have all my Friends know, that they 'need not fear (though I am become a Country 'Gentleman) I will trespass against their Tem-'perance and Sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so 'much of the good Sentiments for the Conduct of 'Life, which we cultivated in each other at our 'Club, as to contemn all inordinate Pleasures: 'But particularly remember, with our beloved '*Tully*, that the Delight in Food consists in 'Desire, not Satiety. They who most passion-'ately pursue Pleasure, seldomest arrive at it. 'Now I am writing to a Philosopher, *I* cannot 'forbear mentioning the Satisfaction I took in the 'Passage I read Yesterday in the same *Tully*. A 'Nobleman of *Athens* made a Compliment to 'Plato the Morning after he had supped at his 'House, *Your Entertainments do not only please 'when you give them, but also the Day after.*

I am,

My worthy Friend,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

WILLIAM SENTRY.

No. 545.] *Tuesday, November* 25, 1712. [*Steele.*

Quin potius Pacem Æternam pactosque Hymenæos
Exercemus —— Virg.

I CANNOT but think the following Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of *Rome*, proposing a Coalition of the *Chinese* and *Roman* Churches, will be acceptable to the Curious. I must confess I my self being of opinion that the Emperor has as much Authority to be

Interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be Vicar to the Sacred Person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their Treaty of Alliance. What Progress the Negotiation between his Majesty of *Rome*, and his Holiness of *China* makes (as we daily Writers say upon Subjects where we are at a Loss) Time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the Fundamentals of Power and Authority, and differ only in Matters of Faith, we may expect the Matter will go on without Difficulty.

Copia di Littera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagna di Giesu.[1]

A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti PP, ed interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore dell' oglio de i Rè d'Europe Clemente XI.

'Il Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 70 Potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, 'Altissmo sopra tutti gl' Altissmi sotto il sole e la 'luna, che sede nella sede di smeraldo della China 'sopra cento scalini d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua 'di Dio a tutti i descendenti fedeli d'Abramo, che 'da la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed 'a cento settante Isole, scrive con la penna dello 'Struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed accresimento 'di vecchiezza.

'Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della 'reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i Frutti della 'nostra vecchiezza, e confortare con quelli i desiderii 'dei populi nostri divoti, e propogare il seme di 'quella pianta che deve proteggerli, habbiamo 'Stabilito d'accompagnarci con una virgine eccelsa 'ed amorosa allattata alla mammella della leonessa 'forte e dell' Agnella mansueta. Percio essendo 'ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo Europeo 'Romano par paese di donne invitte, i forte, e 'caste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a 'stringere una di loro, e questa sara una vostra 'nipote, o nipote di qualche altro gran Sacerdote 'Latino, che sia guardata dall' occhio dritto di 'Dio. Sara seminata in lei l'Autorita di Sarra, la 'Fedelta d'Esther, e la Sapienza di Abba; la 'vogliamo con l'occhio della colomba che guarda 'il cielo, e la terra e con la bocca dello Conchiglia 'che si pasce della ruggiada del matino. La statura 'non passi ducento corsi della Luna, la sua statura 'sia alta quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e 'la sua grossezza quanto un manipolo di grano 'secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri 'mandatici Ambasciadori, e chi la conduranno a 'noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume 'grande facendola salire su nostro cocchio. Ella 'potra adorare appresso di noi il suo Dio, con 'venti quatro altre vergini a sua ellezzione, e potra 'cantare con loro come la Tortora alla Primavera.

'Sodisfando O Padre e amico nostro questa 'nostro brama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia cotesti vostri Regni d'Europa al 'nostro dominante Imperio, e si abbracciranno le 'vostri leggi come l'edera abbraccia la pianta, e 'noi medesemi Spargeremo del nostro seme reale 'in coteste Provinci, riscaldando i letti di vostri 'Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i nostri mandatici 'Ambasciadori vi porteranno le Somiglianze depinte. Vi Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le due 'buone religiose famiglie delli Missionarii gli' 'Figlioli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di 'Dominico; il cui consiglio degl' uni e degl' altri 'ci serve di scorta nel nostro regimento e di lume 'ad interpretare le divine Legge come appuncto 'fa lume l'oglio che si getta in Mare. In tanto 'Alzandoci dal nostro Trono per Abbracciarvi, vi 'dichiariamo nostro congiunto e Confederato; ed 'ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro 'Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del 'Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione 'l'anno quarto del nostro Imperio.

'Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella 'della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposte 'alcune Spade.

'Dico il Traduttore che secondo il Ceremonial 'di questo Lettere e recedentissimo specialmente 'Fessere scritto con la penna della Struzzo vergine 'con la quella non soglionsi scrivere quei Re che 'le pregiere a Dio e scrivendo a qualche altro 'Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finezza che 'usino, e scrivergli con la penna del Pavone.'

A Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope, interpreted by a Father Jesuit, Secretary of the *Indies*.

To you blessed above the Blessed, great Emperor of Bishops, and Pastor of Christians, Dispenser of the Oil of the Kings of Europe, Clement XI.

"The Favourite Friend of God *Gionnata* the "VIIth, most Powerful above the most Powerful "of the Earth, Highest above the Highest under "the Sun and Moon, who sits on a Throne of "Emerald of *China*, above 100 Steps of Gold, to "interpret the Language of God to the faithful, "and who gives Life and Death to 115 Kingdoms, "and 170 Islands; he writes with the Quill of a "Virgin *Ostrich*, and sends Health and Increase "of old Age.

"Being arrived at the time of our Age, in which "the Flower of our Royal Youth ought to ripen "into Fruit towards old Age, to comfort therewith "the Desire of our devoted People, and to propagate the Seed of that Plant which must protect "them; We have determined to accompany our "selves with an high Amorous Virgin, suckled at "the Breast of a wild Lioness, and a meek Lamb; "and imagining with our selves that your *European Roman* People is the Father of many "unconquerable and chaste Ladies: We stretch "out our powerful Arm to embrace one of them, "and she shall be one of your Neices, or the "Neice of some other great *Latin* Priest, the "Darling of God's Right Eye. Let the Authority "of *Sarah* be sown in her, the Fidelity of *Esther*, "and the Wisdom of *Abba*. We would have her "Eye like that of a *Dove*, which may look upon "Heaven and Earth, with the Mouth of a Shell-"Fish to feed upon the Dew of the Morning; "Her Age *must not* exceed 200 Courses of the

[1] No suggestion has been made as to the authorship of this squib on the Jesuits in China.

"Moon; let her Stature be equal to that of an "Ear of green Corn, and her Girth a Handful.

"We will send our *Mandarine's* Embassadors "to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and we "will meet her on the Bank of the great River, "making her to leap up into our Chariot. She "may with us worship her own God; together "with twenty four Virgins of her own chusing; "and she may sing with them, as the *Turtle* in "the Spring. You, O Father and Friend, com- "plying with this our Desire, may be an occasion "of uniting in perpetual Friendship our high Em- "pire with your *European* Kingdoms, and we "may embrace your Laws, as the *Ivy* embraces "the Tree; and we our selves may scatter our "Royal Blood into your Provinces, warming the "chief of your Princes with the amorous Fire of "our *Amazons*, the resembling Pictures of some "of which our said *Mandarine's* Embassadors "shall convey to you.

"We exhort you to keep in Peace two good "Religious Families of *Missionaries*, the black "Sons of *Ignatius*, and the white and black Sons "of *Dominicus*; that the Counsel, both of the "one and the other, may serve as a Guide to us "in our Government, and a Light to interpret the "Divine Law, as the Oil cast into the Sea pro- "duces Light.

"To conclude, we rising up in our Throne to "embrace you, we declare you our Ally and Con- "federate; and have ordered this Leaf to be "sealed with our Imperial Signet, in our Royal "City the Head of the World, the 8th Day of "the third Lunation, and the 4th Year of our "Reign.

Letters from *Rome* say, the whole Conversation both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turned upon the Subject of this Epistle, ever since it arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the Majesty of the Original in the *Italian*. It seems there was an Offer of the same nature made by a Predecessor of the present Emperor to *Lewis* the XIIIth of *France*, but no Lady of that Court would take the Voyage, that Sex not being at that time so much used in politick Negotiations. The manner of treating the Pope is, according to the *Chinese* Ceremonial, very respectful: For the Emperor writes to him with the Quill of a Virgin *Ostrich*, which was never used before but in Writing Prayers. Instructions are preparing for the Lady who shall have so much Zeal as to undertake this Pilgrimage, and be an Empress for the sake of her Religion. The Principal of the *Indian* Missionaries has given in a List of the reigning Sins in *China*, in order to prepare the Indulgences necessary to this Lady and her Retinue, in advancing the Interests of the *Roman Catholic Religion* in those Kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Honour,

'I have of late seen *French* Hats, of a pro- 'digious Magnitude, pass by my Observatory.

T. *John Sly.*

No. 546.] *Wednesday, Nov.* 26, 1712. [*Steele.*

Omnia patefacienda ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret.—Tull.

IT gives me very great Scandal to observe, where-ever I go, how much Skill, in buying all manner of Goods, there is necessary to defend yourself from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to Sale. My Reading makes such a strong impression upon me, that I should think my self a Cheat in my Way, if I should translate any thing from another Tongue, and not acknowledge it to my Readers. I understood from common Report, that Mr. *Cibber* was introducing a *French* Play upon our Stage, and thought my self concerned to let the Town know what was his, and what foreign.[1] When I came to the Rehearsal, I found the House so partial to one of their own Fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such Grace, Emphasis, and Force in their Action, that it was no easy matter to make any Judgment of the Performance. Mrs. *Oldfield*, who, it seems, is the Heroick Daughter, had so just a Conception of her Part, that her Action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The Passions of Terrour and Compassion, they made me believe were very artfully raised, and the whole Conduct of the Play artful and surprizing. We Authors do not much relish the Endeavours of Players in this kind; but have the same Disdain as Physicians and Lawyers have when Attorneys and Apothecaries give Advice *Cibber* himself took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him Justice, and allow the Play well-prepared for his Spectators, whatever it was for his Readers. He added very many Particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an Audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial Applause, but also

[1] *Ximena*, or the *Heroic Daughter*, a Tragedy taken from the *Cid* of Corneille, by Colley Cibber. The play was not published until after Steele's pamphlet, 'The Crisis,' had exposed him to political and (as it necessarily followed in those days) personal detraction. Cibber then dedicated his play to Steele, referring to the custom of his calumniators, since they could not deny his literary services, to transfer all the merit of them to Addison, upon whom he had so generously heaped more than the half of his own fame, and said: 'Your Enemies therefore, thus knowing that your own consent had partly justified their insinuations, saved a great deal of their malice from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply to such your singular conduct what Mark Antony says of Octavius in the play—

Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tired with soaring,
And now, he mounts above me.'

True-hearted Steele never read his relation to his friend in this fashion. With how fine a disregard of conventional dignity is the latter part of this paper given by Steele to the kind effort to help in setting a fallen man upon his legs again!

for insinuating into their Affections and Passions, by the artful Management of the Look, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroick Daughter appeared in the Rehearsal a moving Entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary Virtue.

The Advantages of Action, Show, and Dress on these Occasions are allowable, because the Merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our Advantage and Entertainment. All that I was going to say about the Honesty of an Author in the Sale of his Ware, was that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his Spectators for their Money, with an Account of the first Manufacturers. But I intended to give the Lecture of this Day upon the common and prostituted Behaviour of Traders in ordinary Commerce. The Philosopher made it a Rule of Trade, that your Profit ought to be the common Profit; and it is unjust to make any Step towards Gain, wherein the Gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A Man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a Cheat who sells any thing without telling the Exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its Advantage. The scandalous abuse of Language and hardening of Conscience, which may be observed every Day in going from one Place to another, is what makes a whole City to an unprejudiced Eye a Den of Thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by *Cornhill*, that the Shop of that worthy, honest, tho' lately unfortunate, Citizen, Mr. *John Moreton*,[1] so well known in the Linnen Trade, is fitting up a-new. Since a Man has been in a distressed Condition, it ought to be a great Satisfaction to have passed thro' it in such a Manner as not to have lost the Friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable Acknowledgment of his Honesty from those very Persons to whom the Law had consigned his Estate.

The Misfortune of this Citizen is like to prove of a very general Advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: For the Stock with which he now sets up being the Loan of his Friends, he cannot expose that to the Hazard of giving Credit, but enters into a Ready-Money Trade, by which Means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a Rule of affixing the Value of each Piece he sells to the Piece it self; so that the most ignorant Servant or Child will be as good a Buyer at his Shop as the most skilful in the Trade. For all which, you have all his Hopes and Fortune for your Security. To encourage Dealing after this Way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous Guilt in ordinary Bartering; but this Observation, That he who buys with ready Money saves as much to his Family, as the State exacts out of his Land for the Security and Service of his Country; that is to say, in plain *English*, Sixteen will do as much as Twenty Shillings.

[1] See No. 248. To this Mr. Moreton was addressed the letter signed W. S., from Sir William Scawen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'My Heart is so swelled with grateful Sentiments on account of some Favours which I have lately received, that I must beg leave to give them Utterance amongst the Croud of other anonymous Correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a Relief to my forced Silence, as it is to your natural Taciturnity—My generous Benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any Terms of Acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest Obligations, and uses me with a Distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my Superiour in Fortune, Years, and Understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain Right to his Favours from some Merit, which his particular Indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful Artifice to lessen the Pain an honest Mind feels in receiving Obligations, when there is no probability of returning them.

'A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a Delicacy of Address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible Value, is its coming from the Man I most esteem in the World. It pleases me indeed, as it is an Advantage and Addition to my Fortune; but when I consider it is an Instance of that good Man's Friendship, it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a Lover's Eye, and no longer regard the Gift, but the Hand that gave it. For my Friendship is so entirely void of any gainful Views, that it often gives me Pain to think it should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy Hours help doing his Generosity the Injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last Favour might be a sort of Legacy of a departing Friendship.

'I Confess these Fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the Apprehension of one possessed of a great Treasure, who is frighted at the most distant Shadow of Danger.

'Since I have thus far open'd my Heart to you, I will not conceal the secret Satisfaction I feel there of knowing the Goodness of my Friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the Providence of the Almighty hath sufficient Blessings in store for him, and will certainly discharge the Debt, though I am not made the happy Instrument of doing it.

'However, nothing in my power shall be wanting to shew my Gratitude: I will make it the Business of my Life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best Friends, who give me greatest Assistance in this good Work. Printing this Letter would be some little Instance of my Gratitude; and your Favour herein will very much oblige

Nov. 24. *Your most humble Servant*, &c.

T. W. C.

No. 547.] *Thursday, Nov.* 27, 1712. [*Addison.*

Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier ——— Hor.

IT is very difficult to praise a Man without putting him out of Countenance. My following Correspondent has found out this uncommon Art, and, together with his Friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my Readers think I am to blame in Publishing my own Commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their Censure as much, had I suppressed the Humour in which they are convey'd to me.

SIR,

'I am often in a private Assembly of Wits of 'both Sexes, where we generally descant upon 'your Speculations, or upon the Subjects on which 'you have treated. We were last *Tuesday* talking 'of those two Volumes which you have lately 'published. Some were commending one of your 'Papers, and some another; and there was scarce 'a single Person in the Company that had not a 'favourite Speculation. Upon this a Man of Wit 'and Learning told us, he thought it would not be 'amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same Com'pliment that is often made in our publick Prints 'to Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the 'Apothecary;[1] and other eminent Physicians, 'where it is usual for the Patients to publish the 'Cures which have been made upon them, and 'the several Distempers under which they 'laboured. The Proposal took, and the Lady 'where we visited having the two last Volumes in 'large Paper interleav'd for her own private use, 'ordered them to be brought down, and laid in 'the Window, whither every one in the Company 'retired, and writ down a particular Advertise'ment in the Style and Phrase of the like inge'nious Compositions which we frequently meet 'with at the end of our News-Papers. When we 'had finish'd our Work, we read them with a great 'deal of Mirth at the Fire-side, and agreed, '*Nemine contradicente*, to get them transcrib'd, 'and sent to the *Spectator*. The Gentleman who 'made the Proposal enter'd the following Adver'tisement before the Title-Page, after which the 'rest succeeded in order.

'*Remedium efficax et universum;* or, An ef'fectual Remedy adapted to all Capacities; shew'ing how any Person may Cure himself of Ill'Nature, Pride, Party-Spleen, or any other Dis'temper incident to the human System, with an 'easie way to know when the Infection is upon 'him. This Panacea is as innocent as Bread, 'agreeable to the Taste, and requires no Con'finement. It has not its Equal in the Universe, 'as Abundance of the Nobility and Gentry 'throughout the Kingdom have experienced.

N. B. 'No Family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators *on Jealousy, being the two first in the third Volume.*

'I *William Crazy*,' aged Threescore and 'seven, having been for several Years afflicted 'with uneasie Doubts, Fears and Vapours, 'occasion'd by the Youth and Beauty of *Mary* 'my Wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for 'the Benefit of the Publick give Notice, that I 'have found great Relief from the two following 'Doses, having taken them two Mornings together 'with a Dish of Chocolate. Witness my Hand, '*&c.*

For the Benefit of the Poor.

'In charity to such as are troubled with the 'Disease of Levee-Haunting, and are forced to 'seek their Bread every Morning at the Chamber 'Doors of great Men, I *A. B.* do testifie, that 'for many Years past I laboured under this 'fashionable Distemper, but was cured of it by a 'Remedy which I bought of Mrs. *Baldwin*, con'tain'd in an Half-Sheet of Paper, marked No. '193. where any one may be provided with the 'same Remedy at the price of a single Penny.

'An infallible Cure for *Hypocondriack Melan'choly*. No. 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. '239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est. *Charles Easy.*

'I *Christopher Query* having been troubled 'with a certain Distemper in my Tongue, which 'shewed it self in impertinent and superfluous 'Interrogatories, have not asked one unne'cessary Question since my Perusal of the Pre'scription marked No. 228.

'The *Britannick Beautifyer*, being an Essay on 'Modesty, No. 231. which gives such a delightful 'Blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are 'White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished 'from a natural fine Complection, nor perceived 'to be artificial by the nearest Friend: Is nothing 'of Paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the 'Face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be 'rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either

[1] Sir William Read, a doctor who could nardly read, was one of the most pertinacious advertisers of his time. He advertised in the *Tatler* that he had been 35 years in the practice of 'couching 'cataracts, taking off all sorts of wens, curing wry 'necks and *hair* lips without blemish, though never 'so deformed.' His wife assisted him, and after his death carried on his business, advertising that, 'The Lady Read, in Durham Yard, in the Strand, 'having obtained a peculiar method of couching 'cataracts and curing all diseases of the eyes, by 'Sir William Read's method and medicines, and 'having had above 15 years' experience - - - - - - 'Note, Sir William Read has left only with his 'lady the true receipt of his Styptich Water,' &c., &c.

Dr. Grant was another advertising oculist, illiterate and celebrated, originally a tinker or cobbler, afterwards a Baptist preacher in Southwark.

Mr. Moore sold a powder which, according to his advertisements, brought off worms of incredible length.

'Wash, Powder, Cosmetick, &c. It is certainly 'the best Beautifier in the World.

Martha Gloworm.

'I *Samuel Self*, of the Parish of *St. James's*, 'having a Constitution which naturally abounds 'with Acids, made use of a Paper of Directions 'marked No. 177. recommending a healthful 'Exercise called *Good-Nature*, and have found it 'a most excellent Sweetner of the Blood.

'Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled 'with that Distemper in my Head, which about a 'Year ago was pretty Epidemical among the 'Ladies, and discover'd it self in the Colour of 'their Hoods, having made use of the Doctor's 'Cephalick Tincture, which he exhibited to the 'Publick in one of his last Year's Papers, I re-'cover'd in a very few Days.

'I *George Gloom* have for a long time been 'troubled with the Spleen, and being advis'd by 'my Friends to put my self into a Course of '*Steele*, did for that end make use of Remedies 'convey'd to me several Mornings, in short 'Letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor. 'They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel* '*Henroost*, *Alice Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettle-'top*, *Tom. Loveless*, *Mary Meanwell*, *Thomas* '*Snoaky*, *Anthony Freeman*, *Tom Meggot*, '*Rustick Sprightly*, &c. which have had so good 'an Effect upon me, that I now find my self 'chearful, lightsome and easie; and therefore do 'recommend them to all such as labour under the 'same Distemper.

Not having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the Third Volume, reserving the Fourth for another Opportunity. O.

No. 548.] *Friday, November* 28, 1712. [1

——Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus illo
Qui minimis urgetur—— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 27, 1712.

I HAVE read this Day's Paper with a great deal of Pleasure, and could send you an Account of several Elixirs and Antidotes in your third Volume, which your Correspondents have not taken Notice of in their Advertisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a Shop furnished with such a Variety of Medicaments, and in which there are fewer Soporifics. The several Vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable Truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are Secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your Critical Essays are taken Notice of in this Paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent Cleansers of the Brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an Advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our News-Papers, wherein there is an Account given of a Sovereign Remedy for restoring the Taste of all such Persons whose Palates have been vitiated by Distempers, unwholesome Food, or any the like Occasions. But to let fall the Allusion, notwithstanding your Criticisms, and particularly the Candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking Part of your Works, I find your Opinion concerning *Poetical Justice*, as it is expressed in the first Part of your Fortieth *Spectator*, is controverted by some eminent Criticks; and as you now seem, to our great Grief of Heart, to be winding up your Bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that Subject. It is indeed but a single Paragraph in your Works, and I believe those who have read it with the same Attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have however drawn up some additional Arguments to strengthen the Opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the Bottom of that Matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

'*Horace* in my Motto says, that all Men are 'vicious, and that they differ from one another, 'only as they are more or less so. *Boileau* has 'given the same Account of our Wisdom, as *Ho-'race* has of our Virtue.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et, malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus et du moins.

All Men, says he, are Fools, and, in spite of their Endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so.

'Two or three of the old *Greek* Poets have 'given the same turn to a Sentence which de-'scribes the Happiness of Man in this Life;

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἀνδρός ἐστι εὐτυχοῦς.

That Man is most happy who is the least miserable. 'It will not perhaps be unentertaining to 'the Polite Reader to observe how these three 'beautiful Sentences are formed upon different 'Subjects by the same way of thinking; but I 'shall return to the first of them.

'Our Goodness being of a comparative, and not 'an absolute nature, there is none who in strict-'ness can be called a Virtuous Man. Every one 'has in him a natural Alloy, tho' one may be fuller 'of Dross than another: For this reason I cannot 'think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless 'Man upon the Stage; not only because such a 'Character is improper to move Compassion, but 'because there is no such a thing in Nature. 'This might probably be one Reason why the 'SPECTATOR in one of his Papers took notice of 'that late invented Term called *Poetical Justice*, 'and the wrong Notions into which it has led some 'Tragick Writers. The most perfect Man has 'Vices enough to draw down Punishments upon 'his Head, and to justify Providence in regard to 'any Miseries that may befal him. For this 'reason I cannot think, but that the Instruction

[1] Unacknowledged, but doubtless by Addison, who took this indirect way of answering Dennis. Addison's hand is further shown by the addition made to the reprint.

'and Moral are much finer, where a Man who is 'virtuous in the main of his Character falls into 'Distress, and sinks under the Blows of Fortune 'at the End of a Tragedy, than when he is repre-'sented as Happy and Triumphant. Such an 'Example corrects the Insolence of Human Na-'ture, softens the Mind of the Beholder with 'Sentiments of Pity and Compassion, comforts 'him under his own private Affliction, and teaches 'him not to judge Mens Virtues by their Suc-'cesses. I cannot think of one real Hero in all 'Antiquity so far raised above Human Infirmities, 'that he might not be very naturally represented 'in a Tragedy as plunged in Misfortunes and 'Calamities. The Poet may still find out some 'prevailing Passion or Indiscretion in his Cha-'racter, and shew it in such a Manner, as will 'sufficiently acquit the Gods of any Injustice in 'his Sufferings. For as *Horace* observes in my 'Text, the best Man is faulty, tho' not in so great 'a degree as those whom we generally call vicious 'Men.

'If such a strict Poetical Justice, as some 'Gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in 'this Art, there is no manner of Reason why it 'should not extend to Heroick Poetry, as well as 'Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in '*Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the greatest 'point of Glory and Success, though his Character 'is Morally Vicious, and only Poetically Good, if 'I may use the Phrase of our modern Criticks. 'The *Æneid* is filled with Innocent, unhappy 'Persons. *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, *Lausus* and '*Pallas* come all to unfortunate Ends. The Poet 'takes Notice in particular, that in the Sacking 'of *Troy*, *Ripheus* fell, who was the most just 'Man among the *Trojans*.

——Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus Æqui:
Dijs aliter visum est——

'And that *Pantheus* could neither be preserved 'by his transcendent Piety, nor by the holy Fil-'lets of *Apollo*, whose Priest he was.

——nec Te tua plurima Pantheu
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.
Æn. I. 2.

'I might here mention the Practice of ancient 'Tragick Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin;* but as 'this Particular is touched upon in the Paper 'above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in Silence. 'I could produce Passages out of *Aristotle* in 'favour of my Opinion, and if in one Place he 'says that an absolutely Virtuous Man should not 'be represented as unhappy, this does not justifie 'any one who shall think fit to bring in an abso-'lutely virtuous Man upon the Stage. Those who 'are acquainted with that Author's Way of Writing, 'know very well, that to take the whole extent of 'his Subject into his Divisions of it, he often 'makes use of such Cases as are imaginary, and 'not reducible to Practice: He himself declares 'that such Tragedies as ended unhappily bore 'away the Prize in Theatrical Contentions, from 'those which ended happily; and for the Fortieth 'Speculation, which I am now considering, as it 'has given Reasons why these are more apt to 'please an Audience, so it only proves that these 'are generally preferable to the other, tho' at the 'same time it affirms that many excellent Tragedies 'have and may be written in both kinds.

['I shall conclude with observing, that though 'the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against 'the Rule of Poetical Justice, as to affirm, that 'good Men may meet with an unhappy Catastro-'phe in Tragedy, it does not say that ill Men may 'go off unpunished. The Reason for this Dis-'tinction is very plain, namely, because the best 'of Men are vicious enough to justify Providence 'for any Misfortunes and Afflictions which may 'befal them, but there are many Men so criminal 'that they can have no Claim or Pretence to 'Happiness. The best of Men may deserve Pun-'ishment, but the worst of Men cannot deserve 'Happiness.]

No. 549.] *Saturday, Nov.* 29, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen—— Juv.

I BELIEVE most People begin the World with a Resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themselves easie in it. Our Unhappiness is, that we find out some Excuse or other for de-ferring such our good Resolutions till our intended Retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of People there are none who are so hard to part with the World, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of Riches. Their Minds are so warped with their constant Attention to Gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another Bent, and convert them towards those Objects, which, though they are proper for every Stage of Life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old Usurer as so charmed with the Pleasures of a Country Life, that in order to make a Purchase he called in all his Mony; but what was the Event of it? Why in a very few Days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this Series of Thought by a Discourse which I had last Week with my worthy Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Man of so much natural Eloquence, good Sense, and Probity of Mind, that I always hear him with a particular Pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining Members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an Account of the many busie Scenes of Life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abund-ance of those lucky Hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good Fortune; but in the Temper of Mind he was then, he termed them Mercies, Favours of Providence, and Bless-ings upon an honest Industry. Now, says he, you must know my good Friend, I am so used to consider my self as Creditor and Debtor, that I often state my Accounts after the same manner with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this case, when I look upon the Debtor-side, I find such innumerable Articles, that I want

Arithmetick to cast them up; but when I look upon the Creditor-side, I find little more than blank Paper. Now though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to ballance Accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future Endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprized, my Friend, if you hear that I am betaking *my self to* a more thoughtful kind of Life, and if I meet you no more in this Place.

I could not but approve so good a Resolution, notwithstanding the Loss I shall suffer by it. Sir ANDREW has since explained himself to me more at large in the following Letter, which is just come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Notwithstanding my Friends at the Club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from Business, and repeated to me one of my own Sayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he has got a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the World who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the Remainder of his Life in the Enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the Enjoyment of my Possessions, the making of them useful to the Publick. As the greatest part of my Estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon Seas or fluctuating in Funds; it is now fixed and settled in Substantial Acres and Tenements. I have removed it from the Uncertainty of Stocks, Winds and Waves, and disposed of it in a considerable Purchase. This will give me great Opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor Neighbours to Work, and giving them a comfortable Subsistence out of their own Industry. My Gardens, my Fish-ponds, my Arable and Pasture Grounds shall be my several Hospitals, or rather Work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent Persons, who are now starving in my Neighbourhood. I have got a fine Spread of improveable Lands, and in my own Thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing others; planting Woods, and draining Marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the Surface of this Island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a Spot as any in her Majesty's Dominions; at least there is not an Inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best Advantage, and do its utmost for its Owner. As in my Mercantile Employment I so disposed of my Affairs, that from whatever Corner of the Compass the Wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my Ships; I hope, as a Husbandman, to contrive it so, that not a Shower of Rain, or a Glimpse of Sunshine, shall fall upon my Estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the Products of the Season. You know it has been hitherto my Opinion of Life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by my self, in the fresh Air on the open Heath that lies by my House, I find several other Thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion that a *Man* [of my Age] may find Business enough on himself, by setting his Mind in order, preparing it for another World, and reconciling it to the Thoughts of Death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual Methods of Charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very Instant finding out a convenient Place where I may build an Alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely, for a Dozen superannuated Husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my Prayers twice a-day with Men of my own [Years],[1] who all of them, as well as my self, may have their Thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent Saying that I learned at School, *Finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*, it is my business to apply it. If your Affairs will permit you to take the Country Air with me sometimes, you shall find an Apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with Beef or Mutton of my own feeding; Fish out of my own Ponds; and Fruit out of my own Garden[s]. You shall have free Egress and Regress about my House, without having any Questions asked you, and in a Word such an hearty Welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere Friend
and humble Servant,
ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am Member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my Reader next Week, upon a Project relating to the Institution of a new one. O.

No. 550.] *Monday, December* 1, 1712. [*Addison.*

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor HIATU? Hor.

SINCE the late Dissolution of the Club where of I have often declared my self a Member, there are very many Persons who by Letters, Petitions, and Recommendations, put up for the next Election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand Practices have been made use of upon this Occasion. A certain Country Gentleman begun to *tapp* upon the first Information he received of Sir ROGER'S Death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the Place of the Deceased, he would present me with a Barrel of the best *October* I had ever drank in my Life. The Ladies are in great Pain to know whom I intend to elect in the Room of WILL. HONEYCOMBE. Some of them indeed are of Opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMBE did not take sufficient care of their Interests in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a Representative of their own Sex. A Citizen who subscribes himself *V. Z.* tells me that he has one and twenty Shares in the *African* Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would

[1] [Age.]

raise the Credit of that Fund. I have several Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are Candidates for Capt. SENTRY's Place, and as many from a Coffee-House in *Paul's* Church-yard of such who would fill up the Vacancy occasioned by the Death of my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular Respect.

Having maturely weighed these several Particulars, with the many Remonstrances that have been made to me on this Subject, and considering how invidious an Office I shall take upon me, if I make the whole Election depend upon my single Voice, and being unwilling to expose my self to those Clamours, which, on such an Occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for Partiality, Injustice, Corruption, and other Qualities which my Nature abhors, I have formed to my self the Project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to chuse out of their respective Bodies a Person of the greatest Merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to sit upon Business.

By this means I may have Reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very Flower and Quintescence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my Project to none but a particular Friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his Happiness in that kind of Wit which is commonly known by the Name of a Punn. The only Objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up Enemies to my self if I act with so regal an Air; and that my Detractors, instead of giving me the usual Title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended Project: It is very well known that I at first set forth in this Work with the Character of a silent Man; and I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the space of almost two Years. As a Monosyllable is my Delight, I have made very few Excursions in the Conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this Means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my Heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my Character, and to shew the World how well I can talk if I have a Mind, I have Thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under Consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this Affair, I design, upon the first Meeting of the said Club, to have *my Mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate my self in this Particular by a certain Ritual which I have by me, that contains all the Ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the Mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his Scholars, after an Apprenticeship of Silence, was made free of his Speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my Name in foreign Gazettes upon less Occasions, I question not but in their next Articles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the World that *the* SPECTATOR's *Mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of* March *next*.[1] I may perhaps publish a very useful Paper at that Time of the Proceedings in that Solemnity, and of the Persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter. O.

No. 551.] *Tuesday, December* 2, 1712.

Sic Honor et Nomen divinis vatibus atque Carminibus venit.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN Men of worthy and excelling Genius's have obliged the World with beautiful and instructive Writings, it is in the nature of Gratitude that Praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent Reward of their Performances. Nor has Mankind ever been so degenerately sunk, but they have made this Return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous Endeavour so as to receive the Advantages designed by it. This Praise, which arises first in the Mouth of particular Persons, spreads and lasts according to the Merit of Authors; and when it thus meets with a full Success changes its Denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, enflamed by the Acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new Undertakings for the Benefit of Mankind, notwithstanding the Detraction which some abject Tempers would cast upon them: But when they decease, their Characters being freed from the Shadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to shine out with greater Splendour; their Spirits survive in their Works; they are admitted into the highest Companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing Posterity from Age to Age. Some of the best gain a Character, by being able to shew that they are no Strangers to them; and others obtain a new Warmth to labour for the Happiness and Ease of Mankind, from a Reflection upon those Honours which are paid to their Memories.

The Thought of this took me up as I turned over those Epigrams which are the Remains of several of the *Wits* of *Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the Fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetick Performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my Thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their Praises into a new Light and Language, for the Encouragement of those whose modest Tempers may be deterr'd by the Fear of Envy or Detraction from fair Attempts, to which their Parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of Epitaphs, a sort of Writing which is wholly set apart for a short pointed Method of Praise.

[1] On the twelfth of the following March appeared the first number of Steele's *Guardian*. Addison's attempt to revive the *Spectator* was not made until June, 1714.

On *Orpheus*, written by *Antipater*.

No longer, Orpheus; *shall thy sacred Strains*
Lead Stones, and Trees, and Beasts along the Plains;
No longer sooth the boistrous Wind to sleep,
Or still the Billows of the raging Deep:
For thou art gone, the Muses mourn'd thy Fall
In solemn Strains, thy Mother most of all.
Ye Mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Goddess could not save her own.

Observe here, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the Epigram was written, the Turn appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a resigning Spirit in its Application. But if we consider the Point with respect to our present Knowledge, it will be less esteem'd; though the Author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a Point of the same Nature.

On *Homer*, by *Alpheus* of *Mytilene*.

Still in our Ears Andromache *complains,*
And still in sight the Fate of Troy *remains;*
Still Ajax *fights, still* Hector's *dragg'd along,*
Such strange Enchantment dwells in Homer's *Song;*
Whose Birth cou'd more than one poor Realm adorn,
For all the World is proud that he was born.

The Thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the Force of Poesy: In the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the History of seven Towns contending for the Honour of *Homer*'s Birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common Story, the Poet slides by, and raises the whole *World* for a kind of *Arbiter*, which is to end the Contention amongst its several Parts.

On *Anacreon* by *Antipater*.

This Tomb be thine, Anacreon; *all around*
Let Ivy wreath, let Flourets deck the Ground,
And from its Earth, enrich'd with such a Prize,
Let Wells of Milk and Streams of Wine arise:
So will thine Ashes yet a Pleasure know,
If any Pleasure reach the Shades below.

The Poet here written upon, is an easy gay Author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own Head with the Character of his Subject. He seems to love his Theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering into his Libertine Spirit; so that the Humour is easy and gay, resembling *Anacreon* in its Air, raised by such Images, and pointed with such a Turn as he might have used. I give it a place here, because the Author may have design'd it for his Honour; and I take an Opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise, they cautiously avoid every looser Qualification, and fix only where there is a real Foundation in Merit.

On *Euripides*, by *Ion*.

Divine Euripides, *this Tomb we see*
So fair, is not a Monument for thee,
So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy Name and lasting Praise adorns the Stone.

The Thought here is fine, but its Fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great Man, because it points out no particular Character. It would be better, if when we light upon such a Turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the Qualities of our Subject. He who gives his Praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a Stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is Praise-worthy.

On *Sophocles*, by *Simonides*.

Winde, gentle Ever-green, to form a Shade
Around the Tomb where Sophocles *is laid;*
Sweet Ivy winde thy Boughs, and intertwine
With blushing Roses and the clustring Vine:
Thus will thy lasting Leaves, with Beauties hung,
Prove grateful Emblems of the Lays he sung;
Whose Soul, exalted like a God *of* Wit,
Among the Muses *and the* Graces *writ.*

This Epigram I have open'd more than any of the former: The Thought towards the latter End seemed closer couched, so as to require an Explication. I fancied the Poet aimed at the Picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, he sitting with his Harp in the Middle, and they around him. This look'd beautiful to my Thought, and because the Image arose before me out of the Words of the Original as I was reading it, I venture to explain them so.

On *Menander*, the Author unnamed.

The very Bees, O sweet Menander, *hung*
To taste the Muses *Spring upon thy Tongue;*
The very Graces *made the Scenes you writ*
Their happy Point of fine Expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens *shine,*
And raise its Glory to the Skies in thine.

This Epigram has a respect to the Character of its Subject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a Justness and Purity of Language. It has also told the Country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden Manner, while it twists together the Glory of the Poet and his Nation, so as to make the Nation depend upon his for an Encrease of its own.

I will offer no more Instances at present, to shew that they who deserve Praise have it returned them from different Ages. Let these which have been laid down, shew Men that Envy will not always prevail. And to the End that Writers may more successfully enliven the Endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such Manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest Spirit and Art of Praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our Praise is trifling when it depends upon Fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong Qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extreamly difficult to hit when we propose to raise Characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent Epitaph of Mr. *Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophick Humour, he very beautifully speaks

of himself (withdrawn from the World, and dead to all the Interests of it) as of a Man really deceased. At the same time it is an Instruction how to leave the Publick with a good Grace.

Epitaphium Vivi Authoris.

Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo
Couleius *hic est conditus, hic jacet*
Defunctus Humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque Vita,
Non Indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti Nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit?
Exempta sit Curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa lævis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

[The Publication of these Criticisms having procured me the following Letter from a very ingenious Gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the Volume, though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single Papers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having read over in your Paper, No. 551. 'some of the Epigrams made by the *Grecian* 'Wits, in commendation of their celebrated 'Poets, I could not forbear sending you another, 'out of the same Collection; which I take to be 'as great a Compliment to *Homer*, as any that 'has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροΐης πόλεμον, &c.

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan *War,*
And wise Ulysses' *Acts, O* Jove, *make known:*
For since 'tis certain, Thine those Poems are,
No more let Homer *boast they are his own.*

'If you think it worthy of a Place in your 'Speculations, for ought I know (by that means) 'it may in time be printed as often in *English*, as 'it has already been in *Greek*. I am (like the rest 'of the World)

SIR,

4th *Dec.* *Your great Admirer,*
G. R.

The Reader may observe that the Beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is look'd upon as the finest Palliative of Praise; and very often conveys the noblest Panegyrick under the Appearance of Satire. *Homer* is here seemingly accused and treated as a Plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an Accusation is certainly, as my Correspondent observes, the greatest Compliment that could have been paid to that Divine Poet.]

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman of a pretty good Fortune, 'and of a Temper impatient of any thing which 'I think an Injury; however I always quarrelled 'according to Law, and instead of attacking my 'Adversary by the dangerous Method of Sword 'and Pistol, I made my Assaults by that more 'secure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help 'telling you, that either by the Justice of my 'Causes, or the Superiority of my Counsel, I 'have been generally successful; and to my great 'Satisfaction I can say it, that by three Actions 'of Slander, and half a dozen Trespasses, I have 'for several Years enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility in 'my Reputation and Estate. By these means 'also I have been made known to the Judges, the 'Serjeants of our Circuit are my intimate Friends, 'and the Ornamental Counsel pay a very profound 'Respect to one who has made so great a Figure 'in the Law. Affairs of Consequence having 'brought me to Town, I had the Curiosity t'other 'day to visit *Westminster-Hall;* and having 'placed my self in one of the Courts, expected to 'be most agreeably entertained. After the Court 'and Counsel were, with due Ceremony, seated, 'up stands a learned Gentleman, and began, 'When this *Matter* was last *stirr'd* before your 'Lordship: The next humbly moved to *quash* an '*Indictment;* another complain'd that his Ad-'versary had *snapp'd* a *Judgment;* the next in-'formed the Court that his Client was *stripp'd* of 'his *Possession;* another begg'd Leave to acquaint 'his Lordship, that they had been *saddled* with 'Costs. At last up got a grave Serjeant, and told us 'his Client had been *hung up* a whole Term by a '*Writ of Error.* At this I could bear it no 'longer, but came hither, and resolv'd to apply 'my self to your Honour to interpose with these 'Gentlemen, that they would leave off such low 'and unnatural Expressions: For surely tho' the 'Lawyers subscribe to hideous *French* and false '*Latin,* yet they should let their Clients have a 'little decent and proper *English* for their Money. 'What Man that has a Value for a good Name 'would like to have it said in a publick Court, 'that Mr. such-a-one was *stripp'd, saddled* or '*hung up?* This being what has escaped your 'Spectatorial Observation, be pleas'd to correct 'such an illiberal Cant among profess'd Speakers, 'and you'll infinitely oblige

Joe's *Coffee-house,* *Your humble Servant,*
Novemb. 28. Philonicus.

No 552.] *Wednesday, December* 3, 1712. [*Steele.*

——*Quæ prægravat artes*
Infra se positas extinctus amabitur idem.—Hor.

AS I was tumbling about the Town the other Day in an Hackney-Coach, and delighting my self with busy Scenes in the Shops of each Side of me, it came into my Head, with no small Remorse, that I had not been frequent enough in the Mention and Recommendation of the industrious Part of Mankind. It very naturally, upon this Occasion, touched my Conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted my self to my Friend Mr. *Peter Motteux.*[1] That industrious

[1] See note on p. 414.

Man of Trade, and formerly Brother of the Quill, has dedicated to me a Poem upon Tea. It would injure him, as a Man of Business, if I did not let the World know that the Author of so good Verses writ them before he was concern'd in Traffick. In order to expiate my Negligence towards him, I immediately resolv'd to make him a Visit. I found his spacious Warehouses fill'd and adorn'd with Tea, *China* and *Indian* Ware. I could observe a beautiful Ordonnance of the whole; and such different and considerable Branches of Trade carried on, in the same House, I exulted in seeing dispos'd by a Poetical Head. In one place were exposed to view Silks of various Shades and Colours, rich Brocades, and the wealthiest Products of foreign Looms. Here you might see the finest Laces held up by the fairest Hands, and there examin'd by the beauteous Eyes of the Buyers, the most delicate Cambricks, Muslins, and Linnens. I could not but congratulate my Friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial Use he had made of his Talents, and wished I could be a Patron to his Trade, as he had been pleased to make me of his Poetry. The honest Man has, I know, that modest Desire of Gain which is peculiar to those who understand better Things than Riches: and I dare say he would be contented with much less than what is called Wealth at that Quarter of the Town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his Customers with Demands agreeable to the Moderation of his Desires.

Among other Omissions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to Men of Industry of a superior Order, I must acknowledge my Silence towards a Proposal frequently enclosed to me by Mr. *Renatus Harris, Organ-Builder.* The ambition of this Artificer is to erect an Organ in St. *Paul's* Cathedral, over the West Door, at the Entrance into the Body of the Church, which in Art and Magnificence shall transcend any Work of that kind ever before invented. The Proposal in perspicuous Language sets forth the Honour and Advantage such a Performance would be to the *British* Name, as well as that it would apply the Power of Sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am sure to an End much more worthy. Had the vast Sums which have been laid out upon Opera's without Skill or Conduct, and to no other Purpose but to suspend or vitiate our Understandings, been disposed this Way, we should now perhaps have an Engine so formed as to strike the Minds of half a People at once in a Place of Worship with a Forgetfulness of present Care and Calamity, and a Hope of endless Rapture, Joy, and Hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this Justice, I am not to forget the best Mechanick of my Acquaintance, that useful Servant to Science and Knowledge, Mr. *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great Obligation on the Publick, by acquainting them with his Proposals for a Pair of new Globes. After his Preamble, he promises in the said Proposals that,

In the Celestial Globe,

'Care shall be taken that the fixed Stars be 'placed according to their true Longitude and 'Latitude, from the many and correct Observa-'tions of *Hevelius, Cassini,* Mr. *Flamsteed,* 'Reg. Astronomer, Dr. *Halley Savilian* Pro-'fessor of Geometry in *Oxon*; and from what-'ever else can be procured to render the Globe 'more exact, instructive, and useful.

'That all the Constellations be drawn in a 'curious, new, and particular manner; each Star 'in so just, distinct, and conspicuous a Proportion, 'that its true Magnitude may be readily known 'by bare Inspection, according to the different '*Light* and *Sizes* of the Stars. That the Track 'or Way of such Comets as have been well ob-'serv'd, but not hitherto expressed in any Globe, 'be carefully delineated in this.

In the Terrestrial Globe.

'That by reason the Descriptions formerly 'made, both in the *English* [and [1]] *Dutch* great 'Globes, are erroneous, *Asia, Africa,* and *Amer-'ica,* be drawn in a Manner wholly new; by 'which means it is to be noted, that the Under-'takers will be obliged to alter the Latitude of 'some Places in 10 Degrees, the Longitude of 'others in 20 Degrees: besides which great 'and necessary Alterations, there be many re-'markable Countries, Cities, Towns, Rivers, and 'Lakes, omitted in other Globes, inserted here 'according to the best Discoveries made by our 'late Navigators. Lastly, That the Course of 'the Trade-Winds, the *Monsoons,* and other 'Winds periodically shifting between the Tro-'picks, be visibly express'd.

'Now in Regard that this Undertaking is of so 'universal Use, as the Advancement of the most 'necessary Parts of the Mathematicks, as well as 'tending to the Honour of the *British* Nation, 'and that the Charge of carrying it on is very 'expensive; it is desired that all Gentlemen who 'are willing to promote so great a Work, will be 'pleased to subscribe on the following Conditions.

'I. The Undertakers engage to furnish each 'Subscriber with a Celestial and Terrestrial Globe, 'each of 30 Inches Diameter, in all Respects curi-'ously adorned, the Stars gilded, the Capital 'Cities plainly distinguished, the Frames, Meri-'dians, Horizons, Hour Circles and Indexes so 'exactly finished up, and accurately divided, that 'a Pair of these Globes will really appear in the 'Judgment of any disinterested and intelligent 'Person, worth Fifteen Pounds more than will be 'demanded for them by the Undertakers.

'II. Whosoever will be pleas'd to subscribe, 'and pay Twenty Five Pounds in the Manner fol-'lowing for a Pair of these Globes, either for 'their own Use, or to present them to any College 'in the Universities, or any publick Library or 'School, shall have his Coat of Arms, Name, 'Title, Seat, or Place of Residence, *&c.*, inserted 'in some convenient Place of the Globe.

'III. That every Subscriber do at first pay 'down the Sum of Ten Pounds, and Fifteen 'Pounds more upon the delivery of each Pair of 'Globes perfectly fitted up. And that the said 'Globes be deliver'd within Twelve Months after

[1] [or]

'the Number of Thirty Subscribers be compleated; 'and that the Subscribers be served with Globes 'in the Order in which they subscribed.

'IV. That a Pair of these Globes shall not 'hereafter to be sold to any Person but the Sub-'scribers under Thirty Pounds.

'V. That if there be not thirty Subscribers 'within four Months after the first of *Decem-'ber*, 1712, the Money paid shall be return'd on 'Demand by *Mr. John Warner* Goldsmith near '*Temple-Bar*, who shall receive and pay the 'same according to the above-mention'd Articles.

T.

No. 553.] *Thursday, Dec.* 4, 1712. [*Addison.*

Nec tusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.—Hor.

THE Project which I published on *Monday* last has brought me in several Packets of Letters. Among the rest I have receiv'd one from a certain Projector, wherein after having represented, that in all probability the Solemnity of *opening my Mouth* will draw together a great Confluence of Beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of *Stationer's-Hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that Publick Ceremony. He undertakes to be at the Charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of Galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that Occasion. I have a Letter also from a Bookseller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the Printing of the Speech which I shall make to the Assembly upon the first opening of my Mouth. I am informed from all Parts, that there are great Canvassings in the several Clubs about Town, upon the chusing of a proper Person to sit with me on those arduous Affairs, to which I have summoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to Election, whereof one has made a double Return. If I find that my Enemies shall take Advantage of my Silence to begin Hostilities upon me, or if any other Exigency of Affairs may so require, since I see Elections in so great a forwardness, we may possibly meet before the Day appointed; or if matters go on to my Satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the Meeting to a further Day; but of this Publick Notice shall be given.

In the mean time, I must confess that I am not a little gratify'd and oblig'd by that Concern which appears in this great City upon my present Design of laying down this Paper. It is likewise with much Satisfaction, that I find some of the most outlying Parts of the Kingdom alarm'd upon this Occasion, having receiv'd Letters to expostulate with me about it, from several of my Readers of the remotest Boroughs of *Great Britain*. Among these I am very well pleased with a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my Correspondent compares the Office which I have for some time executed in these Realms to the Weeding of a great Garden; which, says he, it is not sufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the Work must be continued daily, or the same Spots of Ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another Gentleman lays before me several Enormities that are already sprouting, and which he believes will discover themselves in their Growth immediately after my Disappearance. There is no doubt, says he, but the Ladies Heads will shoot up as soon as they know they are no longer under the *Spectator's* Eye; and I have already seen such monstrous broad-brimmed Hats under the Arms of Foreigners, that I question not but they will overshadow the Island within a Month or two after the dropping of your Paper. But among all the Letters which are come to my hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleased with, as it is sent me from Gentlemen who belong to a Body which I shall always Honour, and where (I cannot speak it without a secret Pride) my Speculations have met with a very kind Reception. It is usual for Poets, upon the publishing of their Works, to print before them such Copies of Verses as have been made in their Praise. Not that you must imagine they are pleased with their own Commendations, but because the elegant Compositions of their Friends should not be lost. I must make the same Apology for the Publication of the ensuing Letter, in which I have suppressed no Part of those Praises that are given my Speculations with too *lavish* and good-natured an *Hand*; though my Correspondents can witness for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out those Parts in the Letters which I have received from them. [O.]

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov.* 25.

'In spight of your Invincible Silence you have 'found out a Method of being the most agreeable 'Companion in the World: That kind of Con-'versation which you hold with the Town, has 'the good Fortune of being always pleasing to 'the Men of Taste and Leisure, and never offens-'ive to those of Hurry and Business. You are 'never heard, but at what *Horace* calls *dextro 'tempore*, and have the Happiness to observe 'the politick Rule, which the same discerning 'Author gave his Friend, when he enjoin'd him 'to deliver his Book to *Augustus*,

Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet.

'You never begin to talk, but when People are 'desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be 'out of humour till you leave off. But I am led 'unawares into Reflections, foreign to the original 'Design of this Epistle; which was to let you 'know, that some unfeigned Admirers of your ini-'mitable Papers, who could, without any Flat-'tery, greet you with the Salutation used to the 'Eastern Monarchs, viz. *O Spec, live for ever*, 'have lately been under the same Apprehensions, 'with Mr. *Philo-Spec*; that the haste you have 'made to dispatch your best Friends portends no 'long Duration to your own short Visage. We could 'not, indeed, find any just Grounds for Com-'plaint in the Method you took to dissolve that 'venerable Body: No, the World was not worthy 'of your Divine. WILL. HONEYCOMB could not, 'with any Reputation, live single any longer. It 'was high time for the TEMPLAR to turn himself

'to *Coke:* And Sir ROGER's dying was the wisest 'thing he ever did in his Life. It was, however, 'matter of great Grief to us, to think that we 'were in danger of losing so Elegant and 'Valuable an Entertainment. And we could not, 'without Sorrow, reflect that we were likely to 'have nothing to interrupt our Sips in a Morning, 'and to suspend our Coffee in mid-air, between 'our Lips and Right Ear, but the ordinary Trash 'of News-Papers. We resolved, therefore, not 'to part with you so. But since, to make use of 'your own Allusion, the Cherries began now 'to crowd the Market, and their Season was 'almost over, we consulted our future Enjoyments, 'and endeavoured to make the exquisite Pleasure 'that delicious Fruit gave our Taste as lasting as 'we could, and by drying them protract their stay 'beyond its natural Date. We own that thus they 'have not a Flavour equal to that of their juicy 'Bloom; but yet, under this Disadvantage, they 'pique the Palate, and become a Salver better than 'any other Fruit at its first Appearance. To speak 'plain, there are a Number of us who have begun 'your Works afresh, and meet two Nights in the 'Week in order to give you a Rehearing. We 'never come together without drinking your 'Health, and as seldom part without general Ex-'pressions of Thanks to you for our Night's Im-'provement. This we conceive to be a more use-'ful Institution than any other Club whatever, 'not excepting even that of *ugly Faces*. We 'have one manifest Advantage over that renown-'ed Society, with respect to Mr. *Spectator's* 'Company. For though they may brag, that 'you sometimes make your personal Appearance 'amongst them, it is impossible they should ever 'get a Word from you. Whereas you are with 'us the Reverse of what *Phædria* would have his 'Mistress be in his Rival's Company, *Present in 'your Absence*. We make you talk as much and 'as long as we please; and let me tell you, you 'seldom hold your Tongue for the whole Evening. 'I promise my self you will look with an Eye of 'Favour upon a Meeting which owes its Original 'to a mutual Emulation among its Members, 'who shall shew the most profound Respect for 'your Paper; not but we have a very great Value 'for your Person: and I dare say you can no where 'find four more sincere Admirers, and humble 'Servants, than

T. F., G. S., J. T., E. T.

No. 554.] *Friday, Dec.* 5, 1712. [*John Hughes.*

——tentanda Via est, quâ me quoque possim Tollere humo, Victorque virûm volitare per Ora.—Virg.

I AM obliged for the following Essay, as well as for that which lays down Rules out of *Tully* for Pronunciation and Action, to the Ingenious Author of a Poem just Published, Entitled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

It is a Remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* Author, that *no Man ever pushed his Capacity as far as it was able to extend.* I shall not enquire whether this Assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that Men of the greatest Application and Acquirements can look back upon many vacant Spaces, and neglected Parts of Time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering Person in the World, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his Life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The Mind is most provoked to cast on it self this ingenuous Reproach, when the Examples of such Men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their Species, in Learning, Arts, or any valuable Improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved Genius's we have had any Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great Man, by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in Books before his Time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science, too many to be travelled over by any one Man, in the Compass of the longest Life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect Coastings in Maps, or supposed Points of Land, to be further discovered, and ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures.

The Excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the Person, who seems to have been designed by Nature to succeed to the Labours and Enquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable Experiments He, in a great Measure, filled up those Planns and Out-Lines of Science, which his Predecessor had sketched out. His Life was spent in the Pursuit of Nature, through a great Variety of Forms and Changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout Adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many Persons who have extended their Capacities so far as these two, in the Studies they pursued; but my learned Readers, on this Occasion, will naturally turn their Thoughts to a *Third*,[1] who is yet living, and is likewise the Glory of our own Nation. The Improvements which others had made in Natural and Mathematical Knowledge have so vastly increased in his Hands, as to afford at once a wonderful Instance how great the Capacity is of a Human Soul, and how inexhaustible the Subject of its Enquiries; so true is that Remark in Holy Writ, that, *though a wise Man seek to find out the Works of God from the Beginning to the End, yet shall he not be able to do it.*

I cannot help mentioning here one Character more, of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful Force of Nature and of Application, and is the most singular Instance of an Universal Genius I have ever met with. The Person I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* Painter, descended

[1] Newton.

from a noble Family in *Tuscany*, about the beginning of the sixteenth Century. In his Profession of History-Painting he was so great a Master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him [. It is certain], that he raised the Envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his Contemporary, and that from the Study of his Works *Raphael* himself learned his best Manner of Designing. He was a Master too in Sculpture and Architecture, and skilful in Anatomy, Mathematicks, and Mechanicks. The Aquæduct from the River *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a Work of his Contrivance. He had learned several Languages, and was acquainted with the Studies of History, Philosophy, Poetry, and Musick. Though it is not necessary to my present Purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his Perfections of Body. The Instances of his Strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed Person, and a Master of all genteel Exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral Qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual Endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous Mind, adorned with great Sweetness of Manners. I might break off the Account of him here, but I imagine it will be an Entertainment to the Curiosity of my Readers, to find so remarkable a Character distinguished by as remarkable a Circumstance at his Death. The Fame of his Works having gained him an universal Esteem, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where, after some time, he fell sick; and *Francis the First* coming to see him, he raised himself in his Bed to acknowledge the Honour which was done him by that Visit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the same Instant, expired in the Arms of that great Monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such Instances as these, without being raised into a Contemplation on the wonderful Nature of an Human Mind, which is capable of such Progressions in Knowledge, and can contain such a Variety of Ideas without Perplexity or Confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its Divine Original? And whilst we find unthinking Matter endued with a Natural Power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine, that a Being so much Superior to it should not have the same Privilege?

At the same time it is very surprizing, when we remove our Thoughts from such Instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the Accounts of barbarous Nations among the *Indians*; where we find Numbers of People who scarce shew the first Glimmerings of Reason, and seem to have few Ideas above those of Sense and Appetite. These, methinks, appear like large Wilds, or vast uncultivated Tracts of Human Nature; and when we compare them with Men of the most exalted Characters in Arts and Learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are Creatures of the same Species.

Some are of Opinion that the Souls of Men are all naturally equal, and that the great Disparity we so often observe, arises from the different Organization or Structure of the Bodies to which they are United. But whatever constitutes this first Disparity, the next great Difference which we find between Men in their several Acquirements is owing to accidental Differences in their Education, Fortunes, or Course of Life. The Soul is a kind of rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour, and Time to polish it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a Jewel in the Mine.

One of the strongest Incitements to excel in such Arts and Accomplishments as are in the highest Esteem among Men, is the natural Passion which the Mind of Man has for Glory; which, though it may be faulty in the Excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some Moralists are too severe in beating down this Principle, which seems to be a Spring implanted by Nature to give Motion to all the latent Powers of the Soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest Force in the most generous Dispositions. The Men whose Characters have shone the brightest among the ancient *Romans*, appear to have been strongly animated by this Passion. *Cicero*, whose Learning and Services to his Country are so well known, was enflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses *Lucceius*,[1] who was composing a History of those Times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the Story of his Consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the Pleasure of enjoying in his Life-time some Part of the [Honour [2]] which he foresaw wou'd be paid to his Memory. This was the Ambition of a great Mind; but he is faulty in the Degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the Historian upon this Occasion to neglect the strict Laws of History, and, in praising him, *even to exceed the Bounds of Truth*. The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the same Passion for Fame, but accompanied with greater Chastness and Modesty. His Ingenuous manner of owning it to a Friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great Work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain Grandeur above the Imputation of Vanity. *I must confess*, says he, *that nothing employs my Thoughts more than the Desire I have of perpetuating my Name; which in my Opinion is a Design worthy of a Man, at least of such a one, who being conscious of no Guilt, is not afraid to be remember'd by Posterity.*[3]

I think I ought not to conclude, without interesting all my Readers in the Subject of this Discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a Maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in Learning or the Politer Arts; yet *every one is capable of excelling in something*. The Soul has in this Respect a certain vegetative Power, which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful Garden, it will of it self shoot up in Weeds or Flowers of a wilder Growth.

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[1] Epist. ad Diversos. v. 12. [2] [Glory]

[3] Lib. v. ep. 8, to Titinius Capito. In which, also, Pliny quotes the bit of Virgil taken for the motto of this paper.

No. 555.] *Saturday, December* 6, 1712. [*Steele.*

Respue quod non es ——— Pers.

ALL the Members of the imaginary Society, which were described in my First Papers, having disappear'd one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my Leave, I am under much greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day since I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converse with the World in a real than a personated Character. That might pass for Humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who sets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extoll his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might assume a mock-Authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praises or Censures of himself fall only upon the Creature of his Imaginations; and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philosopher of old, *Thou dost but beat the Case of* Anaxarchus. When I speak in my own private Sentiments, I cannot but address my self to my Readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to these Dayly Papers that have been published for almost the space of Two Years last past.

I hope the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these Discourses of the *Spectator* and his Works; but the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Account by what Means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approved a Performance. All the Papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the Papers which I have distinguished by any Letter in the name of the Muse *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman, of whose Assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued Friendship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the Name of *the Monument*, in Memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, were as Honorary to that Sacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the Play above-mentioned was last Acted, there were so many applauded Stroaks in it which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this Hint for the better judging of my Productions, that the best Comment upon them would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England*, or Abroad.

The Reader will also find some Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is obliged to the Ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*. I might have owned these several Papers with the free Consent of these Gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and sincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Considerations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Consciousness of having acquired a Praise which is not my Right.

The other Assistances which I have had, have been conveyed by Letter, sometimes by whole Papers, and other times by short Hints from unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order wherein I received the Obligation, tho' the first I am going to name, can hardly be mentioned in a List wherein he would not deserve the Precedence. The Persons to whom I am to make these Acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martyn*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughs*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the same University, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr. *Eusden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus, to speak in the Language of my late Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have Ballanced *my* Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as these excellent Performances would not have seen the Light without the means of this Paper, I may still arrogate to my self the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

I have nothing more to add, but having swelled this Work to five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be disposed into seven Volumes, four of which are already publish'd, and the three others in the Press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, tho' I must own my self obliged to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter; since I retire when their Partiality to me is so great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book is already sold off, and the Tax on each half-Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above 20*l.* a-Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life tasted so deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am Proof against much more prosperous Circumstances than any Advantages to which my own Industry can possibly exalt me.

I am,
My Good-natured Reader,
Your most Obedient,
Most Obliged Humble Servant,
Richard Steele.

[*Vos valete et plaudite.*[1]] Ter.

[1] Transposed in the volume to this place. In

[The following Letter[1]] regards an ingenious Sett of Gentlemen, who have done me the Honour to make me one of their Society.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Dec. 4, 1712.

'The Academy of *Painting*, lately established 'in *London*, having done you and themselves the 'Honour to chuse you one of their Directors; 'that Noble and Lovely Art, *which* before was 'entitled to your Regards, as a *Spectator*, has an 'additional Claim to you, and you seem to be 'under a double Obligation to take some Care of 'her Interests.

'The Honour of our Country is also con-'cerned in the matter I am going to lay before 'you: we (and perhaps other Nations as well as 'we) have a National false Humility as well as a 'National Vain-Glory; and tho' we boast our 'selves to excel all the World in things wherein 'we are out-done abroad, in other things we 'attribute to others a Superiority which we our 'selves possess. This is what is done, particularly, 'in the Art of *Portrait* or *Face-Painting*.

'*Painting* is an Art of a vast Extent, too great 'by much for any mortal Man to be in full pos-'session of, in all its Parts; 'tis enough if any 'one succeed in painting Faces, History, Battels, 'Landscapes, Sea-Pieces, Fruit, Flowers, or 'Drolls, *&c.* Nay, no Man ever was excellent 'in all the Branches (tho' [many[2]] in Number) of 'these several Arts, for a distinct Art I take upon 'me to call every one of those several Kinds of 'Painting.

'And as one Man may be a good Landscape-'Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a History 'tollerably well, and so of the rest; one Nation 'may excel in some kinds of Painting, and other 'kinds may thrive better in other Climates.

'*Italy* may have the Preference of all other 'Nations for History-Painting; *Holland* for 'Drolls, and a neat finished manner of Working; '*France*, for Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures; 'and *England* for Portraits: but to give the 'Honour of every one of these kinds of Painting 'to any one of those Nations on account of their 'Excellence in any of these parts of it, is like ad-'judging the Prize of Heroick, Dramatick, Lyrick 'or Burlesque Poetry, to him who has done well 'in any one of them.

'Where there are the greatest Genius's, and 'most Helps and Encouragements, 'tis reasonable 'to suppose an Art will arrive to the greatest 'Perfection: By this Rule let us consider our own 'Country with respect to Face-Painting. No 'Nation in the World delights so much in having 'their own, or Friends, or Relations Pictures; 'whether from their National Good-Nature, or 'having a love to Painting, and not being encour-'aged in the great Article of Religious Pictures, 'which the Purity of our Worship refuses the free 'use of, or from whatever other Cause. Our 'Helps are not inferior to those of any other 'People, but rather they are greater; for what 'the Antique Statues and Bas-reliefs which *Italy* 'enjoys are to the History-Painters, the Beautiful 'and noble Faces with which *England* is confessed 'to abound, are to Face-Painters; and besides we 'have the greatest number of the Works of the 'best Masters in that kind of any People, not 'without a competent number of those of the 'most excellent in every other part of Painting. 'And for Encouragement, the Wealth and Gener-'osity of the *English* Nation affords that in such 'a degree, as Artists have no reason to complain.

'And accordingly in Fact, Face-Painting is no 'where so well performed as in *England:* know 'not whether it has lain in your way to observe 'it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable 'Judge. I have seen what is done abroad, and 'can assure you, that the Honour of that Branch 'of Painting is justly due to us. I appeal to the 'judicious Observers for the Truth of what I as-'sert. If Foreigners have oftentimes or even for 'the most part excelled our Natives, it ought to 'be imputed to the Advantages they have met 'with *here*, join'd to their own Ingenuity and In-'dustry; nor has any one Nation distinguished 'themselves so as to raise an Argument in favour 'of their Country: but it is to be observed, that 'neither *French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of 'either Nation, notwithstanding all our Prejudices 'in their favour have, or ever had, for any con-'siderable time, any Character among us as Face-'Painters.

'This Honour is due to our own Country; and 'has been so for near an Age: So that instead of 'going to *Italy*, or elsewhere, one that designs 'for Portrait-Painting ought to study in *England*. 'Hither such should come from *Holland*, *France*, '*Italy*, *Germany*, &c. as he that intends to prac-'tice any other kind of Painting, should go to 'those Parts where 'tis in greatest Perfection. '"Tis said the Blessed Virgin descended from 'Heaven, to sit to St. *Luke;* I dare venture to 'affirm, that if she should desire another *Madonna* 'to be painted by the Life, she would come to '*England;* and am of opinion that your present 'President, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his Im-'provement since he arrived in this Kingdom, 'would perform that Office better than any Fo-'reigner living. I am, with all possible Respect,

SIR,

Your most Humble, and
Most Obedient Servant, &c.

The ingenious Letters sign'd the Weather-Glass, *with several others, were receiv'd, but came too late.*

[*POSTSCRIPT.*

It had not come to my Knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent Sentiments and agreeable Pieces in this Work to Mr. *Ince* of *Grey's-Inn*.[1]

R. STEELE.]

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the number it stood last; following the next letter.

[1] [Give me leave before I conclude to insert a Letter which]

[2] [few]

[1] Mr. Richard Ince, a good Greek scholar, who became Comptroller of Army Accounts, and inherited a fortune, died in 1758.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ.[1]

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to some of the most celebrated Persons of the Age, I take leave to Inscribe this Eighth and Last to You, as to a Gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best Company.

You are now wholly retired from the busie Part of Mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past Achievements; for which reason, I look upon You as a Person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my Readers, and your self too, if I do not endeavour on this Occasion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment You upon your Birth, Person, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You possess whether You will or no: But shall only touch upon those, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and easy Motion, the Volubility of your Discourse, the Suddenness of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteness of your Hands and Teeth (which have justly gained You the Envy of the most polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greatest Beauties in the Female) are intirely to be ascribed to your own personal Genius and Application.

You are formed for these Accomplishments by a happy Turn of Nature, and have finished your self in them by the utmost Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of these Qualifications (whatever may be the secret Ambition of his Heart) must never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the fashionable part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we see such Multitudes of aspiring young Men fall short of You in all these Beauties of your Character, notwithstanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Business of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free and disengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes as many awkward Beaux, as the Easiness of your Favourite *Waller* hath made insipid Poets.

At present You are content to aim all your Charms at your own Spouse, without further Thought of Mischief to any others of the Sex. I know you had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themselves Philosophers; and yet, to your Honour be it spoken, there is not a Sage of them all could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the most important Points of Life: I mean in that Generous Dis-regard of Popular Opinion, which you showed some Years ago, when you chose for your Wife an obscure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Fore-fathers as any Lady in the Land, if she could but reckon up their Names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confessed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had stuck so many Years) very ingenuously step'd into your Grand Climacterick. Your Deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Sessions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time passes away as agreeably in the Amusements of a Country Life, as it ever did in the Gallantries of the Town: And that you now take as much pleasure in the Planting of young Trees, as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your Old ones. In short, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres, and have not too much Wit to look into your own Estate.

After having spoken thus much of my Patron, I must take the Privilege of an Author in saying something of my self. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those Marks to the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an Opportunity of showing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdness of your Conjectures, by ascribing every Speculation to its proper Author: Though You know how often many profound Criticks in Style and Sentiments have very judiciously erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret. I am,

SIR,
Your most Faithful
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

[1] This Dedication to Addison's supplementary *Spectator*, begun a year and a half after the close of Steele's, is thought to be by Eustace Budgell.

[THE

Bookseller *to the* Reader.

IN the Six hundred and thirty second Spectator, *the Reader will find an Account of the Rise of this Eighth and Last Volume.*

I have not been able to prevail upon the several Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers, which have appeared under the Title of Spectator, *since the closing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of those Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.*]

No. 556] FRIDAY, *June* 18, 1714. [*Addison.*[1]

To be continued every *Monday*, *Wednesday*, and *Friday*.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
Virg.

UPON laying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the World with my Design of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a most solemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break thro' a Fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I shall reserve for another time the History of such Club or Clubs of which I am now a Talkative, but unworthy Member; and shall here give an Account of this surprising Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Cræsus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue-tied as my self.

Upon the first opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech consisting of about half a Dozen well-turned Periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three Days together, instead of finding the use of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual Extension of my Muscles on this Occasion, made my Face ake on both Sides to such a Degree, that nothing but an invincible Resolution and Perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monosyllables.

I afterwards made several Essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own Voice, which has happen'd to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often stood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I laid hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by my self, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every Morning in the *Mall*, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my Modesty greatly relieved by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better Company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Conversation, and that I should have a Convenience of talking with the greater Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking: I therefore threw my self into an Assembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them; and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Taciturnity.

The Coffee-houses have ever since been my chief Places of Resort, where I have made the greatest Improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the same Opinion with the Man I conversed with. I was a Tory at *Button's*, and a Whig at *Childe's*; a Friend to the *Englishman*, or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my Turn; some fancy me a great Enemy to the *French* King, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a Help to Discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for Exercise; and have carried this Point so far that I was once like to have been —n through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

In a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

——*Nil fuit unquam*
Tam dispar sibi——

My old Acquaintance scarce know me; nay I was asked the other Day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan's*, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who used to come to that Coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it across the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

Being now a very good Proficient in Discourse, I shall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new-acquired Loquacity.

Those who have been present at public Disputes in the University, know that it is usual to maintain Heresies for Argument's sake. I have heard a Man a most impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the same Method to accomplish my self in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelve-month, not so much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of my self. But since I have now gained the Faculty, I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Use of it, and shall think my self obliged, for the future, to speak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practises both on Friend and Foe; but when he is a Master in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

That this last Allusion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Design in this Paper, I must here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Interests but those of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but those of Vice and Folly. Though I make more Noise in the World than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encrease the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good Men, and I could heartily wish there were not

[1] Addison's papers are marked on the authority of Tickell.

Faults common to both Parties which afford me sufficient Matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety, we ought to think our selves the securest Nation in the World. Most of our Garrets are inhabited by Statesmen, who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their Care the Properties of their Fellow-Subjects.

As these Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a most unnatural Ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater Height, that on the contrary, it shall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inspire my Countrymen with a mutual Good-will and Benevolence. Whatever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those Reproaches, which they cast upon one another. The most likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue; and so long as he acts with an Eye to these Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Englishman*, and a Lover of his Country.

As for the Persons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: Till which time I must entreat the courteous Reader to suspend his Curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary Preliminaries with my Reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory Discourses, but proceed in my old Method, and entertain him with Speculations on every useful Subject that falls in my Way.

No. 557.] [*Addison.*

From FRIDAY, *June* 18, *to* MONDAY, *June* 21, 1714.

To be continued every *Monday*, *Wednesday*, and *Friday*.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.—Virg.

THERE *is nothing*, says *Plato, so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of Truth.* For this Reason there is no Conversation so agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and speaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Passage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cause of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single Witness in a Point where the Law required the Testimony of two Persons; upon which the Advocate insisted on the Integrity of that Person whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a Speech from a Person who sat at the Head of a Court of Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us, more than a thousand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When such an inflexible Integrity is a little softened and qualified by the Rules of Conversation and Good-breeding, there is not a more shining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to polish himself out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* Preacher.[1] I shall beg Leave to transcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I shall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that 'generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of 'Disposition, which always argues true Great-'ness of Mind, and is usually accompanied with 'undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great 'Measure lost among us.

'The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so 'swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so 'surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kind-'ness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an 'Age or two ago should return into the World 'again, he would really want a Dictionary to help 'him to understand his own Language, and to 'know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in 'Fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at 'what a low Rate the highest Strains and Ex-'pressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly 'pass in current Payment; and when he should 'come to understand it, it would be a great while 'before he could bring himself with a good 'Countenance and a good Conscience, to con-'verse with Men upon equal Terms and in their 'own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity, and which may serve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles* II.'s Reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*,[2] a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Master,

'The People, where I now am, have Tongues 'further from their Hearts than from *London* to '*Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of 'one of these Places does not know what is done 'in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects 'Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; 'and account themselves a civilized People, be-'cause they speak one thing and mean another: 'Truth they call Barbarity, and Falsehood Polite-'ness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent 'from the King of this Place to meet me told me, '*That he was extremely sorry for the Storm I 'had met with just before my Arrival.* I was 'troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself

[1] Tillotson. The Sermon 'Of Sincerity Towards God and Man.' Works, Vol. II., p. 6, folio ed.

[2] In 1682.

'upon my Account; but in less than a Quarter of 'an Hour he smiled, and was as merry as if no-'thing had happened. Another who came with 'him told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad 'to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* 'Upon which I desir'd him to carry one of my 'Portmantaus for me, but instead of serving me 'according to his Promise, he laughed, and bid 'another do it. I lodged, the first Week, at the 'House of one, who desired me *to think my self 'at home, and to consider his House as my own.* 'Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock 'down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in 'the fresh Air, and had packed up some of the 'Houshold-Goods, of which I intended to have 'made thee a Present: But the false Varlet no 'sooner saw me falling to Work, but he sent Word 'to desire me to give over, for that he would have 'no such Doings in his House. I had not been 'long in this Nation, before I was told by one, 'for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the 'Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here 'call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had *eternally 'obliged him.* I was so surpriz'd at his Gratitude, 'that I could not forbear saying, What Service is 'there which one Man can do for another, that 'can oblige him to all Eternity! However I only 'asked him, for my Reward, that he would lend 'me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this 'Country; but I quickly found that he was as 'treacherous as the rest of his Countrymen.

'At my first going to Court, one of the great 'Men almost put me out of Countenance, by 'asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only 'treading by Accident upon my Toe. They call 'this kind of Lye a Compliment; for when they 'are Civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, 'for which thou wouldst order any of thy Officers 'of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his 'Foot. I do not know how I shall negociate any 'thing with this People, since there is so little 'Credit to be given to 'em. When I go to see 'the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is 'not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his 'House almost the very Moment before. Thou 'wouldest fancy that the whole Nation are Phy-'sicians, for the first Question they always ask 'me, is, *how I do:* I have this Question put to 'me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they 'are not only thus inquisitive after my Health, 'but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with a full 'Glass in their Hands, every time I sit with them 'at Table, tho' at the same time they would per-'swade me to drink their Liquors in such Quan-'tities as I have found by Experience will make 'me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy 'Health also in the same Manner; but I have 'more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of 'thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their 'Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from 'this doubled-tongued Race of Men, and live to 'lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal 'City of *Bantam.*

No. 558.] WEDNESDAY, *June* 23, 1714. [*Addison.*

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?
O Fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur? horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quo rem deducam. Si quis Deus, en ego dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo, rusticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eja,
Quid statis? Nolint. Atque licet esse beatis.
Hor.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a publick Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possess'd of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper, which implies that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lye under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person would be, in case we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow-Chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Griefs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a Thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was something wild and distracted in her Look. Her Name was *FANCY.* She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their respective Burthens,

and to consider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

There were however several Persons who gave me great Diversion upon this Occasion. I observed one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were Multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical Burthens composed of Darts and Flames; but, what was very odd, tho' they sighed as if their Hearts would break under these Bundles of Calamities, they could not perswade themselves to cast them into the Heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their Heads and marched away as heavy loaden as they came. I saw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noses, large Lips, and rusty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was surpriz'd to see the greatest Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Observing one advancing towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he disposed of with great Joy of Heart among this Collection of humane Miseries. There were likewise Distempers of all Sorts, tho' I could not but observe, that there were many more Imaginary than real. One little Packet I could not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diseases incident to humane Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprized me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much astonished, having concluded within my self, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Passions, Prejudices, and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not Question came loaden with his Crimes, but upon searching into his Bundle, I found that instead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was followed by another worthless Rogue who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance.

When the whole Race of Mankind had thus cast their Burthens, the *Phantome* which had been so busie on this Occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her Presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying Glass full before my Eyes. I no sooner saw my Face in it, but was startled at the Shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his Visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very Chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending our selves, and all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for those of another Person. But as there arose many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Vision, I shall reserve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

No. 559.] FRIDAY, *June* 25, 1714. [*Addison.*

Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet: neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
Hor.

IN my last Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miseries, which was made up of those several Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I saw, with unspeakable Pleasure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows: though at the same time, as we stood round the Heap, and surveyed the several Materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a Mortal in this vast Multitude who did not discover what he thought Pleasures and Blessings of Life; and wonder'd how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this Confusion of Miseries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any such other Bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *FANCY* began again to bestir her self, and parcelling out the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some Observations, which I made upon the Occasion, I shall communicate to the Publick. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholick, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Estate, snatched up an undutiful Son that had been thrown into the Heap by his angry Father. The graceless Youth, in less than a quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; so that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begg'd him to take his Son again, and give him back his Cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-Slave, who had thrown down his Chains, took up the Gout in their stead, but made such wry Faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several Exchanges that were made, for Sickness against Poverty, Hunger against want of Appetite, and Care against Pain.

The Female World were very busie among themselves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a short Waste for a Pair of round Shoulders, and a third cheapning a bad

Face for a lost Reputation: But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as she had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back'd Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped Person with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this Bargain with him, that limped thro' a whole Assembly of Ladies, who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I must not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my self, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other Side I found that I my self had no great Reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I missed the Place, and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Besides, as my Nose was exceeding Prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at some other Part of it. I saw two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances. These had made a foolish Swop between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trapsticks that had no Calfs to them. One of these looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Observing him to be a pleasant Kind of Fellow, I stuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burthens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compassion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of Pleasure, after which, the Phantome, who had led them into such gross Delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a Goddess of a quite different Figure: Her Motions were steady and composed, and her Aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: Her name was *PATIENCE*. She had no sooner placed her self by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sunk to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings; for which Reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion.

No. 560.] MONDAY, *June* 28, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Verba intermissa retentat.*—Ov. Met.*

EVERY one has heard of the Famous Conjurer, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has studied himself *dumb*; for which Reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Tiresias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artist has been, for some Years last past, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epistle.

SIR, *From my Cell*, June 24, 1714.

'Being informed that you have lately got the 'Use of your Tongue, I have some Thoughts of 'following your Example, that I may be a *For-* 'tune-teller properly speaking. I am grown 'weary of my Taciturnity, and having served my 'Country many Years under the Title of the 'dumb Doctor, I shall now prophesie by Word of 'Mouth, and (as Mr. *Lee* says of the Magpie, 'who you know was a great Fortune-teller among 'the Ancients) *chatter* Futurity. I have hitherto 'chosen to receive Questions and return Answers 'in Writing, that I might avoid the Tediousness 'and Trouble of Debates, my Querists being 'generally of a Humour to *think*, that they have 'never Predictions enough for their Mony. In 'short, Sir, my Case has been something like 'that of those discreet Animals the Monkeys, 'who, as the *Indians* tell us, can speak if they 'would, but purposely avoid it that they may not 'be made to work. I have hitherto gained a 'Livelyhood by holding my Tongue, but shall 'now open my Mouth in order to fill it. If I appear 'a little Word-bound in my first Solutions and 'Responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any 'Want of Foresight, but to the long Disuse of 'Speech. I doubt not by this Invention to have 'all my former Customers over again, for if I 'have promised any of them Lovers or Husbands,

'Riches or good Luck, it is my Design to confirm 'to them *vivâ voce*, what I have already given 'them under my Hand. If you will honour me 'with a Visit, I will compliment you with the 'first opening of my Mouth, and if you please you 'may make an entertaining Dialogue out of 'the Conversation of two dumb Men. Excuse 'this Trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been 'a long time

Your Silent Admirer,
Cornelius Agrippa.

I have received the following Letter, or rather *Billet-doux*, from a pert young Baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same Occasion.

Dear Mr. Prate-apace, *June* 23, 1714.

'I am a Member of a Female Society who call 'ourselves the *Chit-Chat* Club, and am ordered 'by the whole Sisterhood, to congratulate you 'upon the Use of your Tongue. We have all of 'us a mighty Mind to hear you talk, and if you 'will take your Place among us for an Evening, 'we have unanimously agreed to allow you one 'Minute in ten, without Interruption.

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
S. T.

P. S. 'You may find us at my Lady Betty 'Clack's, *who will leave Orders with her Por-'ter, that if an elderly Gentleman, with a short 'Face, enquires for her, he shall be admitted and 'no Questions asked.*

As this particular Paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my Correspondents, I shall fill up the remaining Part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the same Nature.

SIR, *Oxford, June* 25, 1714.

'We are here wonderfully pleased with the 'Opening of your Mouth, and very frequently 'open ours in Approbation of your Design; espe-'cially since we find you are resolved to preserve 'your Taciturnity as to all Party Matters. We 'do not question but you are as great an Orator 'as Sir *Hudibras*, of whom the Poet sweetly 'sings,

——He could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

'If you will send us down the Half-dozen well-'turned Periods, that produced such dismal 'Effects in your Muscles, we will deposite them 'near an old Manuscript of *Tully's* Orations, 'among the Archives of the University; for we 'all agree with you, that there is not a more re-'markable Accident recorded in History, since 'that which happened to the Son of *Cræsus*, nay, 'I believe you might have gone higher, and have 'added *Balaam's* Ass. We are impatient to see 'more of your Productions, and expect what 'Words will next fall from you, with as much 'attention as those, who were set to watch the 'speaking Head which Friar *Bacon* formerly 'erected in this Place. We are,

Worthy SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
B. R. T. D., &c.

Honest Spec. *Middle-Temple, June* 24.

'I am very glad to hear that thou beginnest to 'prate; and find, by thy Yesterday's Vision, *thou* 'art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear 'talking in thy Sleep. Let me only advise thee 'to speak like other *Men*, for *I am afraid thou wilt* 'be very Queer, if thou dost not intend to use the 'Phrases in Fashion, as thou callest them in thy 'Second Paper. Hast thou a Mind to pass for a '*Bantamite*, or to make us all *Quakers*? I do 'assure thee, Dear Spec, I am not Polished out of 'my Veracity, when I subscribe my self

Thy Constant Admirer,
and humble Servant,
Frank Townly.

No. 561.] Wednesday, *June* 30, 1714. [*Addison.*

——Paulatim abolere Sichæum
Incipit, et vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda.
Virg.

SIR,

'I AM a tall, broad-shoulder'd, impudent, black 'Fellow, and, as I thought, every way quali-'fied for a rich Widow: But, after having tried 'my Fortune for above three Years together, I 'have not been able to get one single Relict in 'the Mind. My first Attacks were generally suc-'cessful, but always broke off as soon as they 'came to the Word *Settlement*. Though I have 'not improved my Fortune this way, I have my 'Experience, and have learnt several Secrets 'which may be of use to those unhappy Gentle-'men, who are commonly distinguished by the 'Name of Widow-hunters, and who do not know 'that this Tribe of Women are, generally speak-'ing, as much upon the Catch as themselves. I 'shall here communicate to you the Mysteries of 'a certain Female Cabal of this Order, who call 'themselves the *Widow-Club*. This Club con-'sists of nine experienced Dames, who take their 'Places once a Week round a large oval Table.

'I. Mrs. President is a Person who has dis-'posed of six Husbands, and is now determined 'to take a seventh; being of Opinion that there 'is as much Vertue in the Touch of a seventh 'Husband as of a seventh Son. Her Comrades 'are as follow.

'II. Mrs. *Snapp*, who has four Jointures, by 'four different Bed-fellows, of four different 'Shires. She is at present upon the Point of 'Marriage with a *Middlesex* Man, and is said to 'have an Ambition of extending her Possessions 'through all the Counties in *England* on this Side 'the *Trent*.

'III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who after two Husbands 'and a Gallant, is now wedded to an old Gentle-'man of Sixty. Upon her making her Report to 'the Club after a Week's Cohabitation, she is still 'allowed to sit as a Widow, and accordingly 'takes her Place at the Board.

'IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within a 'Fortnight after the Death of her last Husband.

'Her *Weeds* have served her thrice, and are still 'as good as new.

'V. Lady *Catherine Swallow*. She was a 'Widow at Eighteen, and has since buried a 'second Husband and two Coachmen.

'VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in 'the 15th Year of her Age to Sir *Simon Waddle*, 'Knight, aged Threescore and Twelve, by whom 'she had Twinns nine Months after his Decease. 'In the 55th Year of her Age she was married to '*James Spindle*, Esq.; a Youth of One and 'Twenty, who did not out-live the Honey-Moon.

'VII. *Deborah Conquest*. The Case of this 'Lady is something particular. She is the Relict 'of Sir *Sampson Conquest*, some time Justice of 'the *Quorum*. Sir *Sampson* was seven Foot 'high, and two Foot in Breadth from the Tip of 'one Shoulder to the other. He had married 'three Wives, who all of them died in Child-bed. 'This terrified the whole Sex, who none of them 'durst venture on Sir *Sampson*. At length Mrs. '*Deborah* undertook him, and gave so good an 'Account of him, that in three Years time she 'very fairly laid him out, and measured his 'Length upon the Ground. This Exploit has 'gained her so great a Reputation in the Club, 'that they have added Sir *Sampson's* three Victories to hers, and give her the Merit of a fourth 'Widowhood; and she takes her Place accordingly.

'VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, Relict of Mr. '*John Wildfire*, Fox-hunter, who broke his 'Neck over a six Bar Gate. She took his Death 'so much to Heart, that it was thought it would 'have put an End to her Life, had she not diverted her Sorrows by receiving the Addresses of a 'Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who made 'Love to her in the second Month of her Widowhood. This Gentleman was discarded in a Fortnight for the sake of a young *Templar*, who had 'the Possession of her for six Weeks after, till he 'was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewise gave up his Place to a Gentleman at Court. 'The Courtier was as short-liv'd a Favourite as 'his Predecessors, but had the Pleasure to see 'himself succeeded by a long Series of Lovers, 'who followed the Widow *Wildfire* to the 37th 'Year of her Age, at which time there ensued a 'Cessation of ten Years, when *John Felt*, Haberdasher, took it in his Head to be in love with 'her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry 'her off.

'IX. The last is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who 'broke her first Husband's Heart before she was 'Sixteen, at which Time she was entred of the 'Club, but soon after left it, upon Account of a 'Second, whom she made so quick a Dispatch of, 'that she returned to her Seat in less than a 'Twelvemonth. This young Matron is looked 'upon as the most rising Member of the Society, 'and will probably be in the President's Chair 'before she dies.

'These Ladies, upon their first Institution, resolved to give the Pictures of their deceased 'Husbands to the Club-Room, but two of them 'bringing in their Dead at full Length, they 'cover'd all the Walls; Upon which they came 'to a second Resolution, that every Matron 'should give her own Picture, and set it round 'with her Husbands in Miniature.

'As they have most of them the Misfortune to 'be troubled with the Cholick, they have a noble 'Celler of Cordials and strong Waters. When 'they grow Maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former Partners with a Tear. 'But ask them which of their Husbands they 'Condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not Weep so much for 'the Loss of a Husband, as for the want of One.

'The principal Rule, by which the whole 'Society are to govern themselves is this, To 'cty up the Pleasures of a single Life upon all 'Occasions, in order to deter the rest of their Sex 'from Marriage, and engross the whole Male 'World to themselves.

'They are obliged, when any one makes Love 'to a Member of the Society, to communicate his 'Name, at which Time the whole Assembly sit 'upon his Reputation, Person, Fortune, and 'good Humour; and if they find him qualified 'for a Sister of the Club, they lay their Heads together how to make him sure. By this Means 'they are acquainted with all the Widow-hunters 'about Town, who often afford them great Diversion. There is an honest *Irish* Gentleman, 'it seems, who knows nothing of this Society, but 'at different times has made Love to the whole 'Club.

'Their Conversation often turns upon their former Husbands, and it is very diverting to hear 'them relate their several Arts and Stratagems, 'with which they amused the Jealous, pacified 'the Cholerick, or wheedled the Good-natured 'Man, 'till at last, to use the Club Phrase, *They 'sent him out of the House with his Heels foremost*.

'The Politicks, which are most cultivated by 'this Society of She-*Machiavils*, relate chiefly to 'these two Points: How to treat a Lover, and 'How to manage a Husband. As for the first 'Set of Artifices, they are too numerous to come 'within the Compass of your Paper, and shall 'therefore be reserved for a Second Letter.

'The Management of a Husband is built upon 'the following Doctrines, which are Universally 'assented to by the whole Club. Not to give 'him his Head at first. Not to allow him too 'great Freedoms and Familiarities. Not to be 'treated by him like a raw Girl, but as a Woman that knows the World. Not to Lessen any'thing of her former Figure. To celebrate the 'Generosity, or any other Vertue, of a deceased 'Husband, which she would recommend to his 'Successor. To turn away all his old Friends 'and Servants, that she may have the Dear Man 'to her self. To make him disinherit the undutiful Children of any former Wife. Never to 'be thoroughly convinced of his Affection, 'till he 'has made over to her all his Goods and Chattels.

'After so long a Letter, I am, without more 'Ceremony,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

No. 562.] FRIDAY, *July* 2, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Præsens, absens ut sies.*—Ter.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to speak of himself, says *Cowley*;[1] *it grates his own Heart to say anything of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him.* Let the Tenour of his Discourse be what it will upon this Subject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity*. An ostentatious Man will rather relate a Blunder or an Absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear Person.

Some very great Writers have been guilty of this Fault. It is observed of *Tully* in particular, that his Works run very much in the First Person, and that he takes all Occasions of doing himself Justice. 'Does he think, says *Brutus*, that his 'Consulship deserves more Applause than my 'putting *Cæsar* to Death, because I am not per-'petually talking of the Ides of *March*, as he is 'of the Nones of *December*?' I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March*, *Brutus* destroyed *Cæsar*, and that *Cicero* quashed the Conspiracy of *Cataline* in the Calends of *December*. How shocking soever this great Man's talking of himself might have been to his Contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart give a Man a thorough Insight into his Personal Character, and illustrate several Passages in the History of his Life: Besides, that there is some little Pleasure in discovering the Infirmity of a great Man, and seeing how the Opinion he has of himself agrees with what the World entertains of him.

The Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their Learning and their Humility than any other in *France*, banish'd the way of speaking in the First Person out of all their Works, as arising from Vain-Glory and Self-Conceit. To shew their particular Aversion to it, they branded this Form of Writing with the Name of an *Egotism;* a Figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

The most violent Egotism which I have met with in the Course of my Reading, is that of Cardinal *Wolsey*, *Ego et Rex meus, I and my King;* as perhaps the most eminent Egotist that ever appeared in the World, was *Montagne* the Author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old *Gascon* has woven all his bodily Infirmities into his Works, and after having spoken of the Faults or Virtues of any other Man, immediately publishes to the World how it stands with himself in that Particular. Had he kept his own Counsel he might have passed for a much better Man, though perhaps he would not have been so diverting an Author. The Title of an Essay promises perhaps a Discourse upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæsar;* but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur *Montagne*, than of either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who seems to have been no great Friend to this Author, after having acquainted the World that his Father sold Herrings, adds these Words: *La grande fadaise de Montagne, qui a escrit, qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc —— que diable n-t-on à faire de scavoir ce qu'il aime? For my Part,* says *Montagne, I am a great Lover of your White Wines —— What the Devil signifies it to the Publick,* says *Scaliger, whether he is a Lover of White Wines or of Red Wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a Tribe of Egotists for whom I have always had a mortal Aversion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any Works but their own, and who raise all their Productions out of this single Figure of Speech.

Most of our modern Prefaces savour very strongly of the Egotism. Every insignificant Author fancies it of Importance to the World, to know that he writ his Book in the Country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle Hours, that it was published at the Importunity of Friends, or that his natural Temper, Studies or Conversations, directed him to the Choice of his Subject.

——*Id populus curat scilicet.*

Such Informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

In Works of Humour, especially when a Man writes under a fictitious Personage, the talking of one's self may give some Diversion to the Publick; but I would advise every other Writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his Character: Tho' I am sensible this Rule will be of little Use in the World, because there is no Man who fancies his Thoughts worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable Person.

I shall close this Paper with a Remark upon such as are Egotists in Conversation: These are generally the vain or shallow part of Mankind, People being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of Egotists which is very common in the World, tho' I do not remember that any Writer has taken Notice of them; I mean those empty conceited Fellows, who repeat as Sayings of their own, or some of their particular Friends, several Jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the World has heard a hundred times over. A forward young Fellow of my Acquaintance was very guilty of this Absurdity: He would be always laying a new Scene for some old Piece of Wit, and telling us, That as he and *Jack* such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a Conceit on such an Occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the Company did not join with him. When his Mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence, Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a Kindness for the young Coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured Fellow, I recommended to his Perusal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jests, with several little Pieces of Pleasantry of the same Nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small Con-

[1] Essay 2.

fusion to find that all his Jokes had passed through several Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Use, had appeared in Print before he or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had so good an Effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a Man of plain Sense in his ordinary Conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

No. 563.] MONDAY, *July* 5, 1714. [

——Magni nominis Umbra.—Lucan.

I SHALL entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical Person, who I believe never writ to any Body before.

SIR,

'I am descended from the Ancient Family of 'the *Blanks*, a Name well known among all 'Men of Business. It is always read in those 'little white Spaces of Writing which want to be 'filled up, and which for that Reason are called '*blank* Spaces, as of right appertaining to our 'Family: For I consider my self as the Lord of a 'Mannor, who lays his Claim to all Wastes or 'Spots of Ground that are unappropriated. I am 'a near Kinsman to *John a Styles* and *John a* '*Nokes*; and they, I am told, came in with the 'Conqueror. I am mentioned oftner in both 'Houses of Parliament than any other Person in '*Great Britain*. My Name is written, or more 'properly speaking, *not written*, thus,

'I am one that can turn my Hand to every thing, 'and appear under any Shape whatsoever. I can 'make my self Man, Woman, or Child. I am 'sometimes metamorphosed *into* a Year of our 'Lord, a Day of the Month, or an Hour of the Day. 'I very often represent a Sum of Mony, and am 'generally the first Subsidy that is granted to 'the Crown. I have now and then supplied the 'Place of several Thousands of Land Soldiers, 'and have as frequently been employed in the Sea 'Service.

'Now, Sir, my Complaint is this, that I am only 'made use of to serve a Turn, being always dis-'carded as soon as a proper Person is found out 'to fill up my Place.

'If you have ever been in the Play-house be-'fore the Curtain rises, you see most of the Front 'Boxes filled with Men of my Family, who forth-'with turn out and resign their Stations upon the 'Appearance of those for whom they are retained.

'But the most illustrious Branch of the *Blanks* 'are those who are planted in high Posts, till such 'time as Persons of greater Consequence can be 'found out to supply them. One of these *Blanks* 'is equally qualified for all Offices; he can serve 'in time of Need for a Soldier, a Politician, a 'Lawyer, or what you please. I have known in 'my Time many a Brother *Blank* that has been 'born under a lucky Planet, heap up great Riches, 'and swell into a Man of Figure and Importance, 'before the Grandees of his Party could agree 'among themselves which of them should step 'into his Place. Nay, I have known a *Blank* 'continue so long in one of these vacant Posts, '(for such it is to be reckoned all the Time a *Blank* 'is in it) that he has grown too formidable and 'dangerous to be removed.

'But to return to my self, since I am so very 'commodious a Person, and so very necessary in 'all well-regulated Governments, I desire you will 'take my Case into Consideration, that I may be 'no longer made a Tool of, and only employed to 'stop a Gap. Such Usage, without a Pun, makes 'me look very blank. For all which Reasons I 'humbly recommend my self to your Protection, 'and am

Your most obedient Servant,
Blank.

'*P. S.* 'I herewith send you a Paper, drawn 'up by a Country Attorney employed by two 'Gentlemen, whose Names he was not acquainted 'with, and who did not think fit to let him into the 'Secret which they were transacting. I heard 'him call it a Blank Instrument, and read it after 'the following Manner. You may see by this 'single Instance of what Use I am to the busy 'World.

'*I* T. Blank, *Esq.*, *of* Blank *Town, in the* 'County of Blank, *do own my self indebted in* 'the Sum of Blank, *to Goodman* Blank, *for the* 'Service he did me in procuring for me the Goods 'following, Blank: *And I do hereby promise the* 'said Blank *to pay unto him the said Sum of* 'Blank, *on the* Blank *Day of the Month of* Blank 'next ensuing, *under the Penalty and Forfeiture* 'of Blank.

I shall take Time to consider the Case of this my imaginary Correspondent, and in the mean while shall present my Reader with a Letter which seems to come from a Person that is made up of Flesh and Blood.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am married to a very honest Gentleman that 'is exceedingly good-natured, and at the same 'time very cholerick. There is no standing before 'him when he is in a Passion; but as soon as it is 'over he is the best-humour'd Creature in the 'World. When he is angry, he breaks all my 'China-Ware that chances to lie in his Way, and 'the next Morning sends me in twice as much as 'he broke the Day before. I may positively say, 'that he has broke me a Child's Fortune since we 'were first marry'd together.

'As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every 'thing that is within Reach of his Cane. I once 'prevailed upon him never to carry a Stick in his 'Hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon see-'ing me do something that did not please him, he 'kicked down a great Jarr, that cost him above 'Ten Pound but the Week before. I then laid 'the Fragments together in a Heap, and gave him 'his Cane again, desiring him that if he chanced 'to be in Anger, he would spend his Passion upon 'the China that was broke to his Hand: But the 'very next Day upon my giving a wrong Message 'to one of the Servants, he flew into such a Rage, 'that he swept down a Dozen Tea-Dishes, which,

'to my Misfortune, stood very convenient for a 'Side-Blow.

'I then removed all my China into a Room 'which he never frequents; but I got nothing by 'this neither, for my Looking-Glasses immedi- 'ately went to Rack.

'In short, Sir, whenever he is in a Passion he 'is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on 'such Occasions he had nothing to vent his Rage 'upon, I do not know whether my Bones would be 'in Safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me 'know whether there be any Cure for this unac- 'countable Distemper; or if not, that you will be 'pleased to publish this Letter: For my Husband 'having a great Veneration for your Writings, will 'by that means know you do not approve of his 'Conduct.

I am,
Your most humble Servant, &c.

No. 564.] WEDNESDAY, *July* 7, 1714. [

Adsit
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne Scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.
Hor.

IT is the Work of a Philosopher to be every Day subduing his Passions, and laying aside his Prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private Interest. But while I am thus employed my self, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce on every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into humane Nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow-Creatures, and that Mens Characters are not thus to be given in general Words. There is indeed no such thing as a Person entirely good or bad; Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less Proportion, in every one; and if you would search for some particular good Quality in its most eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkned and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular Passions.

Men have either no Character at all, says a celebrated Author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece. This is finely illustrated in *Xenophon's* Life of *Cyrus* the Great. That Author tells us, that *Cyrus* having taken a most beautiful Lady named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatas*, committed her to the Custody of *Araspas*, a young *Persian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintain'd in Discourse, that a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Possession of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was made to *Cyrus*, that he not only sollicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her absent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make use of Force. *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle Manner representing to him his Fault, and putting him in Mind of his former Assertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Sense of his Guilt and Shame, burst out into a Flood of Tears, and spoke as follows.

Oh Cyrus, *I am convinced that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls: When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Presence, has got the Better of my bad.*

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different Passions in one and the same Soul, as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the Partiality and Injustice of giving our Judgment upon Men in gross, who are such a Composition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil; I might carry this Reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their Actions. If on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at first Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other Hand we nicely examined such Actions as appear most dazzling to the Eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End. The very same Action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded or punish'd. Those who compiled the Laws of *England* were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first Maxims, *It is better suffering a Mischief than an Inconvenience*; which is as much as to say in other Words, That since no Law can take in or provide for all Cases, it is better private Men should have some Injustice done them, than that a public Grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in Defence of all those Hardships which fall on particular Persons in particular Occasions, which could not be foreseen when a Law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth of the Common Law, in Cases of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Cases there is a Power of pardoning still lodged in the Crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large Government to distribute Rewards and

Punishments strictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Commonwealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular; and I do not remember in all my Reading to have met with so nice an Example of Justice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I shall close my Paper for this Day.

The City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a Body, fought with a Resolution equal to the Necessity of their Affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this Occasion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Isadas* the Son of *Phabidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comeliness of his Person. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much less his Armour; however transported with a Desire to serve his Country in so great an Exigency, snatching up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withstand his Fury: in what Part soever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a single Wound. Whether, says *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of some God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or, that his Enemies, struck with the Unusualness of his Dress, and Beauty of his Shape, supposed him something more than Man, I shall not determine.

The Gallantry of this Action was judged so great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a Garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand Drachmas for going out to the Battle unarmed.

No. 565.] FRIDAY, *July* 9, 1714. [*Addison.*

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.—Virg.

I WAS Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, 'till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused my self with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the Western Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blewness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her Brightness and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection. *When I consider the Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!* In the same manner when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more Philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; When I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance, that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; In short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I my self bore amidst the Immensity of God's Works.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Host of Planetary Worlds, that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one end of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in our selves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. We see many Stars by the help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert it self in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret Horrour, as a Being that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover my self from this mortifying Thought, I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same Time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in our selves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to

Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in our selves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason indeed assures us that his Attributes are Infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every Thing it contemplates, till our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first Place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: His Being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that Being is to it self. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any Thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted Way of considering this infinite Space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence and perceive the Actions of a few Objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turns within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every Thing in which he resides, Infinite Space gives Room to Infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through Infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find it self within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says *Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason as well as Revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every Thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion: For, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 566.] MONDAY, *July* 12, 1714. [

Militiæ Species Amor est.—— Ovid.

AS my Correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my self obliged to take some Notice of them, and shall therefore make this Paper a Miscellany of Letters. I have, since my reassuming the Office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of Epistles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been so used to Action that they know not how to lie still: They seem generally to be of Opinion, that the Fair at home ought to reward them for their Services abroad, and that, till the Cause of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a sort of Right to Quarter themselves upon the Ladies. In Order to favour their Approaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the Accomplishments of their Profession, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen say for themselves.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tho' it may look somewhat perverse amidst 'the Arts of Peace, to talk too much of War, it is 'but Gratitude to pay the last Office to its *Manes*,

'since even Peace it self is, in some Measure, 'obliged to it for its Being.

'You have, in your former Papers, always re-'commended the Accomplished to the Favour of 'the Fair; and, I hope, you will allow me to 'represent some Part of a Military Life not alto-'gether unnecessary to the forming a Gentle-'man. I need not tell you that in *France*, whose 'Fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost 'every one derives his Pretences to Merit from 'the Sword; and that a Man has scarce the Face 'to make his Court to a Lady, without some Cre-'dentials from the Service to recommend him. As 'the Profession is very ancient, we have Reason 'to think some of the greatest Men, among the 'old *Romans*, derived many of their Virtues from 'it, their Commanders being frequently, in other 'Respects, some of the most shining Characters 'of the Age.

'The Army not only gives a Man Opportunities 'of exercising those two great Virtues *Patience* 'and *Courage*, but often produces them in Minds 'where they had scarce any Footing before. I 'must add, that it is one of the best Schools in the 'World to receive a general Notion of Mankind 'in, and a certain Freedom of Behaviour, which 'is not so easily acquired in any other Place. At 'the same Time I must own, that some Military 'Airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a Man 'who goes into the Army a Coxcomb will come 'out of it a Sort of Publick Nuisance: But a Man 'of Sense, or one who before had not been suf-'ficiently used to a mixed Conversation, generally 'takes the true Turn. The Court has in all Ages 'been allowed to be the Standard of Good-breed-'ing; and I believe there is not a juster Observa-'tion in Monsieur *Rochefoucault*, than that *A 'Man who has been bred up wholly to Business, 'can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, 'but will immediately catch it in the Camp.* 'The Reason of this most certainly is, that the 'very Essence of Good-Breeding and Politeness 'consists in several Niceties, which are so minute 'that they escape his Observation, and he falls 'short of the Original he would copy after; but 'when he sees the same Things charged and ag-'gravated to a Fault, he no sooner endeavours to 'come up to the Pattern which is set before him, 'than, though he stops somewhat short of that, 'he naturally rests where in reality he ought. I 'was two or three Days ago, mightily pleased 'with the Observation of an humourous Gentle-'man upon one of his Friends, who was in other 'Respects every way an accomplished Person, 'That *he wanted nothing but a Dash of the Cox-'comb in him*; by which he understood a little of 'that Alertness and Unconcern in the common 'Actions of Life, which is usually so visible among 'Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Campaign 'or two would infallibly have given him.

'You will easily guess, Sir, by this my Pane-'gyrick upon a Military Education, that I am my 'self a Soldier, and indeed I am so; I remember, 'within three Years after I had been in the Army, 'I was ordered into the Country a Recruiting. I 'had very particular Success in this Part of the 'Service, and was over and above assured, at my 'going away, that I might have taken a young 'Lady, who was the most considerable Fortune 'in the County, along with me. I preferred the 'Pursuit of Fame at that time to all other Con-'siderations, and tho' I was not absolutely bent 'on a Wooden Leg, resolved at least to get a Scar 'or two for the good of *Europe*. I have at pre-'sent as much as I desire of this Sort of Honour, 'and if you could recommend me effectually, 'should be well enough contented to pass the Re-'mainder of my Days in the Arms of some dear 'kind Creature, and upon a pretty Estate in the 'Country: This, as I take it, would be following 'the Example of *Lucius Cincinnatus*, the old '*Roman* Dictator, who at the End of a War left 'the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, Sir, with 'all imaginable Respect,

Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
Will. Warly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an Half-pay Officer, and am at present 'with a Friend in the Country. Here is a rich 'Widow in the Neighbourhood, who has made 'Fools of all the Fox-hunters within fifty Miles of 'her. She declares she intends to marry, but has 'not yet been asked by the Man she could like. 'She usually admits her humble Admirers to an 'Audience or two, but, after she has once given 'them Denial will never see them more. I am 'assured by a Female Relation, that I shall have 'fair Play at her; but as my whole Success De-'pends on my first Approaches, I desire your 'Advice, whether I had best *Storm* or proceed 'by way of *Sap*.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

'*P. S.* I had forgot to tell you, that I have 'already carried one of her Outworks, that is, 'secured her Maid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have assisted in several Sieges in the *Low-'Countries*, and being still willing to employ my 'Talents, as a Soldier and Engineer, lay down 'this Morning at Seven a Clock before the Door 'of an obstinate Female, who had for some time 'refused me Admittance. I made a Lodgment in 'an outer Parlour about Twelve: The Enemy re-'tired to her Bed-Chamber, yet I still pursued, 'and about two a-Clock this Afternoon she 'thought fit to Capitulate. Her Demands are in-'deed somewhat high, in Relation to the Settle-'ment of her Fortune. But being in Possession 'of the House, I intend to insist upon *Carte 'Blanche*, and am in hopes, by keeping off all 'other Pretenders for the Space of twenty four 'Hours, to starve her into a Compliance. I beg 'your speedy Advice, and am,

SIR, Yours,
Peter Push.

From my Camp in *Red-Lion* Square, *Saturday* 4, in the Afternoon.

No. 567.] WEDNESDAY, *July* 14, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.*—Virg.

I HAVE received private Advice from some of my Correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I should take care to season it with Scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few Writings sell which are not filled with great Names and illustrious Titles. The Reader generally casts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds several Letters separated from one another by a Dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*,[1] with a short Line between them, has sold many an Insipid Pamphlet. Nay I have known a whole Edition go off by vertue of two or three well written *&c*——'*s*.

A sprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant Terms, in an Italick Character, have also a very good Effect upon the Eye of the [Purchaser;[2]] not to mention *Scribler*, *Lier*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a Modern Controversie.

Our Party-writers are so sensible of the secret Vertue of an Innuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Person. It gives a secret Satisfaction to a Peruser of these mysterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank-Space, or make out a Word that has only the first or last Letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyrical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the Consonants. This way of Writing was first of all introduced by *T--m Br--wn*, of facetious Memory, who, after having gutted a proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, used to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any Danger of the Statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a Paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the present Posture of Affairs, will easily discover the Meaning of it.

'If there are *four* Persons in the Nation who 'endeavour to bring all things into Confusion, 'and ruin their native Country, I think every 'honest *Engl-shm-n* ought to be upon his Guard. 'That there are such, every one will agree with 'me, who hears me name *** with his first 'Friend and Favourite ***, not to mention *** 'nor ***. These People may cry Ch--rch, Ch--rch, 'as long as they please, but, to make use of a 'homely Proverb, The Proof of the P--dd--ng is 'in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a *cer*-'*tain Prince* should concur with a *certain Prelate*, '(and we have Monsieur *Z——n's* Word for it) 'our Posterity would be in a sweet P—ckle. 'Must the *British* Nation suffer forsooth, because 'my Lady *Q-p-t-s* has been disobliged? Or is it 'reasonable that our *English* Fleet, which used 'to be the Terror of the Ocean, should lie Wind-'bound for the sake of a ———. I love to speak 'out and declare my Mind clearly, when I am 'talking for the Good of my Country. I will not 'make my Court to an ill Man, tho' he were a '*B——y* or a *T——t*. Nay, I would not stick to 'call so wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy 'to his Country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ss, *&c.*, *&c.*

The remaining Part of this Political Treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any sagacious Person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this short Essay will convince my Readers, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid State-tracts, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Master of the Political Scratch as any the most eminent Writer of the Age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all this Modern Race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my *English* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a SPECTATOR, that shall not have a single Vowel in it.

[1] For 'Marlborough' and 'Treasurer.'
[2] [Reader.]

No. 568.] FRIDAY, *July* 16, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus.*—Mart.

I WAS Yesterday in a Coffee-House not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I observed three Persons in close Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the same Candle, is looked upon among Brother-smokers as an Overture to Conversation and Friendship. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, says I, *is very witty to-Day*; upon which a lusty lethargick old Gentleman, who sat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoke, which he had been collecting for some Time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise I am afraid*. His Neighbour who sat at his right Hand immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with so much Wrath that he

broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furnished me with a Tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the Face, made use of it from Time to Time all the while he was speaking: *This fellow*, says he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you see how he abuses* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks*, says he, *do you call them? they are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines? Ch-rch and P-dd-ing in the same Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him.* Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; For, says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Dashes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Dash*, says the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Innuendo, that our Posterity will be in a sweet P--ckle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does not he write it at length, if he means honestly? I have read over the whole Sentence*, says I; *but I look upon the Parenthesis in the Belly of it to be the most dangerous Part, and as full of Insinuations as it can hold. But who*, says I, *is my Lady* Q--p--t--s? *Ay, Answer that if you can, Sir*, says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sate over-against him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do assure you*, says he, *were I my Lady* Q--p--t--s, *I would sue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Must every Body be allowed to——?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the last Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with so much Rage and Trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole Company. After a short Pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many Letters of my Lady *Q--p--t--s*'s Name; *but however*, says I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without so much as a Consonant to direct us? I mean*, says I, *after those Words*, The Fleet, that used to be the Terrour of the Ocean, should be Wind-bound for the sake of a——; *after which ensues a Chasm, that in my Opinion looks modest enough. Sir*, says my Antagonist, *you may easily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I suppose he designs his Chasm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his Turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the* B--y's *and* T--t's *treated after so scurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life*, says I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!* says he, —— *Your humble Servant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himself back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and seeing my Pipe out, very generously offered me the Use of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious Age, which a weak Head may not construe into private Satyr and personal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Nose at an Innuendo, smells Treason and Sedition in the most innocent Words that can be put together, and never sees a Vice or Folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the Poor, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish. This Book with these extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current Report that Some-body had written a Book against the 'Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the Place having at that Time a Controversy with some of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under some Suspicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man set his People right by shewing them that the satyrical Passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ against all the Sinners in *England*.

No. 569.] MONDAY, *July* 19, 1714. [*Addison.*

Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus—— Hor.

NO Vices are so incurable as those which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenness should have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anacharsis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the Company: for, says he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal first is entitled to the Reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty Generation, the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the rest of the Company. I was the other Day with honest *Will. Funnell* the *West Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much Liquor had past through him in the last twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogsheads of October, four Ton of Port, half a Kilderkin of small Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glasses of Champaign; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams,

and Whets without Number. I question not but every Reader's Memory will suggest to him several ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious Exploits.

Our modern Philosophers observe, that there is a general Decay of Moisture in the Globe of the Earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Substance many fluid Bodies that never return again to their former Nature: But, with Submission, they ought to throw into their Account those innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nourishment chiefly out of Liquids; especially when we consider that Men, compared with their Fellow-Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share.

But however highly this Tribe of People may think of themselves, a drunken Man is a greater Monster than any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no Character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reasonable Persons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonosus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having set up for a Share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himself. When he was seen by the Army in this melancholy Situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common Jest was, That the Thing they saw hanging upon the Tree before them, was not a Man but a Bottle.

This Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the Mind, it first of all discovers every Flaw in it. The sober Man, by the Strength of Reason, may keep under and subdue every Vice or Folly to which he is most inclined; but Wine makes every latent Seed sprout up in the Soul, and shew it self. It gives Fury to the Passions, and Force to those Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philosopher that his Wife was not handsome, Put less Water in your Wine, says the Philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealousy, and Jealousy into Madness. It often turns the Good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the Cholerick into an Assassin. It gives Bitterness to Resentment, it makes Vanity insupportable, and displays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmost Deformity.

Nor does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and shew them in the most odious Colours, but often occasions Faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of Turn than of Truth in a Saying of *Seneca*, That Drunkenness does not produce but discover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himself, and infuses Qualities into the Mind, which she is a Stranger to in her sober Moments. The Person you converse with, after the third Bottle, is not the same Man who at first sat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim is founded one of the prettiest Sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus*, *Qui ebrium ludificat laedit absentem; He who jests upon a Man that is drunk, injures the Absent.*

Thus does Drunkenness act in direct Contradiction to Reason, whose Business it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But besides these ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Person who is actually under its Dominion, it has also a bad Influence on the Mind even in its sober Moments, as it insensibly weakens the Understanding, impairs the Memory, and makes those Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men; but these I shall reserve for the Subject of some future Paper.

No. 570.] WEDNESDAY, *July* 21, 1714. [

——Nugæque canoræ.—Hor.

THERE is scarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honest Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I shall here confine my self to that petty kind of Ambition, by which some Men grow eminent for odd Accomplishments and trivial Performances. How many are there whose whole Reputation depends upon a Punn or a Quibble? You may often see an Artist in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a Hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium——

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Master of the House[1] accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a Discourse with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who shall be nameless, he told me, That he had sometimes the Honour *to treat him with a Whistle;* (adding by the way of Parenthesis) *For you must know, Gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any Man in* Europe. This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a Sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Case-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a musical Instrument, and entertained me with an *Italian* Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tobacco Pipes; and after having slid the small

[1] Named Daintry. He was of the trained bands, and commonly known as Captain Daintry.

End of them over the Table in a most melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in Consort. In short, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Musical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoso; who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such Quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself, before he had brought this Piece of Musick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying, That he would provide himself with a new Frying-Pan against that Day. I replied, That it was no matter; Roast and Boiled would serve our Turn. He smiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Design to give us a Tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a Promise, he sent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whistled to it in such a melodious Manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a Base-Viol. He then took his Seat with us at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Base, he chose rather to sing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary Consort. Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told Me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable: but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be short, I found that his whole Kitchen was furnished with musical Instruments; and could not but look upon this Artist as a kind of Burlesque Musician.

He afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of several Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toasted our Mistresses to the Nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surpriz'd with the Musick of the Thrush. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very easy and regular Descent. He then contracted his Whistle to the Voice of several Birds of the smallest Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you look'd upon him, and a Tom Tit when you shut your Eyes. I must not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accomplished Person was formerly the Master of a Toy-shop near *Temple-Bar;* and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Musick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deserves their Favour, and may afford them great Diversion over a Bottle of Wine, which he sells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

No. 571.] FRIDAY, *July* 23, 1714. [*Addison.*

——Cælum quid quærimus ultra?—Luc.

AS the Work, I have engaged in, will not only consist of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of several Essays Moral and Divine, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR,[1] and sent me by a particular Friend, not questioning but it will please such of my Readers, as think it no Disparagement to their Understandings to give way sometimes to a serious Thought.

SIR,

In your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant, you had Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence; or, in other Words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Presence but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Vertue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several Instincts, in the brute Creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them, by this Divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and necessary to his Well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the same thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impossible for an in-

[1] No. 565, and see Nos. 580, 590, and 628.

finite Being to remove himself from any of his Creatures, but tho' he cannot withdraw his Essence from us, which would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Consolations of it. His Presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our Existence; but he may leave this our Existence to it self, with regard to its Happiness or Misery. For, in this Sense, he may cast us away from his Presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single Consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our Hearts to all those Infusions of Joy and Gladness which are so near at Hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Presence, but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

We may assure our selves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his Creatures. Those who will not feel him in his Love, will be sure at length to feel him in his Displeasure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature, who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in Hell as in Heaven, but the Inhabitants of those accursed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and shrink within the Flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the Wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Displeasure of him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest Comforts of Life from refreshing us, and give an Edge to every one of its slightest Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-cast from his Presence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expostulation of *Job*, when, for the Tryal of his Patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable Condition! *Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee, so that I am become a Burthen to my self?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness.

The Blessed in Heaven behold him Face to Face; that is, are as sensible of his Presence as we are of the Presence of any Person whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtless a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senses do material Objects; and there is no Question but our Souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reside, be always *sensible* of the Divine Presence. We, who have this Veil of Flesh standing between us and the World of Spirits, must be Content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by those Virtuous Thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret Comforts and Refreshments which he conveys into our Souls, and by those ravishing Joys and inward Satisfactions, which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Essence, and is as a Soul within the Soul, to irradiate its Understanding, rectifie its Will, purifie its Passions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the Midst of all those Horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the Midst of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his Head. In his deepest Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real Sensations of his Presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Conversation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he considers the Pains of his Dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that Partition, which stands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest it self to him in Fullness of Joy.

If we would be thus Happy, and thus Sensible of our Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Passage among his Epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et Observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.*[1] There is a Holy Spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both Good and Evil Men, and will treat us after the same Manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this Discourse with those more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.*[2]

[1] Ep. 41. To Lucilius. 'Deum in viro bono sedere.'

[2] John xiv. 23.

No. 572.] MONDAY, *July* 26, 1714. [*Z. Pearce.*[1]

Quod medicorum est
Promittant medici—— Hor.

I AM the more pleased with these my Papers, since I find they have encouraged several Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correspondents: I Yesterday received the following Essay against Quacks, which I shall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writer's Pardon for those Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

The Desire of Life is so natural and strong a Passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Physick finds among us. Well-constituted Governments have always made the Profession of a Physician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer's Machaon* and *Virgil's Japis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at least as much Havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Those who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell Health at a reasonable Profit, or because the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the most Ignorant, when the most able Physicians give him none. Though Impudence and many Words are as necessary to these Itinerary *Galens* as a laced Hat or a Merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not some inward Disposition in the sick Man to favour the Pretensions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Mony in the other, creates a good Correspondence between them.

There is scarce a City in *Great-Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harangues the good People of the Place with Aphorisms and Receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Interest, but out of a particular Affection to the Town. I remember one of those Public-spirited Artists at *Hammersmith*, who told his Audience 'that he had been born and 'bred there, and that having a special Regard 'for the Place of his Nativity, he was determined 'to make a Present of five Shillings to as many 'as would accept of it.' The whole Crowd stood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word; when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown-Piece, he drew out an handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the Spectators was constantly sold at five Shillings and six pence, but that he would bate the odd five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place: The whole Assembly immediately closed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Physick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreigners among them, but that they were all *Hammersmith*-Men.

There is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle-Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements. These seem to have derived their Custom from an *Eastern* Nation which *Herodotus* speaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an Account of the Distemper, should be fixed in some Publick Place; but as Customs will corrupt, these our Moderns provide themselves of Persons to attest the Cure, before they publish or make an Experiment of the Prescription. I have heard of a Porter, who serves as a Knight of the Post under one of these Operators, and tho' he was never sick in his Life, has been cured of all the Diseases in the Dispensary. These are the Men whose Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all sorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every Body else. Their Medicines *are infallible, and never fail of Success*, that is of enriching the Doctor, and setting the Patient effectually at Rest.

I lately dropt into a Coffee-house at *Westminster*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodine Fotus*, *English* Pills, Electuaries, and, in short, more Remedies than I believe there are Diseases. At the Sight of so many Inventions, I could not but imagine my self in a kind of Arsenal or Magazine, where store of Arms were reposited against any sudden Invasion. Should you be attack'd by the Enemy Side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of defensive Armour to cure the Pleurisie: Should a Distemper beat up your Head Quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable Helmet, or, in the Language of the Artist, a Cephalic Tincture: If your main Body be assaulted, here are various Kinds of Armour in Case of various Onsets. I began to congratulate the present Age upon the Happiness Men might reasonably hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a manner Defeated; and when Pain it self would be of so short a Duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the Value of Pleasure: While I was in these Thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a Story of an Ingenious Gentleman of the last Age, who lying violently afflicted with the Gout, a Person came and offered his Service to Cure him by a Method, which he assured him was Infallible; the Servant who received the Message carried it up to his Master, who enquiring whether the Person came on Foot or in a Chariot; and being informed that he was on Foot: *Go*, says he, *send the Knave about his Business: Was his Method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six.* In like manner I concluded, that had all these Advertisers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no Need for so many Years successively to publish to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of these Gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual Cure for Leanness:

[1] Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, with alterations by Addison.

What Effects it may have had upon those who have try'd it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the Call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the Doctor himself of that Distemper. Could each of them produce so good an Instance of the Success of his Medicines, they might soon persuade the World into an Opinion of them.

I observe that most of the Bills agree in one Expression, *viz.* that (*with God's Blessing*) they perform such and such Cures: This Expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share in it than *Virgil's Japis* in the curing of *Æneas*; he tried his Skill, was very assiduous about the Wound, and indeed was the only visible Means that relieved the Hero; but the Poet assures us it was the particular Assistance of a Deity that speeded the Operation. An *English* Reader may see the whole Story in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation.

Prop'd on his Lance the pensive Heroe stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Mourning Crowd.
The fam'd Physician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and hastens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches he performs his Part,
This Way and that, solliciting the Dart,
And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.
All soft'ning Simples, known of Sov'reign Use,
He presses out, and pours their noble Juice;
These first infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.
But now the Goddess Mother, mov'd with Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief.
A Branch of Healing Dittany *she brought,*
Which in the Cretan *Fields with Care she sought;*
Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leaves surround;
The Leafs with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded Goats; a sure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief.
This Venus *brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews*
Th' extracted Liquor with Ambrosian *Dews,*
And od'rous Panacee: *Unseen she stands,*
Temp'ring the Mixture with her heav'nly Hands:
And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd
With Juice of medc'nal Herbs, prepared to bathe the Wound.
The Leech, unknowing of superior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foments the Part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.
Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the bottom stands:
The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender Hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd.
Iapis *first perceiv'd the closing Wound;*
And first the Footsteps of a God he found.
Arms, Arms! he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare,
And send the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no mortal Work, no cure of mine,
Nor Art's effect, but done by Hands Divine.

No. 573.] WEDNESDAY, *July* 28, 1714. [

——Castigata remordent.—Juv.

MY Paper on the Club of Widows has brought me in several Letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows.

Smart SIR,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us Widows: And you seem to ground 'your Satyr on our receiving Consolation so soon 'after the Death of our Dears, and the Number 'we are pleased to admit for our Companions; but 'you never reflect what Husbands we have buried, 'and how short a Sorrow the Loss of them was 'capable of occasioning. For my own Part, Mrs. 'President as you call me, my First Husband I 'was marry'd to at Fourteen, by my Uncle and 'Guardian (as I afterwards discovered) by way of 'Sale, for the Third part of my Fortune. This 'Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child, he might 'breed up after his own Fancy; if he kissed my 'Chamber-Maid before my Face, I was supposed 'so ignorant, how could I think there was any 'Hurt in it? When he came home Roaring Drunk 'at five in the Morning, 'twas the Custom of all 'Men that live in the World. I was not to see a 'Penny of Money, for, poor Thing, how could I 'manage it? He took a handsome Cousin of his 'into the House, (as he said) to be my House-'keeper, and to govern my Servants; for how 'should I know how to rule a Family? and while 'she had what Money she pleased, which was but 'reasonable for the Trouble she was at for my 'Good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike 'Familiarity and Kindness between near Rela-'tions. I was too great a Coward to contend, but 'not so ignorant a Child to be thus imposed upon. 'I resented his Contempt as I ought to do, and as 'most poor passive blinded Wives do, 'till it pleased 'Heaven to take away my Tyrant, who left me 'free Possession of my own Land, and a large 'Jointure. My Youth and Money brought me 'many Lovers, and several endeavoured to estab-'lish an Interest in my Heart while my Hus-'band was in his last Sickness; the Honourable 'Edward Waitfort was one of the first who ad-'dressed to me, advised to it by a Cousin of his 'that was my intimate Friend, and knew to a 'Penny what I was worth. Mr. *Waitfort* is a 'very agreeable Man, and every Body would like 'him as well as he does himself, if they did not 'plainly see that his Esteem and Love is all taken 'up, and by such an Object, as 'tis impossible to 'get the better of. I mean himself. He made no 'doubt of marrying me within Four or Five 'Months, and begun to proceed with such an as-'sured easie Air, that piqued my Pride not to 'banish him; quite contrary, out of pure Malice, I

'heard his first Declaration with so much innocent 'Surprize, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it 'touched his very Heart, and he thought me the 'best-natured Silly poor thing on Earth. When 'a Man has such a Notion of a Woman, he loves 'her better than he thinks he does. I was over-'joy'd to be thus revenged on him, for designing 'on my Fortune; and finding it was in my Power 'to make his Heart ake, I resolved to compleat 'my Conquest, and entertain'd several other Pre-'tenders. The first Impression of my undesign-'ing Innocence was so strong in his Head, he 'attributed all my Followers to the inevitable 'Force of my Charms, and from several Blushes 'and side Glances, concluded himself the Favour-'ite; and when I used him like a Dog for my 'Diversion, he thought it was all Prudence and 'Fear, and pitied the Violence I did my own In-'clinations to comply with my Friends, when I 'marry'd Sir *Nicholas Fribble* of Sixty Years of 'Age. You know, Sir, the Case of Mrs. *Medlar*, 'I hope you would not have had me cry out my 'Eyes for such a Husband. I shed Tears enough 'for my Widowhood a Week after my Marriage, 'and when he was put in his Grave, reckoning he 'had been two Years dead, and my self a Widow 'of that Standing, I married three Weeks after-'wards *John Sturdy*, Esq., his next Heir. I had 'indeed some Thoughts of taking Mr. *Waitfort*, 'but I found he could stay, and besides he thought 'it indecent to ask me to marry again 'till my 'Year was out, so privately resolving him for my 'Fourth, I took Mr. *Sturdy* for the present. 'Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. *Sturdy* was just 'Five and Twenty, about Six Foot high, and the 'stoutest Fox-hunter in the Country, and I be-'lieve I wished ten thousand times for my old '*Fribble* again; he was following his Dogs all the 'Day, and all the Night keeping them up at 'Table with him and his Companions: however I 'think my self obliged to them for leading him a 'Chase in which he broke his Neck. Mr. *Wait-'fort* began his Addresses anew, and I verily be-'lieve I had married him now, but there was a 'young Officer in the Guards, that had debauched 'two or three of my Acquaintance, and I could 'not forbear being a little vain of his Courtship. 'Mr. *Waitfort* heard of it, and read me such an 'insolent Lecture upon the Conduct of Women, I 'married the Officer that very Day, out of pure 'Spight to him. Half an Hour after I was mar-'ried I received a Penitential Letter from the 'Honourable Mr. *Edward Waitfort*, in which 'he begged Pardon for his Passion, as proceeding 'from the Violence of his Love: I triumphed 'when I read it, and could not help, out of the 'Pride of my Heart, shewing it to my new Spouse: 'and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! 'my Mirth lasted a short time; my young Hus-'band was very much in Debt when I marry'd 'him, and his first Action afterwards was to set 'up a gilt Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings be-'fore and behind. I had married so hastily, I had 'not the Prudence to reserve my Estate in my 'own Hands; my ready Money was lost in two 'Nights at the Groom Porter's; and my Diamond 'Necklace, which was stole I did not know how, 'I met in the Street upon *Jenny Wheadle's* Neck. 'My Plate vanished Piece by Piece, and I had 'been reduced to downright Pewter, if my Officer 'had not been deliciously killed in a Duel, by a 'Fellow that had cheated him of Five Hundred 'Pounds, and afterwards, at his own Request, 'satisfy'd him and me too, by running him through 'the Body. Mr. *Waitfort* was still in Love, and 'told me so again; and to prevent all Fears of ill 'Usage, he desir'd me to reserve every thing in 'my own Hands: But now my Acquaintance be-'gun to wish me Joy of his Constancy, my Charms 'were declining, and I could not resist the De-'light I took in shewing the young Flirts about 'Town, it was yet in my Power to give Pain to a 'Man of Sense: This, and some private Hopes 'he would hang himself, and what a Glory would 'it be for me, and how I should be envy'd, made 'me accept of being third Wife to my Lord *Fri-'day*. I proposed from my Rank and his Estate, 'to live in all the Joys of Pride, but how was I 'mistaken? he was neither extravagant, nor ill-'natured, nor debauched? I suffered however 'more with him than with all my others. He was 'splenatick. I was forced to sit whole Days 'hearkening to his imaginary Ails; it was impos-'sible to tell what would please him; what he 'liked when the Sun shined, made him sick when 'it rained; he had no Distemper, but lived in 'constant Fear of them all: my good Genius dic-'tated to me to bring him acquainted with Doctor '*Gruel*; from that Day he was always contented, 'because he had Names for all his Complaints; 'the good Doctor furnished him with Reasons for 'all his Pains, and Prescriptions for every Fancy 'that troubled him; in hot Weather he lived upon 'Juleps, and let Blood to prevent Fevers; when 'it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a Con-'sumption; to shorten the History of this wretched 'Part of my Life, he ruined a good Constitution 'by endeavouring to mend it, and took several 'Medicines, which ended in taking the grand 'Remedy, which cured both him and me of all our 'Uneasinesses. After his Death, I did not expect 'to hear any more of Mr. *Waitfort*, I knew he 'had renounced me to all his Friends, and been 'very witty upon my Choice, which he affected to 'talk of with great Indifferency; I gave over 'thinking of him, being told that he was engaged 'with a pretty Woman and a great Fortune; it 'vexed me a little, but not enough to make me 'neglect the Advice of my Cousin *Wishwell*, that 'came to see me the Day my Lord went into the 'Country with *Russel*; she told me experiment-'ally, nothing put an unfaithful Lover and a dear 'Husband so soon out of ones Head, as a new 'one; and, at the same time, propos'd to me a 'Kinsman of hers; You understand enough of 'the World (said she) to know Money is the most 'valuable Consideration; he is very rich, and I 'am sure cannot live long; he has a Cough that 'must carry him off soon. I knew afterwards she 'had given the self-same Character of me to him; 'but however I was so much persuaded by her, I 'hastned on the Match, for fear he should die be-'fore the time came; he had the same Fears, and 'was so pressing, I married him in a Fortnight, 'resolving to keep it private a Fortnight longer. 'During this Fortnight Mr. *Waitfort* came to

'make me a Visit; he told me he had waited on 'me sooner, but had that Respect for me, he 'would not interrupt me in the first Day of my 'Affliction for my dead Lord; that as soon as he 'heard I was at Liberty to make another Choice, 'he had broke off a Match very advantageous for 'his Fortune, just upon the Point of Conclusion, 'and was forty times more in Love with me than 'ever. I never received more Pleasure in my 'Life than from this Declaration, but I composed 'my Face to a grave Air, and said the News of 'his Engagement had touched me to the Heart, 'that in a rash jealous Fit, I had married a Man 'I could never have thought on if I had not lost 'all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. *Waitfort* 'had like to have dropped down dead at hearing 'this, but went from me with such an Air as 'plainly shewed me he laid all the Blame upon 'himself, and hated those Friends that had ad-'vised him to the Fatal Application; he seemed 'as much touched by my Misfortune as his own, 'for he had not the least Doubt I was still pas-'sionately in Love with him. The Truth of the 'Story is, my new Husband gave me Reason to 'repent I had not staid for him; he had married 'me for my Money, and I soon found he loved 'Money to Distraction; there was nothing he 'would not do to get it, nothing he would not suf-'fer to preserve it; the smallest Expence keep 'him awake whole Nights, and when he paid a 'Bill, 'twas with as many Sighs, and after as many 'Delays, as a Man that endures the Loss of a 'Limb. I heard nothing but Reproofs for Ex-'travagancy whatever I did. I saw very well that 'he would have starved me, but for losing my 'Jointures; and he suffered Agonies between the 'Grief of seeing me have so good a Stomach, and 'the Fear that if he made me fast, it might preju-'dice my Health. I did not doubt he would have 'broke my Heart, if I did not break his, which 'was allowed by the Law of Self-defence. The 'Way was very easy. I resolved to spend as 'much Money as I could, and before he was aware 'of the Stroke, appeared before him in a two 'thousand Pound Diamond Necklace; he said 'nothing, but went quietly to his Chamber, and, 'as it is thought, composed himself with a Dose 'of Opium. I behaved my self so well upon the 'Occasion, that to this Day I believe he died of 'an Apoplexy. Mr. *Waitfort* was resolved not 'to be too late this time, and I heard from him in 'two Days. I am almost out of my Weed at this 'present Writing, and am very doubtful whether 'I'll marry him or no. I do not think of a Seventh, 'for the ridiculous Reason you mention, but out 'of pure Morality that I think so much Constancy 'should be rewarded, tho' I may not do it after 'all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable 'Malice of Mankind can give a Pretence why I 'should have been constant to the Memory of any 'of the Deceased, or have spent much time in 'grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, 'extravagant, splenatick, or covetous Husband; 'my first insulted me, my second was nothing to 'me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would 'have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the 'sixth would have starved me. If the other 'Ladies you name would thus give in their Hus-'bands Pictures at length, you would see they 'have had as little Reason as my self to lose their 'Hours in weeping and wailing.

No. 574.] FRIDAY, *July* 30, 1714. [*Addison.*

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè Beatum, rectiùs occupat
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.—Hor.

I WAS once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosicrusian* about *the great Secret*. As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended Discovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoak into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them. If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him easie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World. It destroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed. It gives Sweetness to his Conversation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

Among the many Methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three Farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt

to consider what they have lost than what they possess: and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvy one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Money by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates;* to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness.*

In the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Main-mast, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this.* We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts our selves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances; others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfy a Man. They may shew him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very Reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him easie here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desires, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

No. 575.] MONDAY, *August* 2, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Nec morti esse locum*—— Virg.

A LEWD young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World. True, Son*, said the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make our selves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to our selves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and

precarious, and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to our selves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe; that we are constant to our Duty; and that we keep a steddy Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment, when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above threescore and ten Years? and that the greatest Part of this busy Species fall short even of that Age? How would he be lost in Horrour and Admiration, when he should know that this Sett of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Sett of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are perswaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of threescore and ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make our selves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in such a Case be so overset by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give it self up to that Happiness which is at Hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice; how can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

No. 576.] WEDNESDAY, *August* 4, 1714. [*Addison.*

Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor Orbi.
Ovid.

I REMEMBER a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a sprightly Turn in Conversation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many Amours, and consequently into many Distempers. He never went to Bed till two a-Clock in the Morning, because he would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a Constable, to signalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into Half a Dozen Clubs before he was One and twenty, and so improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper,

that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into so many Errors and Inconveniences, as the Desire of not appearing singular; for which Reason it is very necessary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first Place, every Man of Sense will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conscience, Morality, and Honour. In these Cases we ought to consider, that it is not Custom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we should be only so far *sociable*, as we are reasonable Creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to: and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he soars above it. What greater Instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous Temper, than for a Man to pass his whole Life in Opposition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by Trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dress, Behaviour, Conversation, and all the little Intercourses of Life. In these Cases there is a certain Deference due to Custom; and notwithstanding there may be a Colour of Reason to deviate from the Multitude in some Particulars, a Man ought to sacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It must be confessed that good Sense often makes a Humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Persons of a much inferior Understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of *England*, who was a remarkable Instance of this foolish Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent Parts of Life according to the most abstracted Notions of Reason and Good Sense, without any Regard to Fashion or Example. This Humour broke out at first in many little Oddnesses: He had never any stated Hours for his Dinner, Supper or Sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the Calls of Nature, and not set our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Conversation with Country Gentlemen, he would not make use of a Phrase that was not strictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wisher; and would rather be thought a Malecontent, than drink the King's Health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for fresh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verses as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which End he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical Reasons. As this Humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a Turban instead of a Perriwig; concluding very justly, that a Bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholsome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is soiled with frequent Perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many Ligatures in our *English* Dress must naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reason, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of the *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure Dictates of Reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Estate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himself with issuing out a Commission of Lunacy against him, and putting his Estate into the Hands of proper Guardians.

The Fate of this Philosopher puts me in Mind of a Remark in Monsieur *Fontinell's* Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (says he) *are Madmen to all Intents and Purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good Luck to have Numbers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Freny* hors d'œuvre: that is, in other Words, something which is singular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madness of a Multitude.

The Subject of this Essay was occasioned by a Letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of Room at present, I shall insert in my next Paper.

No. 577.] FRIDAY, *August* 6, 1714. [

——Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias—— Juv.

THE Letter mentioned in my last Paper is as follows.

SIR,

'You have so lately decryed that Custom, too 'much in use among most People, of making 'themselves the Subjects of their Writings and 'Conversation, that I had some difficulty to 'perswade my self to give you this Trouble, till I 'had considered that tho' I should speak in the 'First Person, yet I could not be justly charged 'with Vanity, since I shall not add my Name; as 'also, because what I shall write will not, to say 'the best, redound to my Praise; but is only de'signed to remove a Prejudice conceived against

'me, as I hope, with very little Foundation. My 'short History is this,

'I have lived for some Years last past altogether 'in *London*, till about a Month ago an Acquaint- 'ance of mine, for whom I have done some small 'Services in Town, invited me to pass part of the 'Summer with him at his House in the Country. 'I accepted his Invitation, and found a very 'hearty Welcome. My Friend, an honest plain 'Man, not being qualified to pass away his Time 'without the Reliefs of Business, has grafted the 'Farmer upon the Gentleman, and brought him- 'self to submit even to the servile Parts of that 'Employment, such as inspecting his Plough, and 'the like. This necessarily takes up some of his 'Hours every Day; and as I have no Relish for 'such Diversions, I used at these Times to retire 'cither to my Chamber, or a shady Walk near the 'House, and entertain my self with some agree- 'able Author. Now you must know, Mr. SPEC- 'TATOR, that when I read, especially if it be 'Poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet 'with any Passage or Expression which strikes 'me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that Tone 'of the Voice which I think agreeable to the 'Sentiments there expressed; and to this I gener- 'ally add some Motion or Action of the Body. 'It was not long before I was observed by some 'of the Family in one of these heroick Fits, who 'thereupon received Impressions very much to my 'Disadvantage. This however I did not soon 'discover, nor should have done probably, had it 'not been for the following Accident. I had one 'Day shut my self up in my Chamber, and was 'very deeply engaged in the Second Book of '*Milton's Paradise Lost*. I walked to and fro 'with the Book in my Hand, and, to speak the 'Truth, I fear I made no little Noise; when pre- 'sently coming to the following Lines,

—— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, &c.

'I in great Transport threw open the Door of my 'Chamber, and found the greatest Part of the 'Family standing on the Out-side in a very great 'Consternation. I was in no less Confusion, and 'begged Pardon for having disturbed them; ad- 'dressing my self particularly to comfort one of 'the Children, who received an unlucky fall in 'this Action, whilst he was too intently surveying 'my Meditations through the Key-hole. To be 'short, after this Adventure I easily observed that 'great Part of the Family, especially the Women 'and Children, looked upon *me* with some Appre- 'hensions of Fear; and my Friend himself, tho' 'he still continued his Civilities to me, did not 'seem altogether easie: I took Notice, that the 'Butler was never after this Accident ordered to 'leave the Bottle upon the Table after Dinner. 'Add to this, that I frequently overheard the 'Servants mention me by the Name of the crazed 'Gentleman, the Gentleman a little touched, the 'mad *Londoner*, and the like. This made me 'think it high Time for me to shift my Quarters, 'which I resolved to do the first handsome Op- 'portunity; and was confirmed in this Resolution 'by a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who 'frequently visited us, and who one Day, after 'having heard all the fine Things I was able to say, 'was pleased with a scornful Smile to bid me go 'to sleep.

'The first Minute I got to my Lodgings in 'Town I set Pen to Paper to desire your Opinion, 'whether, upon the Evidence before you, I am 'mad or not. I can bring Certificates that I be- 'have my self soberly before Company, and I hope 'there is at least some Merit in withdrawing to 'be mad. Look you, Sir, I am contented to be 'esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but 'should be sorry to be madder than my Neigh- 'bours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my 'Senses as you can afford. I know I could bring 'your self as an Instance of a Man who has con- 'fessed talking to himself; but yours is a par- 'ticular Case, and cannot justify me, who have 'not kept Silence any Part of my Life. What if 'I should own my self in Love? You know 'Lovers are always allowed the Comfort of So- 'liloquy.——But I will say no more upon this 'Subject, because I have long since observed, the 'ready Way to be thought Mad is to contend 'that you are not so; as we generally conclude 'that Man drunk, who takes Pains to be thought 'sober. I will therefore leave my self to your 'Determination; but am the more desirous to 'be thought in my Senses, that it may be no Dis- 'credit to you when I assure you that I have 'always been very much

Your Admirer.

P. S. *If I must be mad, I desire the young Lady may believe it is for her.*

The humble Petition of John a Nokes *and* John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

'That your Petitioners have had Causes de- 'pending in *Westminster-Hall* above five hun- 'dred Years, and that we despair of ever seeing 'them brought to an Issue: That your Petitioners 'have not been involved in these Law Suits 'out of any litigious Temper of their own, 'but by the Instigation of contentious Persons; 'that the young Lawyers in our Inns of Court are 'continually setting us together by the Ears, and 'think they do us no Hurt, because they plead 'for us without a Fee; That many of the Gen- 'tlemen of the Robe have no other Clients in the 'World besides us two; That when they have 'nothing else to do, they make us Plaintiffs and 'Defendants, tho' they were never retained by 'either of us; That they traduce, condemn, or 'acquit us, without any manner of Regard to our 'Reputations and good Names in the World. 'Your Petitioners therefore (being thereunto en- 'couraged by the favourable Reception which you 'lately gave to our Kinsman *Blank*) do humbly 'pray, that you will put an End to the Con- 'troversies which have been so long depending 'between us your said Petitioners, and that our 'Enmity may not endure from Generation to Ge- 'neration; it being our Resolution to live hereafter 'as it becometh Men of peaceable Dispositions.

And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) shall ever Pray, &c.

No. 578.] MONDAY, *August* 9, 1714. [

——Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras Noster.—— Ovid.

THERE has been very great Reason, on several Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose *personal Identity*.

Mr. *Lock*, after having premised that the Word *Person* properly signifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reason and Reflection, and can consider it self as it self; concludes That it is Consciousness alone, and not an Identity of Substance, which makes this personal Identity or Sameness. Had I the same Consciousness (says that Author) that I saw the Ark and *Noah's* Flood, as that I saw an Overflowing of the *Thames* last Winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the *Thames* overflow last Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the same *Self*, place that *Self* in what Substance you please, than that I who write this am the same *My self* now whilst I write, (whether I consist of all the same Substance material or immaterial or no) that I was Yesterday; For as to this Point of being the same *Self*, it matters not whether this present *Self* be made up of the same or other Substances.

I was mightily pleased with a Story in some Measure applicable to this Piece of Philosophy, which I read the other Day in the *Persian Tales*, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. *Philips*; and with an Abridgement whereof I shall here present my Readers.

I shall only premise that these Stories are writ after the Eastern Manner, but somewhat more correct.

'*Fadlallah*, a Prince of great Virtues, succeeded his Father *Bin-Ortoc*, in the Kingdom of *Mousel*. He reigned over his faithful Subjects for some time, and lived in great Happiness with his beauteous Consort Queen *Zemroude*; when there appeared at his Court a young *Dervis* of so lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he conversed with. His Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last raised a Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common Fame had flatter'd him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

'*Fadlallah* immediately lost all Manner of Relish for the Conversation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offered him the first Posts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thanked him with a very singular Modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

'The King was infinitely charmed with so great an Example of Moderation; and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business, made him however his chief Companion and first Favourite.

'As they were one Day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the Company, the *Dervis* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the *Indies*, *It was in this Place*, says he, *that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old* Brachman, *who was skilled in the most hidden Powers of Nature: He died within my Arms, and with his parting Breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man.* The King immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refused the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. *No Sir*, says the *Dervis*, *it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the Power of re-animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.*

'While he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart; telling the *Dervis*, that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to show his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while at the same Instant that of the Doe was re-animated, she came to the King, fawned upon him, and after having play'd several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* recovered its Life. The King was *infinitely* pleased at so uncommon an Operation, and conjured his Friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince; after having obliged him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistick Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an Instant found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in this new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* shooting his own Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceiv'd his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

'The *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villany, returned to *Mousel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

'The first thing he took Care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his new-acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers by re-animating the Body of a Nightingale which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the

'whole Place with so many melodious and Melan-
'choly Notes as drew her to the Window. He
'had the Mortification to see that instead of being
'pitied, he only moved the Mirth of his Princess, and
'of a young Female Slave who was with her. He
'continued however to serenade her every Morn-
'ing, 'till at last the Queen, charmed with his
'Harmony, sent for the Bird-catchers, and order-
'ed them to employ their utmost Skill to put that
'little Creature into her Possession. The King,
'pleased with an Opportunity of being once more
'near his beloved Consort, easily suffered himself
'to be taken; and when he was presented to her,
'tho' he shewed a Fearfulness to be touched by
'any of the other Ladies, flew of his own Accord,
'and hid himself in the Queen's Bosom. *Zem-*
'roude was highly pleased at the unexpected
'Fondness of her new Favourite, and ordered
'him to be kept in an open Cage in her own
'Apartment. He had there an Opportunity of
'making his Court to her every Morning, by a
'thousand little Actions which his Shape allowed
'him. The Queen passed away whole Hours
'every Day in hearing and playing with him.
'Fadlallah could even have thought himself
'happy in this State of Life, had he not fre-
'quently endured the inexpressible Torment of
'seeing the *Dervis* enter the Apartment and
'caress his Queen even in his Presence.

'The Usurper, amidst his toying with the
'Princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate
'himself with her Nightingale; and while the
'enraged *Fadlallah* peck'd at him with his Bill,
'beat his Wings, and shewed all the Marks of
'an impotent Rage, it only afforded his Rival
'and the Queen new Matter for their Diversion.

'*Zemroude* was likewise fond of a little Lap-
'Dog which she kept in her Apartment, and
'which one Night happened to die.

'The King immediately found himself inclined
'to quit the shape of the Nightingale, and enliven
'this new Body. He did so, and the next Morn-
'ing *Zemroude* saw her favourite Bird lie dead in
'the Cage. It is impossible to express her Grief
'on this Occasion, and when she called to mind all
'its little Actions, which even appeared to have
'somewhat in them like Reason, she was incon-
'solable for her Loss.

'Her Women immediately sent for the *Dervis*,
'to come and comfort her, who after having in
'vain represented to her the Weakness of being
'grieved at such an Accident, touched at last by
'her repeated Complaints; *Well Madam*, says
'he, *I will exert the utmost of my Art to please*
'you. Your Nightingale shall again revive
'every Morning and serenade you as before. The
'Queen beheld him with a Look which easily
'shewed she did not believe him; when laying
'himself down on a Sofa, he shot his Soul into
'the Nightingale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to
'see her Bird revive.

'The King, who was a Spectator of all that
'passed, lying under the Shape of a Lap-Dog, in
'one Corner of the Room, immediately recovered
'his own Body, and running to the Cage with the
'utmost Indignation, twisted off the Neck of the
'false Nightingale.

'*Zemroude* was more than ever amazed and
'concerned at this second Accident, 'till the King
'entreating her to hear him, related to her his
'whole Adventure.

'The Body of the *Dervis*, which was found
'dead in the Wood, and his Edict for killing all
'the Deer, left her no Room to doubt of the Truth
'of it: But the Story adds, That out of an ex-
'treme Delicacy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies)
'she was so highly afflicted at the innocent Adul-
'tery in which she had for some time lived with
'the *Dervis*, that no Arguments even from *Fad-*
'lallah himself could compose her Mind. She
'shortly after died with Grief, begging his Pardon
'with her last Breath for what the most rigid
'Justice could not have interpreted as a Crime.

'The King was so afflicted with her Death, that
'he left his Kingdom to one of his nearest Rela-
'tions, and passed the rest of his Days in Solitude
'and Retirement.

No. 579.] WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 11, 1714. [*Addison.*

——— Odora canum vis.—Virg.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* I., the Company of Stationers, into whose Hands the Printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or Blunder in one of their Editions: For instead of *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off several thousands of Copies with *Thou shalt commit Adultery*. Archbishop *Laud*, to punish this their Negligence, laid a considerable Fine upon that Company in the *Star-Chamber*.

By the Practice of the World, which prevails in this degenerate Age, I am afraid that very many young Profligates, of both Sexes, are possessed of this spurious Edition of the Bible, and observe the Commandment according to that faulty Reading.

Adulterers, in the first Ages of the Church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their Lives from bearing a Part in Christian Assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with Tears, and all the Appearances of the most unfeigned Repentance.

I might here mention some ancient Laws among the Heathens which punished this Crime with Death: and others of the same Kind, which are now in Force among several Governments that have embraced the Reformed Religion. But because a Subject of this Nature may be too serious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the Contents of a little Manuscript lately fallen into my Hands, and which pretends to great Antiquity, tho' by Reason of some modern Phrases and other Particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the Production of a Modern Sophist.

It is well known by the Learned, that there was a Temple upon Mount *Etna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by Dogs of so exquisite a

Smell, (say the Historians) that they could discern whether the Persons who came thither were chast or otherwise. They used to meet and faun upon such as were chast, caressing them as the Friends of their Master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

My Manuscript gives the following Account of these Dogs, and was probably designed as a Comment upon this Story.

'These Dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his Sister '*Diana*, the Goddess of Hunting and of Chastity, 'having bred them out of some of her Hounds, 'in which she had observed this natural Instinct 'and Sagacity. It was thought she did it in 'Spight to *Venus*, who, upon her Return home, 'always found her Husband in a good or bad 'Humour, according to the Reception which she 'met with from his Dogs. They lived in the 'Temple several Years, but were such snappish 'Curs that they frighted away most of the Votaries. 'The Women of *Sicily* made a solemn Deputation 'to the Priest, by which they acquainted him, that 'they would not come up to the Temple with their 'annual Offerings unless he muzzled his Mastiffs; 'and at last comprimised the Matter with him, 'that the Offering should always be brought by a 'Chorus of young Girls, who were none of them 'above seven Years old. It was wonderful (says 'the Author) to see how different the Treatment 'was which the Dogs gave to these little Misses, 'from that which they had shown to their Mothers. 'It is said that the Prince of *Syracuse*, having 'married a young Lady, and being naturally of a 'jealous Temper, made such an Interest with the 'Priests of this Temple, that he procured a Whelp 'from them of this famous Breed. The young 'Puppy was very troublesome to the fair Lady at 'first, insomuch that she sollicited her Husband to 'send him away, but the good Man cut her short 'with the old *Sicilian* Proverb, *Love me love my 'Dog*. From which Time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuse* 'were very much annoyed with him, and several 'of very good Reputation refused to come to 'Court till he was discarded. There were indeed 'some of them that defied his Sagacity, but it was 'observed, though he did not actually bite them, 'he would growle at them most confoundedly. 'To return to the Dogs of the Temple: After 'they had lived here in great Repute for several 'Years, it so happened, that as one of the Priests, 'who had been making a charitable Visit to a 'Widow who lived on the Promontory of *Lily-'beum*, return'd home pretty late in the Evening, 'the Dogs flew at him with so much Fury, that 'they would have worried him if his Brethren 'had not come in to his Assistance: Upon which, 'says my Author, the Dogs were all of them 'hanged, as having lost their original Instinct.

I cannot conclude this Paper without wishing, that we had some of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Justice*, I should say *Honour*, to the Ladies of our Country, and shew the World the difference between Pagan Women and those who are instructed in sounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

No. 580.] FRIDAY, *August* 13, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Si verbo audacia detur,*
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia Cœli.
Ovid. Met.

SIR,

'I CONSIDERED in my two last Letters[1] 'that awful and tremendous Subject, the 'Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. 'I have shewn that he is equally present in all 'Places throughout the whole Extent of infinite 'Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, 'that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might show at large, 'were it not already done by other Hands. But 'tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through 'all the Immensity of Space, there is one Part of 'it in which he discovers himself in a most tran'scendent and visible Glory. This is that Place 'which is marked out in Scripture under the dif'ferent Appellations of *Paradise*, *the third 'Heaven*, *the Throne of God*, and *the Habitation 'of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body 'of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial 'Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of 'Angels, are represented as perpetually surround'ing the Seat of God with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns 'of Praise. This is that Presence of God which 'some of the Divines call his Glorious, and others 'his Majestatick Presence. He is indeed as 'essentially present in all other Places as in this, 'but it is here where he resides in a sensible Mag'nificence, and in the midst of those Splendors 'which can affect the Imagination of created 'Beings.

'It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God 'Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether dis'covered by the Light of Nature, or by a general 'Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among 'all the Nations of the World, whatsoever dif'ferent Notions they entertain of the Godhead. 'If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient 'of the *Greek* Writers, you see the supreme 'Powers seated in the Heavens, and encompassed 'with inferior Deities, among whom the Muses 'are represented as singing incessantly about his 'Throne. Who does not here see the main Strokes 'and Outlines of this great Truth we are speaking 'of? The same Doctrine is shadowed out in many 'other Heathen Authors, tho' at the same time, 'like several other revealed Truths, dashed and 'adulterated with a mixture of Fables and human 'Inventions. But to pass over the Notions of the '*Greeks* and *Romans*, those more enlightened 'Parts of the Pagan World, we find there is scarce 'a People among the late discovered Nations who 'are not trained up in an Opinion, that Heaven is 'the Habitation of the Divinity whom they wor'ship.

'As in *Solomon's* Temple there was the *Sanc'tum Sanctorum*, in which a visible Glory ap'peared among the Figures of the Cherubims, 'and into which none but the High Priest himself

[1] See Nos. 565, 571, 590, and 628.

'was permitted to enter, after having made an 'Atonement for the Sins of the People; so if we 'consider the whole Creation as one great Temple, 'there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the 'High-Priest of our Salvation entered, and took 'his Place among Angels and Archangels, after 'having made a Propitiation for the Sins of Man-'kind.

'With how much Skill must the Throne of God 'be erected? With what glorious Designs is that 'Habitation beautified, which is contrived and 'built by him who inspired *Hyram* with Wisdom? 'How great must be the Majesty of that Place, 'where the whole Art of Creation has been em-'ployed, and where God has chosen to show him-'self in the most magnificent manner? What 'must be the Architecture of Infinite Power under 'the Direction of Infinite Wisdom? A Spirit can-'not but be transported, after an ineffable manner, 'with the sight of those Objects, which were made 'to affect him by that Being who knows the in-'ward Frame of a Soul, and how to please and 'ravish it in all its most secret Powers and Facul-'ties. It is to this Majestic Presence of God, we 'may apply those beautiful Expressions in holy 'Writ: *Behold even to the Moon, and it shineth 'not; yea the Stars are not pure in his sight.* 'The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the 'World in which we live, are but as weak and 'sickly Glimmerings, or rather Darkness itself, in 'Comparison of those Splendors which encompass 'the Throne of God.

'As the *Glory* of this Place is transcendent 'beyond Imagination, so probably is the *Extent* 'of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory 'within Glory. How far that Space may reach, 'in which God thus appears in perfect Majesty, 'we cannot possibly conceive. Tho' it is not in-'finite, it may be indefinite; and though not im-'measurable in its self, it may be so with regard to 'any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made 'these lower Regions of Matter so inconceivably 'wide and magnificent for the Habitation of mor-'tal and perishable Beings, how great may we 'suppose the Courts of his House to be, where he 'makes his Residence in a more especial manner, 'and displays himself in the Fullness of his Glory, 'among an innumerable Company of Angels, and 'Spirits of just Men made perfect?

'This is certain, that our Imaginations cannot 'be raised too high, when we think on a Place 'where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so 'signally exerted themselves, because that they 'are able to produce a Scene infinitely more great 'and glorious than what we are able to imagine. 'It is not impossible but at the Consummation of 'all Things, these outward Apartments of Nature, 'which are now suited to those Beings who in-'habit them, may be taken in and added to that 'glorious Place of which I am here speaking; and 'by that means made a proper Habitation for 'Beings who are exempt from Mortality, and 'cleared of their Imperfections: For so the Scrip-'ture seems to intimate when it speaks of new 'Heavens and of a new Earth, wherein dwelleth 'Righteousness.

'I have only considered this Glorious Place, with 'Regard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is 'highly probable that our other Senses may here 'likewise enjoy their highest Gratifications. There 'is nothing which more ravishes and transports the 'Soul, than Harmony; and we have great Reason 'to believe, from the Descriptions of this Place in 'Holy Scripture, that this is one of the Enter-'tainments of it. And if the Soul of Man can be 'so wonderfully affected with those Strains of 'Musick, which Human Art is capable of pro-'ducing, how much more will it be raised and 'elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole 'Power of Harmony! The Senses are Faculties 'of the Human Soul, though they cannot be em-'ployed, during this our vital Union, without 'proper Instruments in the Body. Why therefore 'should we exclude the Satisfaction of these Fa-'culties, which we find by Experience are Inlets 'of great Pleasure to the Soul, from among those 'Entertainments which are to make up our Happ-'piness hereafter? Why should we suppose that 'our Hearing and Seeing will not be gratify'd 'with those Objects which are most agreeable to 'them, and which they cannot meet with in these 'lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which neither 'Eye hath seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter 'into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a 'Man in Christ* (says St Paul, speaking of him-'self) *above fourteen Years ago (whether in the 'Body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the Body, 'I cannot tell: God knoweth) such a one caught 'up to the third Heaven. And I knew such a 'Man, (whether in the Body, or out of the Body, 'I cannot tell: God knoweth,) how that he was 'caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeak-'able Words, which it is not possible for a Man 'to utter.* By this is meant, that what he heard 'was so infinitely different from any thing which 'he had heard in this World, that it was impos-'sible to express it in such Words as might convey 'a Notion of it to his Hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take Delight in 'Enquiries concerning any Foreign Country, where 'we are some Time or other to make our Abode; 'and as we all hope to be admitted into this 'Glorious Place, it is both a laudable and useful 'Curiosity, to get what Informations we can of it, 'whilst we make Use of Revelation for our Guide. 'When these everlasting Doors shall be open to 'us, we may be sure that the Pleasures and 'Beauties of this Place will infinitely transcend 'our present Hopes and Expectations, and that 'the glorious Appearance of the Throne of God, 'will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able 'to conceive of it. We might here entertain our 'selves with many other Speculations on this Sub-'ject, from those several Hints which we find of it 'in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there may 'not be different Mansions and Apartments of 'Glory, to Beings of different Natures; whether 'as they excel one another in Perfection, they are 'not admitted nearer to the Throne of the Al-'mighty, and enjoy greater Manifestations of his 'Presence; whether there are not solemn Times 'and Occasions, when all the Multitude of Heaven 'celebrate the Presence of their Maker in more 'extraordinary Forms of Praise and Adoration; 'as *Adam*, though he had continued in a State of 'Innocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines,

'have kept Holy the Sabbath-Day, in a more particular Manner than any other of the Seven. 'These, and the like Speculations, we may very 'innocently indulge, so long as we make use of 'them to inspire us with a Desire of becoming In'habitants of this delightful Place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, 'treated on the most serious Subject that can em'ploy the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the 'Deity; a Subject which, if possible, should never 'depart from our Meditations. We have con'sidered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infi'nitude, as he dwells among his Work, as he is 'present to the Mind of Man, and as he discovers 'himself in a more glorious Manner among the 'Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration 'should be kept awake in us at all Times; and in 'all Places, and possess our Minds with a per'petual Awe and Reverence. It should be inter'woven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, 'and become one with the Consciousness of our 'own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the 'Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us 'into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so 'astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.

No. 581.] MONDAY, *August* 16, 1714. [*Addison.*

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis.——— Mart.

I AM at present sitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR; I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be insensible of the natural Fondness every Person must have for their own Productions; and I begin to think I have treated my Correspondents a little too uncivilly in Stringing them all together on a File, and letting them lye so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think my self at least obliged to take some Notice of such Letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every Month.

In the mean time, I intend my present Paper as a short Answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The Publick however is not to expect I should let them into all my Secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most People, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular Correspondents.

My Well-wisher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in Print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his Query fully answered by a Treatise which is now in the Press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. *G.*

Miss *Kitty* must excuse me.

The Gentleman who sent me a Copy of Verses on his Mistress's Dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in Love to compose correctly.

I have too great a Respect for both the Universities to praise one at the Expence of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest Fellow, and I desire him to present my humble Service to his Cousin *Fill Bumper*.

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the Case of *Grace Grumble*.

The Petition of *P. S. granted*.

That of *Sarah Loveit, refused*.

The Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Aristippus* for his kind Invitation.

My Friend at *Woodstock* is a bold Man, to undertake for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turnover* will hardly be relished by the good Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge *W. F.* in those Freedoms he takes with the Ladies Stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious Gentleman, who sent me an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and shall take particular Notice of his last Letter.

When the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated *July* the 20th, in relation to some Passages in a *Lover*, will be more particular in her Directions, I shall be so in my Answer.

The poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings could reclaim an Husband who can abuse such a Wife as he describes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion of my Skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning Man, but a little too prolix in his Compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best Judge in the Affair he mentions.

The Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received.

Arethusa and her Friend may hear further from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriot is a good Girl, but must not Curtsie to Folks she does not know.

I must ingeniously confess my Friend *Sampson Bentstaff* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter which I cannot comprehend one Word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his *Drigelling*.

I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* Dignity, to concern my self in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I shall consult some *Litterati* on the Project sent me for the Discovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than by inserting a Couple of Letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest Pieces I have received from my Correspondents of either Sex.

Brother SPEC.

'While you are surveying every Object that 'falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with 'one. Had that Sage, who demanded what Beauty 'was, lived to see the dear Angel I love, he would 'not have asked such a Question. Had another 'seen her, he would himself have loved the Per'son in whom Heaven has made Virtue visible; 'and were you your self to be in her Company, 'you could never, with all your Loquacity, say

'enough of her good Humour and Sense. I send 'you the Outlines of a Picture, which I can no 'more finish than I can sufficiently admire the 'dear Original. I am

Your most Affectionate Brother,
Constantio Spec.

Good Mr. Pert,

'I will allow you nothing till you resolve me 'the following Question. Pray what's the Reason 'that while you only talk now upon *Wednesdays*, '*Fridays*, and *Mondays*, you pretend to be a 'greater Tatler, than when you spoke every Day 'as you formerly used to do? If this be your 'plunging out of your Taciturnity, pray let the 'Length of your Speeches compensate for the 'Scarceness of them.

I am,
Good Mr. Pert,
Your Admirer, if you will be long enough for Me,
Amanda Lovelength.

No. 582.] WEDNESDAY, *August* 18, 1714. [

——Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi Cacoethes—— Juv.

THERE is a certain Distemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *London Dispensary*. *Juvenal*, in the Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which is a hard Word for a Disease called in plain *English*, *the Itch of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as Epidemical as the Small-Pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their Lives. There is, however, this Difference in these two Distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the Blood, seldom comes out of it. The *British* Nation is very much afflicted with this Malady, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied to Persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with Satyrs and Lampoons, but have received little or no Benefit from them; others have had their Heads fastned for an Hour together between a Cleft Board, which is made use of as a Cure for the Disease when it appears in its greatest Malignity.[1] There is indeed one kind of this Malady which has been sometimes removed, like the Biting of a *Tarantula*, with the sound of a musical Instrument, which is commonly known by the Name of a Cat-Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind under your Care, you may assure your self there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of Pen, Ink and Paper.

But to drop the Allegory before I have tired it out, there is no Species of Scriblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers, whose Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and at stated Times. We have not the Consolation in the Perusal of these Authors, which we find at the reading of all others, (namely) that we are sure if we have but Patience, we may come to the End of their Labours. I have often admired a humorous Saying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to several of his Friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the End of it, cried, *Courage, Lads, I see Land.* On the contrary, our Progress through that kind of Writers I am now speaking of is never at an End. One Day makes Work for another, we do not know when to promise our selves Rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the Art of Printing, which might be the greatest Blessing to Mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter Prejudice and Ignorance through a People, instead of conveying to them Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical Treatise, entitled, *William Ramsey's* Vindication of Astrology. This profound Author, among many mystical Passages, has the following one: 'The 'Absence of the Sun is not the Cause of Night, 'forasmuch as his Light is so great that it may 'illuminate the Earth all over at once as clear as 'broad Day, but there are tenebrificous and dark 'Stars, by whose Influence Night is brought on, 'and which do ray out Darkness and Obscurity 'upon the Earth, as the Sun does Light.

I consider Writers in the same View this sage Astrologer does the Heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that scatter Light as others do Darkness. I could mention several Authors who are tenebrificous Stars of the first Magnitude, and point out a Knot of Gentlemen, who have been dull in Consort, and may be looked upon as a dark Constellation. The Nation has been a great while benighted with several of these Antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their Darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a Resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *British* Hemisphere.

No. 583.] FRIDAY, *August* 20, 1714. [*Addison.*

Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia Cura:
Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget Imbres.
Virg.

EVERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by Necessity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himself exempt from that Labour and Industry which were denounced to our first Parent, and in him to all his Posterity. Those to whom Birth or Fortune may seem to make such an Applica-

[1] Put in the Pillory.

tion unnecessary, ought to find out some Calling or Profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a Burden on the Species, and be the only useless Parts of the Creation.

Many of our Country Gentlemen in their busie Hours apply themselves wholly to the Chase, or to some other Diversion which they find in the Fields and Woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent *English* Writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curse pronounced to them in the Words of *Goliah, I will give thee to the Fowls of the Air, and to the Beasts of the Field.*

Tho' Exercises of this kind, when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING.* I could mention a Nobleman whose Fortune has placed him in several Parts of *England*, and who has always left these visible Marks behind him, which show he has been there: He never hired a House in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and bestowing Legacies on the Posterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the same Improvements upon their Estates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought such an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the highest Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the Lesser *Asia.* There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of Amusement: It gives a nobler Air to several Parts of Nature; it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes, and has something in it like Creation. For this Reason the Pleasure of one who Plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in most other Works, as they give a Pleasure of a more lasting Date, and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finished a Building or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; you see it brought to its utmost Point of Perfection, and from that time hastening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your Plantations, they are still arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding Year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Estates as a pleasing Amusement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our Posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the Increase of Forest-Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Destruction of them, insomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a Loss to supply it self with Timber sufficient for the Fleets of *England.* I know when a Man talks of Posterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of Mankind. Most People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who, when he was pressed by the Society to come into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing*, says he, *something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.*

But I think Men are inexcusable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a Man considers that the putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an Expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love to Mankind.

There is one Consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest Minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the World, and become Beneficial to Mankind, complain within themselves that they have not Talents for it. This therefore is a good Office, which is suited to the meanest Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes, who have not Abilities sufficient to deserve well of their Country and to recommend themselves to their Posterity, by any other Method. It is the Phrase of a Friend of mine, when any useful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*; which I look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honest Husbandman, who hath left the Impressions of his Industry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing Considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue: Which, as I have already shown, recommends it self likewise by the Pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent Pleasures which is apt to gratifie a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not so Tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with Prospects of our own making, and to walk under those Shades which our own Industry has raised. Amusements of this Nature compose the Mind, and lay at Rest all those Passions which are uneasie to the Soul of Man, besides that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and dispose us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual Pleasure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer, Virgil* and *Horace*, the greatest Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have spoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

This Art seems to have been more especially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough to see his Pro-

ductions flourish in their utmost Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have seen a Wood of the tallest Oakes in the Accorn. But I only mention this Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a History which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel.

No. 584.] MONDAY, *August* 23, 1714. [*Addison.*

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic Nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.
Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the Race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a Girl of threescore and ten Years of Age, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her. Among these were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the First-born, was Master of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* Language) possessed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Disposition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly set upon Riches; for which Reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferr'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made so quick a Dispatch of his Courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an insolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Master of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his Brother in the Bitterness of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to cross it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who perished in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those Mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his Brother, when he cursed him in the Bitterness of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought so likely to succeed in her Affections as her first Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those Days that a Widow should be seen by a Man within ten Years after the Decease of her Husband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and resolving to take away that Objection which had been raised against him when he made his first Addresses to *Hilpa*, began immediately, after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Division of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the first Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amusement: His Mountains were in a few Years shaded with young Trees, that gradually shot up into Groves, Woods, and Forests, intermixed with Walks, and Launs, and Gardens; insomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and desolate Prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The Pleasantness of the Place, and the agreeable Disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Distribution of Water through every Part of this spacious Plantation.

The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant Prospect of *Shalum*'s Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the finest Landskips the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a Letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainness of Manners which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, *Master of Mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa, *Mistress of the Vallies.*

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

'What have I not suffered, O thou Daughter 'of *Zilpah*, since thou gavest thy self away in 'Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the 'Light of the Sun, and have been ever since 'covering my self with Woods and Forests. These 'threescore and ten Years have I bewailed the 'Loss of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, 'and soothed my Melancholy among a thousand 'gloomy Shades of my own raising. My Dwell-'ings are at present as the Garden of God; every 'Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, 'and Fountains. The whole Mountain is per-'fumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O 'my Beloved, and let us People this Spot of the 'new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals;

'let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with 'Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou 'Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but 'a thousand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a 'Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of '*Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years 'will fade away, and never be thought of by 'Posterity, unless a young Wood springs from its 'Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy 'Neighbour in the Mountains.

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next Paper give the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

No. 585.] WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 25, 1714. [*Addison.*

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsæ sonant arbusta———— Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth, after the following Manner.

Hilpa, *Mistress of the Vallies, to* Shalum, *Master of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

'What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum?* 'Thou praisest *Hilpa*'s Beauty, but art thou not 'secretly enamoured with the Verdure of her 'Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the 'Prospect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldest 'be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings 'of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, 'make a pleasant Eccho in thy Mountains, and 'sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am 'delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and 'those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the 'Top of *Tirzah:* Are these like the Riches of the 'Valley?

'I know thee, O *Shalum;* thou art more wise 'and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy 'Dwellings are among the Cedars: thou searchest 'out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest 'the Influences of the Stars, and markest the 'Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear 'lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me 'not, O *Shalum;* let me alone, that I may enjoy 'those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my 'Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May 'thy Trees increase and multiply; mayest thou 'add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but 'tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and 'make thy Retirement populous.

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum.*

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit-Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Musick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Consort in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this Means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestick Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasie with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn;* but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah.*

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach;* for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have Recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach;* and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above

300 Cubits in Height; He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals: The Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

No. 586.] FRIDAY, *Aug.* 27, 1714. [*John Byrom* [1]

——Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.
Cic. de Div.

BY the last Post I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which Reasons I shall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

SIR,

'It was a good Piece of Advice which *Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That every Night 'before they slept they should examine what they 'had been a doing that Day, and so discover what 'Actions were worthy of Pursuit to-morrow, and 'what little Vices were to be prevented from 'slipping unawares into a Habit. If I might 'second the Philosopher's Advice, it should be 'mine, That in a Morning before my Scholar rose, 'he should consider what he had been about that 'Night, and with the same Strictness, as if the 'Condition he has believed himself to be in, was 'real. Such a Scrutiny into the Actions of his 'Fancy must be of considerable Advantage, for 'this Reason, because the Circumstances which a 'Man imagines himself in during Sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his Inclinations good 'or bad, and give him imaginary Opportunities of 'pursuing them to the utmost; so that his Temper 'will lye fairly open to his View, while he considers how it is moved when free from those 'Constraints which the Accidents of real Life put 'it under. Dreams are certainly the Result of 'our waking Thoughts, and our daily Hopes and 'Fears are what give the Mind such nimble 'Relishes of Pleasure, and such severe Touches 'of Pain, in its Midnight Rambles. A Man that 'murders his Enemy, or deserts his Friend in a 'Dream, had need to guard his Temper against 'Revenge and Ingratitude, and take heed that he 'be not tempted to do a vile thing in the Pursuit of false, or the Neglect of true Honour. 'For my Part, I seldom receive a Benefit, but in 'a Night or two's Time I make most noble Returns for it; which tho' my Benefactor is not a 'whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think 'that it was from a Principle of Gratitude in me, 'that my Mind was susceptible of such generous 'Transport while I thought my self repaying the 'Kindness of my Friend: And I have often been 'ready to beg Pardon, instead of returning an 'Injury, after considering, that when the Offender 'was in my Power I had carried my Resentments 'much too far.

'I think it has been observed in the Course of 'your Papers, how much one's Happiness or 'Misery may depend upon the Imagination: Of 'which Truth those strange Workings of Fancy 'in Sleep are no inconsiderable Instances; so that 'not only the Advantage a Man has of making 'Discoveries of himself, but a Regard to his own 'Ease or Disquiet, may induce him to accept of 'my Advice. Such as are willing to comply with 'it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, 'by observing only one Maxim which I shall give 'them, *viz. To go to Bed with a Mind entirely 'free from Passion, and a Body clear of the least 'Intemperance.*

'They indeed who can sink into Sleep with 'their Thoughts less calm or innocent than they 'should be, do but plunge themselves into Scenes 'of Guilt and Misery; or they who are willing to 'purchase any Midnight Disquietudes for the 'Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin full of 'Wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not 'knowing how to invite them to Reflections full of 'Shame and Horror: But those that will observe 'this Rule, I promise them they shall awake into 'Health and Cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with Delight those glorious Moments 'wherein the Mind has been indulging it self in 'such Luxury of Thought, such noble Hurry of 'Imagination. Suppose a Man's going supperless 'to Bed should introduce him to the Table of some 'great Prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest Marks of Honour and 'Plenty, and do so much Business after, that he 'shall rise with as good a Stomach to his Breakfast as if he had fasted all Night long; or suppose he should see his dearest Friends remain all 'Night in great Distresses, which he could instantly 'have disengaged them from, could he have been 'content to have gone to Bed without t'other 'Bottle: Believe me, these Effects of Fancy are 'no contemptible Consequences of commanding 'or indulging one's Appetite.

'I forbear recommending my Advice upon many 'other Accounts, till I hear how you and your 'Readers relish what I have already said, among 'whom if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, 'there may be others, perhaps, who do little else 'all Day long. Were every one as sensible as I 'am what happens to him in his Sleep, it would 'be no Dispute whether we past so considerable a 'Portion of our Time in the Condition of Stocks 'and Stones, or whether the Soul were not perpetually at Work upon the Principle of Thought. 'However, 'tis an honest Endeavour of mine to

[1] John Byrom, born at Manchester, in 1691, was quarrelled with by his family for marrying a young lady without fortune, and lived by an ingenious way of teaching short-hand, till the death of an elder brother gave him the family estate. He died in 1763. In 1714 he had just been elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1723 he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and contributed to its Transactions a paper upon his own system of short-hand. In his later years he wrote much rhyme.

'perswade my Countrymen to reap some Advantage from so many unregarded Hours, and as 'such you will encourage it.

'I shall conclude with giving you a Sketch or 'two of my Way of proceeding.

'If I have any Business of consequence to do 'to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but 'I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole Procession of the Affair, and get 'the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has risen upon it.

'There is scarce a great Post but what I have 'some Time or other been in; but my Behaviour 'while I was Master of a College, pleases me so 'well, that whenever there is a Province of that 'Nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I 'can.

'I have done many Things that would not pass 'Examination, when I have had the Art of Flying, 'or being invisible; for which Reason I am glad 'I am not possessed of those extraordinary Qualities.

'Lastly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have been a great 'Correspondent of yours, and have read many of 'my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote 'you. If you have a Mind I should really be so, 'I have got a Parcel of Visions and other Miscellanies in my Noctuary, which I shall send you 'to enrich your Paper with on proper Occasions.

Oxford, Aug. 20. *I am*, &c.

John Shadow.

No. 587.] MONDAY, *Aug.* 30, 1714. [*John Byrom.*

Intus, et in Cute novi.—Pers.

THO' the Author of the following Vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promised me, in the last Paper, some Extracts out of his Noctuary.

SIR,

'I was the other Day reading the Life of *Ma'homet*. Among many other Extravagancies, I 'find it recorded of that Impostor, that in the 'fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught 'him up, while he was among his Play-fellows, 'and, carrying him aside, cut open his Breast, 'plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that 'black Drop of Blood, in which, say the *Turkish* 'Divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, so that 'he was free from Sin ever after. I immediately 'said to my self, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a 'very good Moral may be drawn from it, would 'every Man but apply it to himself, and endeavour 'to squeeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill 'Qualities he finds in it.

'While my Mind was wholly taken up with this 'Contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most 'pleasing Slumber, when methought two Porters 'entered my Chamber, carrying a large Chest between them. After having set it down in the 'middle of the Room they departed. I immediately endeavour'd to open what was sent me, 'when a Shape, like that in which we paint our 'Angels, appeared before me, and forbad me. 'Enclosed, said he, are the Hearts of several of 'your Friends and Acquaintance; but before you 'can be qualified to see and animadvert on the 'Failings of others, you must be pure your self; 'whereupon he drew out his Incision Knife, cut 'me open, took out my Heart, and began to 'squeeze it. I was in a great Confusion, to see 'how many things, which I had always cherished 'as Virtues, issued out of my Heart on this Occasion. In short, after it had been throughly 'squeezed, it looked like an empty Bladder, when 'the Phantome, breathing a fresh Particle of Divine Air into it, restored it safe to its former 'Repository: and having sewed me up, we began 'to examine the Chest.

'The Hearts were all enclosed in transparent 'Phials, and preserved in a Liquor which looked 'like Spirits of Wine. The first which I cast my 'Eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the 'Glass which contained it. It shot up and down, 'with incredible Swiftness, thro' the Liquor in 'which it swam, and very frequently bounced 'against the Side of the Phial. The *Fomes*, or 'Spot in the Middle of it, was not large, but of a 'red fiery Colour, and seemed to be the Cause of 'these violent Agitations. That, says my Instructor, is the Heart of *Tom. Dread-Nought*, 'who behaved himself well in the late Wars, but 'has for these Ten Years last past been aiming at 'some Post of Honour to no Purpose. He is 'lately retired into the Country, where, quite 'choaked up with Spleen and Choler, he rails at 'better Men than himself, and will be for ever 'uneasie, because it is impossible he should think 'his Merit sufficiently rewarded. The next Heart 'that I examined was remarkable for its Small'ness; it lay still at the Bottom of the Phial, and 'I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The '*Fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused 'it self over the whole Heart. This, says my 'Interpreter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who 'never thirsted after any thing but Money. Not'withstanding all his Endeavours, he is still poor. 'This has flung him into a most deplorable State 'of Melancholy and Despair. He is a Composition of Envy and Idleness, hates Mankind, but 'gives them their Revenge by being more uneasie 'to himself, than to any one else.

'The Phial I looked upon next contained a 'large fair Heart, which beat very strongly. The '*Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding small; but I 'could not help observing, that which way soever 'I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermost 'and in the strongest Point of Light. The Heart 'you are examining, says my Companion, belongs 'to *Will. Worthy*. He has, indeed, a most noble 'Soul, and is possessed of a thousand good Qualities. The Speck which you discover is *Vanity*.

'Here, says the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove*, 'your intimate Friend. *Freelove* and I, said I, 'are at present very cold to one another, and I do 'not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, 'which I fear is overcast with Rancour. My 'Teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did 'so, and to my unspeakable Surprize, found that 'a small swelling Spot, which I at first took to be '*Ill-Will* towards me, was only *Passion*, and

'that upon my nearer Inspection it wholly dis-
'appeared; upon which the Phantome told me
'*Freelove* was one of the best-natured Men alive.

'This, says my Teacher, is a Female Heart of
'your Acquaintance. I found the *Fomes* in it of
'the largest Size, and of a hundred different
'Colours, which were still varying every Moment.
'Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was in-
'formed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla*.

'I set it down, and drew out another, in which
'I took the *Fomes* at first Sight to be very small,
'but was amazed to find, that as I looked sted-
'fastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the
'Heart of *Melissa*, a noted Prude who lives the
'next Door to me.

'I show you this, says the Phantome, because it
'is indeed a Rarity, and you have the Happiness
'to know the Person to whom it belongs. He then
'put into my Hands a large Chrystal Glass, that
'enclosed an Heart, in which, though I examined
'it with the utmost Nicety, I could not perceive
'any Blemish. I made no Scruple to affirm that
'it must be the Heart of *Seraphina*, and was
'glad, but not surprized, to find that it was so.
'She is, indeed, continued my Guide, the Orna-
'ment, as well as the Envy, of her Sex; at these
'last Words, he pointed to the Hearts of several
'of her Female Acquaintance which lay in differ-
'ent Phials, and had very large Spots in them, all
'of a deep *Blue*. You are not to wonder, says
'he, that you see no Spot in an Heart, whose
'Innocence has been Proof against all the Cor-
'ruptions of a depraved Age. If it has any Blem-
'ish, it is too small to be discovered by Human
'Eyes.

'I laid it down, and took up the Hearts of other
'Females, in all of which the *Fomes* ran in several
'Veins, which were twisted together, and made
'a very perplexed Figure. I asked the Meaning
'of it, and was told it represented *Deceit*.

'I should have been glad to have examined the
'Hearts of several of my Acquaintance, whom I
'knew to be particularly addicted to Drinking,
'Gaming, Intreaguing, *&c.*, but my Interpreter
'told me I must let that alone till another Oppor-
'tunity, and flung down the Cover of the Chest
'with so much violence, as immediately awoke
'me.

No. 588.] WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 1, 1714. [*H. Grove.*[1]

Dicitis, Omnis in Imbecillitate est et Gratia, et Caritas.—Cicero de Nat. Deor. L.

MAN may be considered in two Views, as a Reasonable, and as a Sociable Being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of his Fellow Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wisely furnished it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; designed one of them to render Man wakeful to his own personal Interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost Assistance to all engaged in the same Pursuit. This is such an Account of our Frame, so agreeable to Reason, so much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce Men to represent human Nature, as they do under Characters of Disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid Aspect, what Pleasure they can possibly take in such a Picture. Do they reflect that 'tis their Own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the first that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his Followers say, is all founded in Weakness; and, whatever be pretended, the Kindness that passeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a Piece with the rest of that hopeful Philosophy, which having patch'd Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination of Atoms. And for these glorious Discoveries the Poet is beyond measure transported in the Praises of his Hero, as if he must needs be something more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing superior to Beasts. In this School was Mr. *Hobs* instructed to speak after the same Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Observation of his own Temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, 'That from the Similitudes 'of Thoughts and Passions of one Man to the 'Thoughts and Passions of another, whosoever 'looks into himself and considers what he doth 'when he thinks, hopes, fears, *&c.*, and upon 'what Grounds; he shall hereby read and know 'what are the Thoughts and Passions of all other 'Men upon the like Occasions.' Now we will allow Mr. *Hobs* to know best how he was inclined; But in earnest, I should be heartily out of Conceit with my self, if I thought my self of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and should have as little Kindness for my self as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propensions were the original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtopped by counter Inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. And, methinks, it 's a fair Step towards the Proof of this,

[1] The Rev. Henry Grove was a Presbyterian minister, who kept school at Taunton. He was born there in 1683, became a teacher at the age of 23 (already married), and worked for the next 18 years in the Taunton Academy, his department Ethics and Pneumatology. He spent his leisure in religious controversy, writing an 'Essay on the 'Terms of Christian Communion,' a Discourse on Saving Faith, an Essay on the Soul's Immortality, and miscellanies in prose and verse, including Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635 of the *Spectator*. He received also £20 a year for ministering to two small congregations in the neighbourhood of Taunton. His wife died in 1736, and he in the year following. His works appeared in 1740 in 4 vols. 8vo.

that the most beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an absolute Fulness of Perfection in Himself, who gave Existence to the Universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which He communicated, without diminishing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happiness. The Philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for, placing the Gods in a State of the most elevated Blessedness, they describe them as Selfish as we poor miserable Mortals can be, and shut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that sitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we stand in continual Need of Him; and surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own Mind, the most exalted Pleasure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drawn out of the Gulph of Non-existence, rejoycing in the various Degrees of Being and Happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable Creature He would not, if possible, suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands unadorned with a Resemblance of Himself in this most lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whose Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work so unlike Himself? a Creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast Circle of Objects, and love none but Himself? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of such a Creature, its Affections, and its Understandings? Or could a Society of such Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flourish? Reason, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to pursue the general Happiness, as the Means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this Consideration, there were not a natural Instinct, prompting Men to desire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reason, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confusion. As nearly interested as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body; our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant Returns of Hunger and Thirst, those importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftner than cold abstracted Speculation should put us upon these Exercises, and then leave it to Reason to prescribe the Quantity, we should soon refine our selves out of this bodily Life. And indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reason, and, like a Biass, draw the Mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual Intercourse of Benefits amongst Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepossession of Benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impossibility? Is it inconsistent with Self-Love?. Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is opposed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illustration of Self-Love, to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, answering to universal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Interest prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from it, that Benevolence, though a distinct Principle, is extreamly serviceable to Self-Love, and then doth most Service when 'tis least designed.

But to descend from Reason to Matter of Fact; the Pity which arises on Sight of Persons in Distress, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Consequence of having removed them into a happier State, are instead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liableness to the same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present Purpose; but this is assigning an artificial Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because Children and Persons most Thoughtless about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prospects of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Compassion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the kindness of Importance really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but a Consciousness of a Man's having done something Praise-worthy, and expressive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the most shining Appearence, so Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleasure; nor could the Commendations, which a Person receives for Benefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Design; because in both Cases the Ends of Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience of approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is the noblest Recompence for being so: doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own Advantage, notwithstanding which, the Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleasure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites; they are previous to any such Prospect; and so likewise is the Desire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being seated in the intellectual Part, this last, though Antecedent to Reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a Virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, against the Motto of this Paper, that there is such a thing as Generosity in the World. Though if I were under a Mistake in this, I should say as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the Interest of Mankind to lye under the same Delusion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to dispirit the Mind, and sinks it into a Meanness fatal to the Godlike Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by possessing them with a Perswasion concerning

their Benefactors that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes Gratitude from among Men, by so doing stops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindnesses, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Person obliged, and as nothing renders a Person more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Resentment of it, he will not be extreamly forward to Oblige such a Man.

No. 589.] FRIDAY, *September* 3, 1714. [

Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit.——— Ovid.

SIR,

'I AM so great an Admirer of Trees, that the 'Spot of Ground I have chosen to build a 'small Seat upon, in the Country, is almost in the 'midst of a large Wood. I was obliged, much 'against my Will, to cut down several Trees, that 'I might have any such thing as a Walk in my 'Gardens; but then I have taken Care to leave 'the Space, between every Walk, as much a Wood 'as I found it. The Moment you turn either to 'the Right or Left, you are in a Forest, where 'Nature presents you with a much more beautiful 'Scene than could have been raised by Art.

'Instead of *Tulips* or *Carnatians*, I can shew 'you *Oakes* in my Gardens of four hundred Years 'standing, and a Knot of *Elms* that might shelter 'a Troop of Horse from the Rain.

'It is not without the utmost Indignation, that 'I observe several prodigal young Heirs in the 'Neighbourhood, felling down the most glorious 'Monuments of their Ancestors Industry, and 'ruining, in a Day, the Product of Ages.

'I am mightily pleased with your Discourse 'upon Planting, which put me upon looking into 'my Books to give you some Account of the Ve'neration the Ancients had for Trees. There is 'an old Tradition, that *Abraham* planted a *Cy'press*, a *Pine*, and a *Cedar*, and that these three 'incorporated into one Tree, which was cut down 'for the building of the Temple of *Solomon*.

'*Isidorus*, who lived in the Reign of *Constan'tius*, assures us, that he saw, even in his Time, 'that famous *Oak* in the Plains of *Mambré*, under 'which *Abraham* is reported to have dwelt, and 'adds, that the People looked upon it with a 'great Veneration, and preserved it as a Sacred 'Tree.

'The Heathens still went farther, and regarded 'it as the highest Piece of Sacrilege to injure cer'tain Trees which they took to be protected by 'some Deity. The Story of *Erisicthon*, the Grove 'of *Dodona*, and that at *Delphi*, are all Instances 'of this Kind.

'If we consider the Machine in *Virgil*, so much 'blamed by several Criticks, in this Light, we 'shall hardly think it too violent.

'*Æneas*, when he built his Fleet, in order to 'sail for *Italy*, was obliged to cut down the Grove 'on Mount *Ida*, which however he durst not do 'till he had obtained leave from *Cybele*, to whom 'it was dedicated. The Goddess could not but 'think her self obliged to protect these Ships, 'which were made of Consecrated Timber, after a 'very extraordinary Manner, and therefore desired '*Jupiter*, that they might not be obnoxious to the 'Power of Waves or Winds. *Jupiter* would not 'grant this, but promised her, that as many as 'came safe to *Italy* should be transformed into 'Goddesses of the Sea; which the Poet tells us 'was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To save her Ships, and finish Jove's *Decree.*
First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there sprung
A Light that sign'd the Heavens, and shot along:
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
Were Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian *Quires:*
And last a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,
Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.
O Trojan *Race, your needless Aid forbear;*
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
With greater Ease the bold Rutulian *may,*
With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than singe my sacred Pines. But you my Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a Nymph: Forsake the Sand,
And swim the Seas, at Cybele's *Command.*
No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships their Haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.
Dryden's Virg.

'The common Opinion concerning the Nymphs, 'whom the Ancients called *Hamadryads*, is more 'to the Honour of Trees than any thing yet men'tioned. It was thought the Fate of these Nymphs 'had so near a Dependance on some Trees, more 'especially Oaks, that they lived and died toge'ther. For this Reason they were extremely 'grateful to such Persons who preserved those 'Trees with which their Being subsisted. *Apol'lonius* tells us a very remarkable Story to this 'Purpose, with which I shall conclude my Letter.

'A certain Man, called *Rhœcus*, observing an 'old Oak ready to fall, and being moved with a 'sort of Compassion towards the Tree, ordered 'his Servants to pour in fresh Earth at the Roots 'of it, and set it upright. The *Hamadryad* or 'Nymph who must necessarily have perished with 'the Tree, appeared to him the next Day, and 'after having returned him her Thanks, told him, 'she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. 'As she was extreamly Beautiful, *Rhœcus* desired

'he might be entertained as her Lover. The '*Hamadryad*, not much displeased with the Re'quest, promis'd to give him a Meeting, but com'manded him for some Days to abstain from the 'Embraces of all other Women, adding that she 'would send a Bee to him, to let him know when 'he was to be Happy. *Rhœcus* was, it seems, too 'much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be 'in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came 'buzzing about him; so that instead of minding 'his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed 'him for his Pains. The *Hamadryad* was so 'provoked at her own Disappointment, and the 'ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived '*Rhœcus* of the Use of his Limbs. However, 'says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, 'but he made a shift to cut down the Tree, and 'consequently to fell his Mistress.

No. 590.] MONDAY, *Sept.* 6, 1714. [*Addison.*

——Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur. Ov. Met.

The following Discourse comes from the same Hand with the Essays upon Infinitude.[1]

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circumference: We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Center to the whole Expansion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions; which we may call in *English*, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which *is* past, than that all of it *was* once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us, and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our selves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we our selves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive Duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-Head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lye within the Reach of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lye at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lye at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in it self. Here therefore is *that* Difficulty which Human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether

[1] See Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 628.

conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made it self; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *The Ancient of Days*, who, being at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different Manner from them, and in a Manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *Infinite Instance*; That nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Description of Heaven,

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW *does always last.*

For my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on Him who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a Thousand Years; by which and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

In the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when *Moses* desires to know what Name he shall give him in his Embassy to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that *I am* hath sent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real Existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in Reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and something which is like it, than Existence it self. He only properly exists whose Existence is intirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect Manner, and in such a Manner as we have no Idea of.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate our selves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before him in the compleat Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of Existence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion, and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and magnifie such unutterable Goodness.

It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

No. 591.] WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 8, 1714. [*Budgell.*

——*Tenerorum lusor amorum.*—Ovid.

I HAVE just receiv'd a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has observed, with no small Concern, that my Papers have of late been very barren in relation to Love;[1] a Subject which when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well receiv'd by both Sexes.

If my Invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this Head, he offers to serve under me in the Quality of a *Love Casuist*; for which Place he conceives himself to be throughly qualified, having made this Passion his Principal Study,

[1] See Nos. 602, 605, 614, 623, and 625.

and observed it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty Fifth Year of his Age.

He assures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate Cases which can happen in an Amour; as,

How great the Contraction of the Fingers must be before it amounts to a Squeeze by the Hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

What Advances a Lover may presume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Mistress's Fan.

Whether a Lady, at the first Interview, may allow an Humble Servant to kiss her Hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the Maid in order to succeed with the Mistress.

What Constructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Cases a Frown goes for nothing.

On what Occasions a sheepish Look may do Service, *&c.*

As a farther Proof of his Skill, he has also sent me several Maxims in Love, which he assures me are the Result of a long and profound Reflection, some of which I think my self obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembering to have seen them before in any Author.

'There are more Calamities in the World arising 'from Love than from Hatred.

'Love is the Daughter of *Idleness*, but the 'Mother of *Disquietude*.

'Men of grave Natures (says Sir *Francis Bacon*) 'are the most constant; for the same Reason 'Men should be more constant than Women.

'The Gay Part of Mankind is most amorous, 'the Serious most loving.

'A Coquet often loses her Reputation, whilst 'she preserves her Virtue.

'A Prude often preserves her Reputation when 'she has lost her Virtue.

'Love refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a 'Woman's ridiculous.

'Love is generally accompanied with Good-will 'in the Young, Interest in the Middle-aged, and 'a Passion too gross to Name in the Old.

'The Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion 'generally extinguish the Remains of it.

'A Woman who from being a Slattern becomes 'over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a 'Slattern, is most certainly in Love.

I shall make use of this Gentleman's Skill as I see Occasion; and since I am got upon the Subject of Love, shall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verses which were lately sent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Sonneteers.

The Author tells me they were written in one of his despairing Fits; and I find entertains some Hope that his Mistress may pity such a Passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself *Corinna*.

Conceal, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,
Nor tell Corinna *she has fir'd thy Heart.*
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a Pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Passion dye.
Languish in Secret, and with dumb Surprize
Drink the resistless Glances of her Eyes.
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief,
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her Scorn of thy consuming State;
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou must submit to see thy Charmer bless
Some happier Youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely Form, that Heav'nly Mind,
Shall miss ten thousand Beauties thou could'st find;
Who with low Fancy shall approach her Charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire;
Her Image only shall thy Breast employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy;
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day:
And never, never, from thy Bosom stray.[1]

No. 592.] FRIDAY, *Sept.* 10, 1714. [*Addison.*

Studium sine divite Vena.—Hor.

I LOOK upon the Play-house as a World within it self. They have lately furnished the Middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there last Winter at the first Rehearsal of the new Thunder,[2] which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a *Salmoneus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Success. Their Lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are also better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Chest that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artificially cut and shreaded for that Use. Mr. *Rimer's Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Distress of that unfortunate Prince; and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors should be such professed Enemies to those among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, since it is a Rule among these Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, must of Necessity be good for nothing; as though the first Precept in Poetry were *not to please*. Whether this Rule

[1] These verses were by Gilbert Budgell, second brother of Eustace.

[2] John Dennis's invention, of which he said with exultation, 'That's my thunder.'

holds good or not, I shall leave to the Determination of those who are better Judges than my self: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the Honour of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their Pieces having been disgraced by a Run of three Days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.

I have a great Esteem for a true Critick, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our Misfortune, that some who set up for professed Criticks among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no Taste of the learned Languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors themselves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The Ancient Criticks are full of the Praises of their Contemporaries; they discover Beauties which escaped the Observation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reasons for palliating and excusing such little Slips and Oversights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the Smatterers in Criticism who appear among us, make it their Business to vilifie and depreciate every new Production that gains Applause, to descry imaginary Blemishes, and to prove by far-fetch'd Arguments, that what pass for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors. In short, the Writings of these Criticks compared with those of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Laziness and Ignorance; which was probably the Reason, that in the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is said to be the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle Men, who have not been at the Pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant Men are very subject to decry those Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have not Eyes to discover. Many of our Sons of *Momus*, who dignify themselves by the Name of Criticks, are the genuine Descendants of these two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous Absurdities, in which they daily instruct the People, by not considering that, *1st*, There is sometimes a greater Judgment shewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, than in adhering to them; and, *2dly*, That there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take Notice of Men who are perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good Writing, and notwithstanding chuse to depart from them on extraordinary Occasions. I could give Instances out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who have shewn their Judgment in this Particular; and purposely receded from an established Rule of the Drama, when it has made way for a much higher Beauty than the Observation of such a Rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest Pieces of Architecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent Deviations from Art in the Works of the greatest Masters, which have produced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate and exact way of Proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in Writing.

In the next Place, our Criticks do not seem sensible that there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these Men of Genius that *Terence* speaks, in Opposition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.

A Critick may have the same Consolation in the ill Success of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Physician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakespear* is a Stumbling-Block to the whole Tribe of these rigid Criticks. Who would not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single Rule of the Stage observed, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus's* Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muses in the Veins of it, produced by the spontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.

No. 593.] MONDAY, *Sept.* 13, 1714. [*Byrom.*

Quale per incertam Lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in Sylvis:——— Virg.

MY dreaming Correspondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has sent me a second Letter, with several curious Observations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my Readers.

'Since we have so little Time to spare, that 'none of it may be lost, I see no Reason why we 'should neglect to examine those imaginary Scenes 'we are presented with in Sleep, only because 'they have less Reality in them than our waking 'Meditations. A Traveller would bring his Judg'ment in Question who should despise the Direc'tions of his Map for want of real Roads in it, 'because here stands a *Dott* instead of a Town, 'or a *Cypher* instead of a City, and it must be a 'long Day's Journey to travel thro' two or three 'Inches. Fancy in Dreams gives us much such

'another Landskip of Life as that does of Coun-
'tries, and tho' its Appearances may seem strangely
'jumbled together, we may often observe such
'Traces and Footsteps of noble Thoughts, as, if
'carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper
'Path of Action. There is so much Rapture and
'Extasie in our fancied Bliss, and something so
'dismal and shocking in our fancied Misery, that
'tho' the Inactivity of the Body has given Occa-
'sion for calling Sleep the Image of *Death*, the
'Briskness of the Fancy affords us a strong Inti-
'mation of something within us that can never die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the Great,
'who came into the World sufficiently dreamt of
'by his Parents, and had himself a tolerable
'Knack at dreaming, should often say, that *Sleep*
'*was one thing which made him sensible he was*
'*Mortal.* I who have not such Fields of Action
'in the Day-time to divert my Attention from
'this Matter, plainly perceive, that in those
'Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at
'rest, there is a certain Vastness of Conception
'very suitable to the Capacity, and demonstrative
'of the Force of that Divine Part in our Composi-
'tion which will last for ever. Neither do I much
'doubt but had we a true Account of the Wonders
'the Hero last mentioned performed in his Sleep,
'his conquering this little Globe would hardly be
'worth mentioning. I may affirm, without Vanity,
'that when I compare several Actions in *Quintus*
'*Curtius* with some others in my own Noctuary,
'I appear the greater Hero of the two.

I shall close this Subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we please, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which strike the Fancy, arise in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day past, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of some superior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be so differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or punished with a little Age of Happiness or Misery. St. *Austin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradise* there was the same Vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey our selves to a Consort of Musick, the Conversation of Distant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

My Readers, by applying these Hints will find the Necessity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wish themselves a *good Night.*

I have often consider'd *Marcia's* Prayer, and *Lucius's* Account of *Cato*, in this Light.

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just,*
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!*
O Marcia, *I have seen thy Godlike Father:*
Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar *thou canst not hurt me.*

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Postscript, that he has no manner of Title to the Vision which succeeded his first Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some Night or other, under the great Elm Tree, by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lie under them.

No. 594.] WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 15, 1714. [

——*Absentem qui rodit amicum,*
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.—Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the Persons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make our selves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the same, tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches [which[1]] are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the second Place, a Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts, and more enclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

Such a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes.[2] By which he would intimate, that a wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey *de la Trape*, as they are Published in a little *French* Book.[3]

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of Base or Criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the World does, that indifferent, and even Good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the third Place, a Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity it discovers its self in its worst Symptoms, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion. I shall only add, that whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

[1] [that] [2] Stobæi, Serm. 61.

[3] Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris, 1671, reprinted in 1682. It is a letter from M. Felibien to the Duchess of Liancon.

No. 595.] FRIDAY, *September* 17, 1714. [

——Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allow'd the Praise of being intelligible. But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied Ornaments of Style, perfectly disguise the little Sense they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Common-wealth of Letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this Day apart for Justice. What I mean is, *the Mixture of inconsistent Metaphors*, which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

In order to set this Matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I shall in the first Place observe, that a Metaphor is a Simile in one Word, which serves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Resemblances and Images which affect the Senses. There is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to several Things, if considered in several distinct Lights; or, in other Words, the same thing may be expressed by different Metaphors. But the Mischief is, that an unskilful Author shall run these Metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no Simile, no agreeable Picture, no apt Resemblance, but Confusion, Obscurity, and Noise. Thus I have known a Hero compared to a Thunderbolt, a Lion, and the Sea; all and each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuosity, Courage or Force. But by bad Management it hath so happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed its Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the Skies, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* Desart.

The Absurdity in this Instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing Metaphors are put together, this Fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that Metaphors are Images of things which affect the Senses. An Image therefore, taken from what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Violence, be applied to the Hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any Being in Nature or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, which it could not do in its Original. I shall illustrate what I have said by an Instance which I have read more than once in Controversial Writers. *The heavy Lashes*, saith a celebrated Author, *that have dropp'd from your Pen*, &c. I suppose this Gentleman having frequently heard of *Gall dropping*

from a Pen, and *being lashed in a Satyr*, he was resolved to have them both at any Rate, and so uttered this compleat Piece of Nonsense. It will most effectually discover the Absurdity of these monstrous Unions, if we will suppose these Metaphors or Images actually Painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and several Lashes of Whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Representation of this sort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous: or to speak more plainly, which are Consistent, and which Inconsistent.

There is yet one Evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories; which, though an Error on the better Hand, causes Confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the Lustre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having said by Chance that his Mistress had a *World* of Charms, thereupon took Occasion to consider her as one possessed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and pursued her from the one Pole to the other.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous Style, which I hope my Reader hath by this time set his Heart against. The Epistle hath heretofore received great Applause; but after what hath been said, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'After the many heavy *Lashes* that have fallen 'from your *Pen*, you may justly expect in return 'all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon your 'Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul 'Language upon me, that could be *raked* out of 'the Air of *Billingsgate*, without knowing who I 'am, or whether I deserve to be *Cupped* and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn 'your *Eyes* where you please, you shall never 'Smell me out. Do you think that the *Panicks*, 'which you *sow* about the Parish, will ever *build* 'a Monument to your Glory? No, Sir, you may 'Fight these Battles as long as you will, but when 'you come to *Ballance* the Account you will find 'that you have been *Fishing* in troubled Waters, 'and that an *Ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, 'and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy 'Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair 'Market.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

No. 596.] MONDAY, *September* 20, 1714. [

Molle meum levibus Cor est violabile Telis.
Ovid.

THE Case of my Correspondent who sends me the following Letter has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I am fully convinced that there is not upon 'Earth a more impertinent Creature than an im'portunate Lover: We are daily complaining of 'the Severity of our Fate, to People who are 'wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving 'a Passion, which we would persuade the World 'is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithstanding 'this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting 'you with my own Case. You must know then, 'Sir, that even from my Childhood, the most pre'vailing Inclination I could perceive in my self, 'was a strong Desire to be in Favour with the 'Fair Sex. I am at present in the one and twenti'eth Year of my Age, and should have made 'Choice of a She Bed-fellow many Years since, 'had not my Father, who has a pretty good Estate 'of his own getting, and passes in the World for 'a prudent Man, been pleased to lay it down as a 'Maxim, That nothing spoils a young Fellow's 'Fortune so much as marrying early; and that no 'Man ought to think of Wedlock 'till six and 'twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this 'Head, I thought it in vain to apply my self to 'Women of Condition, who expect Settlements; 'so that all my Amours have hitherto been with 'Ladies who had no Fortunes: But I know not 'how to give you so good an Idea of me, as by 'laying before you the History of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my School'mistresses, whenever we broke up, I was always 'for joining my self with the Miss who *Lay in*, 'and was constantly one of the first to make a 'Party in the Play of *Husband and Wife*. This 'Passion for being well with the Females still in'creased as I advanced in Years. At the Danc'ing-School I contracted so many Quarrels by 'struggling with my Fellow-Scholars for the 'Partner I liked best, that upon a Ball Night, 'before our Mothers made their Appearance, I 'was usually up to the Nose in Blood. My 'Father, like a discreet Man, soon removed me 'from this Stage of Softness to a School of Dis'cipline, where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek*. I 'underwent several Severities in this Place, 'till 'it was thought convenient to send me to the 'University; though, to confess the Truth, I 'should not have arrived so early at that Seat of 'Learning, but from the Discovery of an Intrigue 'between me and my Master's House-Keeper; 'upon whom I had employed my Rhetorick so 'effectually, that, though she was a very elderly 'Lady, I had almost brought her to consent to 'marry me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found 'Logick so dry, that, instead of giving Attention 'to the Dead, I soon fell to addressing the Living. 'My first Amour was with a pretty Girl whom I 'shall call *Parthenope:* Her Mother sold Ale by 'the Town-Wall. Being often caught there by 'the Proctor, I was forced at last, that my Mis'tress's Reputation might receive no Blemish, to 'confess my Addresses were honourable. Upon 'this I was immediately sent Home; but *Par'thenope* soon after marrying a Shoe-maker, I was 'again suffered to return. My next Affair was 'with my Taylor's Daughter, who deserted me 'for the sake of a young Barber. Upon my com'plaining to one of my particular Friends of this

'Misfortune, the cruel Wagg made a meer Jest of 'my Calamity, and asked me with a Smile, '*Where the* Needle *should turn but to the* Pole?[1] 'After this I was deeply in Love with a Milliner, 'and at last with my Bed-maker, upon which I 'was sent away, or in the University Phrase, '*Rusticated* for ever.

'Upon my coming home, I settled to my Studies 'so heartily, and contracted so great a Reserved-'ness by being kept from the Company I most 'affected, that my Father thought he might ven-'ture me at the *Temple*.

'Within a Week after my Arrival I began to 'shine again, and became enamour'd with a mighty 'pretty Creature, who had every thing but Mony 'to recommend her. Having frequent Oppor-'tunities of uttering all the soft things which an 'Heart formed for Love could inspire me with, I 'soon gained her Consent to treat of Marriage; 'but unfortunately for us all, in the Absence of 'my Charmer I usually talked the same Language 'to her elder Sister, who is also very pretty. 'Now I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, this did 'not proceed from any real Affection I had con-'ceived for her; but being a perfect Stranger to 'the Conversation of Men, and strongly addicted 'to associate with the Women, I knew no other 'Language but that of Love. I should however 'be very much obliged to you, if you could free 'me from the Perplexity I am at present in. I 'have sent Word to my old Gentleman in the 'Country, that I am desperately in Love with the 'younger Sister! and her Father, who knew no 'better, poor Man! acquainted him by the same 'Post, that I had for some time made my Ad-'dresses to the Elder. Upon this old Testy sends 'me up Word, that he has heard so much of my 'Exploits, that he intends immediately to order 'me to the *South-Sea*. Sir, I have occasionally 'talked so much of dying, that I begin to think 'there is not much in it; and if the old Squire 'persists in his Design, I do hereby give him 'Notice that I am providing my self with proper 'Instruments for the Destruction of despairing 'Lovers; let him therefore look to it, and con-'sider that by his Obstinacy he may himself lose 'the Son of his Strength, the World an hopeful 'Lawyer, my Mistress a passionate Lover, and 'you, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your constant Admirer,

Middle-Temple,
Sept. 18. Jeremy Lovemore.

[1] Sign of a Barber's shop.

No. 597.] WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 22, 1714. [*Byrom.*

——*Mens sine Pondere ludit.*—Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow's* Letter, several of my Correspondents have been pleased to send me an Account how they have been employed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they have been engaged in during that Moonshine in the Brain. I shall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of some few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will in Time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the Purpose.

One who styles himself *Gladio*, complains heavily that his Fair One charges him with Inconstancy, and does not use him with half the Kindness which the Sincerity of his Passion may demand; the said *Gladio* having by Valour and Stratagem put to Death Tyrants, Inchanters, Monsters, Knights, *&c.* without Number, and exposed himself to all manner of Dangers for her Sake and Safety. He desires in his Postscript to know, whether, from a constant Success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her Esteem at last.

Another who is very prolix in his Narrative writes me Word, that having sent a Venture beyond Sea, he took Occasion one Night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest Man in all the *Indies*. Having been there about a Year or two, a Gust of Wind that forced open his Casement blew him over to his native Country again, where awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a second Voyage; but e'er he could get on Shipboard, was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a Horse, try'd and condemn'd for the Fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if some Body stepping hastily into his Chamber had not brought him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow's* Advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first Nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as Nature is.

The next is a publick-spirited Gentleman, who tells me, That on the Second of *September* at Night the whole City was on Fire, and would certainly have been reduced to Ashes again by this Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New River* on his Back, and happily extinguished the Flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Alderman for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, That the Writer being resolved to try his Fortune, had fasted all that Day; and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at Night, procured an handsome Slice of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory happen'd to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake: which being found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is resolved to remember more of his Dreams another Time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from several delicious Dreamers, desiring me to invent some Method of silencing those noisy Slaves, whose Occupations lead them to take their early Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal of Mischief; and working strange Confusion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs have done me the Honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow. And many private Gentle-

men, I find, have been baul'd of vast Estates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was just upon the Point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker passing by, forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to resign all for an old Song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable Rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of Marriages and spoiling of Fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midst of their Conquests, and Generals in the Course of their Victories. A boisterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shoes, frequently transforming Sceptres into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Statesman, who in five or six Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horse and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Universe in *Constantinople*: the Conclusion of all his Successes is, that on the 12th Instant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

On the other hand, I have Epistolary Testimonies of Gratitude from many miserable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man,[1] by waking of one of these distressed Gentlemen, saved him from ten Years Imprisonment. An honest Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Designs against him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore Throat by the Hoarseness of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shoes*. A noisy Puppy that plagued a sober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was silenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this Order of Mortals, I would propose it to my Readers to make the best Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of these Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the Circumstances he has overlooked all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no Notice of any Imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reason I stifle *Fritilla's* Dream at Church last *Sunday*, who while the rest of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Discourse, was losing her Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a strange Run of ill Luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her last Stake. When she had thrown them away her Companion went off, discovering himself by his usual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a strong Smell of Brimstone; which last proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Nose, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real Circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of Observation which my Onicrocritical Correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reason, so as to be delighted only with such Objects as will affect it with Pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

[1] Thomas Britton. (Old Note.) Why he in particular?

No. 598.] FRIDAY, *Sept.* 24, 1714. [*Addison.*

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?
Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fantastick Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Chearfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Chearfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Pomps and Diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he represents it as a great Blessing,

that in his Youth he very narrowly escaped getting a Place at Court.

It must indeed be confessed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Pass to his Soul for any Temptation that assaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Resistance of Virtue. For which Reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days, after having retir'd from Court and publick Business, in order to give himself up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends used to visit him, had still this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be serious.*

An eminent *Italian* Author of this Cast of Mind, speaking of the great Advantage of a serious and composed Temper, wishes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius's* Cave in his Possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houses and Bridewells in *Europe.*

We have a very particular Description of this Cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumstances, which disposed the Person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no Man was ever observed to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was usual in those Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloominess in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophonius's* Cave.

On the other hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no less severe on the opposite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

After all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these Parties; since the most perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Humane Nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a Word, a Man should not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the same Time, as if there were no Men in it.

No 599.] MONDAY, *September* 27, 1714. [

——Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor—— Virg.

IT has been my Custom, as I grow old, to allow my self in some little Indulgencies which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the Fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three Years last past. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and rise twice a-day fresh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my Dreams have proved instructive to my Countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yesterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius*. I was no sooner fallen into my usual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Possession, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious Man for the remaining Part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickleherring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look, and a most rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return, asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? He replied, Pr'ythee Friend be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then desired me to give free Ingress and Egress to his Wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured Ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a Flirt of her Fan and a smirking Countenance, but came out with a Severity of a Vestal, and throwing from her several Female Gugaws, told me with a Sigh, that she resolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the rest of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands, and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn Procession of Religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound Silence and the most exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Protestants lately arrived in *Great-Britain*, and that finding themselves of too Gay a Humour for my Country, they applyed themselves to me in order to compose them for *British* Conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good Order, and with Looks entirely *English*. I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to see the *Kelder*, as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted so very solid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral.*

I then clapt up an empty fantastic Citizen, in order to qualifie him for an Alderman. He was

succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my self surrounded with a Body of *Free-thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave; I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all looked, as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young Woman, who at the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begg'd Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the Middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtsie. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very Pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seem'd covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolv'd to go into the Cave my self, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nodd in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my self from my first Startle, I was very well pleas'd at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoiled my SPECTATORS.

No. 600.] WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 29, 1714. [*Addison.*

——*Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*—Virg.

I HAVE always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under; we find that either Reason, or Tradition from our first Parents, has discovered to all People *something* in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk*.[1] Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be *in* Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort rises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe our selves conversant among those Scenes which delight us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflection upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward; or to speak more Philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different Ways of Action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like

[1] Addison's father, who *wrote* an account of West Barbary, died in 1703.

Exercises of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; she can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a distinct Taste in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Relish. Doctor *Tillotson* somewhere says that he will not presume to determine in what consists the Happiness of the Blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten thousand different Ways. Besides those several Avenues to Pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified Bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offer'd to all those Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other Kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have pass'd through the Space of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be consider'd in the same Extent.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to lie useless and unemploy'd. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the Happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is so, but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which arises from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers,[x] we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties, there is no such Division in the Soul it self, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express our selves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul it self.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleas'd, or made happy by all these different Faculties, or Ways of acting; that it may be endow'd with several latent Faculties, which it is not at present in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endow'd with any Faculty which is of no Use to it; that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a State of Happiness; and in the last Place considering that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man; who can question but that there is an infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of; and that this Fulness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratify the Senses and Imagination: In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels, and with the Spirits of Just Men made Perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies or Governments, in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. These and many other Particulars are marked in Divine Revelation, as the several Ingredients of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a Variety of Joys and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to

[x] Locke.

be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man; how wonderfully a human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taste the Goodness of its Crçator. We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them toan infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We should therefore at all times take Care that we do not disappoint this his gracious Purpose and Intention towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment.

No. 601.] FRIDAY, *Oct.* 1, 1714. [*Henry Grove.*

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκὼς.
Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Essay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before.[1]

Notwithstanding a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristick of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now tho' these Heroic Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude, as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Goodnature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in its Operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise.

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as he found it. This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind; the Matter that composes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them; that whereas Persons naturally Beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is inhanc'd by the Opposition they surmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible, than of some Distempers that descend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism. Only it must be remembred, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting: For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and

[1] No. 588.

such as have their Foundation in the Body; that these last are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh Supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the Reason why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the Reason is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vigilance.

Another Thing which suspends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up, that an Abundance of the World is an essential Ingredient into the Happiness of Life. Worldly Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more Partners there are, the less must fall to every Man's private Share. The Consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an Interest, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are those eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Success becomes another's Disappointment; and, like Pretenders to the same Mistress, they can seldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own Interest first. If that which Men esteem their Happiness were like the Light, the same sufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thousand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but One, we should see Mens Good-will, and kind Endeavours, would be as universal.

Homo qui Erranti comiter monstrat Viam,
Quasi Lumen de suo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wise Man, the true Estimate of Things. Desire not more of the World than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthensome. Place not your Quiet in Things, which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attain'd, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler kind; it grows by Communication, and so little resembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together cast a more extensive Brightness, but each single Light burns with a stronger Flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Instrument of Pleasure, the greatest Pleasure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth considering, that the Organs of Sense act within a narrow Compass, and the Appetites will soon say they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of short Fits of Pleasure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himself a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happiness?

The last Enemy to Benevolence I shall mention is Uneasiness of any Kind. A guilty, or a discontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, disconcerted by its own Passions, sowered by Neglect, or fretting at Disappointments, hath not Leisure to attend to the Necessity or Reasonableness of a Kindness desired, nor a Taste for those Pleasures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to relish them. The most miserable of all Beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendship, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Blessed, where Happiness, like a refreshing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endless Circulation, and is preserv'd sweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of Address, when the Soul, in a Flush of good Humour, takes a Pleasure to shew it self pleased. Persons conscious of their own Integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, survey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they shoot out in Expressions of Kindness, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus easie, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the Mind in its right Posture, it will immediately discover its innate Propension to Beneficence.

No. 602.] MONDAY, *October* 4, 1714. [*Budgell.*

——Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos.—Juv.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his Observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the Publick.

SIR,

'In order to execute the Office of Love-Casuist 'to *Great Britain*, with which I take my self to 'be invested by your Paper of *September* 8,[1] I 'shall make some further Observations upon the 'two Sexes in general, beginning with that which 'always ought to have the upper Hand. After 'having observed with much Curiosity the Ac'complishments which are apt to captivate female 'Hearts, I find that there is no Person so irre'sistable as one who is a Man of Importance, 'provided it be in Matters of no Consequence. 'One who makes himself talked of, tho' it be for 'the particular Cock of his Hat, or for prating

[1] No. 591.

'aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of 'being a Favourite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fortune by knocking down a Constable; and may venture to say, tho' it may seem 'a Paradox, that many a Fair One has died by a 'Duel in which both the Combatants have survived.

'About three Winters ago I took Notice of a 'young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a 'Passion for a notorious Rake that headed a Party 'of Cat-calls; and am credibly informed, that the 'Emperor of the Mohocks married a rich Widow 'within three Weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the Cities of *London* and '*Westminster*. Scowring and breaking Windows have done frequent Execution upon the 'Sex; but there is no Sett of these Male Charmers who make their way more successfully, than 'those who have gained themselves a Name for 'Intrigue, and have ruined the greatest Number 'of Reputations. There is a strange Curiosity in 'the female World to be acquainted with the dear 'Man who has been loved by others, and to know 'what it is that makes him so agreeable.' His 'Reputation does more than half his Business. 'Every one that is ambitious of being a Woman 'of Fashion, looks out for Opportunities of being 'in his Company; so that to use the old Proverb, 'When his Name is up he may lie a-Bed.

'I was very sensible of the great Advantage of 'being a Man of Importance upon these Occasions 'on the Day of the King's Entry, when I was 'seated in a Balcony behind a Cluster of very 'pretty Country Ladies, who had one of these 'showy Gentlemen in the midst of them. The 'first Trick I caught him at was bowing to several 'Persons of Quality whom he did not know; nay, 'he had the Impudence to hem at a Blue Garter 'who had a finer Equipage than ordinary, and 'seemed a little concerned at the Impertinent 'Huzzas of the Mob, that hindered his Friend 'from taking Notice of him. There was indeed 'one who pull'd off his Hat to him, and upon the 'Ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a 'Foreign Minister that he had been very merry 'with the Night before; whereas in Truth, it was 'the City Common Hunt.

'He was never at a Loss when he was asked 'any Person's Name, tho' he seldom knew any 'one under a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls 'among the Aldermen, very good-natured Fellows 'among the Privy-Counsellors, with two or three 'agreeable old Rakes among the Bishops and 'Judges.

'In short, I collected from his whole Discourse, 'that he was acquainted with every Body, and 'knew no Body. At the same Time, I am mistaken if he did not that Day make more Advances in the Affections of his Mistress, who sat 'near him, than he could have done in half a 'Year's Courtship.

'*Ovid* has finely touched this Method of making 'Love, which I shall here give my Reader in Mr. '*Dryden's* Translation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus Love in Theatres did first improve,
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love:
Nor shun the Chariots, and the Coursers Race;
The Circus *is no inconvenient Place.*
Nor Need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Sighs, which Lovers understand;
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding sit;
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse,
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse;
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the Day, by Heav'n design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight,
O glorious Object! O surprizing Sight!
O Day of publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*
Flows the swift Tigris, *with his Sea-green Hair.*
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, *that, the* Caspian *Shore:*
Call this a Mede, *and that a* Parthian *Youth;*
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

No. 603.] WEDNESDAY, *October* 6, 1714. [*Byrom.*

Ducite ab Urbe Domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.—Virg.

THE following Copy of Verses comes from one of my Correspondents, and has something in it so Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.[1]

I.

My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went;*
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast:
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin *was blest!*
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

II.

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep;

[1] It is said that John Byrom wrote these verses in honour of Joanna, daughter of his friend, Dr. Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity.

I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasie as ever was known.
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart——I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my Lambkins around me would often-times play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;
And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's *away?*

VI.

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I seen?*
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
That Meadow, those Dasies, why do they not smile?
Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made your selves fine for; a Place in her Breast:
You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe *return!*
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cold Breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! *old Time is full of Delay,*
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, *thy Passion remove;*
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

No. 604.] FRIDAY, *October* 8, 1714. [

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros—— Hor.

THE Desire of knowing future Events is one of the strongest Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreseeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wisdom and Prudence: But, not satisfied with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition, owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is sure to be sollicitous in the first Place about his own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole Chain of Life is link'd together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Blessings are of good ones; so that we

cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this Portion bestowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more display'd his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*, in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their second Sight, and several of our own Countrymen see abundance of Fairies. In *Asia* this Credulity is strong; and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Talismans, occult Numbers, and the like.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Mussulman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise, but was requir'd to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my self in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in several Habits and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in my self a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found that the great Pace they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damsels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busie Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of human Misery struck me dumb for some Miles. Then it was that, to disburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my self for the Good of Mankind, I was surpriz'd to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftner shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what most surpriz'd me, was to see two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no small Trouble to me, sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb's* Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only deliver'd the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part 'till a more proper Opportunity. C

No. 605.] MONDAY, *Oct.* 11, 1714. [*Budgell.*

Exuerint sylvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequentur.
Virg.

HAVING perused the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I referred it to the Learned *Casuist*, whom I have retained in my Service for Speculations of that Kind. He return'd it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Finding that you have Entertained an useful 'Person in your Service in quality of *Love-Ca-'suist*,[1] I apply my self to you, under a very great 'Difficulty, that hath for some Months perplexed 'me. I have a Couple of humble Servants, one 'of which I have no Aversion to; the other I 'think of very kindly. The first hath the Re-'putation of a Man of good Sense, and is one of 'those People that your Sex are apt to Value. 'My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb among the 'Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I 'marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I 'shall oblige my Parents and improve my For-'tune; but with my dear Beau I promise my self 'Happiness, altho' not a Jointure. Now I would

[1] See Nos. 591, 602, 614, 623, 625.

'ask you, whether I should consent to lead my 'Life with a Man that I have only no Objection 'to, or with him against whom all Objections to 'me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow 'the *Casuist's* Advice, and I dare say he will not 'put me upon so serious a thing as Matrimony, 'contrary to my Inclination.

I am, *&c.*
Fanny Fickle.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the pretty Gen-'tleman is the most complaisant Creature in the 'World, and is always of my Mind; but the other, 'forsooth, fancies he hath as much Wit as my 'self, slights my Lap-Dog, and hath the In-'solence to contradict me when he thinks I am 'not in the Right. About half an Hour ago, he 'maintained to my Face, that a Patch always 'implies a Pimple.

As I look upon it to be my Duty rather to side with the Parents than the Daughter, I shall propose some Considerations to my Gentle Querist, which may encline her to comply with those, under whose Direction she is: And at the same time, convince her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true Affection for him who is, at present, indifferent to her: Or, to use the old Family Maxim, that *If she marries first, Love will come after.*

The only Objection, that she seems to insinuate against the Gentleman proposed to her, is his want of Complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now, I can discover from this very Circumstance, that she and her Lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights more in giving Pleasure or Pain. Let Miss *Fickle* ask her own Heart, if she doth not take a Secret Pride in making this Man of good Sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleas'd, than when her Behaviour hath made her Lover ready to hang himself? Or doth she ever rejoice more, than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her Lover may have discovered her Tricks, and hath a Mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, just come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian*. The first Week, after she had fixed him, she took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profest Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and scarce ever wrote a Letter to him without wilfully mis-spelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as soon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town. After having irritated one another for the Space of five Months, she made an Assignation with him fourscore Miles from *London*. But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrell'd, and in a few Days were Married. Their former Hostilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being content at present with that Part of Love only which bestows Pleasure.

Women, who have been married some time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Possession of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom desire to be excused in this Particular. But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Discretion, their Fondness settles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reason, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of those who are actually in the Insolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the same Observation to the other Sex.

I need not insist upon the Necessity of their pursuing one common Interest, and their united Care, for their Children; but shall only observe, by the Way, that married Persons are both more warm in their Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual Favours and Obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other State, naturally beget an Intense Affection in generous Minds. As, on the contrary, Persons who have bestowed such Favours, have a particular Bitterness in their Resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss *Fickle* may consider, that as there are often many Faults conceal'd before Marriage, so there are sometimes many Virtues unobserv'd.

To this we may add the great Efficacy of Custom, and constant Conversation, to produce a mutual Friendship and Benevolence in two Persons. It is a nice Reflection, which I have heard a Friend of mine make, that you may be sure a Woman loves a Man, when she uses his Expressions, tells his Stories, or imitates his Manner. This gives a secret Delight; for Imitation is a kind of artless Flattery, and mightily favours the powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, that married Persons, who are possest with a mutual Esteem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk from one another, but fall into the same Traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the Remark so far as to assert, that the Features of Man and Wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair Correspondent therefore consider, that the Gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own Face in two or three Years; which she must not expect from the Beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own Judgment, if that Person will not be the handsomest, that is the most like her self.

We have a remarkable Instance to our present Purpose in the History of King *Edgar*, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair Correspondent to be applied to her self.

This great Monarch, who is so famous in *British* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progress through his Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester*, and was the most celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Violence of his Passion were so great, that the Mother of the young

Lady promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, though in her Heart she abhorr'd so infamous an Office. It was no sooner dark than she convey'd into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made so good use of her Time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a Necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; insomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with the beautiful *Elfrida*.

No. 606.] WEDNESDAY, *Oct.* 13, 1714. [

——longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto Conjux percurrit pectine Telas.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE a couple of Nieces under my Direc-'tion, who so often run gadding abroad, that 'I don't know where to have them. Their Dress, 'their Tea, and their Visits take up all their Time, 'and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as 'I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat. The 'only time they are not idle, is while they read 'your SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to 'the Interests of Virtue, I desire you to recommend 'the long neglected Art of Needle-work. Those 'Hours which in this Age are thrown away in 'Dress, Play, Visits, and the like, were employ'd, 'in my time, in writing out Receipts, or working 'Beds, Chairs, and Hangings for the Family. 'For my Part, I have ply'd my Needle these 'fifty Years, and by my good Will would never 'have it out of my Hand. It grieves my Heart 'to see a couple of proud idle Flirts sipping their 'Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room hung 'round with the Industry of their Great Grand-'mother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Mystery 'of Embroidery into your serious Consideration, 'and as you have a great deal of the Virtue of 'the last Age in you, continue your Endeavours to 'reform the present.

I am, &c.

In Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correspondent, I have duly weigh'd this important Subject, and promise my self, from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as soon as their Mourning is over,[1] to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

What a delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles as successfully, and inflame them with Gold or stain them with Crimson. Even those who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purse, and crowd a thousand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

If I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

Another Argument for busying good Women in Works of Fancy, is, because it takes them off from Scandal, the usual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beasts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children: And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but seldom mentioned, where the great Dispute is, whether Blue or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if she would chuse rather to work the Battle of *Blenheim* in Tapestry, than signalize her self with so much Vehemence against those who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts.

A Third Reason that I shall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where these pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the same time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it Inscribed upon her Monument, 'that she Wrought 'out the whole Bible in Tapestry, and died in a 'good old Age, after having covered three hundred 'Yards of Wall in the Mansion-House.

The Premises being consider'd, I humbly submit the following Proposals to all Mothers in *Great Britain*.

I. That no young Virgin whatsoever be allow'd to receive the Addresses of her first Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. That before every fresh Servant, she be oblig'd to appear with a new Stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually married, till she hath the Child-bed Pillows, *&c.* ready Stitched, as likewise the Mantle for the Boy quite finished.

These Laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decay'd Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-finger'd in their Business.

[1] Public Mourning for Q. Anne, who died Aug. 1, 1714.

There is a memorable Custom of the *Grecian* Ladies in this particular, preserv'd in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country-women. A Widow in Ancient Times could not, without Indecency, receive a second Husband, till she had Woven a Shrowd for her deceased Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chaste *Penelope* having, as she thought, lost *Ulysses* at Sea, she employed her time in preparing a Winding-sheet for *Laertes*, the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several Circumstances, I shall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

Sweet Hope she gave to every Youth apart,
With well-taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart:
A Web she wove of many a slender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplext Design;
My Youths, she cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
'Till I have wov'n, as solemn Vows require,
This Web, a Shrowd for poor Ulysses' *Sire.*
His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's Hands:
Lest all the Dames of Greece *my Name despise,*
While the great King without a Covering lies.
Thus she. Nor did my Friends mistrust the Guile.
All Day she sped the long laborious Toil:
But when the burning Lamps supply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail.
The Fourth her Maidens told th' amazing Tale.
These Eyes beheld, as close I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithless Hand:
'Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every Side,
Her Task she ended, and commenc'd a Bride.

No. 607.] FRIDAY, *October* 15, 1714. [

Dicite Iõ Pæan, et Iõ bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* last[1] 'published my Report on the Case of Mrs. '*Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, 'that Love comes after Marriage; I hope your 'Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love 'generally produces Matrimony, so it often hap-'pens that Matrimony produces Love.

'It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a 'good Husband or Wife, than what go the finish-'ing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

'Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and 'accordingly we find that the best Husbands have 'been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer*, 'who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent 'Man, to make it the more compleat, hath cele-'brated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and 'Truth to his *Penelope*; insomuch that he refused 'the Caresses of a Goddess for her sake, and to 'use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, '*vetulam suam prætulit Immortalitati*, his old 'Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

'Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for 'this domestick Character, as it naturally produces 'Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* 'and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and 'Affection than any others of the Age in which 'they lived.

'Good-Nature is a third necessary Ingredient 'in the Marriage-State, without which it would 'inevitably sower upon a thousand Occasions. 'When Greatness of Mind is joined with this 'amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and 'Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cæsar*, not 'more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour 'than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of 'the *Roman* People, when breaking through the 'Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral 'of his first and best beloved Wife.

'Good-Nature is insufficient, unless it be steady 'and uniform, and accompanied with an Evenness 'of Temper, which is, above all things, to be pre-'served in this Friendship contracted for Life. 'A Man must be easie within himself, before he 'can be so to his other self. *Socrates*, and *Mar-'cus Aurelius*, are Instances of Men, who, by 'the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely 'composed their Minds, and subdued their Pas-'sions, are celebrated for good Husbands, not-'withstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe*, 'and the other with *Faustina*. If the wedded 'Pair would but habituate themselves for the first 'Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Diffi-'culty would be pretty well conquer'd. This 'mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency, 'was finely recommended in the Nuptial Cere-'monies among the Heathens, who, when they 'sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore 'out the Gaul from the Entrails of the Victim, 'and cast it behind the Altar.

'I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out 'of Dr. *Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire*, 'not only as it will serve to fill up your present 'Paper; but if I find my self in the Humour, 'may give Rise to another; I having by me an 'old Register, belonging to the Place here under-'mentioned.

Sir *Philip de Somervile* held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Scirescot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaster*, by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find, maintain, and sustain, one *Bacon Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre* ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in Form following.

Whensoever that any one such before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth;

'Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I 'am come for my self, to demand one *Bacon* '*Flyke* hanging in the Hall of the Lord of

[1] No. 605.

'*Whichenovre*, after the Form thereunto belonging.

After which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter shall assign a Day to him, upon Promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time the said Bailiff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and they three shall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the aforesaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the said Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bailiff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Bacon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrels to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this Manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which must answer, *They be here ready*. And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed; then shall the Bacon be taken down and brought to the Hall-Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir *Philip* de *Somervile*, Lord of '*Whichenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this 'Baconne: That I *A* sithe I Wedded *B* my Wife, 'and sithe I had hyr in my kepying, and at my 'Wylle, by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, 'I would not have chaunged for none other; farer 'ne fowler; richer, ne pourer; ne for none other 'descended of greater Lynage; slepying ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd *B* were sole 'and I sole I would take her to be my Wife before 'all the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condiciones soever they be: good or evylle, as help 'me God ond his Seyntes, and this Flesh and all 'Fleshes.

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Free-man, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheese; and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheese. And then shall *Knightlye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all these Things tofore rehearsed; and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it: and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle, to such time as he be past his Lordship: and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minstrelsie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall Conduct him to be passed the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

No. 608.] MONDAY, *October* 18, 1714. [*Addison.*[1]

Perjuria ridet Amantum.—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ACCORDING to my Promise, I herewith 'transmit to you a List of several Persons, 'who from time to time demanded the *Flitch 'of Bacon* of Sir *Philip de Somervile* and his 'Descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient 'Manuscript under the Title of *The Register of 'Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Flitch 'there maintained.*

'In the Beginning of this Record is recited the 'Law or Institution in Form, as it is already 'printed in your last Paper: To which are added 'Two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General 'Law, the Substance whereof is, that the Wife 'shall take the same Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the Judges shall, as 'they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine 'the Witnesses. After this proceeds the Register 'in Manner following.

'Aubry de Falstaff, *Son of Sir* John Falstaff, '*Kt. with Dame* Maude *his Wife, were the first 'that demanded the Bacon, he having bribed 'twain of his Father's Companions to swear 'falsly in his Behoof, whereby he gained the 'Flitch: But he and his said Wife falling immediately into a Dispute how the said Bacon 'should be dressed, it was by Order of the Judges 'taken from him, and hung up again in the 'Hall.*

[1] Lord Macaulay, in a letter published p. 1433 * * * of Mr Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, calls this paper 'undoubtedly Addison's, and one of his best,' although not claimed, because he could not own it without admitting what Lord Macaulay rightly considered quite as obvious, his authorship of No. 623. Addison wrote, evidently, some other of these unappropriated papers.

'Alison *the Wife of* Stephen Freckle, *brought* 'her said Husband along with her, and set forth 'the good Conditions and Behaviour of her Con-'sort, adding withal that she doubted not but he 'was ready to attest the like of her, his Wife; 'whereupon he, the said Stephen, *shaking his* 'Head, she turned short upon him, and gave 'him a Box on the Ear.

'Philip de Waverland, *having laid his Hand* 'upon the Book, when the Clause, Were I sole 'and she sole, *was rehearsed, found a secret* 'Compunction rising in his Mind, and stole it 'off again.

'Richard de Loveless, *who was a Courtier,* 'and a very well-bred Man, being observed to 'hesitate at the Words after our Marriage, *was* 'thereupon required to explain himself. He 'reply'd, by talking very largely of his exact 'Complaisance while he was a Lover; and al-'leg'd, that he had not in the least disobliged 'his Wife for a Year and a Day before Mar-'riage, which he hoped was the same Thing.

'Rejected.

'Joceline Jolly, *Esq., making it appear by* 'unquestionable Testimony, That he and his 'Wife had preserved full and entire Affection 'for the Space of the first Month, commonly 'called the Honey-Moon; *he had in Considera-*'tion thereof one Rasher bestowed upon him.

'After this, says the Record, many Years passed 'over before any Demandant appeared at *Which-*'enovre Hall; insomuch that one would have 'thought that the whole Country were turned 'Jews, so little was their Affection to the Flitch 'of Bacon.

'The next Couple enrolled had like to have 'carried it, if one of the Witnesses had not de-'posed, That dining on a *Sunday* with the De-'mandant, whose Wife had sate below the Squire's 'Lady at Church, she the said Wife dropped some 'Expressions, as if she thought her Husband de-'served to be knighted; to which he returned a 'passionate *Pish!* The Judges taking the Pre-'mises into Consideration, declared the aforesaid 'Behaviour to imply an unwarrantable Ambition 'in the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

'It is recorded as a sufficient Disqualification of 'a certain Wife, that speaking of her Husband, 'she said, *God forgive him.*

'It is likewise remarkable, that a Couple were 'rejected upon the Deposition of one of their 'Neighbours, that the Lady had once told her 'Husband, that *it was her Duty to obey;* to 'which he replied, *Oh! my Dear, you are never* 'in the wrong.

'The violent Passion of one Lady for her Lap-'Dog; the turning away of the old House-Maid 'by another; a Tavern-Bill torn by the Wife, and 'a Taylor's by the Husband; a Quarrel about the 'Kissing-Crust; spoiling of Dinners, and coming 'in late of Nights; are so many several Articles 'which occasioned the Reprobation of some Scores 'of Demandants, whose Names are recorded in 'the aforesaid Register.

'Without enumerating other particular Per-'sons, I shall content my self with observing, that 'the Sentence pronounced against one *Gervase* 'Poacher is, that *he might have had Bacon to* 'his Eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his 'Wife when they were over boiled. And the De-'position against *Dorothy Dolittle* runs in these 'Words; *That she had so far usurped the Do-*'minion of the Coalfire, (the Stirring whereof 'her Husband claimed to himself) that by her 'good Will she never would suffer the Poker out 'of her Hand.

'I find but two Couples, in this first Century, 'that were successful: The first, was a Sea-Cap-'tain and his Wife, who since the Day of their 'Marriage, had not seen one another till the Day 'of the Claim. The Second, was an honest Pair 'in the Neighbourhood; The Husband was a 'Man of plain good Sense, and a peaceable Tem-'per; the Woman was dumb.

No. 609.] WEDNESDAY, *October* 20, 1714. [

Farrago libelli.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some Time desired to appear in 'your Paper, and have therefore chosen a 'Day[1] to steal into the SPECTATOR, when I take 'it for granted you will not have many spare 'Minutes for Speculations of your own. As I was 'the other Day walking with an honest Country-'Gentleman, he very often was expressing his 'Astonishment to see the Town so mightily 'crowded with Doctors of Divinity: Upon which 'I told him he was very much mistaken if he took 'all those Gentlemen he saw in Scarfs to be Per-'sons of that Dignity; for, that a young Divine, 'after his first Degree in the University, usually 'comes hither only to show himself; and on that 'Occasion is apt to think he is but half-equipp'd 'with a Gown and Cassock for his publick Ap-'pearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament 'of a Scarf of the first Magnitude to intitle him 'to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady 'and the Boy at *Childs*. Now since I know that 'this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark 'of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made use of 'among some of the little spruce Adventurers of 'the Town, I should be glad if you would give it 'a Place among those Extravagancies you have 'justly exposed in several of your Papers: being 'very well assured that the main Body of the 'Clergy, both in the Country and the Universities, 'who are almost to a Man untainted with it, 'would be very well pleased to see this Venerable 'Foppery well exposed. When my Patron did 'me the Honour to take me into his Family, (for 'I must own my self of this Order) he was pleased 'to say he took me as a Friend and Companion; 'and whether he looked upon the Scarf like the 'Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge 'of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, 'but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it 'to my own Discretion; and not having any just 'Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be 'without the Ornament. The Privileges of our

[1] Oct. 20, 1714, was the day of the Coronation of George I.

'Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains 'are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten 'of those reverend Gentlemen have any Relation 'to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the 'Right generally of creating all Chaplains except 'the Domestick, where there is one, being nothing 'more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place, 'who, if he happens to out-live any considerable 'Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at 'one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all 'in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Cre- 'ation; though perhaps there hath been neither 'Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the 'Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WISH you would write a Philosophical Pa- 'per about Natural Antipathies, with a Word 'or two concerning the Strength of Imagination. 'I can give you a List upon the first Notice, of a 'Rational *China* Cup, of an Egg that walks upon 'two Legs, and a Quart Pot that sings like a 'Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a 'very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, that 'squawls out at the Sight of a Knife. Then as 'for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer 'who was never conquered but by a smother'd 'Rabbit; and a Wife that domineers over her 'Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A 'Story that relates to my self on this Subject may 'be thought not unentertaining, especially when I 'assure you that it is literally true. I had long 'made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom 'I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand 'I shou'd have gained with much Difficulty with- 'out the Assistance of a Cat. You must know 'then, that my most dangerous Rival had so 'strong an Aversion to this Species, that he infal- 'libly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless 'Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*, her Maid, 'having a greater Respect for me and my Purse 'than she had for my Rival, always took Care to 'pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her 'Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; 'which had such an Effect, that every Time he 'entred the Room, he looked more like one of the 'Figures in Mrs. *Salmon's* Wax-work, than a 'desirable Lover. In short, he grew Sick of her 'Company; which the young Lady taking Notice 'of, (who no more knew why, than he did) she 'sent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln's-* '*Inn* Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and 'have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction 'of being praised by her for my Stratagem, I am, '*&c.*

From the Hoop. Tom. Nimble.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much 'oblig'd to you for putting them upon such tedious 'Drudgeries in Needlework as were fit only for 'the *Hilpa's* and the *Nilpa's* that lived before 'the Flood. Here's a stir indeed with your His- 'tories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades 'of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have 'you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred 'Lovers before the best Housewife in *England* 'can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to 'provide Boys and Girls much faster than your 'Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and 'Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy 'them when they are really made. What do you 'think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's 'your pretty Hangings for a Chamber;[1] and what 'is more, our own Country is the only Place in '*Europe* where Work of that kind is tolerably 'done. Without minding your musty Lessons: 'I am this Minute going to *Paul's* Church-Yard 'to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings; 'and am resolved to encourage the Manufacture 'of my Country.

Yours,
CLEORA.

No. 610.] FRIDAY, *October* 22, 1714. [

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—Seneca.

I HAVE often wondered that the *Jews* should contrive such a worthless Greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external Pomp and Pageantry, and represent him to their Imagination, as making Havock amongst his Creatures, and acted with the poor Ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real Character, when considered as the Author of uni- versal Benevolence among Men, as refining our Passions, exalting our Nature, giving us vast Ideas of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of that little showy Grandeur, wherein the *Jews* made the Glory of their *Messiah* to consist!

Nothing (says *Longinus*) *can be Great, the Contempt of which is Great.* The Possession of Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to Greatness, because it is looked upon as a Great- ness of Mind, to contemn these Gifts of Fortune, and to be above the Desire of them. I have there- fore been inclined to think, that there are greater Men who lie concealed among the Species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his Do- mestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Ob- scurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

If we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly probable there are, both from Reason and Revel- ation; how different are the Notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now liv- ing, how different would it be from that, which any of our own Species would draw up?

We are dazled with the Splendour of Titles, the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Vic-

[1] There was at this time a celebrated manu- factory of tapestry at Chelsea.

tories; They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for great Men at the Head of Armies, or among the Pomps of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in the private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Evening's Walk of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation of God's Works; a voluntary Act of Justice to our own Detriment; a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind; Tears that are shed in Silence for the Misery of others; a private Desire or Resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned Exercise of Humility, or any other Virtue; are such Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation and Esteem.

The Moral of the present Speculation amounts to this, That we should not be led away by the Censures and Applauses of Men, but consider the Figure that every Person will make, at that Time when Wisdom shall be justified of her Children, and nothing pass for Great or Illustrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfection to humane Nature.

The Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch, is a memorable Instance to our present Purpose. The Oracle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happiest Man, replied *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himself named on this Occasion, was much surprized, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obscure Countryman, who employ'd all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his House.

Cowley's agreeable Relation of this Story shall close this Day's Speculation.

Thus Aglaüs *(a Man unknown to Men,*
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, *now consign'd t'eternal Fame.*
For Gyges, *the rich King, wicked and great,*
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphick *Seat,*
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs *happier is. But* Gyges *cry'd,*
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs *be?*
We've heard as yet of no such King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth around,
No King of such a Name was to be found.
Is some old Hero *of that Name alive,*
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth? said he:
None; none of these; who can this Aglaüs *be?*
After long Search, and vain Enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian *Vale at last,*
(Th' Arcadian Life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's *Town (which he but once had seen)*
This Aglaüs, *who Monarchs Envy drew,*
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs *was lab'ring found,*
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain;
Of heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

No. 611.] MONDAY, *October* 25, 1714. [

Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.
Virg.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least Service for the Deserving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following Letter to be inserted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates so handsomely her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I flatter my self, you will not only pity, but, 'if possible, redress a Misfortune my self and 'several others of my Sex lie under. I hope you 'will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to 'justifie my own imprudent Conduct, or expect 'You should. No! I am sensible how severely, 'in some of your former Papers, you have re-'proved Persons guilty of the like Mismanage-'ments. I was scarce Sixteen, and, I may say 'without Vanity, Handsome, when courted by a 'false perjured Man; who, upon Promise of 'Marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of 'Women. After he had deluded me from my 'Parents, who were People of very good Fashion, 'in less than three Months he left me. My Pa-'rents would not see, nor hear from me; and had 'it not been for a Servant, who had lived in our 'Family, I must certainly have perished for want 'of Bread. However, it pleased Providence, in 'a very short time, to alter my miserable Con-'dition. A Gentleman saw me, liked me, and 'married me. My Parents were reconciled; and 'I might be as happy in the Change of my Con-'dition, as I was before miserable, but for some 'things, that you shall know, which are insup-'portable to me; and I am sure you have so 'much Honour and Compassion as to let those 'Persons know, in some of your Papers, how much 'they are in the wrong. I have been married near 'five Years, and do not know that in all that time I 'ever went abroad without my Husband's Leave 'and Approbation. I am obliged, through the 'Importunities of several of my Relations, to go 'abroad oftner than suits my Temper. Then it is,

'I labour under insupportable Agonies. That 'Man, or rather Monster, haunts every Place I 'go to. Base Villain! By reason I will not ad- 'mit his nauseous wicked Visits and Appointments, 'he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He 'left me destitute of Friend or Money, nor ever 'thought me worth enquiring after, till he un- 'fortunately happened to see me in a Front Box, 'sparkling with Jewels. Then his Passion re- 'turned. Then the Hypocrite pretended to be a 'Penitent. Then he practised all those Arts that 'helped before to undo me. I am not to be de- 'ceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor 'his odious Passion; and, as he plainly perceives 'it, either out of Spight or Diversion, he makes it 'his Business to expose me. I never fail seeing 'him in all publick Company, where he is always 'most industriously spightful. He hath, in short, 'told all his Acquaintance of our unhappy Affair, 'they tell theirs; so that it is no Secret among his 'Companions, which are numerous. They, to 'whom he tells it, think they have a Title to be 'very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of 'good Manners return it, then I am pester'd with 'Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my self 'or Company. If I turn my Eyes from them, or 'seem displeased, they sower upon it, and whisper 'the next Person; he his next; 'till I have at last 'the Eyes of the whole Company upon me. Nay, 'they report abominable Falshoods, under that 'mistaken Notion, *She that will grant Favours 'to one Man, will to a hundred.* I beg you will 'let those who are guilty, know, how ungenerous 'this way of Proceeding is. I am sure he will 'know himself the Person aim'd at, and perhaps 'put a stop to the Insolence of others. Cursed is 'the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may 'boast and glory in those things that we must 'think of with Shame and Horror! You have the 'Art of making such odious Customs appear de- 'testable. For my Sake, and I am sure, for the 'Sake of several others, who dare not own it, but, 'like me, lie under the same Misfortunes, make 'it as infamous for a Man to boast of Favours, or 'expose our Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box 'on the Ear, and not resent it.

Your Constant Reader,
and Admirer,
LESBIA.

P. S. 'I am the more Impatient under this 'Misfortune, having receiv'd fresh Provocation, 'last *Wednesday*, in the Abbey.

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an Insult upon a Woman in her Circumstances, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given; which Truth, I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following Observation.

It is a Mark of Cowardise passively to forbear resenting an Affront, the Resenting of which would lead a Man into Danger; it is no less a Sign of Cowardise to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to avenge it self. Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous Man may bestow on the helpless Lady he hath injur'd, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the Appellation of *Coward*.

A Man, that can so far descend from his Dignity, as to strike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation with either Sex, because no Provocation is thought strong enough to justifie such Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak. In the Circumstances, in which poor *LESBIA* is situated, she can appeal to no Man whatsoever to avenge an Insult, more grievous than a Blow. If she could open her Mouth, the base Man knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Friend would die to see her righted.

A generous Mind, however enrag'd against an Enemy, feels its Resentments sink and vanish away, when the Object of its Wrath falls into its Power. An estranged Friend, filled with Jealousie and Discontent towards a Bosom-Acquaintance, is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse, when a Creature, that was once dear to him, undergoes any Misfortune. What Name then shall we give to his Ingratitude, (who forgetting the Favours he sollicited with Eagerness, and receiv'd with Rapture) can insult the Miseries that he himself caused, and make Sport with the Pain to which he owes his greatest Pleasure? There is but one Being in the Creation whose Province it is to practise upon the Imbecillities of frail Creatures, and triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his Example, will receive his Reward.

Leaving my fair Correspondent to the Direction of her own Wisdom and Modesty; and her Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Compunction of their own Hearts; I shall conclude this Paper with a memorable Instance of Revenge, taken by a *Spanish* Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may serve to show what violent Effects are wrought by the most tender Passion, when sower'd into Hatred; and may deter the Young and unwary from unlawful Love. The Story, however Romantick it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a Truth.

Not many Years ago an *English* Gentleman, who in a Rencounter by Night in the Streets of *Madrid* had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning against the Door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church. He had the Courage to advance towards the Light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a Woman in White who ascended from a Grave with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantome marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the Truth, without reserve, believing that he had met a Ghost: Upon which, she spoke to him in the following Manner. 'Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a Mur- 'derer as thou art. Know then, that I am a Nun 'of a noble Family. A base perjur'd Man undid 'me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatch- 'ed; but not content with the Murder, I have 'brib'd the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and 'have now pluck'd out his False Heart from his 'Body; and thus I use a Traitor's Heart. At these Words she tore it in Pieces, and trampled it under her Feet.

No. 612.] WEDNESDAY, *Oct.* 27, 1714. [

Murranum hic atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.—Virg.

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be receiv'd, not demanded, by the Descendants of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect, because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Were the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despis'd on Account of his Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man; nor any one of the highest Title, who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the same Characters they bore when they acted their respective Parts among the Living. Suppose therefore a Gentleman, full of his illustrious Family, should, in the same manner as *Virgil* makes *Æneas* look over his Descendants, see the whole Line of his Progenitors pass in a Review before his Eyes, and with how many varying Passions would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, Statesmen and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Procession of five thousand Years! How would his Heart sink or flutter at the several Sports of Fortune in a Scene so diversified with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Sceptres, Ensigns of Dignity and Emblems of Disgrace; and how would his Fears and Apprehensions, his Transports and Mortifications, succeed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd bright or obscure?

'In most of the Pedigrees hung up in old Mansion Houses, you are sure to find the first in the Catalogue a great Statesman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commission. The Honest Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Ancestors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boasted Lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a Mob of Tradesmen, or a Crowd of Rusticks, without hope of seeing them emerge again: Not unlike the old *Appian* Way, which after having run many Miles in Length, loses it self in a Bog.

'I lately made a Visit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Family Madness*. I found him in his Study perusing an old Register of his Family, which he had just then discover'd, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the Honour to have some of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to cast my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant; and asked my Advice in the Reforming of some of the superfluous Branches.

'We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Tradition, but were soon stopped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinsman's Heart go pit-a-pat. His Confusion increased when he found the Alderman's Father to be a Grasier; but he recovered his Fright upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occasionally over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived a Merchant-Tailor perched on a Bough, who was said greatly to have encreased the Estate: he was just a going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the Name of his Son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the Manors his honest Father had purchased. A Weaver, who was burnt for his Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without Mercy; as was likewise a Yeoman, who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But great was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was beheaded for High-Treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our Ancestors, who was hanged for stealing Sheep. The Expectations of my good Cousin were wonderfully raised by a Match into the Family of a Knight, but unfortunately for us this Branch proved Barren: On the other hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined round a Bough, it flourished out into so many Shoots, and bent with so much Fruit, that the old Gentleman was quite out of Countenance. To comfort me, under this Disgrace, he singled out a Branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and bad me be of good Comfort. This enormous Bough was a Graft out of a *Welsh* Heiress, with so many *Ap's* upon it that it might have made a little Grove by it self. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, which was chiefly composed of Labourers and Shepherds, arose a huge Sprout of Farmers; this was branched out into Yeomen; and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was Knighted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Address. Several of the Names that seemed to disparage the Family, being looked upon as Mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small Number appearing without any Titles, my Cousin, to supply the Defects of the Manuscript, added *Esq.*; at the End of each of them.

'This Tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within few Days, transplanted into a large

'Sheet of Vellum and placed in the great Hall, 'where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants 'every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his 'Worship is ready to go to Church; wondering 'that a Man who had so many Fathers before 'him, should not be made a [Knight,][1] or at least a 'Justice of the Peace.

No. 613.] FRIDAY, *October* 29, 1714. [

——*Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.*—Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one Man to engross the whole Talk to himself. For this Reason, since I keep three Visiting-Days in the Week, I am content now and then to let my Friends put in a Word. There are several Advantages hereby accruing both to my Readers and my self. As first, Young and modest Writers have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again, The Town enjoys the Pleasure of Variety; and Posterity will see the Humour of the present Age, by the help of these little Lights into private and domestick Life. The Benefits I receive from thence, are such as these: I gain more Time for future Speculations; pick up Hints which I improve for the publick Good; give Advice; redress Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces between the several Letters that I print, furnish out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Ostentation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was mightily pleased with your Speculation 'of *Friday*. Your Sentiments are Noble, and the 'whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot 'but strike upon every Reader. But give me 'leave to make this Remark: That while you 'write so Pathetically on Contentment, and a re- 'tired Life, you sooth the Passion of Melancholy, 'and depress the Mind from Actions truly Glorious. 'Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue: 'We therefore ought to be affected with them: 'And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with 'exterior Pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as 'truly Philosophical, to admire the glowing Ruby, 'or the sparkling Green of an Emerald, as the 'fainter and less permanent Beauties of a Rose or 'a Myrtle. If there are Men of extraordinary 'Capacities who lye concealed from the World, I 'should impute it to them as a Blot in their Cha- 'racter, did not I believe it owing to the Meanness 'of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cow- 'ley*, who tells the Story of *Aglaïs* with so much 'Pleasure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor insens- 'ible of Praise.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?

'was the Result of a laudable Ambition. It was 'not till after frequent Disappointments, that he 'termed himself the Melancholy *Cowley*; and he 'praised Solitude, when he despair'd of shining in 'a Court. The Soul of Man is an active Principle. 'He therefore, who withdraws himself from the 'Scene before he has play'd his Part, ought to be 'hissed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Vir- 'tuous, because he refuses to answer his End. I 'must own I am fired with an honest Ambition to 'imitate every illustrious Example. The Battles 'of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* have more than once 'made me wish my self a Soldier. And when I 'have seen those Actions so nobly celebrated by 'our Poets, I have secretly aspir'd to be one of 'that distinguished Class. But in vain I wish, in 'vain I pant with the Desire of Action. I am 'chained down in Obscurity, and the only Pleasure 'I can take is in seeing so many brighter Genius's 'join their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor 'of the Throne. Farewel then dear *Spec*, and 'believe me to be with great Emulation, and no 'Envy,

Your profess'd Admirer,
Will. Hopeless.

SIR, *Middle-Temple, October* 26, 1714.

'Tho' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the 'Subject of one or more of your Papers, I do not 'remember that you ever consider'd it as possessed 'by a Set of People, who are so far from making '*Quintilian's* Rules their Practice, that, I dare 'say for them, they never heard of such an Author, 'and yet are no less Masters of it than *Tully* or '*Demosthenes* among the Ancients, or whom you 'please amongst the Moderns. The Persons I am 'speaking of are our common Beggars about this 'Town; and that what I say is true, I appeal to 'any Man who has a Heart one Degree softer 'than a Stone. As for my part, who don't pre- 'tend to more Humanity than my Neighbours, I 'have oftentimes gone from my Chambers with 'Money in my Pocket, and returned to them not 'only Pennyless, but destitute of a Farthing, with- 'out bestowing of it any other way than on these 'seeming Objects of Pity. In short, I have seen 'more Eloquence in a *Look* from one of these 'despicable Creatures, than in the *Eye* of the 'fairest *She* I ever saw, yet no one is a greater 'Admirer of that Sex than my self. What I have 'to desire of you is, to lay down some Directions 'in order to guard against these powerful Orators, 'or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must 'my self be forced to leave the Profession of the 'Law, and endeavour to get the Qualifications 'necessary to that more profitable one of Begging. 'But in which soever of these two Capacities I 'shine, I shall always desire to be your constant 'Reader, and ever will be

Your most humble Servant
J. B.

SIR,

'Upon Reading a *Spectator* last Week, where 'Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* submitted the Choice of a 'Lover for Life to your decisive Determination, 'and imagining I might claim the Favour of your 'Advice in an Affair of the like, but much more 'difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink, in 'order to draw the Characters of Seven Humble 'Servants, whom I have equally encouraged for 'some time. But alas! while I was reflecting on 'the agreeable Subject, and contriving an advan- 'tageous Description of the dear Person I was 'most inclined to favour, I happened to look into 'my Glass. The sight of the Small-Pox, out of

[1] [Lord,]

'which I am just recovered, tormented me at once 'with the loss of my captivating Arts and my 'Captives. The Confusion I was in, on this un-'happy, unseasonable Discovery, is inexpressible. 'Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the 'Thoughts of your fair Correspondent's Case, and 'so intent on my own Design, that I fancied myself 'as Triumphant in my Conquests as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to Amuse 'my self on that pleasing Subject, I resolved to 'apply my self to you, or your Casuistical Agent, 'for Advice in my present Circumstances. I am 'sensible the Tincture of my Skin, and the Regu-'larity of my Features, which the Malice of my 'late Illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet 'don't despair, but that Loss, by your Assistance, 'may in some measure be reparable, if you'll 'please to propose a way for the Recovery of one 'only of my Fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular Manner 'beholden to me than the rest; he for some pri-'vate Reasons being desirous to be a Lover in-'cognito, always addressed me with *Billet-Doux*, 'which I was so careful of in my Sickness, that I 'secured the Key of my Love-Magazine under my 'Head, and hearing a noise of opening a Lock in 'my Chamber, indangered my Life by getting out 'of Bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the 'Discovery of that Amour.

'I have formerly made use of all those Artifices, 'which our Sex daily practises over yours, to draw, 'as it were undesignedly, the eyes of a whole 'Congregation to my Pew; I have taken a Pride 'in the number of Admirers at my Afternoon Le-'vée; but am now quite another Creature. I 'think, could I regain the attractive Influence I 'once had, if I had a Legion of Suitors, I should 'never be ambitious of Entertaining more than 'one. I have almost contracted an Antipathy to the 'trifling Discourses of Impertinent Lovers, though 'I must needs own, I have thought it very odd 'of late, to hear Gentlemen, instead of their usual 'Complacencies, fall into Disputes before me of 'Politicks, or else weary me with the tedious Repe-'tition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied 'with my Recovery out of so dangerous a Dis-'temper: This, though I am very sensible of the 'Blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such 'Advice from them rather seems to Insult than 'Comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I 'was; which melancholy Consideration I cannot 'yet perfectly surmount, but hope your Sentiments 'on this Head will make it supportable.

'To shew you what a Value I have for your 'Dictates, these are to certify the Persons con-'cern'd, that unless one of them returns to his 'Colours, (if I may so call them now) before the 'Winter is over, I'll voluntarily confine my self to 'a Retirement, where I'll punish them all with my 'Needle. I'll be reveng'd on them by deciphering 'them on a Carpet, humbly begging Admittance, 'my self scornfully refusing it: If you disapprove 'of this, as favouring too much of Malice, be pleased 'to acquaint me with a Draught you like better, 'and it shall be faithfully performed

By the Unfortunate
Monimia.

No. 614.] MONDAY, *November* 1, 1714. [

Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami, tedæque fuisset:
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.—Virg.

THE following Account hath been transmitted to me by the Love Casuist.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having, in some former Papers, taken Care of 'the two States of Virginity and Marriage, and 'being willing that all People should be served in 'their Turn; I this Day drew out my Drawer of 'Widows, where I met with several Cases, to each 'whereof I have returned satisfactory Answers by 'the Post. The Cases are as follow:

'*Q.* Whether *Amoret* be bound by a Promise 'of Marriage to *Philander*, made during her Hus-'band's Life?

'*Q.* Whether *Sempronia*, having faithfully 'given a Promise to two several Persons during 'the last Sickness of her Husband, is not thereby 'left at Liberty to chuse which of them she pleases, 'or to reject them both for the sake of a new 'Lover?

'*Cleora* asks me, Whether she be obliged to 'continue single, according to a Vow made to her 'Husband at the time of his presenting her with 'a Diamond Necklace; she being informed by a 'very pretty young Fellow of a good Conscience, 'that such Vows are in their Nature sinful?

'Another enquires, Whether she hath not the 'Right of Widowhood, to dispose of her self to a 'Gentleman of great Merit, who presses very hard; 'her Husband being irrecoverably gone in a Con-'sumption?

'An unreasonable Creature hath the Confidence 'to ask, Whether it be proper for her to marry a 'Man who is younger than her eldest Son?

'A scrupulous well-spoken Matron, who gives 'me a great many good Words, only doubts, 'Whether she is not obliged in Conscience to shut 'up her two marriageable Daughters, till such 'time as she hath comfortably disposed of her 'self?

'*Sophronia*, who seems by her Phrase and 'Spelling to be a Person of Condition, sets forth, 'That whereas she hath a great Estate, and is 'but a Woman, she desires to be informed, 'whether she would not do prudently to marry '*Camillus*, a very idle tall young Fellow, who 'hath no Fortune of his own, and consequently 'hath nothing else to do but to manage hers.

Before I speak of Widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a Widow is always more sought after, than an old Maid of the same Age. It is common enough among ordinary People, for a stale Virgin to set up a Shop in a Place where she is not known; where the large Thumb Ring, supposed to be given her by her Husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy Neighbour, who takes a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have overlooked the venerable Spinster.

The Truth of it is, if we look into this Sett of

Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumstances wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into those who raise Love, and those who raise Compassion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which consists chiefly the Glory of a Widow; The Love of her deceased Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third arising out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow possessed of all these three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime Character.

There is something so great and so generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the finest among our modern Tragedies in the Person of *Andromache;* and hath met with an universal and deserved Applause, when introduced upon our *English* Stage by Mr. *Philips*.

The most memorable Widow in History is Queen *Artemisia*, who not only erected the famous *Mausoleum*, but drank up the Ashes of her dead Lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler Monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

This last Lady seems to have had a better Title to a second Husband than any I have read of, since not one Dust of her First was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second Partner, till they had taken such a troublesome Method of losing the Memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable instance of the Delicacy of our Ancestors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell's* Interpreter. *At* East *and* West-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *if a Customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands*, dum sola & casta fuerit; *that is*, while she lives single and chaste; *but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate: Yet if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.[1]

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

The like Custom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonshire*, and other Parts of the *West*.

It is not impossible but I may in a little Time present you with a Register of *Berkshire* Ladies and other Western Dames, who rode publickly upon this Occasion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

[1] Frank Bank or Free bench are copyhold lands which the wife, being married a spinster, had after her husband's death for dower.

No. 615.] WEDNESDAY, *Nov.* 3, 1714. [

Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.—Hor.

IT must be owned that Fear is a very powerful Passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of Virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preservation, it is no Wonder it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of losing them; it is the Business of Religion and Philosophy to free us from all unnecessary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we consider the Painfulness of this Passion, and the violent Effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight Occasions. Some have frightened themselves into Madness, others have given up their Lives to these Apprehensions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis unâ Senem.

These Apprehensions, if they proceed from a Consciousness of Guilt, are the sad Warnings of Reason; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withstand him. We have this Passion sublimely represented in the Punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkness, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wisdom* ascribed to *Solomon*.

'For when unrighteous Men thought to oppress 'the holy Nation; they being shut up in their 'Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fetter'd 'with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled 'from the eternal Providence. For while they 'supposed to lye hid in their secret Sins, they 'were scattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with 'strange Apparitions——For Wickedness, con'demned by her own Witness, is very timorous, 'and being oppressed with Conscience, always 'forecasteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing 'else but a betraying of the Succours which 'Reason offereth——For the whole World shined 'with clear Light, and none were hindered in 'their Labour. Over them only was spread a 'heavy Night, an Image of that Darkness which 'should afterwards receive them; but yet were 'they unto themselves more grievous than the 'Darkness.[1]

To Fear, so justly grounded, no Remedy can

[1] Wisd. xvii. *passim.*

be proposed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Justice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of serious Reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly Passion) would do well to consider, That there is nothing which deserves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought strongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the Approbation of him, who will repay the Disgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpness is there in Pain and Diseases, when they only hasten us on to the Pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in Death, when we are assured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental Anxiety.

The Intrepidity of a just good Man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with superior Greatness smiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And Stand secure amidst a falling World.[1]

The Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human Scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little Circumstance intervening may spoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleasure, and understands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thousand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, disconcert the most subtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

In the next Place we should consider, though the Evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous State of Life without its Calamities, so there is no Adversity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not tasted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Misconstructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for some Time accustomed to these Pressures) are sensible of secret Flowings of Comfort, the present Reward of a pious Resignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Distance, but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreshing Springs, mixed with the Harshness and Deformities of Nature.

In the last Place, we may comfort our selves with this Consideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleased in his tender Severity, to separate the Soul from its Body and Miseries together.

If we look forward to him for Help, we shall never be in Danger of falling down those Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly destroy us.

[1] Horace, Bk III. Od. 3.

No. 616.] FRIDAY, *November* 5, 1714. [

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.
Martial.

CICERO hath observed, that a Jest is never uttered with a better Grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious Countenance. When a pleasant Thought plays in the Features, before it discovers it self in Words, it raises too great an Expectation, and loses the Advantage of giving Surprize. Wit and Humour are no less poorly recommended by a Levity of Phrase, and that kind of Language which may be distinguished by the Name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more strong, than when it is concealed in Gravity. True Humour lies in the Thought, and arises from the Representation of Images in odd Circumstances, and uncommon Lights. A pleasant Thought strikes us by the Force of its natural Beauty: and the Mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous Phraseology, which is so much in Fashion among the Pretenders to Humour and Pleasantry. This Tribe of Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Man a Wit, by putting him in a fantastick Habit.

Our little Burlesque Authors, who are the Delight of ordinary Readers, generally abound in these pert Phrases, which have in them more Vivacity than Wit.

I lately saw an Instance of this kind of Writing, which gave me so lively an Idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentleman who shew'd it to me. It is written by a Country Wit, upon the Occasion of the Rejoycings on the Day of the King's Coronation.

[*Past two a Clock and a frosty Morning.*[1]]

Dear Jack,

'I have just left the Right Worshipful and his

[1] [*Two in the Morning is the Word, old Boy.*]

'Myrmidons about a Sneaker of Five Gallons. 'The whole Magistracy was pretty well disguised 'before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the 'Alderman was half Seas over before the Bonfire 'was out. We had with us the Attorney, and two 'or three other bright Fellows. The Doctor plays 'least in Sight.

'At Nine a Clock in the Evening we set Fire to 'the Whore of *Babylon*. The Devil acted his 'Part to a Miracle. He has made his Fortune by 'it. We equip'd the young Dog with a Tester 'a-piece. Honest old *Brown* of *England* was 'very drunk, and showed his Loyalty to the Tune 'of a hundred Rockets. The Mob drank the 'King's Health, on their Marrow-bones, in Mother '*Day's* Double. They whip'd us half a dozen 'Hogsheads. Poor *Tom Tyler* had like to have 'been demolished with the End of a Sky-Rocket, 'that fell upon the Bridge of his Nose as he was 'drinking the King's Health, and spoiled his Tip. 'The Mob were very loyal 'till about Midnight, 'when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor. 'They had like to have dumfounded the Justice; 'but his Clerk came in to his Assistance and took 'them all down in Black and White.

'When I had been huzza'd out of my Seven 'Senses, I made a Visit to the Women, who were 'guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress 'clip'd the King's *English*. Clack was the 'Word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the 'Posse had his Hat cocked with a Distich: The 'Senators sent us down a Cargo of Ribbon and 'Metre for the Occasion.

'Sir *Richard*, to shew his Zeal for the Protest-'ant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel 'and a Ball. I peeped into the Knight's great 'Hall, and saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters. 'My dear Relict was amongst them, and ambled 'in a Country-Dance as notably as the best of '"em.

'May all his Majesty's liege Subjects love him 'as well as his good People of this his ancient 'Borough. Adieu.

No. 617.] MONDAY, *November* 8, 1714. [

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput abiatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat reparabilis adsonat Echo.
Persius.

THERE are two Extreams in the Stile of Humour, one of which consists in the Use of that little pert Phraseology which I took Notice of in my last Paper; the other in the Affectation of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched from the learned Languages. The first savours too much of the Town; the other of the College.

As nothing illustrates better than Example, I shall here present my Reader with a Letter of Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young Gentleman of the University to his Friend; on the same Occasion, and from the same Place, as the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator*.

Dear Chum,

'It is now the third Watch of the Night, the 'greatest Part of which I have spent round a 'capacious Bowl of *China*, filled with the choicest 'Products of both the *Indies*. I was placed at a 'quadrangular Table, diametrically opposite to the 'Mace-bearer. The Visage of that venerable 'Herald was, according to Custom, most glori-'ously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The 'Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of our Con-'stitution, began to totter; and if any one at the 'Board could have so far articulated, as to have 'demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor, 'the whole Assembly had been by this time ex-'tended under the Table.

'The Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was 'opened by the Obstreperous Joy of Drummers, 'who, with their Parchment Thunder, gave a 'signal for the Appearance of the Mob under their 'several Classes and Denominations. They were 'quickly joined by the melodious Clank of Mar-'row-bone and Cleaver, whilst a Chorus of Bells 'filled up the Consort. A Pyramid of Stack-'Faggots cheared the Hearts of the Populace with 'the Promise of a Blaze: The Guns had no sooner 'uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens were 'brightned with artificial Meteors, and Stars of 'our own making; and all the *High-street* lighted 'up from one End to another, with a Galaxy of 'Candles. We collected a Largess for the Multi-'tude, who tippled Eleemosynary till they grew 'exceeding Vociferous. There was a Paste-board 'Pontiff with a little swarthy Dæmon at his Elbow, 'who, by his diabolical Whispers and Insinuations 'tempted his Holiness into the Fire, and then left 'him to shift for himself. The Mobile were very 'sarcastick with their Clubs, and gave the old 'Gentleman several Thumps upon his triple Head-'piece. *Tom Tyler's* Phiz is something damaged 'by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath almost 'spoiled the Gnomon of his Countenance. The 'Mirth of the Commons grew so very outragious, 'that it found Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*, 'who, by the help of his *Amanuensis*, took down 'all their Names and their Crimes, with a Design 'to produce his Manuscript at the next Quarter-'Sessions, &c. &c. &c.

I shall subjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Letter, the following Copy of Verses translated from an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers. The Subject is an Accident that happened under the Reign of Pope *Leo*, when a Firework, that had been prepared upon the Castle of St. *Angelo*, begun to play before its Time, being kindled by a Flash of Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem [1] in the same kind of Style, as that I have already exemplified in Prose. Every Line in it is a Riddle, and the Reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the *Cynick's* Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Cast-coat a *Hogs-head*, &c.

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, *all the Day,*
An Argus *now did countless Eyes display;*

[1] Translated from the Latin in Strada's Prolusions.

In ev'ry Window Rome *her Joy declares,*
All bright, and studded with terrestrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Lustre shines,
The Cynick's *rowling Tenement conspires,*
With Bacchus *his Cast-coat, to feed the Fires.*

The Pile, still big with undiscover'd Shows,
The Tuscan *Pile did last its Freight disclose,*
Where the proud Tops of Rome's *new* Ætna *rise,*
Whence Giants sally, and invade the Skies.

Whilst now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thousand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony;
In treble Notes the small Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Bass.
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail sighs in Flames to Heav'n.

The Clouds involop'd Heav'n from Human Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out ev'ry Light;
Now Real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in disdainful Murmurs Rome *defies;*
Nor doth its answer'd Challenge Rome *decline;*
But whilst both Parties in full Consort join,
While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals resound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Sense confound;
Whether the Claps of Thunderbolts they hear,
Or else the Burst of Canon wounds their Ear;
Whether Clouds raged by struggling Metals rent,
Or struggling Clouds in Roman *Metals pent.*
But O, my Muse, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell.

Tall Groves of Trees the Hadrian *Tow'r surround,*
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd,
These know no Spring, but when their Bodies sprout
In Fire, and shoot their gilded Blossoms out;
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies spread.
Whilst real Thunder splits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vast Cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd Tongue amidst the Rupture lolls,
Then drops and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thousand Thunderbolts for one returns.
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,
Bright Spears and shining Spear-men mount on high,
Flash in the Clouds, and glitter in the Sky.
A Seven-fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted Weapons send;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their sulph'rous Souls, and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous Show,
While Heav'n, that sate Spectator still 'till now,
It self turn'd Actor, proud to Pleasure you.
And so 'tis fit, when Leo's *Fires appear,*
That Heav'n it self should turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n it self should all its Wonders show,
And Orbs above consent with Orbs below.

No. 618.] WEDNESDAY, *Nov.* 10, 1714. [

——Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque siquis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU having, in your two last *Spectators*, 'given the Town a couple of Remarkable 'Letters, in very different Styles: I take this 'Opportunity to offer to you some Remarks upon 'the *Epistolary* way of writing in Verse. This 'is a *Species* of Poetry by it self; and has not so 'much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of 'Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands: 'Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation, been 'so much cultivated, as the other several Kinds 'of Poesie. A Man of *Genius* may, if he pleases, 'write Letters in Verse upon all manner of Sub'jects, that are capable of being embellished with 'Wit and Language, and may render them new 'and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to 'them. But in speaking, at present, of *Epistolary Poetry*, I would be understood to mean 'only such Writings in this Kind, as have been 'in Use amongst the Ancients, and have been 'copied from them by some Moderns. These 'may be reduced into two *Classes:* In the one I 'shall range Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship, 'and Letters upon mournful Occasions: In the 'other I shall place such Epistles in Verse, as may 'properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral; 'to which may be added Letters of Mirth and 'Humour. *Ovid* for the first, and *Horace* for 'the Latter, are the best Originals we have left.

'He that is ambitious of succeeding in the 'Ovidian way, should first examine his Heart 'well, and feel whether his Passions (especially 'those of the gentler Kind) play easie, since it is 'not his Wit, but the Delicacy and Tenderness 'of his Sentiments, that will affect his Readers. 'His Versification likewise should be soft, and all 'his Numbers flowing and querulous.

'The Qualifications requisite for writing Epis'tles, after the Model given us by *Horace*, are of 'a quite different Nature. He that would excel 'in this kind must have a good Fund of strong 'Masculine Sense: To this there must be joined 'a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, together 'with an Insight into the Business, and the pre'vailing Humours of the Age. Our Author must 'have his Mind well seasoned with the finest Pre'cepts of Morality, and be filled with nice Re'flections upon the bright and the dark sides of 'human Life: He must be a Master of refined 'Raillery, and understand the Delicacies, as well 'as the Absurdities of Conversation. He must 'have a lively Turn of Wit, with an easie and 'concise manner of Expression; Every thing he 'says, must be in a free and disengaged manner. 'He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the

'Air of a Recluse, but appear a Man of the 'World throughout. His Illustrations, his Com-'parisons, and the greatest part of his Images 'must be drawn from common Life. Strokes of 'Satyr and Criticism, as well as Panegyrick, 'judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) 'give a wonderful Life and Ornament to Com-'positions of this kind. But let our Poet, while 'he writes Epistles, though never so familiar, 'still remember that he writes in Verse, and must 'for that reason have a more than ordinary care 'not to fall into Prose, and a vulgar Diction, ex-'cepting where the Nature and Humour of the 'Thing does necessarily require it. In this Point '*Horace* hath been thought by some Criticks to 'be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent 'of his Versification; of which he seems to have 'been sensible himself.

'All I have to add is, that both these Manners 'of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their 'Way, as any other Species of Poetry, if under-'taken by Persons duly qualify'd; and the latter 'sort may be managed so as to become in a pecu-'liar manner Instructive. *I am, &c.*

I shall add an Observation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correspondent, and, in the First place, take Notice, that Subjects of the most sublime Nature are often treated in the Epistolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epistle of *Horace* to *Augustus*. The Poet surprizes us with his Pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by Design: He appears like the Visit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of Inspiration; it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Stile of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epistolary Poem, just published by Mr. *Eusden* on the King's Accession to the Throne: Wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may see this Rule very happily observed.

No. 619.] FRIDAY, *Nov.* 12, 1714. [

——dura
Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.
Virg.

I HAVE often thought, that if the several Letters, which are written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection. The Variety of the Subjects, Styles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, insensibly along, through a great many Pages. I know some Authors, who would pick up a *Secret History* out of such Materials, and make a Bookseller an Alderman by the Copy.[1] I shall therefore carefully preserve the Original Papers in a Room set apart for that Purpose, to the end that they may be of Service to Posterity; but shall at present content my self, with owning the Receipt of several Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Answer.

CHARISSA, whose Letter is dated from *Cornhill*, desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers. *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Answer.*

J. C. who proposes a Love-Case, as he calls it, to the Love-Casuist, is hereby desir'd to speak of it to the Minister of the Parish; it being a Case of Conscience.

The poor young Lady, whose Letter is dated *October* 26, who complains of a harsh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The Petition of a certain Gentleman, whose Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is referred to *the Censor of small Wares.*

The Remonstrance of *T. C.* against the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, *&c.* had better be offer'd to *the Society of Reformers.*

A learned and laborious Treatise upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

To the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who desires me to insert a Copy of *Latin* Verses which were denied a Place in the University Book. Answer. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

To my learned Correspondent who writes against Master's Gowns, and Poke Sleeves, with a Word in Defence of large Scarves. Answer. *I resolve not to raise Animosities amongst the Clergy.*

To the Lady, who writes with Rage against one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party Warmth. Answer. *Is not the Lady she writes against reckoned Handsome?*

I desire *Tom Truelove*, (who sends me a Sonnet upon his Mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in Love.

I shall answer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whispering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*

Let Mr. *Dapperwit* consider, *What is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

At the earnest Desire of *Monimia's* Lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The Faithful* Castalio.

The Petition of *Charles Cocksure*, which the Petitioner styles *very reasonable*——*Rejected.*

The Memorial of *Philander*, which he desires may be dispatched out of Hand, *Postponed.*

I desire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expression *under the Sun* so often in his next Letter.

The Letter of *P. S.* who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

[1] Charles Lillie published, in 1725, 'Original and 'Genuine Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* 'during the time those Works were publishing, 'none of which have been before printed.'

No. 620.] MONDAY, *Nov.* 15, 1714. [*Tickell.*

Hic Vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.—Virg.

HAVING lately presented my Reader with a Copy of Verses full of the False Sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True: Though it hath not yet been published, the judicious Reader will readily discern it to be the Work of a Master: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Prospect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loss to guess at the Author.

[The ROYAL PROGRESS.]

When BRUNSWICK *first appear'd, each honest Heart,*
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of Art;
For him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, *and dethron'd the Gods,*
In Golden Chains the Kings of India *led,*
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's *Head.*
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan *Strain,*
With Nymphs *and* Tritons, *wafts him o'er the Main;*
Another draws fierce Lucifer *in Arms,*
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes some Druid, *to foretel*
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell.
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My [*Muse th' expected*[1]] *Hero shall pursue*
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View:
His shining March describe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.

By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;
With secret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And Britain's *Crown with joyless Lustre shines,*
While Prayers and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.
Not so he march'd, when Hostile Squadrons stood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courser paw'd th' Hungarian *Plain,*
And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.
His Frontiers past, the Belgian *Bounds he views,*
And cross the level Fields his March pursues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the Thirst of boundless Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy he spies
Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind supplies,
And cloathes the Marshes in a rich Disguise.

Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy Gifts, Celestial Liberty!

Through stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Heroe with insatiate Eyes.

In Haga's *Towers he waits, 'till Eastern Gales*
Propitious rise to swell the British *Sails.*
Hither the Fame of England's *Monarch brings*
The Vows and Friendships of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wisdom, his extensive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'rests of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,
Secure in him, O Europe *take thy Rest;*
Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps *their new-made Monarch shall restrain,*
Nor shall thy Hills, Pirene, *rise in vain.*

But see! to Britain's *Isle the Squadrons stand,*
And leave the sinking Towers, and lessening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vast Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thousand Vessels, from ten thousand Shores,
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India's *Stores:*
Behold the Tributes hastening to thy Throne,
And see the wide Horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful Crew
Hail Albion's *Cliffs, just whitening to the View.*
Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,
'Till Thames *receives them in his opening Tide.*
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarse-resounding Main.

As in the Flood he sails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;
A various Scene the wide-spread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Enclosures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Pasture fills,
And distant Flocks stray o'er a thousand Hills.
Fair Greenwich *hid in Woods, with new Delight,*
(Shade above Shade) now rises to the Sight:
His Woods ordain'd to visit every Shore,
And guard the Island which they graced before.

The Sun now rowling down the Western Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Less thick the finny Shoals, a countless Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vast Shout he seeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King desir'd, adopted Albion *cries.*
For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous Breeze,

[1] [*artless Muse the*]

Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas.
Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes;
That joyful Day they lost each Hostile Name,
The same their Aspect, and their Voice the same.

So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd
At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire.

From that fair Hill, where hoary Sages boast
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Host,
By the next Dawn doth great Augusta *rise,*
Proud Town! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames *her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,*
And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand
A Line of Golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's *Peers in Pomp and rich Array,*
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathless Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From East to West [burns through[1]*] th' ethereal Frame,*
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's *Glories in his Thought;*
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful and restores the Brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng
Select to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. *To thy capacious Mind,*
O Man approv'd, is Britain's *Wealth consign'd.*
Her Coin (while Nassau *fought) debas'd and rude,*
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An Arduous Work! again thy Charge we see,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and please,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease:
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on Arts thy self did once adorn:
For this thy Name succeeding Time shall praise,
And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And sing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright Carolina's *heavenly Beauties trace,*
Her valiant Consort, *and his blooming Race.*
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion's *ravish'd Eyes;*
Who sees by Brunswick's *Hand her Sceptre sway'd,*
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.

[1] *[he burns]*

No. 621.] WEDNESDAY, *November* 17, 1714. [

——— postquam se lumine puro
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur et Astra
Fixa Polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria ——— Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it some Observations out of the common Road, I shall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The common Topicks against the Pride of 'Man which are laboured by florid and declamatory Writers, are taken from the Baseness of his 'Original, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the 'short Duration of those Goods in which he makes 'his Boast. Though it be true that we can have 'nothing in us that ought to raise our Vanity, yet a 'Consciousness of our own Merit may be sometimes laudable. The Folly therefore lyes here: 'We are apt to pride our selves in worthless, or 'perhaps shameful Things; and, on the other 'hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest 'Glory.

'Hence it is, that the Lovers of Praise take 'wrong Measures to attain it. Would a vain Man 'consult his own Heart, he would find that if others 'knew his Weaknesses as well as he himself doth, 'he could not have the Impudence to expect the 'publick Esteem. Pride therefore flows from 'want of Reflection, and Ignorance of our selves. 'Knowledge and Humility come upon us together.

'The proper way to make an Estimate of our 'selves, is to consider seriously what it is we value 'or despise in others. A Man who boasts of the 'Goods of Fortune, a gay Dress or a new Title, is 'generally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought 'therefore not to admire in our selves, what we 'are so ready to laugh at in other Men.

'Much less can we with Reason pride our selves 'in those things, which at some time of our Life 'we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will 'give our selves the Trouble of looking backward 'and forward on the several Changes, which we 'have already undergone and hereafter must try, 'we shall find that the greater Degrees of our 'Knowledge and Wisdom, serve only to shew us 'our own Imperfections.

'As we rise from Childhood to Youth, we look 'with Contempt on the Toys and Trifles which 'our Hearts have hitherto been set upon. When 'we advance to Manhood, we are held wise in 'proportion to our Shame and Regret for the 'Rashness and Extravagance of Youth. Old Age 'fills us with mortifying Reflections upon a Life, 'mis-spent in the Pursuit of anxious Wealth or 'uncertain Honour. Agreeable to this Gradation 'of Thought in this Life, it may be reasonably 'supposed, that in a future State, the Wisdom, 'the Experience, and the Maxims of old Age, will 'be looked upon by a separate Spirit in much the 'same Light, as an ancient Man now sees the little 'Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the 'Honours, the Policies, and Arts of mortal Men, 'will be thought as trifling as Hobby-Horses, 'Mock Battles, or any other Sports that now em-

'ploy all the Cunning, and Strength, and Ambition 'of rational Beings from four Years old to nine or 'ten.

'If the Notion of a gradual Rise in Beings, 'from the meanest to the most High, be not a 'vain Imagination, it is not improbable that an 'Angel looks down upon a Man, as a Man doth 'upon a Creature which approaches the nearest to 'the rational Nature. By the same Rule (if I 'may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) a su-'perior Brute looks with a kind of Pride on one of 'an inferior Species. If they could reflect, we 'might imagine from the Gestures of some of 'them, that they think themselves the Soveraigns 'of the World, and that all things were made for 'them. Such a Thought would not be more ab-'surd in Brute Creatures, than one which Men 'are apt to entertain, namely, That all the Stars 'in the Firmament were created only to please 'their Eyes and amuse their Imaginations. Mr. '*Dryden*, in his Fable of the *Cock and the Fox*, 'makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, which is 'a pretty Instance for this Purpose,

Then turning, said to Partlet, *See, my Dear,*
How lavish Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose and the Violet spring,
And Birds essay their Throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours, and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me.

'What I would observe from the Whole is this, 'That we ought to value our selves upon those 'Things only which superior Beings think valuable, 'since that is the only way for us not to sink in 'our own Esteem hereafter.

No. 622.] FRIDAY, *November* 19, 1714. [

—*Fallentis Semita Vitæ.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN a former Speculation you have observed, 'that true Greatness doth not consist in that 'Pomp and Noise wherein the Generality of Man-'kind are apt to place it. You have there taken 'Notice, that Virtue in Obscurity often appears 'more illustrious in the Eye of superior Beings, 'than all that passes for Grandeur and Magnifi-'cence among Men.

'When we look back upon the History of those 'who have born the Parts of Kings, Statesmen, or 'Commanders, they appear to us stripped of those 'out-side Ornaments that dazzled their Contem-'poraries; and we regard their Persons as great 'or little, in Proportion to the Eminence of their 'Virtues or Vices. The wise Sayings, generous 'Sentiments, or disinterested Conduct of a Philo-'sopher under mean Circumstances of Life, set 'him higher in our Esteem than the mighty Po-'tentates of the Earth, when we view them both 'through the long Prospect of many Ages. Were 'the Memoirs of an obscure Man, who lived up 'to the Dignity of his Nature, and according to 'the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before us, we 'should find nothing in such a Character which 'might not set him on a Level with Men of the 'highest Stations. The following Extract out of 'the private Papers of an honest Country-Gentle-'man will set this Matter in a clear Light. Your 'Reader will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of 'him from these Actions done in Secret, and 'without a Witness, than of those which have 'drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

"In my 22d Year I found a violent Affection "for my Cousin *Charles*'s Wife growing upon me, "wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had "not upon that Account begun my Travels into "foreign Countries.

"A little after my Return into *England*, at a "private Meeting with my Uncle *Francis*, I re-"fused the Offer of his Estate, and prevailed "upon him not to disinherit his Son *Ned*.

"*Mem.* Never to tell this to *Ned*, lest he should "think hardly of his deceased Father; though "he continues to speak ill of me for this very "Reason.

"Prevented a scandalous Law-suit betwixt my "Nephew *Harry* and his Mother, by allowing "her under-hand, out of my own Pocket, so much "Money yearly as the Dispute was about.

"Procured a Benefice for a young Divine, who "is Sister's Son to the good Man who was my "Tutor, and hath been dead Twenty Years.

"Gave Ten Pounds to poor Mrs. —— , my "Friend *H*——'s Widow.

"*Mem.* To retrench one Dish at my Table, till "I have fetched it up again.

"*Mem.* To repair my House and finish my "Gardens in order to employ poor People after "Harvest-time.

"Ordered *John* to let out Goodman *D*——'s "Sheep that were pounded, by Night: but not "to let his Fellow-Servants know it.

"Prevailed upon *M. T.* Esq., not to take the "Law of the Farmer's Son for shooting a Partridge, "and to give him his Gun again.

"Paid the Apothecary for curing an old Woman "that confessed her self a Witch.

"Gave away my favourite Dog for biting a "Beggar.

"Made the Minister of the Parish and a *Whig* "Justice of one Mind, by putting them upon ex-"plaining their Notions to one another.

"*Mem.* To turn off *Peter* for shooting a Doe "while she was eating Acorns out of his Hand.

"When my Neighbour *John*, who hath often "injured me, comes to make his Request to Mor-"row:

"*Mem.* I have forgiven him.

"Laid up my Chariot and sold my Horses, to "relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn.

"In the same Year remitted to my Tenants a "Fifth Part of their Rents.

"As I was airing to-day, I fell into a Thought "that warmed my Heart, and shall, I hope, be "the better for it as long as I live.

"*Mem.* To charge my Son in private to erect "no Monument for me; but not to put this in my "last Will.

No. 623.] MONDAY, *Nov.* 22, 1714. [*Addison.*[1]

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primos qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.
Virg.

I AM obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Casuist*,[2] for the following Curious Piece of Antiquity, which I shall communicate to the Publick in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You may remember, that I lately transmitted 'to you an Account of an ancient Custom, in the 'Manors of East *and* West-Enborne, *in the 'County of* Berks, *and elsewhere. If a Custom-'ary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what 'the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-'hold Lands*, dum sola et casta fuerit, *that is*, 'while she lives single and chaste; *but if she 'commits Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate; 'Yet if she will come into the Court riding back-'ward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her 'Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward 'is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her 'Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

'After having informed you that my Lord *Coke* 'observes, that this is the most frail and slippery 'Tenure of any in *England*, I shall tell you, since 'the Writing of that Letter, I have, according to 'my Promise, been at great Pains in searching 'out the Records of the *Black Ram*; and have 'at last met with the Proceedings of the Court-'Baron, held in that Behalf, for the Space of a 'whole Day. The Record saith, that a strict In-'quisition having been made into the Right of the 'Tenants to their several Estates, by a crafty old 'Steward, he found that many of the Lands of 'the Manor were, by default of the several 'Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly 'would have enter'd on the Premises: Upon 'which the good Women demanded the *Benefit 'of the Ram*. The Steward, after having perused 'their several Pleas, adjourn'd the Court to *Bar-'naby-bright*,[3] that they might have Day enough 'before them.

'The Court being set, and filled with a great 'Concourse of People, who came from all Parts 'to see the Solemnity, the first who entered was 'the Widow *Frontly*, who had made her Appear-'ance in the last Year's Cavalcade. The Register 'observes, that finding it an easy Pad-Ram, and 'foreseeing she might have further Occasion for 'it, she purchased it of the Steward.

'Mrs. *Sarah Dainty*, Relict of Mr. *John 'Dainty*, (who was the greatest Prude in the 'Parish) came next in the Procession. She at 'first made some Difficulty of taking the Tail in 'her Hand; and was observed in pronouncing 'the Form of Penance, to soften the two most 'emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancum:* But 'the Steward took care to make her speak plain '*English* before he would *let her have her Land 'again.*

'The third Widow that was *brought to this 'worldly Shame*, being mounted upon a vicious 'Ram, had the Misfortune to be thrown by him; 'upon which she hoped to be excused from going 'thro' the rest of the Ceremony: But the Steward 'being well versed in the Law, observed very 'wisely upon this Occasion, that the breaking of 'the Rope does not hinder the Execution of the 'Criminal.

'The fourth Lady upon Record was the Widow *'Ogle*, a famous Coquette, who had kept half a 'Score young Fellows off and on for the Space of 'two Years; but having been more kind to her 'Carter *John*, she was introduced with the Huzza's 'of all her Lovers about her.

'Mrs. *Sable* appearing in her Weeds, which 'were very new and fresh, and of the same Colour 'with her whimsical *Palfrey*, made a very decent 'Figure in the Solemnity.

'Another, who had been summoned to make 'her Appearance, was excused by the Steward, 'as well knowing in his Heart, that the good 'Squire himself had qualified her for the Ram.

'Mrs. *Quick* having nothing to object against 'the Indictment, pleaded her Belly. But it was 'remembred that she made the same Excuse the 'Year before. Upon which the Steward observ'd, 'that she might so contrive it, as never to do the 'Service of the Manor.

'The Widow *Fidget* being cited into Court, 'insisted that she had done no more since the 'Death of her Husband, than what she used to 'do in his Life-time; and withal desir'd Mr. 'Steward to consider his own Wife's Case, if he 'should chance to die before her.

'The next in order was a Dowager of a very 'corpulent Make, who would have been excused 'as not finding any Ram that was able to carry 'her; upon which the Steward commuted her 'Punishment, and ordered her to make her Entry 'upon a black Ox.

'The Widow *Maskwell*, a Woman who had 'long lived with a most unblemished Character, 'having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a 'Pet, was by that revengeful Creature brought in 'upon the black Ram Nine times the same Day.

'Several Widows of the Neighbourhood, being 'brought upon their Tryal, they shewed that they 'did not hold of the Manor, and were discharged 'accordingly.

[1] See note to No. 608.
[2] See Nos. 591, 602, 605, 614, and 625.
[3] Then the 11th, now the 22nd of June, longest day of the year.

'A pretty young Creature who closed the Pro-'cession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an 'Air, that the Steward was observ'd to cast a 'Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a 'Month after the Death of his Wife.

'*N. B.* Mrs. *Touchwood* appeared, according 'to Summons, but had nothing laid to her Charge; 'having liv'd irreproachably since the Decease of 'her Husband, who left her a Widow in the 'Sixty-ninth Year of her Age.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 624.] WEDNESDAY, *Nov.* 24, 1714. [

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore
Quisquis luxuria——— Hor.

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the Busie and the Idle. The Busie World may be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious. The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious, and the Sensual. The idle Part of Mankind are in a State inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such Means, as shall be proposed to them for that End. The Idle, who are neither wise for this World, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. *Tillotson, Fools at large.* They propose to themselves no End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the Pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless Tribe with a long Harangue; but will leave them with this short Saying of *Plato*, that *Labour is preferable to Idleness, as Brightness to Rust.*

The Pursuits of the Active Part of Mankind, are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue; or, on the other Hand, in the Roads to Wealth, Honours or Pleasure. I shall therefore compare the Pursuits of Avarice, Ambition and sensual Delight, with their opposite Virtues; and shall consider which of these Principles engages Men in a Course of the greatest Labour, Suffering and Assiduity. Most Men, in their cool Reasonings, are willing to allow that a Course of Virtue will in the End be rewarded the most amply; but represent the Way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men struggle through as many Troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my Readers may perhaps be perswaded to be Good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for Avarice. The Miser is more Industrious than the Saint: The Pains of getting, the Fears of losing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth, have been the Mark of Satyr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they would make so many different *Christian* Graces and Virtues. He may apply to himself a great Part of St. *Paul*'s Catalogue of Sufferings. *In journeying often; in Perils of Water, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils among false Brethren. In Weariness and Pain, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings often,*——— At how much less Expence might he *lay up to himself Treasures in Heaven*; or if I may, in this Place, be allowed to add the Saying of a great Philosopher, he may *provide such Possessions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor* Jove *himself.*

In the second Place, if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the same Light as we have considered those of Avarice, we shall readily own that far less Trouble is requisite to gain lasting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years; or, in other Words, we may with more Ease deserve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man should remember Cardinal *Woolsey*'s Complaint. 'Had I served God, with the same 'Application, wherewith I served my King, he 'would not have forsaken me in my old Age.' The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the specious Pretence of *serving his King*: Whereas his Words in the proper Construction, imply, that if instead of being acted by Ambition, he had been acted by Religion, he should have now felt the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its Back upon him.

Thirdly, Let us compare the Pains of the Sensual, with those of the Virtuous, and see which are heavier in the Balance. It may seem strange, at the first View, that the Men of Pleasure should be advised to change their Course, because they lead a painful Life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of Delight; under so many Disquiets, and the Sport of such various Passions; let them answer, as they can, if the Pains they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infidelities on the one Part between the two Sexes, and the Caprices on the other, the Debasement of Reason, the Pangs of Expectation, the Disappointments in Possession, the Stings of Remorse, the Vanities and Vexations attending even the most refined Delights that make up this Business of Life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The Sum of all is this. Man is made an active Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is sure to meet with many Difficulties to prove his Patience, and excite his Industry. The same if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wisdom: And he hath this easie Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Master of, he will purchase Happiness or Repentance.

No. 625.] FRIDAY, *Nov.* 26, 1714. [

———*amores*
A tenero meditatur Ungui.—Hor.

THE *Love Casuist* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Answers to each Question, for my Approbation. I

have accordingly consider'd the several Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Answers, and require the gentle Querist to conform her self thereunto.

SIR,

'I was Thirteen the Ninth of *November* last, 'and must now begin to think of settling my self 'in the World, and so I would humbly beg your 'Advice, what I must do with Mr. *Fondle*, who 'makes his Addresses to me. He is a very pretty 'Man, and hath the blackest Eyes and whitest 'Teeth you ever saw, Though he is but a 'younger Brother, he dresses like a Man of 'Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like 'him. I know he hath refused great Offers, and 'if he cannot Marry me, he will never have any 'Body else. But my Father hath forbid him the 'House, because he sent me a Copy of Verses; 'for he is one of the greatest Wits in Town. My 'eldest Sister, who, with her good Will, would 'call me *Miss* as long as I live, must be married 'before me, they say. She tells them, that Mr. '*Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will spoil the 'Child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as 'she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. '*Fondle*, if it be but to spite her. But because I 'would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you 'to give me your Answers to some Questions I 'will write down, and desire you to get them 'printed in the SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt 'but you will give such Advice, as, I am sure, I 'shall follow.

'When Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me for half an 'Hour together, and calls me *Angel*, is he not in 'Love?

Answer, *No.*

'May not I be certain he will be a kind Hus- 'band, that has promised me half my Portion in 'Pin-money, and to keep me a Coach and Six in 'the Bargain.

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with 'him this whole Year almost, am not a better 'Judge of his Merit, than my Father and Mo- 'ther, who never heard him talk, but at Table?

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to chuse for my 'self?

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me 'to refuse a Lock of his Hair?

No.

'Shou'd not I be a very barbarous Creature, if 'I did not pity a Man that is always Sighing for 'my Sake?

No.

'Whether you would not advise me to run 'away with the poor Man?

No.

'Whether you do not think, that if I won't 'have him, he won't drown himself?

No.

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks 'me if I will marry him?

No.

The following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Answer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I wonder that in the present Situation of 'Affairs, you can take Pleasure in writing any 'thing but News; for, in a Word, who minds any 'thing else? The Pleasure of increasing in 'Knowledge, and learning something new every 'Hour of Life, is the noblest Entertainment of a 'Rational Creature. I have a very good Ear for 'a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative 'Temper; by which Means I am capable of 'doing you great Services in this way. In order 'to make my self useful, I am early in the Anti- 'chamber, where I thrust my Head into the thick 'of the Press, and catch the News, at the open- 'ing of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes I 'stand by the Beef-Eaters, and take the Buz as 'it passes by me. At other times I lay my Ear 'close to the Wall, and suck in many a valuable 'Whisper, as it runs in a streight Line from Cor- 'ner to Corner. When I am weary with stand- 'ing, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee- 'houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole Day, 'and have the News as it comes from Court fresh 'and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no Pains to 'know how the World goes. A Piece of News 'loses its Flavour when it hath been an Hour in 'the Air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it 'fresh from the Tree; and to convey it to my 'Friends before it is faded. Accordingly my Ex- 'pences in Coach-hire make no small Article; 'which you may believe, when I assure you, that 'I post away from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, 'and forestall the *Evening-Post* by two Hours. 'There is a certain Gentleman who hath given me 'the slip twice or thrice, and hath been before- 'hand with me at *Child*'s. But I have play'd him 'a Trick. I have purchas'd a pair of the best 'Coach-horses I could buy for Money, and now 'let him out-strip me if he can. Once more, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in News. 'You may depend upon my Assistance. But I 'must break off abruptly, for I have twenty Let- 'ters to write.

Yours in haste,
Tho. Quid-nunc.

No. 626.] MONDAY, *Nov.* 29, 1714. [*Henry Grove.*

——Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.
Ov. Met. l. 1.

I HAVE seen a little Work of a learned Man,[1] consisting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the most trifling Occurrences of Life. His usual Method was, to write down any sudden Start of Thought which arose in his

[1] Meditations, &c., by the Hon. Robert Boyle.

Mind upon the sight of an odd Gesticulation in a Man, any whimsical Mimickry of Reason in a Beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the visible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-Box, would flourish eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuse, for my ingenious Correspondent, who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When I have seen young Puss playing her 'wanton Gambols, and with a thousand antick 'Shapes express her own Gayety at the same time 'that she moved mine, while the old Grannum 'hath sat by with a most exemplary Gravity, un-'mov'd at all that past; it hath made me reflect 'what should be the occasion of Humours so 'opposite in two Creatures, between whom there 'was no visible Difference but that of Age; and 'I have been able to resolve it into nothing else 'but *the Force of Novelty*.

'In every Species of Creatures, those who have 'been least Time in the World, appear best pleased 'with their Condition: For, besides that to a new 'Comer the World hath a Freshness on it that 'strikes the Sense after a most agreeable Manner, '*Being* it self, unattended with any great Variety 'of Enjoyments, excites a Sensation of Pleasure. 'But as Age advances, every thing seems to 'wither, the Senses are disgusted with their old 'Entertainments, and Existence turns flat and 'insipid. We may see this exemplified in Man-'kind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and 'gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with 'the smallest Trifle. Nothing disturbs the Mirth 'of the Boy, but a little Punishment or Confine-'ment. The Youth must have more violent 'Pleasures to employ his Time; the Man loves 'the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Pur-'suits of Wealth or Ambition; and Lastly, old 'Age, having lost its Capacity for these Avoca-'tions, becomes its own insupportable Burthen. 'This Variety may in part be accounted for by 'the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I 'believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer 'we have been in Possession of Being, the less 'sensible is the Gust we have of it; and the more 'it requires of adventitious Amusements to re-'lieve us from the Satiety and Weariness it brings 'along with it.

'And as Novelty is of a very powerful, so of a 'most extensive influence. Moralists have long 'since observed it to be the Source of Admiration, 'which lessens in proportion to our Familiarity 'with Objects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance 'is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not 'been so commonly remarked, that all the other 'Passions depend considerably on the same Cir-'cumstance. What is it but Novelty that awakens 'Desire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, pro-'vokes Envy, inspires Horror? To this Cause we 'must ascribe it, that Love languishes with 'Fruition, and Friendship it self is recommended 'by Intervals of Absence: Hence Monsters, by 'use, are beheld without loathing, and the most 'enchanting Beauty without Rapture. That 'Emotion of the Spirits in which Passion consists, 'is usually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as 'it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagree-'able Qualities of its Object; but as this Emotion 'ceases (and it ceases with the Novelty) things 'appear in another Light, and affects us even less 'than might be expected from their proper Energy, 'for having moved us too much before.

'It may not be an useless Enquiry how far the 'Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of 'Nature, and in what Respects it is peculiarly 'adapted to the present State. To me it seems 'impossible, that a reasonable Creature should 'rest absolutely satisfied in any Acquisitions what-'ever, without endeavouring farther; for after its 'highest Improvements, the Mind hath an Idea of 'an Infinity of things still behind worth knowing, 'to the Knowledge of which therefore it cannot be 'indifferent; as by climbing up a Hill in the midst 'of a wide Plain, a Man hath his Prospect en-'larged, and, together with that, the Bounds of 'his Desires. Upon this Account, I cannot think 'he detracts from the State of the Blessed, who 'conceives them to be perpetually employed in 'fresh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity ad-'vancing into the fathomless Depths of the Divine 'Perfections. In this Thought there is nothing 'but what doth Honour to these glorified Spirits; 'provided still it be remembred, that their Desire 'of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what 'they possess; and the Pleasure of a new Enjoy-'ment is not with them measured by its Novelty '(which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) 'but by its real intrinsick Value. After an Ac-'quaintance of many thousand Years with the 'Works of God, the Beauty and Magnificence of 'the Creation fills them with the same pleasing 'Wonder and profound Awe, which *Adam* felt 'himself seized with as he first opened his Eyes 'upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates with 'unborrowed Charms, and whatever hath once 'given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which 'they have manifestly the Advantage of us, who 'are so much govern'd by sickly and changeable 'Appetites, that we can with the greatest Coldness 'behold the stupendous Displays of Omnipotence, 'and be in Transports at the puny Essays of 'humane Skill; throw aside Speculations of the 'sublimest Nature and vastest Importance into 'some obscure Corner of the Mind, to make Room 'for new Notions of no Consequence at all; are 'even tired of Health, because not enlivened with 'alternate Pain, and prefer the first Reading of 'an indifferent Author, to the second or third 'Perusal of one whose Merit and Reputation are 'established.

'Our being thus formed serves many useful 'Purposes in the present State. It contributes 'not a little to the Advancement of Learning; for, 'as *Cicero* takes Notice, That which makes Men 'willing to undergo the Fatigues of Philosophical 'Disquisitions, is not so much the Greatness of 'Objects as their Novelty. It is not enough that 'there is Field and Game for the Chace, and that 'the Understanding is prompted with a restless 'Thirst of Knowledge, effectually to rouse the

'Soul, sunk into the State of Sloth and Indolence; 'it is also necessary that there be an uncommon 'Pleasure annexed to the first Appearance of 'Truth in the Mind. This Pleasure being ex-'quisite for the Time it lasts, but transient, it 'hereby comes to pass that the Mind grows into 'an Indifference to its former Notions, and passes 'on after new Discoveries, in hope of repeating 'the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with 'Wealth, the Pleasure of which lies more in mak-'ing endless Additions, than in taking a Review 'of our old Store. There are some Inconveni-'encies that follow this Temper, if not guarded 'against, particularly this, that through a too 'great Eagerness of something new we are many 'times impatient of staying long enough upon a 'Question that requires some time to resolve it, or, 'which is worse, perswade our selves that we are 'Masters of the Subject before we are so, only to 'be at the Liberty of going upon a fresh Scent; 'in Mr. *Lock*'s Words, *We see a little, presume 'a great deal, and so jump to the Conclusion.*

'A farther Advantage of our Inclination for 'Novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that 'it annihilates all the boasted Distinctions among 'Mankind. Look not up with Envy to those 'above thee. Sounding Titles, stately Buildings, 'fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, 'what are they? They dazzle every one but the 'Possessor: To him that is accustomed to them 'they are cheap and regardless Things: They 'supply him not with brighter Images, or more 'sublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may 'have, whose small Estate will just enable him to 'support the Charge of a simple unencumbered 'Life. He enters heedless into his Rooms of 'State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The 'noble Paintings and costly Furniture are lost on 'him; he sees them not: As how can it be other-'wise, when by Custom, a Fabrick infinitely more 'grand and finish'd, that of the Universe, stands 'unobserved by the Inhabitants, and the ever-'lasting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain, 'for any Notice that Mortals take of them? 'Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only 'placed her Children originally upon a Level, but 'still, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great 'Measure preserves it, in spite of all the Care of 'a Man, to introduce artificial Distinctions.

'To add no more, Is not this Fondness for 'Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all 'we already have, a convincing Proof of a future 'State? Either Man was made in vain, or this is 'not the only World he was made for: For there 'cannot be a greater Instance of Vanity, than that 'to which Man is liable, to be deluded from the 'Cradle to the Grave with fleeting Shadows of 'Happiness. His Pleasures, and those not con-'siderable neither, die in the Possession, and fresh 'Enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half 'his Life with Satisfaction. When I see Persons 'sick of themselves any longer than they are 'called away by something that is of Force to 'chain down the present Thought; when I see 'them hurry from Country to Town, and then 'from the Town back again into the Country, 'continually shifting Postures, and placing Life 'in all the different Lights they can think of; '*Surely*, say I to my self, *Life is vain, and the 'Man beyond Expression stupid or prejudic'd, 'who from the Vanity of Life cannot gather, 'He is designed for Immortality.*

No. 627.] WEDNESDAY, *December* 1, 1714. [

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumine fagos
Assidue veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et Sylvis studio jactabat inani.—Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to such of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'A Friend of mine died of a Feaver last Week, 'which he caught by walking too late in a dewy 'Evening amongst his Reapers. I must inform 'you that his greatest Pleasure was in Hus-'bandry and Gardening. He had some Humours 'which seemed inconsistent with that good Sense 'he was otherwise Master of. His Uneasiness in 'the Company of Women was very remarkable in 'a Man of such perfect Good-breeding, and his 'avoiding one particular Walk in his Garden, 'where he had used to pass the greatest Part of 'his Time, raised abundance of idle Conjectures 'in the Village where he lived. Upon looking 'over his Papers we found out the Reason, which 'he never intimated to his nearest Friends. He 'was, it seems, a passionate Lover in his Youth, 'of which a large Parcel of Letters he left behind 'him are a Witness. I send you a Copy of the 'last he ever wrote upon that Subject, by which 'you will find that he concealed the true Name 'of his Mistress under that of *Zelinda*.

A long Month's Absence would be insupportable to me, if the Business I am employed in were not for the Service of my Zelinda, *and of such a Nature as to place her every Moment in my Mind. I have furnished the House exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The Apartment designed for your Use is so exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often think my self in your House when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper Inhabitant. You will have the most delicious Prospect from your Closet-window that* England *affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the Landskip that shows such Variety did not at the same time suggest to me the Greatness of the Space that lies between us.*

The Gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every Hedge in Woodbines, sprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradise round me; yet I am still like the first Man in his Solitude, but half blest without a Partner in my Happiness. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Persons, where I promise ten thousand Satisfactions to my self in your Conversation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have worn a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I soothed

my self with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Discourses with you in this Retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a Row of Jessamines. The many Expressions of Joy and Rapture I use in these silent Conversations have made me for some Time the Talk of the Parish; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Case known to the whole Neighbourhood.

In planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are so fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to sow all the Place about it with Cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's House in the Country.

Oh! Zelinda, *What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-Dreams do I indulge my self in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lye between me and my promised Happiness?*

How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the Play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude.

I am, *&c.*

'On the Back of this Letter is written, in the 'Hand of the Deceased, the following Piece of 'History.

Men. *Having waited a whole Week for an Answer to this Letter, I hurried to Town, where I found the Perfidious Creature married to my Rival. I will bear it as becomes a Man, and endeavour to find out Happiness for my self in that Retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful Woman.*

I am, *&c.*

No. 628.] FRIDAY, *December* 3, 1714. [

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are none of your Speculations which 'please me more than those upon Infinitude 'and Eternity.[1] You have already considered 'that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish 'you would give us your Thoughts upon that 'which is to come.

'Your Readers will perhaps receive greater 'Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the 'former, since we have every one of us a Concern 'in that which is to come: Whereas a Specula-'tion on that which is past is rather curious than 'useful.

'Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for 'successive Duration never to have an End; tho', 'as you have justly observed, that Eternity which 'never had a Beginning is altogether incompre-'hensible; That is, we can conceive an Eternal 'Duration which *may be*, though we cannot an 'Eternal Duration which *hath been*; or, if I may 'use the Philosophical Terms, we may apprehend 'a *Potential* though not an *Actual* Eternity.

'This Notion of a future Eternity, which is 'natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable 'Argument that he is a Being designed for it; 'especially if we consider that he is capable of 'being Virtuous or Vicious here; that he hath 'Faculties improvable to all Eternity, and by a 'proper or wrong Employment of them, may be 'happy or miserable throughout that infinite Dur-'ation. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not 'of an adequate or fixed Nature, but is perpet-'ually growing and enlarging itself toward the 'Object, which is too big for human Compre-'hension. As we are now in the Beginnings of 'Existence, so shall we always appear to our 'selves as if we were for ever entring upon it. 'After a Million or two of Centuries, some con-'siderable Things, already past, may slip out of 'our Memory; which, if it be not strengthened in 'a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that 'ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, not-'withstanding the long Race that we shall then 'have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just 'starting from the Goal, and find no Proportion 'between that Space which we know had a Be-'ginning, and what we are sure will never have an 'End.

'But I shall leave this Subject to your Manage-'ment, and question not but you will throw it 'into such Lights as shall at once improve and 'entertain your Reader.

'I have enclos'd sent you a Translation[1] of the 'Speech of *Cato* on this Occasion, which hath ac-'cidentally fallen into my Hands, and which for 'Conciseness, Purity, and Elegance of Phrase, 'cannot be sufficiently admired.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

CATO *solus*, &c.

Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, Quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis Expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens precordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique succinit, Tua est Æternitas,
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci Gaudium formidine?

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ Terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquà patent
Immensa: Sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.
Figendus hic pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus:

[1] Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 590.

[1] By Mr., afterwards Dr., Bland, who became Provost of Eton and Dean of Durham.

Si quod gubernet Numen Humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certè non potest:
Nec esse non Beata, quòd gaudet, potest.
Sed quâ Beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en in-
duor

Ensi manum admovens,

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: Vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: Hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurius
Emittet Orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta Divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illæsa tu sedebis extra Fragmina.

ACT V. *SCENE* I.

CATO alone, *&c.*

It must be so —— *Plato*, thou reason'st well ——
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven it self, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we
pass!

The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lyes before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where! —— This World was made
for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures —— This must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But This informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter and the Crush of Worlds.

No. 629.] MONDAY, *December* 6, 1714. [

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.
Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain Answer, with a Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a civil Answer as a Promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the Pretensions of People upon these Occasions. Every thing a Man hath suffered, whilst his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the opposite Party. A bad Cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the Bench; nor a profligate Youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toasting an outed Ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Justice for a Prank that deserved the Pillory, desir'd upon the Merit of it to be made a Justice of Peace when his Friends came into Power; and shall never forget a Whig Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You see what a Man suffers for sticking to his Principles.*

The Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are such as have promoted a good Cause, and fallen upon a Man undeservedly, they have a Right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other Pretensions. But when they rise out of Rashness or Indiscretion, and the Pursuit of such Measures as have rather ruined, than promoted the Interest they aim at, (which hath always been the Case of many great Sufferers) they only serve to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials presented by several Cavaliers upon the Restauration of K. *Charles* II. which may serve as so many Instances, to our present Purpose.

Among several Persons and Pretensions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Estate, who, for having roasted an Ox whole, and distributed a Hogshead upon K. *Charles*'s Birth-day, desired to be provided for, as his Majesty in his great Wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince *Henry*'s Governor, for having dared to drink his Health in the worst of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commission, for having Cursed *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

But the most whimsical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B.* Esq., who desir'd the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.* a notorious *Roundhead*.

There is likewise the Petition of one, who having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K. *Charles* the First, till the Restauration of K.

Charles the Second, desired, in Consideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counsellor.

I must not omit a Memorial setting forth, that the Memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Measures were concerted for the Restauration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Post-Master-General.

A certain Gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uses the Words *Gallantry* and *Gentleman-like* very often in his Petition, begs that (in Consideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years past in the Loyal Cavalier-Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

The Petition of E. H. Esq., humbly Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioner's Father's Brother's 'Uncle, Colonel *W. H.* lost the Third Finger of 'his Left Hand at *Edge-hill* Fight.

'That your Petitioner, notwithstanding the 'Smallness of his Fortune, (he being a younger 'Brother) always kept Hospitality, and drank 'Confusion to the Roundheads in half a Score 'Bumpers every *Sunday* in the Year, as several 'honest Gentlemen (whose Names are underwritten) are ready to testifie.

'That your Petitioner is remarkable in his 'Country for having dared to treat Sir *P. P.* a 'cursed Sequestrator, and three Members of the 'Assembly of Divines, with Brawn and Minced 'Pies upon *New Year's* Day.

'That your said humble Petitioner hath been 'five times imprisoned in five several County-'Goals, for having been a Ring-leader in five 'different Riots; into which his Zeal for the 'Royal Cause hurried him, when men of greater 'Estates had not the Courage to rise.

'That he, the said *E. H.* hath had six Duels 'and four and twenty Boxing-Matches in Defence 'of his Majesty's Title; and that he received such 'a Blow upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford* 'upon *Avon*, as he hath been never the better for 'from that Day to this.

'That your Petitioner hath been so far from 'improving his Fortune, in the late damnable 'Times, that he verily believes, and hath good 'Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master 'of an Estate, he had infallibly been plundered 'and sequestred.

'Your Petitioner, in Consideration of his said 'Merits and Sufferings, humbly requests that he 'may have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, 'Collector of the Customs, Clerk of the Peace, 'Deputy Lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall 'be thought qualified for.

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

No. 630.] WEDNESDAY, *Dec.* 8, 1714. [

Favete linguis——— Hor.

HAVING no spare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following Letters.

SIR, Oxford, Novemb. 22.

'If you would be so kind to me, as to suspend 'that Satisfaction, which the Learned World must 'receive in reading one of your Speculations, by 'publishing this Endeavour, you will very much 'oblige and improve one, who has the Boldness 'to hope, that he may be admitted into the num-'ber of your Correspondents.

'I have often wondered to hear Men of good 'Sense and good Nature profess a Dislike to 'Musick, when, at the same time, they do not 'scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable 'and improving Influences over their Minds: It 'seems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that 'those Persons should have an Indifference for an 'Art, which raises in them such a Variety of sub-'lime Pleasures.

'However, though some few, by their own or 'the unreasonable Prejudices of others, may be 'led into a Distaste for those Musical Societies 'which are erected merely for Entertainment, yet 'sure I may venture to say, that no one can have 'the least Reason for Disaffection to that solemn 'kind of Melody which consists of the Praises of 'our Creator.

'You have, I presume, already prevented me 'in an Argument upon this Occasion (which some 'Divines have successfully advanced upon a much 'greater) that Musical Sacrifice and Adoration has 'claimed a Place in the Laws and Customs of the 'most different Nations; As the *Grecians* and '*Romans* of the Prophane, the *Jews* and *Chris-'tians* of the Sacred World did as unanimously 'agree in this, as they disagreed in all other 'Parts of their OEconomy.

'I know there are not wanting some who are 'of Opinion that the pompous kind of Musick 'which is in Use in foreign Churches is the most 'excellent, as it most affects our Senses. But I 'am swayed by my Judgment to the Modesty 'which is observed in the musical Part of our 'Devotions. Methinks there is something very 'laudable in the Custom of a *Voluntary* before 'the first Lesson; by this we are supposed to be 'prepared for the Admission of those Divine 'Truths, which we are shortly to receive. We 'are then to cast all worldly Regards from off our 'Hearts, all Tumults within are then becalmed, 'and there should be nothing near the Soul but 'Peace and Tranquility. So that in this short 'Office of Praise, the Man is raised above himself, 'and is almost lost already amidst the Joys of 'Futurity.

'I have heard some nice Observers frequently 'commend the Policy of our Church in this Par-'ticular, that it leads us on by such easie and 'regular Methods, that we are perfectly deceived 'into Piety. When the Spirits begin to languish

'(as they too often do) with a constant Series of 'Petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious 'Respite, and relieves them with the Raptures of 'an Anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sub-'limest Poetry, softened in the most moving 'Strains of Musick, can ever fail of humbling or 'exalting the Soul to any Pitch of Devotion. 'Who can hear the Terrors of the Lord of Hosts 'described in the most expressive Melody, without 'being awed into a Veneration? or who can hear 'the kind and endearing Attributes of a merciful 'Father, and not be softened into Love towards 'him!

'As the rising and sinking of the Passions, the 'casting soft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the 'natural Privilege of Musick in general, so more 'particularly of that kind which is employed at 'the Altar. Those Impressions which it leaves 'upon the Spirits are more deep and lasting, as 'the Grounds from which it receives its Authority 'are founded more upon Reason. It diffuses a 'Calmness all around us, it makes us drop all 'those vain or immodest Thoughts which would 'be an hindrance to us in the Performance of that 'great Duty of Thanksgiving,[x] which, as we are 'informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the 'most acceptable Return which can be made for 'those infinite Stores of Blessings which he daily 'condescends to pour down upon his Creatures. 'When we make Use of this pathetical Method of 'addressing our selves to him, we can scarce con-'tain from Raptures! The Heart is warmed with 'a Sublimity of Goodness. We are all Piety and 'all Love!

'How do the Blessed Spirits rejoice and won-'der to behold unthinking Man prostrating his 'Soul to his dread Sovereign in such a Warmth 'of Piety as they themselves might not be 'ashamed of!

'I shall close these Reflections with a Passage 'taken out of the Third Book of *Milton's Para-'dise Lost*, where those harmonious Beings are 'thus nobly described.

Then Crown'd again, their Gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of Charming Symphony they introduce
The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high;
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious part, such Concord is in Heav'n.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Town cannot be unacquainted, that in 'divers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of 'Men who are called *Rattling Clubs;* but what 'shocks me most is, they have now the Front to 'invade the Church and institute these Societies 'there, as a Clan of them have in late times done, 'to such a degree of Insolence, as has given the 'Partition where they reside in a Church near 'one of the City Gates, the Denomination of the '*Rattling Pew.* These gay Fellows, from hum-'ble Lay Professions, set up for Criticks without 'any Tincture of Letters or Reading, and have 'the Vanity to think they can lay hold of some-'thing from the Parson, which may be formed 'into Ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the Gentlemen 'who every *Sunday* have the hard Province of 'Instructing these Wretches in a way they are in 'no present Disposition to take, have a fixt 'Character for Learning and Eloquence, not to 'be tainted by the weak Efforts of this Con-'temptible Part of their Audiences. Whether 'the Pulpit is taken by these Gentlemen, or any 'Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is 'this: If any Sentiments are delivered too Sub-'lime for their Conception; if any uncommon 'Topick is entered on, or one in use new modi-'fied with the finest Judgment and Dexterity; or 'any controverted Point be never so elegantly 'handled; In short whatever surpasses the narrow 'Limits of their Theology, or is not suited to their 'Taste, they are all immediately upon their Watch, 'fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much 'Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the 'Hole*, and waiting like them for a Hit; if one 'touches, all take Fire, and their Noddles in-'stantly meet in the Centre of the Pew; then, as 'by beat of Drum, with exact Discipline, they 'rear up into a full length of Stature, and with 'odd Looks and Gesticulations confer together in 'so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to 'the close of the Discourse, and during the After-'Psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the 'Bells. Nor does this suffice them, without 'aiming to propagate their Noise through all the 'Church, by Signals given to the adjoyning Seats, 'where others designed for this Fraternity are 'sometimes placed upon Tryal to receive them.

'The Folly as well as Rudeness of this Prac-'tice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, 'that all that follows in the Sermon is lost; for 'whenever our Sparks take alarm, they blaze out 'and grow so Tumultuous that no After-Explana-'tion can avail, it being impossible for themselves 'or any near them to give an Account thereof. If 'any thing really Novel is advanced, how averse 'soever it may be to their way of thinking, to 'say nothing of Duty, Men of less Levity than 'these would be led by a natural Curiosity to 'hear the whole.

'Laughter, where things Sacred are transacted, 'is far less pardonable than Whining at a Con-'venticle; the last has at least a Semblance of 'Grace, and where the Affectation is unseen may 'possibly imprint wholesome Lessons on the Sin-'cere; but the first has no Excuse, breaking 'through all the Rules of Order and Decency, 'and manifesting a Remissness of Mind in those 'important Matters, which require the strictest 'Composure and Steadiness of Thought; A Proof 'of the greatest Folly in the World.

'I shall not here enter upon the Veneration 'due to the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence 'owing the Minister, or the Respect that so great 'an Assembly as a whole Parish may justly 'claim. I shall only tell them, that as the *Span-'ish* Cobler, to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him '*have some regard to the Dignity of his Family*, 'so they as Gentlemen (for we Citizens assume to

[x] A Proclamation appeared the day before this Paper, ordaining a Thanksgiving for King George's Accession to be observed on the 20th of January.

'be such one Day in a Week) are bound for the 'future to Repent of, and Abstain from, the gross 'Abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been 'Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and Earth, and 'contrary to the Laws in this Case made and pro-'vided.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
R. M.

No. 631.] FRIDAY, *December* 10, 1714. [

Simplex Munditiis——— Hor.

I HAD occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker-Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed my self backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been Black, as I perceived from some few Spaces, that had escaped the Powder, which was Incorporated with the greatest part of his Coat: His Perriwig, which cost no small Sum,[1] was after so slovenly a manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in Mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plaits of the purest Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober-coloured Stuff, in which she had Cloathed her self. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *Cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following Heads, As it is a Mark of Politeness: As it produces Love; and As it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorn'd with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty arises proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they consult this part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next Place, Cleanliness may be said to be the Foster-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, had won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it self is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: Like a piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is canker'd with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easie to our selves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers, and shall observe in the Third Place, that it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiments and Passions.

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom, the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish* Law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in some things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reason to be assigned for these Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanness of Heart by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for Convenience in the Desart, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many Years.

I shall conclude this Essay, with a Story which I have somewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Chrystal Cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it in Pieces. His Son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his Hands to bless him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out stumbled over the Threshold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed

[1] Duumvir's fair wig cost 40 guineas. *Tatler*, No. 54.

by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approached it to beg a Blessing; but as he stroaked one of the Holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and Amazement increased upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad without washing his Hands.

No. 632.] MONDAY, *December* 13, 1714. [

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.
Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical Fancies. *This noble Principle*, says a *French* Author, *loves to amuse it self on the most trifling Occasions. You may see a profound Philosopher*, says he, *walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and industriously treading, at every Step, upon every other Board in the Flooring.* Every Reader will recollect several Instances of this Nature without my Assistance. I think it was *Gregorio Leti* who had published as many Books as he was Years old;[1] which was a Rule he had laid down and punctually observed to the Year of his Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like Nature which determined *Homer* himself to divide each of his Poems into as many Books, as there are Letters in the *Greek* Alphabet. *Herodotus* has in the same manner adapted his Books to the Number of the *Muses*, for which Reason many a Learned man hath wished there had been more than Nine of that Sisterhood.

Several *Epic* Poets have religiously followed *Virgil* as to the Number of his Books; and even *Milton* is thought by many to have changed the Number of his Books from Ten to Twelve, for no other Reason; as *Cowley* tells us, it was his Design, had he finished his *Davideis*, to have also imitated the *Æneid* in this Particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of this Nature hath no Foundation in Reason; and, with due Respect to these great Names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great Examples in Defence of my Bookseller, who occasioned this Eighth Volume of *Spectators*, because, as he said, he thought Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side, several grave Reasons were urged on this important Subject; as in particular, that Seven was the precise Number of the Wise Men, and that the most Beautiful Constellation in the Heavens was composed of Seven Stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted, that Seven was an Odd Number; suggesting at the same time that if he were provided with a sufficient Stock of leading Papers, he should find Friends ready enough to carry on the Work. Having by this means got his Vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the Steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The Close of this Volume, which the Town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each Sheet to its proper Author.

It were no hard Task to continue this Paper a considerable Time longer, by the Help of large Contributions sent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the SPECTATOR's Correspondents, than by publishing the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of Verses upon a Subject perfectly new.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Dublin, Nov.* 30, 1714.

'You lately recommended to your Female 'Readers, the good old Custom of their Grand-'mothers, who used to lay out a great Part of 'their Time in Needle-work: I entirely agree 'with you in your Sentiments, and think it would 'not be of less Advantage to themselves, and 'their Posterity, than to the Reputation of many 'of their good Neighbours, if they past many of 'those Hours in this innocent Entertainment, 'which are lost at the Tea-Table. I would, however, humbly offer to your Consideration, the 'Case of the Poetical Ladies; who, though they 'may be willing to take any Advice given them 'by the SPECTATOR, yet can't so easily quit their 'Pen and Ink, as you may imagine. Pray allow 'them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other Amusements of Fancy, when they 'are tired with stooping to their Tapestry. There 'is a very particular kind of Work, which of late 'several Ladies here in our Kingdom are very 'fond of, which seems very well adapted to a 'Poetical Genius: It is the making of *Grotto's*. 'I know a Lady who has a very Beautiful one, 'composed by her self, nor is there one Shell in 'it not stuck up by her own Hands. I here send 'you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would 'not offer to herself, till I knew whether this 'Method of a Lady's passing her Time were approved of by the *British* SPECTATOR, which, 'with the Poem, I submit to your Censure, who 'am,

Your Constant Reader,
and Humble Servant,
A. B.

To Mrs. —— —— on her *Grotto.*

A Grotto *so compleat, with such Design,*
What Hands, Calypso, *cou'd have form'd but Thine?*
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining Shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thought receive,
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.
Not fam'd Amphion's *Lute, whose powerful Call*
Made Willing Stones dance to the Theban *Wall,*
In more harmonious Ranks cou'd make them fall.
Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can show,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

[1] His boast was that he had been the author of a book and father of a child for 20 years successively.

Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,
In all her Mossie Cells exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we start,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd
With Hints like those which ancient Bards inspir'd;
All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,
Th' enthusiastick Muse believes are true,
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius You.
Lost in wild Rapture, wou'd she fain disclose,
How by degrees the pleasing Wonder rose;
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place;
And while she keeps the glowing Work in View,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy Artful Hand pursue.

Oh were I equal to the bold Design,
Or cou'd I boast such happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in such sweet Order place,
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace!
Like them my well-chose Words in ev'ry Line,
As sweetly temper'd shou'd as sweetly shine.
So just a Fancy shou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece shou'd the Description charm.
Then with superior Strength my Voice I'd raise,
The echoing Grotto *shou'd approve my Lays,*
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung Founder's Praise.

No. 633.] WEDNESDAY, *Dec.* 15, 1714. [*Z. Pearce.*

Omnia profecto, cum se à cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.—Cicer.

THE following Discourse is printed, as it came to my Hands, without Variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'It was a very common Enquiry among the 'Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators, 'under all the Encouragements the most flourish-'ing States could give them, fell so far short of 'the Number of those who excelled in all other 'Sciences. A Friend of mine used merrily to 'apply to this Case an Observation of *Herodotus*, 'who says, That the most useful Animals are the 'most fruitful in their Generation; whereas the 'Species of those Beasts that are fierce and mis-'chievous to Mankind are but scarcely continued. 'The Historian instances in a Hare, which always 'either breeds or brings forth; and a Lioness, 'which brings forth but once, and then loses all 'Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend 'to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in these latter 'Ages we have greater Cause of Complaint than 'the Ancients had. And since that solemn Festival 'is approaching, which calls for all the Power of 'Oratory, and which affords as noble a Subject 'for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us, 'the Design of this Paper shall be to show, that 'our Moderns have greater Advantages towards 'true and solid Eloquence, than any which the 'celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd.

'The first great and substantial Difference is, 'that their Common-Places, in which almost the 'whole Force of Amplification consists, were drawn 'from the Profit or Honesty of the Action, as they 'regarded only this present State of Duration. 'But Christianity, as it exalts Morality to a 'greater Perfection, as it brings the Considera-'tion of another Life into the Question, as it pro-'poses Rewards and Punishments of a higher 'Nature, and a longer Continuance, is more 'adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience, 'naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines 'its greatest Interest and Concern. If *Pericles*, 'as Historians report, could shake the firmest 'Resolutions of his Hearers, and set the Passions 'of all *Greece* in a Ferment, when the present 'Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hostile 'Invasions, was the Subject: What may be ex-'pected from that Orator, who warns his Audi-'ence against those Evils which have no Remedy, 'when once undergone, either from Prudence or 'Time? As much greater as the Evils in a future 'State are than these at present, so much are 'the Motives to Persuasion under Christianity 'greater than those which meer moral Consider-'ations could supply us with. But what I now 'mention relates only to the Power of moving 'the Affections. There is another Part of Elo-'quence, which is indeed its Master-piece; I 'mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the 'Christian Orator has the Advantage beyond Con-'tradiction. Our Ideas are so infinitely enlarged 'by Revelation, the Eye of Reason has so wide 'a Prospect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity 'are so worthy and refined, and the Accounts we 'have of a State of Happiness or Misery so clear 'and evident, that the Contemplation of such 'Objects will give our Discourse a noble Vigour, 'an invincible Force, beyond the Power of any 'human Consideration. *Tully* requires in his 'Perfect Orator some Skill in the Nature of 'Heavenly Bodies, because, says he, his Mind 'will become more extensive and unconfined; 'and when he descends to treat of human Affairs, 'he will both think and write in a more exalted 'and magnificent Manner. For the same Reason 'that excellent Master would have recommended 'the Study of those great and glorious Myste-'ries which Revelation has discovered to us; to 'which the noblest Parts of this System of the 'World are as much inferiour, as the Creature is 'less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and 'most knowing among the Heathens had very 'poor and imperfect Notions of a future State. 'They had indeed some uncertain Hopes, either 'received by Tradition, or, gathered by Reason, 'that the Existence of virtuous Men would not be 'determined by the Separation of Soul and Body: 'But they either disbelieved a future State of 'Punishment and Misery, or upon the same Ac-'count that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one 'Side only towards the Spectator, that the Loss 'of his Eye might not cast a Blemish upon the 'whole Piece; so these represented the Condition 'of Man in its fairest View, and endeavoured to 'conceal what they thought was a Deformity to

'human Nature. I have often observed, that 'whenever the abovementioned Orator in his Phi-'losophical Discourses is led by his Argument to 'the Mention of Immortality, he seems like one 'awaked out of Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with 'the Dignity of the Subject, he stretches his 'Imagination to conceive something uncommon, 'and with the greatness of his Thoughts, casts, 'as it were, a Glory round the Sentence; Un-'certain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired 'with the Contemplation of it. And nothing 'but such a Glorious Prospect could have forced 'so great a Lover of Truth, as he was, to declare 'his Resolution never to part with his Persuasion 'of Immortality, though it should be proved to be 'an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all 'that Christianity has brought to Light, how 'would he have lavished out all the Force of Elo-'quence in those noblest Contemplations which 'humane Nature is capable of, the Resurrection 'and the Judgment that follows it? How had his 'Breast glowed with Pleasure, when the whole 'Compass of Futurity lay open and exposed to 'his View? How would his Imagination have 'hurried him on in the Pursuit of the Mysteries 'of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd, 'with the Force of Lightning, into the Affections 'of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in spite 'of all the Opposition of corrupt Nature, upon 'those glorious Themes which his Eloquence hath 'painted in such lively and lasting Colours?

'This Advantage Christians have; and it was 'with no small Pleasure I lately met with a Frag-'ment of *Longinus*, which is preserv'd, as a Tes-'timony of that Critick's Judgment, at the Begin-'ning of a Manuscript of the New Testament in 'the *Vatican* Library. After that Author has 'number'd up the most celebrated Orators among 'the *Grecians*, he says, *Add to these* Paul *of* 'Tarsus, *the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully* 'proved. As a Heathen, he condemns the Chris-'tian Religion; and, as an impartial Critick, he 'judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher 'of it. To me it seems, that the latter Part of 'his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion 'of St. *Paul's* Abilities, since, under all the Pre-'judice of Opinions directly opposite, he is con-'strained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apo-'stle. And, no doubt, such as *Longinus* describes 'St. *Paul*, such he appeared to the Inhabitants of 'those Countries which he visited and blessed 'with those Doctrines he was divinely commis-'sioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one 'Circumstance, a convincing Proof of his Elo-'quence, when the Men of *Lystra* called him '*Mercury, because he was the chief Speaker*, and 'would have paid Divine Worship to him, as to 'the God who invented and presided over Elo-'quence. This one Account of our Apostle sets 'his Character, consider'd as an Orator only, 'above all the celebrated Relations of the Skill 'and Influence of *Demosthenes* and his Contem-'poraries. Their Power in Speaking was admired, 'but still it was thought human: Their Elo-'quence warmed and ravished the Hearers, but 'still it was thought the Voice of Man, not the 'Voice of God. What Advantage then had St. '*Paul* above those of *Greece*, or *Rome*? I con-'fess I can ascribe this Excellence to nothing but 'the Power of the Doctrines he delivered, which 'may have still the same Influence on the Hearers; 'which have still the Power, when preached by a 'skilful Orator, to make us break out in the same 'Expressions, as the Disciples who met our 'Saviour in their Way to *Emmaus*, made use of; '*Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he* 'talked to us by the Way, and while he opened 'to us the Scriptures? I may be thought bold in 'my Judgment by some; but I must affirm, That 'no one Orator has left us so visible Marks and 'Footsteps of his Eloquence as our Apostle. It 'may perhaps be wondered at, that in his Reason-'ings upon Idolatry at *Athens*, where Eloquence 'was born and flourished, he confines himself to 'strict Argument only; but my Reader may re-'member what many Authors of the best Credit 'have assured us, That all Attempts upon the 'Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expressly 'forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts 'of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore 'here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to 'the Laws. But his Discourse on the Resurrec-'tion to the *Corinthians*, his Harangue before '*Agrippa* upon his own Conversion and the Ne-'cessity of that of others, are truly Great, and 'may serve as full Examples to those excellent 'Rules for the Sublime, which the best of Criticks 'has left us. The Sum of all this Discourse is, 'That our Clergy have no farther to look for an 'Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, 'than to St. *Paul's* Harangues; that when he, 'under the Want of several Advantages of Nature '(as he himself tells us) was heard, admired, and 'made a Standard to succeeding Ages by the best 'Judge of a different Persuasion in Religion, I 'say our Clergy may learn, That, however in-'structive their Sermons are, they are capable of 'receiving a great Addition; which St. *Paul* has 'given them a noble Example of, and the Chris-'tian Religion has furnished them with certain 'Means of attaining to.

No. 634.] FRIDAY, *December* 17, 1714. [

'Ο ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα θεῶν.
Socrates apud Xen.

IT was the common Boast of the Heathen Philosophers, that by the Efficacy of their several Doctrines, they made Humane Nature resemble the Divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several Means they proposed for this End, it must be owned that the Design was great and glorious. The finest Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the Balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses *Homer* very handsomely, when he says the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: But it must be allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers acted, as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done; they endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

According to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the Happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-sufficient.

This last Character, when divested of the Glare of Humane Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a Good and Wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires as to have few Wants; and that he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleasure in himself.

The Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the best Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it should be our next Care to conform our selves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I shall only instance a remarkable Passage, to this Purpose, out of *Julian's Cæsars*. The Emperor having represented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius*, and *Constantine*. Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods, instead of being dazzled with the Lustre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer: *Julius Cæsar*, that his was to gain the highest Post in his Country; *Augustus*, To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modesty, That *it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods*. This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

Among the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature ought to imitate. The young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by those Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all spiritual Perfection.

While we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations, which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

No. 635.] MONDAY, *Dec.* 29, 1714. [*Henry Grove.*

Sentio Te sedem Hominum ac Domum contemplarique si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cœlestia semper Spectato; illa humana contemnito.—Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator:* The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Publick.

If the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make Tryal of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as existing in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View; it being impossible that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in endless Ages; for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease.

This Thought hath made some imagine, (what, it must be confest, is not impossible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content my self with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by Creatures

of no higher an Order than Brutes; so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whose Entertainment, he hath erected this immense Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his Probation for a happy Existence hereafter is the most remarkable Instance of Divine Wisdom; if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens: and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment, his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps, for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as Sir *Isaac Newton*, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vast Machine, we inhabit, lyes open to him, he seems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it; and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Prospect even of such a Mind? and how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my Part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall e'er long shoot away with the Swiftness of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and Moral Worlds, visit the several Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and measure the Magnitudes, and Distances of those Orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular Design, and set all in the same Circle; observe the Dependance of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to grasp the Theory) of the several Systems upon one another, from whence results the Harmony of the Universe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous Ambition; for besides the secret Refreshment it diffuses through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reasonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

The other, and that the Ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wish. Dim at best are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suspence, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which Means, the Libertine hath a Handle to dispute his Existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a Time come, when the Free-thinker shall see his *impious* Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few Wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the Blandishments of Sense and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost Wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence: When, in the Instant it thinks it self to have the fastest hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of Mutual Intelligence, unless immersed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so be sure, their manner of Intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Vision, as somewhat Analogous to the Sense of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition to the Blessed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the Circumstances of doing it, to the Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something, that never entered

into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet what we can easily conceive, will be a Fountain of Unspeakable, of Everlasting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my Body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

To No. 123.—The following letter, dated July 21, 1711, was sent by Addison to his friend Mr. Wortley Montagu, with No. 123 of the *Spectator*.

"Dear Sir,

'Being very well pleased with this day's '*Spectator* I cannot forbear sending you one of 'them, and desiring your opinion of the story in 'it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be 'his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably 'be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost 'a place of £200 per ann., an estate in the Indies 'of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, 'my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my phi-'losophy. I find they are going to take away 'my Irish place from me too: to which I must 'add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, 'and that stocks sink every day. If you have any 'hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. 'I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I 'shall not go for Ireland this summer, and per-'haps would pass a month with you if I knew 'where. Lady Bellasis is very much your hum-'ble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember 'you.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours eternally.

To Nos. 453, 461, and 465.—The *Retrospective Review*, vol. xi. for 1825, in a cordially appreciative review of the writings of Marvell, says, 'Captain Thompson was a very incorrect and in-'judicious editor of Marvell's works. A very con-'temptible charge of plagiarism is also preferred 'by the editor against Addison for the insertion 'of three hymns in the *Spectator*, Nos. 453, 461, 'and 465; no proof whatever is vouchsafed that 'they belong to Marvell, and the hymn inserted 'in the *Spectator*, No. 461, "When Israel freed 'from Pharaoh's land," is now known to be the 'noble composition of Dr. Watts.' Captain Edward Thompson's edition of Marvell in 3 volumes quarto was printed for the editor in 1776. Its great blunder was immediately disposed of in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1776, and February, 1777; where it was shown for example that Dr. Watts had claimed and transferred his version of the 114th Psalm (which Captain Thompson supposed to have been claimed by 'Tickle') to his volume of *Divine Psalms and Hymns*, published in 1719. In the preface to that volume Dr. Watts wrote, 'Where I have used three or four 'lines together of any author I have acknowledged 'it in the notes.' He did make frequent acknowledgment of lines or thoughts taken from other poets in Psalms 6, 21, 63, 104, 139. But in a note to Ps. 114 he absolutely spoke of the work as his own. Now the ground upon which Thompson ascribed this piece to Marvell is precisely that on which he also ascribed to Marvell Addison's poems in Nos. 453 and 465 of the *Spectator*. He found them all in the latter part of a book of extracts of which he said that the first part was in Marvell's handwriting, 'and the rest copied by his order.' It is very doubtful whether even the first part of the MS. book, containing verse of Marvell's, was really in Marvell's handwriting, and that the part written later was copied by his order, is an unfounded assumption. Captain Thompson said of the MS. book that it was many years in the care of Mr. Nettleton, and communicated to the editor by Mr. Thomas Raikes.—Probably it was Mr. Nettleton who in his youth had added to the book copies of Addison's and Dr. Watts's verses from the *Spectator*, and Mallet's version of the old ballad of William and Margaret, all of which pieces Captain Edward Thompson therefore supposed to have been written by Marvell.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE MOTTOS.

No.

1. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 143.
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.—*Roscommon.*

2. JUV. Sat. vii. 167.
Six more, at least, join their consenting voice.

3. LUCR. l. iv. 959.
——What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.—*Creech.*

4. HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 58.
One of uncommon silence and reserve.

5. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.
Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?

6. JUV. Sat. xiii. 54.
'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear'd.

7. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 208.
Visions and magic spells can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?

8. VIRG. Æn. i. 415.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.
Dryden.

9. JUV. Sat. xv. 163.
Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.—*Tate.*

10. VIRG. Georg. i. 201.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
Dryden.

11. JUV. Sat. ii. 63.
The doves are censured, while the crows are spared.

12. PERS. Sat. v. 92.
I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

13. MART.
Were you a lion, how would you behave?

14. OVID, Met. iv. 590.
Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.

15. OVID, Ars Am. i. 159.
Light minds are pleased with trifles.

16. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 11.
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all.—*Pope.*

17. JUV. x. 191.
——A visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured.

18. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 187.
But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.
Creech.

19. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 17.
Thank Heaven, that made me of an humble mind;
To action little, less to words inclined!

20. HOM.
Thou dog in forehead.—*Pope.*

21. HOR. 1 Ep. v. 28.
There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.
Creech.

No.

22. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.
——Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.—*Roscommon.*

23. VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.—— *Dryden.*

24. HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 3.
Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame),
And seized my hand, and call'd me by name—
——My dear!—how dost?

25. VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.
And sickens by the very means of health.

26. HOR. 1 Od. iv. 13.
With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.—*Creech.*

27. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 20. *Imitated.*
Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her, whose love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.—*Pope.*

28. HOR. 2 Od. x. 19.
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

29. HOR. 1 Sat. x. 23.
Both tongues united, sweeter sounds produce,
Like Chian mixed with Palernian juice.

30. HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 65.
If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.
Creech.

31. VIRG. Æn. vi. 266.
What I have heard, permit me to relate.

32. HOR. 1 Sat. v. 64.
He wants no tragic vizor to increase
His natural deformity of face.

33. HOR. 1 Od. xxx. 5.
The graces with their zones unfoosed;
The nymphs, with beauties all exposed,
From every spring, and every plain;
Thy powerful, hot, and winged boy;
And youth, that's dull without thy joy;
And Mercury, compose thy train.—*Creech.*

34. JUV. Sat. xv. 159.
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—*Tate.*

35. CATULL. Carm. 39. in Enat.
Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

36. VIRG. Æn. iii. 583.
Things the most out of nature we endure.

37. VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—*Dryden.*

No.
38. MART.
One would not please too much.

39. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 102. *Imitated.*
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-headed rhyming race.
Pope.

40. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 208. *Imitated.*
Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
Pope.

41. OVID, Met. i. 654.
So found, is worse than lost.—*Addison.*

42. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 202. *Imitated.*
Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!—
But has he spoken?—Not a syllable——
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.
Pope.

43. VIRG. Æn. vi. 854.
Be these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
Chain up stern wars, and give the nations peace;
O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey.

44. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 129.
Now hear what every auditor expects.—*Roscommon.*

45. JUV. Sat. iii. 100.
The nation is a company of players.

46. OVID, Met. I. i. ver. 9.
The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.

47. MART.
Laugh, if you are wise.

48. OVID, Met. xiv. 652.
Through various shapes he often finds access.

49. MART.
Men and manners I describe.

50. JUV. Sat. xix. 321.
Good taste and nature always speak the same.

51. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 127.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.—*Pope.*

52. VIRG. Æn. i. 78.
To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,
And make thee father of a beauteous line.

53. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 359.
Homer himself hath been observed to nod.
Roscommon.

54. HOR. 1. Ep. xi. 28.
Laborious idleness our powers employs.

55. PERS. Sat. v. 129.
Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

56. LUCAN, i. 454.
Happy in their mistake.

57. JUV. Sat. vi. 251.
What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie,
Inured to arms, and her own sex to fly?

58. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 361.
Poems like pictures are.

59. SENECA.
Busy about nothing.

60. PERS. Sat. iii. 85.
Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

No.
61. PERS. Sat. v. 19.
'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page,
With wind and noise.—*Dryden.*

62. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 309.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
Roscommon.

63. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 1.
If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds;
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Roscommon.

64. JUV. Sat. iii. 183.
The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

65. HOR. 1 Sat. x. 90.
Demetrius and Tigellius, know your place;
Go hence, and whine among the school-boy race.

66. HOR. 1 Od. vi. 21.
Behold a ripe and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.
Roscommon.

67. SALLUST.
Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman.

68. OVID, Met. I. 355.
We two are a multitude.

69. VIRG. Georg. I. 54.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits,
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far:
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Imposed by nature, and by nature's cause.—*Dryden.*

70. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 63.
Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

71. OVID, Epist. iv. 10.
Love bade me write.

72. VIRG. Georg. iv. 208.
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.
Dryden.

73. VIRG. Æn. I. 328.
O Goddess! for no less you seem.

74. VIRG. Æn. iv. 88.
The works unfinish'd and neglected lie.

75. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 23.
All fortune fitted Aristippus well.—*Creech.*

76. HOR. 1 Ep. viii. 17.
As you your fortune bear, we will bear you.—*Creech.*

77. MART. Epig. I. 87.
What correspondence can I hold with you,
Who are so near, and yet so distant too?

78. Could we but call so great a genius ours!

79. HOR. 1 Ep. xvi. 52.
The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.—*Creech.*

80. HOR. 1 Ep. ix. 27.
Those that beyond sea go, will sadly find,
They change their climate only, not their mind.
Creech.

No.
81. STAT. Theb. ii. 728.
As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

82. JUV. Sat. iii. 33.
His fortunes ruin'd, and himself a slave.

83. VIRG. Æn. i. 464.
And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.

84. VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.
Who can such woes relate, without a tear,
As stern Ulysses must have wept to hear?

85. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 319.
—When the sentiments and manners please,
And all the characters are wrought with ease,
Your tale, though void of beauty, force, and art,
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart;
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.—*Francis.*

86. OVID, Met. ii. 447.
How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!
Addison.

87. VIRG. Ecl. ii. 17.
Trust not too much to an enchanting face.—*Dryden.*

88. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 16.
What will not masters do, when servants thus presume?

89. PERS. Sat. v. 64.
PERS. From thee both old and young with profit learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.
CORN. Unhappy he, who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
PERS. But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
CORN. Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-morrow:
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd,
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, are curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.—*Dryden.*

90. VIRG. Georg. iii. 99.
In all the rage of impotent desire,
They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire.

91. VIRG. Georg. iii. 244.
———They rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.
Dryden.

92. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 61. *Imitated.*
———What would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?—
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests.—*Pope.*

93. HOR. 1 Od. xi. 6.
Thy lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour:
While thus we talk in careless ease,
The envious moments wing their flight;
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.—*Francis.*

94. MART. Epig. xxiii. 10.
The present joys of life we doubly taste,
By looking back with pleasure to the past.

95. SENECA, Trag.
Light sorrows loose the tongue, but great enchain.
P.

96. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 2.
———The faithful servant, and the true.—*Creech.*

97. VIRG. Æn. vi. 436.
They prodigally threw their lives away.

98. JUV. Sat. vi. 500.
So studiously their persons they adorn.

99. HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 63.
You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

100. HOR. 1 Sat. v. 44.
The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.

No.
101. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 5. *Imitated.*
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd:
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.—*Pope.*

102. PHÆDR. Fab. xiv. 3.
The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

103. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 240.
Such all might hope to imitate with ease:
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour and their hopes are vain.
Francis.

104. VIRG. Æn. i. 316.
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser.—*Dryden.*

105. TER. Andr. Act i. Sc. 1.
I take to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.
Too much of anything is good for nothing.—*Eng. Prov.*

106. HOR. 1 Od. xvii. 14.
Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious shew'r,
Rich honours of the quiet plain.

107. PHÆDR. Epilog. 1. 2.
The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal: to show that the way to honour lies open indifferently to all.

108. PHÆDR. Fab. v. 2.
Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

109. HOR. 2 Sat. ii. 3.
Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

110. VIRG. Æn. ii. 755.
All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.—*Dryden.*

111. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 45.
To search for truth in academic groves.

112. PYTHAG.
First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

113. VIRG. Æn. iv. 4.
Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

114. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 24.
———The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought necessitous and poor.—*Pooly.*

115. JUV. Sat. x. 356.
Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

116. VIRG. Georg. iii. 43.
The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

117. VIRG. Ecl. viii. 108.
With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

118. VIRG. Æn. iv. 73.
———The fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.—*Dryden.*

119. VIRG. Ecl. i. 20.
The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town.
Warton.

120. VIRG. Georg. i. 415.
——I deem their breasts inspired
With a divine sagacity——

121. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 66.
———All things are full of Jove.

122. PUBL. SYR. Frag.
An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

123. HOR. 4 Od. iv. 33.
Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.—*Oldisworth.*

No.
124. A great book is a great evil.

125. VIRG. Æn. vi. 832.
This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.
Dryden.

126. VIRG. Æn. x. 108.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.—*Dryden.*

127. PERS. Sat. i. 1.
How much of emptiness we find in things!

128. LUCAN, l. 98.
———Harmonious discord.

129. PERS. Sat. v. 72.
Thou, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first.—*Dryden.*

130. VIRG. Æn. vii. 748.
A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

131. VIRG. Ecl. x. 63.
Once more, ye woods, adieu.

132. TULL.
That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

133. HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 1.
Such was his worth, our loss is such,
We cannot love too well, or grieve too much.
Oldisworth.

134. OVID, Met. i. 521.
And am the great physician call'd below.—*Dryden.*

135. HOR. 2 Sat. x. 9.
Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought.

136. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 112.
A greater liar Parthia never bred.

137. TULL. Epist.
Even slaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, and grieve at their own, rather than another's, pleasure.

138. TULL.
He uses unnecessary proofs in an indisputable point.

139. TULL.
True glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

140. VIRG. Æn. iv. 285.
This way and that the anxious mind is torn.

141. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 187.
Taste, that eternal wanderer, that flies
From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.—*Pope.*

142. HOR. 1 Od. xiii. 12.
Whom love's unbroken bond unites.

143. MARTIAL, *Epig.* lxx. 6.
For life is only life, when blest with health.

144. TER. Eun. Act iii. Sc. 5.
You shall see how nice a judge of beauty I am.

145. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 29.
Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth

146. TULL.
No man was ever great without some degree of inspiration.

147. TULL.
Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.

148. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 212.
Better one thorn pluck'd out, than all remain.

149. CÆCIL. apud TULL.
Who has it in her power to make men mad,
Or wise, or sick, or well: and who can choose
The object of her appetite at pleasure.

150. JUV. Sat. iii. 152.
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.—*Dryden.*

151. TULL. de Fin.
Where pleasure prevails, all the greatest virtues will lose their power.

No.
152. HOM. Il. 6, v. 146.
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.—*Pope.*

153. TULL. de Senect.
Life, as well as all other things, hath its bounds assigned by nature: and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old age, the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied.

154. JUV. Sat. ii. 83.
No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.
Tate.

155. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 451.
These things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will prove of serious consequence.—*Roscommon.*

156. HOR. 2 Od. viii. 5.
———But thou,
When once thou hast broke some tender vow,
All perjured, dost more charming grow!

157. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 187. *Imitated.*
———That directing power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will.—*Pope.*

158. MARTIAL, xiii. 2.
We know these things to be mere trifles.

159. VIRG. Æn. ii. 604.
The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove———

160. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 43.
On him confer the Poet's sacred name,
Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame.

161. VIRG. Georg. ii. 527.
Himself, in rustic pomp, on holydays,
To rural powers a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays:
The hearth is in the midst: the herdsmen, round
The cheerful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize,
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes:
Or, stripp'd for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother king were bred,
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose;
And this rude life our homely fathers chose;
Old Rome from such a race derived her birth,
The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.
Dryden.

162. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 126.
Keep one consistent plan from end to end.

163. ENN. apud TULLIUM.
Say, will you thank me if I bring you rest,
And ease the torture of your troubled breast?

164. VIRG. iv. Georg. 494.
Then thus the bride: What fury seized on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
And now farewell! involved in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight:
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces, ah! no longer thine.—*Dryden.*

165. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 48.
——If you would unheard-of things express,
Invent new words; we can indulge a muse,
Until the licence rise to an abuse.—*Creech.*

166. OVID, Met. xv. 871.
———Which nor dreads the rage
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age.—*Welsted.*

167. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 128. *Imitated.*
There lived in Primo Georgii (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd as in full debate;
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.

o.

Him the damn'd doctor and his friends immured;
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged, in short they cured,
Whereat the gentleman began to stare——
'My friends!' he cry'd: 'pox take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.'—*Pope.*

168. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 128.
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art.—*Pope.*

169. TER. Andr. Act i. Sc. 1.
His manner of life was this: to bear with everybody's humours; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with; to contradict nobody; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause without exciting envy.

170. TER. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.
In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again.
Colman.

171. OVID. Met. vii. 826.
Love is a credulous passion.

172. PLATO apud TULL.
As knowledge, without justice, ought to be called cunning, rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity, rather than that of fortitude.

173. OVID, Met. v. 215.
Hence with those monstrous features, and, O! spare
That Gorgon's look and petrifying stare.—*P.*

174. VIRG. Ecl. vii. 69.
The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.—*P.*

175. OVID, Rem. Am. v. 625.
To save your house from neighb'ring fire is hard.
Tate.

176. LUCR. iv. 1155.
A little, pretty, witty, charming she!

177. JUV. Sat. xv. 140.
Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.—*Tate.*

178. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 133.
Civil to his wife.—*Pope.*

179. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 341.
Old age is only fond of moral truth,
Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
But he who blends instruction with delight,
Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write.—*P.*

180. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 14.
The monarch's folly makes the people rue.—*P.*

181. VIRG. Æn. ii. 145.
Moved by these tears, we pity and protect.

182. JUV. Sat. vi. 180.
The bitter overbalances the sweet.

183. HOM.
Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise;
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes.—*Pope.*

184. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 360.
——Who labours long may be allowed sleep.

185. VIRG. Æn. i. 15.
And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

186. HOR. 3 Od. i. 38.
High Heaven itself our impious rage assails.—*P.*

187. HOR. 1 Od. v. 2.
Ah wretched they! whom Pyrrha's smile
And unsuspected arts beguile.—*Duncome.*

188. TULL.
It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

189. VIRG. Æn. x. 824.
An image of paternal tenderness.

190. HOR. 2 Od. viii. 18.
A slavery to former times unknown.

191. ——Deluding vision of the night.—*Pope.*

No.

192. TER. Andr. Act i. Sc. 1.
——All the words
With one accord said all good things, and praised
My happy fortunes, who possess a son
So good, so liberally disposed.—— *Colman.*

193. VIRG. Georg. ii. 461.
His lordship's palace view, whose portals proud
Each morning vomit forth a cringing crowd.
Warton, &c.

194. HOR. 1 Od. xiii. 4.
With jealous pangs my bosom swells.

195. HESIOD.
Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How bless the sparing meal and temperate bowl!

196. HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 30.
True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found in a contented mind.

197. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 15.
On trifles some are earnestly absurd;
You'll think the world depends on every word.
What! is not every mortal free to speak?
I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck!
And what's the question? If it shines or rains;
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.—*Pitt.*

198. HOR. 4 Od. iv. 50.
We, like 'weak hinds,' the bridled wolf provoke,
And when retreat is victory,
Rush on, though sure to die.—*Oldisworth.*

199. OVID, Ep. iv. 20.
Love bade me write.

200. VIRG. Æn. vi. 893.
The noblest motive is the public good.

201. Incerti Autoris apud AUL. GELL.
A man should be religious, not superstitious.

202. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 25.
Tho' ten times worse themselves, you'll frequent view
Those who with keenest rage will censure you.—*P.*

203. OVID, Met. ii. 38.
Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim
The name of son, O rescue me from shame;
My mother's truth confirm; all doubt remove
By tender pledges of a father's love.

204. HOR. 1 Od. xix. 7.
Her face too dazzling for the sight,
Her winning coyness fires my soul,
I feel a strange delight.

205. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 25.
Deluded by a seeming excellence.—*Roscommon.*

206. HOR. 3 Od. xvi. 21.
They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky.—*Creech.*

207. JUV. Sat. x. 1.
Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Prompts the fond wish, or lifts the suppliant voice.
Dryden, Johnson, &c.

208. OVID, Ars Am. i. i. 99.
To be themselves a spectacle they come.

209. SIMONIDES.
Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

210. CIC. Tusc. Quæst.
There is, I know not how, in minds a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; this has the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

211. PHÆDR. i. 1. Prol.
Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.

212. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 92.
——Loose thy neck from this ignoble chain,
And boldly say thou'rt free.—*Creech.*

213. VIRG. Æn. i. 608.
A good intention.

No.
214. JUV. Sat. iii. 124.
A long dependence in an hour is lost.—*Dryden.*

215. OVID. de Ponto, II. ix. 47.
Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Soften the manners, and subdue the mind.

216. TER. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.
Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you *try*, and can't go through with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! *ruin'd*! and undone!
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her power.
Colman.

217. JUV. Sat. vi. 326.
Then unrestrain'd by rules of decency,
Th' assembled females raise a general cry.

218. HOR. Ep. xvii. 68.
——————Have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
Pooley.

219. OVID, Met. xiii. 141.
These I scarce call our own.

220. VIRG. Æn. xii. 228.
A thousand rumours spreads.

221. HOR. 3 Sat. l. 1. v. 6.
From eggs, which first are set upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it last is stored.

222. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 183.
Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,
Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves.
Creech.

223. PHÆDR. iii. i. 5.
O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore, when your remains are so delicious!

224. HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 23.
Chain'd to her shining car, Fame draws along
With equal whirl the great and vulgar throng.

225. JUV. Sat. x. 365.
Prudence supplies the want of every good.

226. HOR.
A picture is a poem without words.

227. THEOCRITUS.
Wretch that I am! ah, whither shall I go?
Will you not hear me, nor regard my woe?
I'll strip, and throw me from yon rock so high,
Where Olpis sits to watch the scaly fry.
Should I be drown'd, or 'scape with life away,
If cured of love, you, tyrant, would be gay.

228. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 69.
Th' inquisitive will blab; from such refrain:
Their leaky ears no secret can retain.—*Shard.*

229. HOR. 4 Od. ix. 4.
Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay:
Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her verse still breathes the passions of her heart.
Francis.

230. TULL.
Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

231. MART. viii. 78.
O modesty! O piety!

232. SALLUST, Bel. Cat.
By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

233. VIRG. Ecl. x. v. 60.
As if by these my sufferings I could ease;
Or by my pains the god of love appease.—*Dryden.*

234. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 41.
I wish this error in your friendship reign'd.—*Creech.*

235. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 81.
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit.—*Roscommon.*

236. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 308.
With laws connubial tyrants to restrain.

237. SENECA in Œdip.
They that are dim of sight see truth by halves.

No.
238. PERSIUS, Sat. iv. 50.
No more to flattering crowds thine ear incline,
Eager to drink the praise which is not thine.
Brewster.

239. VIRG. Æn. vi. 86.
——Wars, horrid wars!—*Dryden.*

240. MART. Ep. i. 17.
Of such materials, Sir, are books composed.

241. VIRG. Æn. iv. 466.
All sad she seems, forsaken, and alone;
And left to wander wide through paths unknown.—*P.*

242. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 168.
To write on vulgar themes, is thought an easy task.

243. TULL. Offic.
You see, my son Marcus, virtue as if it were embodied, which if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

244. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 101.
A judge of painting you, a connoisseur.

245. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 338.
Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth.

246. No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm:
A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.—*Pope.*

247. HESIOD.
Their untired lips a wordy torrent pour.

248. TULL. Off. i. 16.
It is a principal point of duty, to assist another most when he stands most in need of assistance.

249. Frag. Vet. Poet.
Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

250. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 3.
Yet hear what an unskilful friend can say:
As if a blind man should direct your way;
So I myself, though wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a hint that's worth your thought.

251. VIRG. Æn. vi. 625.
————A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs.
Dryden.

252. VIRG. Æn. ii. 570.
Exploring every place with curious eyes.

253. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 76.
I feel my honest indignation rise,
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,
The work I own has elegance and ease,
But sure no modern should presume to please.
Francis.

254. Frag. Vet. Poet.
Virtuous love is honourable, but lust increaseth sorrow.

255. HOR. 1 Ep. lib. 1. ver. 36. *Imitated.*
Know there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.—*Pope.*

256 HESIOD.
Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppression, to be borne with pain.

257. STOBÆUS.
No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to every action we commence.

258. Divide and rule.

259. TULL.
What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

260. HOR. 3 Ep. ii. 55.
Years following years steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—*Pope.*

261. Frag. Vet. Poet.
Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

No.
262. OVID, Trist. ii. 566. *Adapted.*
My paper flows from no satiric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.

263. TREBONIUS apud TULL.
I am glad that he whom I must have loved from duty, whatever he had been, is such a one as I can love from inclination.

264. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 103. *Adapted.*
In public walks let who will shine or stray,
I'll silent steal through life in my own way.

265. OVID, de Art. Am. iii. 7.
But some exclaim: What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.—*Congreve.*

266. TER. Eun. Act v. Sc. 4.
This I conceive to be my master-piece, that I have discovered how inexperienced youth may detect the artifices of bad women, and by knowing them early, detest them for ever.

267. PROPERT. El. 34, lib. 2, ver. 95.
Give place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits.

268. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 29.
——————unfit
For lively sallies of corporeal wit.—*Creech.*

269. OVID, Ars Am. i. 241.
Most rare is now our old simplicity.—*Dryden.*

270. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 262.
For what's derided by the censuring crowd,
Is thought on more than what is just and good.
Dryden.

There is a lust in man no power can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagle's wings invidious scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.
E. of Corke.

Sooner we learn, and seldomer forget,
What critics scorn, than what they highly rate.
Hughes's Letters, vol. ii. p. 222.

271. VIRG. Æn. iv. 701.
Drawing a thousand colours from the light.
Dryden.

272. VIRG. Æn. i. 345.
Great is the injury, and long the tale.

273. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 156.
Note well the manners.

274. HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 37.
All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
Till every cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend.—— *Pope.*

275. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 300.
A head, no hellebore can cure

276. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 42.
Misconduct screen'd behind a specious name.

277. OVID, Met. lib. iv. ver. 428.
Receive instruction from an enemy.

278. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 250.
I rather choose a low and creeping style.

279. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 316.
He knows what best befits each character.

280. HOR. 1 Ep. xvij. 35.
To please the great is not the smallest praise.
Creech.

281. VIRG. Æn. iv. 64.
Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

282. VIRG. Æn. viii. 580.
Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.—*Dryden.*

284. PERS. Prolog. ver. 10.
Necessity is the mother of invention.
English Proverbs.

284. VIRG. Ecl. vii. 17.
Their mirth to share, I bid my business wait.

285. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 227.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much,
To make a god, a hero, or a king,

No.
(Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high,
With empty sound, and airy notions fly.
Roscommon.

286. TACIT. Ann. l. xiv. c. 21.
Specious names are lent to cover vices.

287. MENAND.
Dear native land, how do the good and wise
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

288. HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 10.
Both fear alike.

289. HOR. 1 Od. iv. 15.
Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.—*Creech.*

290. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 97.
Forgets his swelling and gigantic words.
Roscommon.

291. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 351.
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.
Roscommon.

292. TIBUL. 4 Eleg. ii. 8.
Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace on each action silently attends.

293. Frag. Vet. Poet.
The prudent still have fortune on their side.

294. TULL. ad Herennium.
The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have much reverence for virtue.

295. JUV. Sat. vi. 361.
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
Dryden.

296. HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 42.
Add weight to trifles.

297. HOR. 1 Sat. vi. 66.
As perfect beauties somewhere have a mole.
Creech.

298. VIRG. Æn. iv. 373.
Honour is nowhere safe.

299. JUV. Sat. vi. 166.
Some country girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed;
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state;
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
Dryden.

300. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 5.
——Another failing of the mind,
Greater than this, of quite a different kind.—*Pooley.*

301. HOR. 4 Od. xiii. 26.
That all may laugh to see that glaring light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End in a stink at last, and vanish into night.—*Anon.*

302. VIRG. Æn. v. 343.
Becoming sorrows, and a virtuous mind
More lovely in a beauteous form enshrined.

303. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 363.
————Some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.
Roscommon.

304. VIRG. Æn. iv. 2.
A latent fire preys on his feverish veins.

305. VIRG. Æn. ii. 521.
These times want other aids.—*Dryden.*

306. JUV. Sat. vi. 177.
What beauty, or what chastity, can bear
So great a price, if stately and severe
She still insults?—*Dryden.*

No.
307. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 39.
——Often try what weight you can support,
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.
Roscommon.

308. HOR. Od. 5. lib. ii. ver. 15.
——Lalage will soon proclaim
Her love, nor blush to own her flame.—*Creech.*

309. VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 264.
Ye realms, yet unrevealed to human sight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.—*Dryden.*

310. VIRG. Æn. i. 77.
I'll tie the indissoluble marriage-knot.

311. JUV. Sat. vi. 137.
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dower?
Dryden.

312. TULL.
What duty, what praise, or what honour will he think worth enduring bodily pain for, who has persuaded himself that pain is the chief evil? Nay, to what ignominy, to what baseness will he not stoop, to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the chief evil?

313. JUV. Sat. vii. 227.
Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part.—*Ch. Dryden.*

314. HOR. 1 Od. xxiii. 11.
Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.—*Creech.*

315. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.
Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.—*Roscommon.*

316. VIRG. Ecl. i. 28.
Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
Dryden.

317. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.
——Born to drink and eat.—*Creech.*

318. VIRG. Ecl. viii. 63.
With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

319. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 90.
Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind
These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?
Francis.

320. OVID, Met. vi. 428.
Nor Hymen nor the Graces here preside,
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride;
But fiends with fun'ral brands the process led,
And furies waited at the genial bed.—*Croxal.*

321. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 99.
'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It must affect and captivate the soul.

322. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 110.
Grief wrings her soul, and bends it down to earth.
Francis.

323. VIRG.
Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

324. PERS. Sat. ii. 61.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground!
Dryden.

325. OVID, Metam. iii. 432.
(From the fable of NARCISSUS.)
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Addison.

326 HOR. Lib. iii. Od. xvi. 1.
Of watchful dogs an odious ward
Right well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immured,
By mighty bars of steel secured,

No.
Although by mortal rake-hells lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not—————. *Francis*, vol. ii. p. 77.

Adapted.
Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind,
And clap your padlock on her mind.—*Padlock.*

327. VIRG. Æn. vii. 48.
A larger scene of action is display'd.—*Dryden.*

328*. PETRON. ARB.
Delighted with unaffected plainness.

328. HOR. Epod. xvii. 24.
Day chases night, and night the day,
But no relief to me convey.—*Duncombe.*

329. HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 27.
With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

330. JUV. Sat. xiv. 48.
To youth the greatest reverence is due.

331. PERS. Sat. ii. 28.
Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

332. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 29.
He cannot bear the raillery of the age.—*Creech.*

333. VIRG.
He calls embattled deities to arms.

334. CIC. de Gestu.
You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way; and you have said that fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

335. HOR. Ars Poet. 327.
Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.—*Francis.*

336. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 80. *Imitated.*
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.—*Pope.*

337. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 63.
The jockey trains the young and tender horse,
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
Creech.

338. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 18.
Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

339. VIRG. Ecl. vi. 33.
He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame,
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall,
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose.—*Dryden.*

340. VIRG. Æn. iv. 10.
What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war?

341. VIRG. Æn. i. 206.
Resume your courage and dismiss your fear.
Dryden.

342. TULL.
Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

343. OVID, Metam. xv. 165.
————All things are but alter'd; nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.
Dryden.

344. JUV. Sat. xi. 11.
Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live?—*Congreve.*

No.

345. OVID, Metam. i. 76.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd and fit to rule the rest.—*Dryden.*

346. TULL.
I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure.

347. LUCAN, lib. i. 8.
What blind, detested fury, could afford
Such horrid licence to the barb'rous sword!

348. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 13.
To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?

349. LUCAN, i. 454.
Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.—*Rowe.*

350. TULL.
That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for its own conveniency, is vicious.

351. VIRG. Æn. xii. 59.
On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

352. TULL.
If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

353. VIRG. Georg. iv. 6.
Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

354. JUV. Sat. vi. 168.
Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,
Dash'd as they are with supercilious scorn.

355. OVID, Trist. ii. 563.
I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

356. JUV. Sat. x. 349.
——The gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees they want;
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah! that we loved ourselves but half as well!
Dryden.

357. VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.
Who can relate such woes without a tear?

358. HOR. 4 Od. xii. 1. ult.
'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.—*Francis.*

359. VIRG. Ecl. ii. 63.
Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.
Warton.

360. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 43.
The man who all his wants conceals,
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.
Duncombe.

361. VIRG. Æn. vii. 514.
The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

362. HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 6.
He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,
He liked his glass on his own evidence.

363. VIRG. Æn. ii. 368.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Dryden.

364. HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 29.
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.—*Francis.*

365. VIRG. Georg. iii. 272.
But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

No.

Adapted.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
Thomson's Spring, 160, &c.

366. HOR. 1 Od. xxii. 17.
Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near the scorching country run:
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat, but that of Celia's eyes.
Roscommon.

367. JUV. Sat. i. 18.
In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

368. EURIP. apud TULL.
When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care:
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

369. HOR. Ars Poet. 180.
What we hear moves less than what we see.
Roscommon.

370. ——All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
Shakspeare.

371. JUV. Sat. x. 28.
And shall the sage your approbation win,
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?

372. OVID, Met. i. 759.
To hear an open slander is a curse;
But not to find an answer is a worse.—*Dryden.*

373. JUV. Sat. xiv. 109.
Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

374. LUCAN, ii. 57.
He reckon'd not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.—*Rowe.*

375. HOR. 4 Od. ix. 45.
We barbarously call them blest,
Who are of largest tenements possest,
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those who can
Govern that little empire, man;
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven;
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate.
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loath to purchase life so dear.—*Stepney.*

376. PERS. Sat. vi. 11.
From the Pythagorean peacock.

377. HOR. 2 Od. xiii. 13.
What each should fly, is seldom known;
We unprovided, are undone.—*Creech.*

378. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 48.!
Mature in years, to ready honours move.—*Dryden.*

379. PERS. Sat. i. 27.
——Science is not science till reveal'd.—*Dryden.*

380. OVID, Ars Am. ii. 538.
With patience bear a rival in thy love.

381. HOR. 2 Od. iii. 1.
Be calm, my Dellius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene,
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet, when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in.
Let a fierce, unruly, joy,
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.—*Anon.*

382. TULL.
The accused confesses his guilt.

383. JUV. Sat. i. 75.
A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

No.
385. OVID, 1 Trist. iii. 66.
Breasts that with sympathizing ardour glow'd,
And holy friendship, such as Theseus vow'd.

387. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 102.
What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene.

388. VIRG. Georg. ii. 174.
For thee I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And arts disclosed by ancient sages sing.

389. HOR.
Their pious sires a better lesson taught.

390. TULL.
It is not by blushing, but by not doing what is unbecoming, that we ought to guard against the imputation of impudence.

391. PERS. Sat. ii. v. 3.
Thou know'st to join
No bribe unhallow'd to a prayer of thine;
Thine, which can ev'ry ear's full test abide,
Nor need be mutter'd to the gods aside!
No, thou aloud may'st thy petitions trust!
Thou need'st not whisper; other great ones must;
For few, my friend, few dare like thee be plain,
And prayer's low artifice at shrines disdain.
Few from their pious mumblings dare depart,
And make profession of their inmost heart.
Keep me, indulgent Heaven, through life sincere,
Keep my mind sound, my reputation clear.
These wishes they can speak, and we can hear.
Thus far their wants are audibly exprest;
Then sinks the voice, and muttering groans the rest:
'Hear, hear at length, good Hercules, my vow!
O chink some pot of gold beneath my plough!
Could I, O could I, to my ravish'd eyes,
See my rich uncle's pompous funeral rise;
Or could I once my ward's cold corpse attend,
Then all were mine!'

392. PETRON.
By fable's aid ungovern'd fancy soars,
And claims the ministry of heavenly powers.

393. VIRG. Georg. i. 412.
Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

394. TULL.
It is obvious to see that these things are very acceptable to children, young women, and servants, and to such as most resemble servants; but they can by no means meet with the approbation of people of thought and consideration.

395. OVID, Rem. Amor. 10.
'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.

397. OVID, Metam. xiii. 228.
Her grief inspired her then with eloquence.

398. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 271.
You'd be a fool
With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule.—*Creech.*

399. PERS. Sat. iv. 23.
None, none descends into himself to find
The secret imperfections of his mind.—*Dryden.*

400. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 93.
There's a snake in the grass.—*English Proverbs.*

401. TER. Eun. Act. i Sc. 1.
It is the capricious state of love to be attended with injuries, suspicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, and reconcilement.

402. HOR. Ars Poet. 281.
Sent by the Spectator to himself.

403. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 142.
Of many men he saw the manners.

404. VIRG. Ecl. viii. 63.
With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

405, HOM.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks restored, the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.—*Pope.*

No.
406. TULL.
These studies nourish youth; delight old age; are the ornament of prosperity, the solacement and the refuge of adversity; they are delectable at home, and not burdensome abroad, they gladden us at nights, and on our journeys, and in the country.

407. OVID, Met. xiii. 127.
Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

408. TULL. de Finibus.
The affections of the heart ought not to be too much indulged, nor servilely depressed.

409. LUCR. i. 933.
To grace each subject with enlivening wit.

410. TER. Eun. Act v. Sc. 4.
When they are abroad, nothing so clean and nicely dressed, and when at supper with a gallant, they do but piddle, and pick the choicest bits: but to see their nastiness and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against wenching.

411. LUCR. i. 925.
In wild unclear'd, to Muses a retreat,
O'er ground untrod before, I devious roam,
And deep enamour'd into latent springs
Presume to peep at coy virgin Nalads.

412. MART. Ep. iv. 83.
The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.

413. OVID, Met. ix. 207.
The cause is secret, but the effect is known.
Addison.

414. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 410.
But mutually they need each other's help.
Roscommon.

415. VIRG. Georg. ii. 155.
Witness our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame.
Dryden.

416. LUCR. ix. 754.
So far as what we see with our minds, bears similitude to what we see with our eyes.

417. HOR. 4 Od. iii. 1.
He on whose birth the lyric queen
Of numbers smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the famed Olympic race.
But him the streams that warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile meads along,
And shady groves, his haunts shall know
The master of th' Æolian song.—*Atterbury.*

418. VIRG. Ecl. iii. 89.
The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.

419. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 140.
The sweet delusion of a raptured mind.

420. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 100.
And raise men's passions to what height they will.
Roscommon.

421. OVID, Met. vi. 294.
He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.—*Addison.*

422. TULL. Epist.
I have written this, not out of the abundance of leisure, but of my affection towards you.

423. HOR. 3 Od. xxvi. 1.
Once fit myself.

424. HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 30.
'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings:
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.

425. HOR. 4 Od. vii. 9.
The cold grows soft with western gales,
The summer over spring prevails,
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to winter storms and hails;
Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.
Sir W. Temple.

426. VIRG. Æn. iii. 56.
O cursed hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold.
Dryden.

No.
427. TULL.
We should be as careful of our words as our actions; and as far from speaking as from doing ill.

428. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 417.
The devil take the hindmost.—*English Proverb.*

429. HOR. 2 Od. ii. 19.
From cheats of words the crowd she brings
To real estimates of things.—*Creech.*

430. HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 62.
——The crowd replies,
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies.—*Creech.*

431. TULL.
What is there in nature so dear to man as his own children?

432. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 36.
He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan-like quire.
Dryden.

433. MART. Epig. xiv. 183.
To banish anxious thought and quiet pain,
Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling strain.

434. VIRG. Æn. xi. 659.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old
When Thermedon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen;
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.
Dryden.

435. OVID, Met. iv. 378.
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.—*Addison.*

436. JUV. Sat. iii. 36.
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
Dryden.

437. TER. And. Act v. Sc. 4.
Shall you escape with impunity; you who lay snares for young men of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and by force of importunity and promises draw them in to marry harlots?

438. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 62.
——Curb thy soul,
And check thy rage, which must be ruled or rule.
Creech.

439. OVID, Metam. xii. 57.
Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise;
Each fiction still improved with added lies.

440. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 213.
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.—*Pope.*

441. HOR. 3 Od. iii. 7.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.—*Anon.*

442. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 117.
——Those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.—*Pope.*

443. HOR. 3 Od. xxiv. 32.
Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,
And fondly would recall her to our view.

444. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 139.
The mountain labours.

445. MART. Epig. i. 118.
You say, Lupercus, what I write
I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

446. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 308.
What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.
Roscommon.

447. Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind;
And what we once disliked we pleasing find.

448. JUV. Sat. ii. 82.
In time to greater baseness you proceed.

No.
449. MART. iii. 68.
A book the chastest matron may peruse.

450. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 53.
——Get money, money still,
And then let virtue follow, if she will.—*Pope.*

451. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 149.
——Times corrupt and nature ill-inclined
Produced the point that left the sting behind;
Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Pope.

452. PLIN. apud Lillium.
Human nature is fond of novelty.

453. HOR. 2 Od. xx. 1.
No weak, no common wing shall bear
My rising body through the air.—*Creech.*

454. TER. Heaut. Act. i. Sc. 1.
Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

455. HOR. 4 Od. ii. 27.
——My timorous Muse
Unambitious tracts pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.
Cowley.

456. TULL.
The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be undone quietly.

457. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 9.
Seeming to promise something wondrous great.

458. HOR.
False modesty.

459. HOR. 1 Ep. iv. 5.
——Whate'er befits the wise and good.—*Creech.*

460. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 25.
Deluded by a seeming excellence.—*Roscommon.*

461. VIRG. Ecl. ix. 34.
But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise.
Dryden.

462. HOR. 1 Sat. v. 44.
Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.

463. CLAUD.
In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chace pursues,
The judge abed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal.
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

464. HOR. 2 Od. x. 5.
The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modesty withal as great,
To baulk the envy of a princely seat.—*Norris.*

465. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 97.
How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days;
Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambitious fires;
By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
For things but little worth your care.—*Francis.*

466. VIRG. Æn. i. 409.
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
Dryden.

467. TIBULL. ad Messalam, 1 Eleg. iv. 24.
Whate'er my Muse adventurous dares indite,
Whether the niceness of thy piercing sight
Applaud my lays, or censure what I write,
To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,
By adding to my page Messala's name.

No.
468. PLIN. Epist.
He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good humour.

469. TULL.
To detract anything from another, and for one man to multiply his own conveniences by the inconveniences of another, is more against nature than death, than poverty, than pain, and the other things which can befall the body, or external circumstances.

470. MART. 2 Epig. lxxxvi.
'Tis folly only, and defect of sense,
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

471. EURIPID.
The wise with hope support the pains of life.

472. VIRG. Æn. iii. 660.
This only solace his hard fortune sends.—*Dryden.*

473. HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 12.
Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;
Must he his virtues and his mind express?—*Creech.*

474. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 6.
Rude, rustic, and inelegant.

475. TER. Eun. Act. i. Sc. 1.
The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, counsel cannot rule.

476. HOR. Ars Poet. 41.
Method gives light.

477. HOR. 3 Od. iv. 5.
——Does airy fancy cheat
My mind well pleased with the deceit?
I seem to hear, I seem to move,
And wander through the happy grove,
Where smooth springs flow, and murm'ring breeze,
Wantons through the waving trees.—*Creech.*

478. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 72.
Fashion, sole arbitress of dress.

479. HOR. Ars Poet. 398.
To regulate the matrimonial life.

480. HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 85.
He, Sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
And, greater still, he's master of himself:
Not to and fro, by fears and factions hurl'd,
But loose to all the interests of the world;
And while the world turns round, entire and whole,
He keeps the sacred tenor of his soul.—*Pitt.*

481. HOR. Sat. I. vii. 19.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?
Pope.

482. LUCR. iii. 11.
As from the sweetest flower the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious sweets.—*Creech.*

483. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.
Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.—*Roscommon.*

484. PLIN. Epist.
Nor has any one so bright a genius as to become illustrious instantaneously, unless it fortunately meets with occasion and employment, with patronage too, and commendation.

485. QUIN. CURT. l. vii. c. 8.
The strongest things are not so well established as to be out of danger from the weakest.

486. HOR. 1 Sat. ii. 37. *Imitated.*
All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend—— *Pope.*

487. PETR.
While sleep oppresses the tired limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfined.

488. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 156.
What doth it cost? Not much, upon my word.
How much, pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence,
O Lord!—*Creech.*

No.
489. HOM.
The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

490. HOR. 2 Od. xiv. 21.
Thy house and pleasing wife.—*Creech.*

491. VIRG. Æn. iii. 318.
A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

492. SENECA.
Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

493. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 76.
Commend not, till a man is throughly known:
A rascal praised, you make his faults your own.
Anon.

494. CICERO.
What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

495. HOR. 4 Od. iv. 57.
—Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,
At every wound they sprout and grow:
The axe and sword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive.—*Anon.*

496. TERENT. Heaut. Act i. Sc. 1.
Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

497. MENANDER.
A cunning old fox this!

498. VIRG. Georg. i. 514.
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horses fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.—*Dryden.*

499. PERS. Sat. i. 40.
——You drive the jest too far.—*Dryden.*

500. OVID, Met. vi. 182.
Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.
Croxal.

501. HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 19.
'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light.—*Creech.*

502. TER. Heaut. Act iv. Sc. 1.
Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing but what they list.

503. TER. Eun. Act ii. Sc. 3.
From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

504. TER. Eun. Act iii. Sc. 1.
You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

505. ENNIUS.
Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:
Vain their pretence to more than human skill:
For gain, imaginary schemes they draw;
Wand'rers themselves, they guide another's steps;
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth.
Let them, if they expect to be believed,
Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest.

506. MART. 4 Epig. xiii. 7.
Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus still the well-match'd pair befriend!
May she, when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day!

507. JUV. Sat. ii. 46.
Preserved from shame by numbers on our side.

508. CORN. NEPOS in Milt. c. 8.
For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state which was before free.

509. TER. Heaut. Act iii. Sc. 3.
Discharging the part of a good economist.

No.
510. TER. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.
If you are wise, add not to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it.

511. OVID, Ars Am. i. 175.
——Who could fail to find,
In such a crowd a mistress to his mind?

512. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344.
Mixing together profit and delight.

513. VIRG. Æn. vi. 50.
When all the god came rushing on her soul.—*Dryden.*

514. VIRG. Georg. iii. 291.
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
And pleased I am no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make.—*Dryden.*

515. TER. Heaut. Act ii. Sc. 3.
I am ashamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice, who gave me the character of these creatures.

516. JUV. Sat. xv. 34.
——A grutch, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from sire to son:
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first,
The quarrel which so long the bigots nurst:
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock:
His own divine.—*Tate.*

517. VIRG. Æn. vi. 878.
Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!—*Dryden.*

518. JUV. Sat. viii. 76.
'Tis poor relying on another's fame,
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall.—*Stepney.*

519. VIRG. Æn. vi. 728.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.—*Dryden.*

520. HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 1.
And who can grieve too much? What time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a friend?—*Creech.*

521. P. ARB.
The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

522. TER. Andr. Act iv. Sc. 2.
I swear never to forsake her; no, though I were sure to make all men my enemies. Her I desired: her I have obtained; our humours agree. Perish all those who would separate us! Death alone shall deprive me of her!

523. VIRG. Æn. iv. 376.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence, as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
Dryden.

524. SEN.
As the world leads, we follow.

525. EURIP.
That love alone, which virtue's laws control,
Deserves reception in the human soul.

526. OVID, Met. ii. 127.
Keep a stiff rein.—*Addison.*

527. PLAUTUS in Stichor.
You will easily find a worse woman; a better the sun never shone upon.

528. OVID, Met. ix. 165.
With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd her burning heart.—*Gay.*

529. HOR. Ars Poet. 92.
Let everything have its due place.—*Roscommon.*

530. HOR. 1 Od. xxxiii. 10.
Thus Venus sports; the rich, the base,
Unlike in fortune and in face,
To disagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocose,
She ties the fatal noose,
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.—*Creech.*

No.
531. HOR. 1 Od. xii. 15.
Who guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer, and the mighty King:
Than he none greater, like him none
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he singly fills the throne.—*Creech.*

532. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 304.
I play the whetstone; useless, and unfit
To cut myself, I sharpen other's wit.—*Creech.*

533. PLAUT.
Nay, says he, if one is too little, I will give you two;
And if two will not satisfy you, I will add two more.

534. JUV. Sat. viii. 73.
——We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.—*Stepney.*

535. HOR. 1 Od. xi. 7.
Cut short vain hope.

536. VIRG. Æn. ix. 617.
O! less than women in the shapes of men.—*Dryden.*

537. For we are his offspring.—Acts xvii. 28.

538. HOR. 2 Sat. i. 1.
To launch beyond all bounds.

539. QUÆ GENUS.
Be they heteroclites.

540. VIRG. Æn. vi. 143.
A second is not wanting.

541. HOR. Ars Poet. v. 108.
For nature forms and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face:
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortured soul:
And these are all interpreted by speech.
Roscommon.

542. OVID, Met. ii. 430.
——He heard,
Well pleased, himself before himself preferred.
Addison.

543. OVID, Met. ii. 12.
Similar, though not the same.——

544. TER. Adelph. Act v. Sc. 4.
No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; insomuch that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we thought we understood, and see cause to reject what we fancied our truest interest.

545. VIRG. Æn. iv. 99.
Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

546. TULL.
Everything should be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of anything which the seller knows.

547. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 149.
Suppose you had a wound, and one that show'd
An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good;
Would you be fond of this, increase your pain,
And use the fruitless remedy again?—*Creech.*

548. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 68.
There's none but has some fault, and he's the best,
Most virtuous he, that's spotted with the least.
Creech.

549. JUV. Sat. iii. 1.
Tho' grieved at the departure of my friend,
His purpose of retiring I commend.

550. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 138.
In what will all this ostentation end?—*Roscommon.*

551. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 400.
So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function.—*Roscommon.*

552. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 13.
For those are hated that excel the rest,
Although, when dead, they are beloved and blest.
Creech.

553. HOR. 1 Ep. xiv. 35.
Once to be wild is no such foul disgrace,
But 'tis so still to run the frantic race.—*Creech.*

No.
554. VIRG. Georg. iii. 9.
New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.—*Dryden.*

555. PERS. Sat. iv. 51.
Lay the fictitious character aside.

556. VIRG. Æn. ii. 471.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake;
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Restored with pois'nous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and raised on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.—*Dryden.*

557. VIRG. Æn. i. 665.
He fears the ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongued.

558. HOR. 1 Sat. i. 1.
Whence is't, Mæcenas, that so few approve
The state they're placed in, and incline to rove;
Whether against their will by fate imposed,
Or by consent and prudent choice espoused?
Happy the merchant! the old soldier cries,
Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane
Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign:
There an engagement soon decides your doom,
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.
The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,
When at the dawn the clients break his rest.
The farmer, having put in bail t'appear,
And forced to town, cries they are happiest there:
With thousands more of this inconstant race,
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.
Not to detain you longer, pray attend,
The issue of all this: Should Jove descend,
And grant to every man his rash demand,
To run his lengths with a neglectful hand;
First, grant the harass'd warrior a release,
Bid him to trade, and try the faithless seas,
To purchase treasure and declining ease:
Next, call the pleader from his learned strife,
To the calm blessings of a country life:
And with these separate demands dismiss
Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss:
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Though proffer'd to be happy from above.
Horneck.

559. HOR. 1 Sat. i. 20.
Were it not just that Jove, provoked to heat,
Should drive these triflers from the hallow'd seat,
And unrelenting stand when they entreat?
Horneck.

560. OVID, Met. i. 747.
He tries his tongue, his silence softly breaks.
Dryden.

561. VIRG. Æn. i. 724.
——————But he
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.—*Dryden.*

562. TER. Eun. Act i. Sc. 2.
Be present as if absent.

563. LUCAN, i. 135.
The shadow of a mighty name.

564. HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 117.
Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain,
And do not flay him who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he hath done.—*Creech.*

565. VIRG. Georg. iv. 221.
For God the whole created mass inspires,
Through heaven and earth, and ocean's depths: he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Dryden.

No.
566. OVID, Ars Am. ii. 233.
Love is a kind of warfare.

567. VIRG. Æn. vi. 493.
——The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.
Dryden.

568. MART. Epig. i. 39.
Reciting makes it thine.

569. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 434.
Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
Roscommon.

570. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 322.
Chiming trifles.—*Roscommon.*

571. LUC.
What seek we beyond heaven?

572. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 115.
Physicians only boast the healing art.

573. JUV. Sat. ii. 35.
Chastised, the accusation they retort.

574. HOR. 4 Od. ix. 45.
Believe not those that lands possess,
And shining heaps of useless ore,
The only lords of happiness;
But rather those that know
For what kind fates bestow,
And have the heart to use the store
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty.—*Creech.*

575. VIRG. Georg. iv. 223.
No room is left for death.—*Dryden.*

576. OVID, Met. ii. 72.
I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.—*Addison.*

577. JUV. Sat. vi. 613.
This might be borne with, if you did not rave.

578. OVID, Met. xv. 167.
Th' unbodied spirit flies—
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.—*Dryden.*

579. VIRG. Æn. iv. 132.
Sagacious hounds.

580. OVID, Met. i. 175.
This place, the brighest mansion of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the Deity.—*Dryden.*

581. MART. Epig. i. 17.
Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t'other.

582. JUV. Sat. vii. 51.
The curse of writing is an endless itch.—*Ch. Dryden.*

583. VIRG. Georg. iv. 112.
With his own hand the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pines may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.
Dryden.

584. VIRG. Ecl. x. 42.
Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.
Dryden.

585. VIRG. Ecl. v. 68.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.—*Dryden.*

586. CIC. de Div.
The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

587. PERS. Sat. iii. 30.
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin.—*Dryden.*

588. CICERO.
You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

No.
589. OVID, Met. viii. 774.
The impious axe he plies, loud strokes resound:
Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

590. OVID, Met. xv. 179.
E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountains still supply their store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on.
Still moving, ever new; for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act, till then unknown.
Dryden.

591. OVID, Trist. 3 El. ii. 73.
Love the soft subject of his sportive Muse.

592. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 409.
Art without a vein.—*Roscommon.*

593. VIRG. Æn. vi. 270.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.
Dryden.

594. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 81.
He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem;
That man's a knave;—be sure beware of him.
Creech.

595. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 12.
——Nature, and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Roscommon.

596. OVID, Ep. xv. 79.
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.—*Pope.*

597. PETR.
The mind uncumber'd plays.

598. JUV. Sat. x. 28.
Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued by several ways?
One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.
Dryden.

599. VIRG. Æn. ii. 369.
All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears.
Dryden.

600. VIRG. Æn. vi. 641.
Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
Dryden.

601. ANTONIN. lib. 9.
Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

602. JUV. Sat. vi. 120.
This makes them hyacinths.

603. VIRG. Ecl. viii. 68.
——Restore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.—*Dryden.*

604. HOR. 1 Od. xi. 1.
Ah, do not strive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoe,
What the kind gods design to do
With me and thee.—*Creech.*

605. VIRG. Georg. ii. 51.
——They change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.—*Dryden.*

606. VIRG. Georg. i. 293.
——mean time at home
The good wife singing plies the various loom.

No.
607. OVID, Ars Amor. i. 1.
Now Io Pæan sing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Ios fill the air;
The prey is fallen in my successful toils.—*Anon.*

608. OVID, Ars Amor. i. 633.
——Forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.—*Dryden.*

609. JUV. Sat. i. 86.
The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

610. SENECA.
Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently, are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death:
While he, o'ertaken unprepared,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

611. VIRG. Æn. iv. 366.
Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

612. VIRG. Æn. xii. 529.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone.
Dryden.

613. VIRG. Georg. iv. 564.
Affecting studies of less noisy praise.—*Dryden.*

614. VIRG. Æn. iv. 15.
——Were I not resolved against the yoke
Of hapless marriage; never to be cursed
With second love, so fatal was the first,
To this one error I might yield again.—*Dryden.*

615. HOR. 4 Od. ix. 47.
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven:
Who in a fixt unalterable state
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loath to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.—*Stepney.*

616. MART. Epig. i. 10.
A pretty fellow is but half a man.

617. PER. Sat. i. 99.
Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspired; and Bassaris, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanced on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rang around,
Evion from woods and floods repeating Echo's sound.—*Dryden.*

618. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 40.
'Tis not enough the measured feet to close:
Nor will you give a poet's name to those
Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.

619. VIRG. Georg. ii. 369.
——Exert a rigorous sway,
And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

620. VIRG. Æn. vi. 791.
Behold the promised chief!

621. LUCAN, ix. 11.
Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
The sun and moving planets he beheld;
Then, looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
And under what a cloud of night we lay.—*Rowe.*

622. HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.
——A safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.—*Pooley.*

No.
623. VIRG. Æn. iv. 24.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend:
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie;
Before I break the plighted faith I gave;
No: he who had my vows shall ever have;
For whom I loved on earth, I worship in the grave.
Dryden.

624. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 77.
Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving coin too well;
Whom luxury corrupts.— *Creech.*

625. HOR. 3 Od. vi. 23.
Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

626. OVID, Met. l. 1.
——With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.
Eusden.

627. VIRG. Ecl. ii. 3.
He underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Dryden.

628. HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 43.
It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.

No.
629. JUV. Sat. i. 170.
——Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.—*Dryden.*

630. HOR. 3 Od. i. 2.
With mute attention wait.

631. HOR. 1 Od. v. 5.
Elegant by cleanliness———

632. VIRG. Æn. vi. 545.
————the number I'll complete,
Then to obscurity well pleased retreat.

633. CICERO.
The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

634. SOCRATES apud XEN.
The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

635. CICERO Somn. Scip.
I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM THE ORIGINAL NUMBERS OF THE SPECTATOR.

In No. 1 Books only were advertised; and they were, Dr. James Drake's 'Anthropologia Nova; or, a New System of Anatomy;' Sir William Petty's 'Political Arithmetic;' a translation of Bernard Lamy's 'Perspective made Easie;' 'The Compleat Geographer;' an Essay towards the Probable Solution of this Question, 'Where those birds do probably 'make their abode which are absent from our Climate at some certain Times and Seasons 'of the Year. By a Person of Learning.' The second edition of 'The Origin and In-'stitution of Civil Government Discussed,' by the Rev. Benjamin Hoadly, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's poor (who did not become a Bishop until 1715); a third edition of 'The 'Works of the Right Rev. Ezekiel Hopkins, late Lord Bishop of Londonderry,' and 'newly published, a Collection of Debates, Reports, Orders and Resolutions of the 'House of Commons, touching the right of Electing Members to serve in Parliament.'

No. 2 was without Advertisements. Nos. 3 to 9 still advertised only Books. No. 10 placed five miscellaneous advertisements before the books, one of 'The Number of Silk 'Gowns that are weekly sold at Mrs. Rogers's, in Exchange Alley,' one of a House to Let at Sutton, one of Spanish Snuff, and two of Clarets and Spanish (Villa Nova, Barcelona and Galicia) Wines. The book advertisements predominating still,—with at first only one or at most two general advertisements, as of Plain Spanish Snuff; Yew and Holly Plants for sale; the drinking glasses and decanters at the Flint Glass-House in Whitefryers; a large House to let with a Dove House, Stables, and all other conveniences; the sale of a deceased Gentleman's Furniture, or a Lieutenant's Commission lost or mislaid,—we come to the first of the quack advertisements in No. 25. They are from separate houses, one of a 'Chrystal 'Cosmetick,' the other 'A most Incomparable Paste for the Hands, far exceeding anything 'ever yet in Print: It makes them Delicately white, sleek and plump; fortifies them against 'the Scorching heat of the Fire or Sun, and Sharpness of the Wind. A Hand cannot be 'so spoilt but the use of it will recover them.'

In No. 27 the first advertisement is of a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick by the best Masters, which would be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Moore, at the Desire of several Persons of Quality. It was to be given 'at the Two Golden Balls, in Hart 'Street, the Upper End of Bow Street, Covent Garden.'

The first advertisement in the following number is of a boarding school for young gentlewomen, 'near the Windmill in Hampstead.' 'The famous Water Theatre of the 'Ingenious Mr. Winstanly' was to be opened on the ensuing Easter Monday, and

'There is a Parcel of extraordinary fine Bohee Tea to be sold at 26*s.* per Pound, 'at the Sign of the Barber's Pole, next door to the Brasier's Shop in Southampton Street 'in the Strand. N.B. The same is to be sold from 10 to 12 in the Morning and from 2 to '4 in the Afternoon.'

Next day we have

'Just Published, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzevir Letter, in 12mo for the 'Pocket,

'Paradise Lost, a Poem in twelve Books, written by Mr. John Milton. The

'Ninth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's 'Head over against Catherine Street in the Strand.'

'Right German Spaw-Waters at 13*s.* a dozen. Bohee 16, 20 and 24*s.* All 'Sorts of Green, the lowest at 10*s.* Chocolate all Nut 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* with sugar 1*s.* 8*d.* 'and 2*s.* The finest of Brazil Snuff at 35*s.* a Pound, another sort at 20*s.* Barcelona, 'Havana and Old Spanish Snuff, Sold by Wholesale with Encouragement to Retailers, 'by Robert Tate, at the Star in Bedford Court, Covent Garden.'

'This Day is Published,

'A Poem to the Right Honourable Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiscard. 'Printed for Jacob Tonson, &c.' (No. 35.)

The first advertisement of the performance at Drury Lane appeared in No. 40, with an appended 'N.B. Advertisements for Plays will be continued, from time to time, in this 'Paper.'

'A large Collection of Manuscript Sermons preach'd by several of the most 'Eminent Divines, for some Years last past, are to be sold at the Bookseller's Warehouse 'in Exeter Change in the Strand.'

'This Day is publish'd,

'AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Printed for W. Lewis in Russell-street Covent 'Garden; and Sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater Noster Row; T. Osborn, in 'Grays-Inn near the Walks; J. Graves in St. James's-street; and J. Morphew near 'Stationers' Hall. Price 1*s.*'

'Concerning the Small-Pox.

'R. Stroughton, Apothecary, at the Unicorn in Southwark, having about 'Christmas last Published in the *Postman*, *Tatler* and *Courant*, a long Advertisement of his 'large Experience and great Success in curing the Small-Pox, even of the worst Kind and 'Circumstances, having had a Reputation for it almost 30 years, and can say than not 3 'in 20 miscarry under his hands, doth now contract it; and only repeats, that he thinks 'he has attain'd to as great a Certainty therein (and the Measles which are near of Kin) 'as has been acquir'd in curing any one disease (an Intermitting Feaver with the Bark 'only excepted) which he conceives may at this time, when the Small-Pox so prevails, and 'is so mortal, justify his Publications, being pressed by several so to do, and hopes it may 'be for the Good of many: He has had many Patients since his last Publication and but 'One of all dy'd. He hath also Certificates from above 20 in a small time Cured, and 'of the worst sort. What is here offered is Truth and Matter of Fact; and he will, if 'desired, go with any one to the Persons themselves who have been Cured, many of whom 'are People of Value and Figure: 'Tis by a correct Management, more than a great deal 'of Physick, by which also the Face and Eyes are much secured; tho' one Secret he has '(obtained only by Experience and which few or none know besides) that when they sud-'denly strike in very rarely fails of raising them again in a few Hours, when many other 'things, and proper too, have not answered. He does not desire, nor aim at the supplant-'ing of any Physician or Apothecary concerned, but gives his assisting Advice if desired, 'and in such a way not Dishonourable or Injurious to either.'

'Angelick Snuff: The most noble Composition in the World, removing all 'manner of Disorders of the Head and all Swimming or Giddiness proceeding from 'Vapours, &c., also Drowsiness, Sleepiness and other lethargick Effects, perfectly curing 'Deafness to Admiration, and ill Humours or Soreness in the Eyes, &c., strength'ning them 'when weak, perfectly cures Catarrhs, or Defluxions of Rheum, and remedies the Tooth-ach 'instantly; is excellently beneficial in Apoplectick Fits and Falling-Sickness, and assuredly 'prevents those Distempers; corroborates the Brain, comforts the Nerves, and revives 'the Spirits. Its admirable Efficacy in all the above mention'd Diseases has been ex-'perienc'd above a Thousand times, and very justly causes it to be esteem'd the most 'beneficial Snuff in the World, being good for all sorts of Persons. Price 1*s.* a Paper

'with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St Paul's 'Churchyard near Cheapside.'

'For Sale by the Candle,

'On Friday next, the 25th Instant, at Lloyd's Coffee-house in Lombard-Street 'at 4 a Clock in the Afternoon, only 1 Cask in a Lot, viz. 74 Buts, 22 Hogsheads and 3 'quarter Casks of new Bene-Carlos Barcelona Wine, very deep, bright and strong, extra-'ordinary good and ordinary, at 10*l.* per But, 5*l.* per Hogshead and 25*s.* per Quarter Cask; 'neat, an entire Parcel, lately landed, now in Cellars on Galley Key (fronting the 'Thames) between the Coffeehouse and Tower Dock. To be tasted this Day the 23rd, 'and to Morrow the 24th Instant, from 7 a Clock to 1, and from 2 to 7, and all Friday 'till the Time of Sale. To be sold by Tho. Tomkins Broker in Seething-lane in Tower-'street.'

'Loss of Memory or Forgetfulness, certainly Cured, By a grateful Electuary, 'peculiarly adapted for that End; it strikes at the Prime Cause (which few apprehend) of 'Forgetfulness, makes the Head clear and easie, the Spirits free, active and undisturb'd; 'corroborates and revives all the noble Faculties of the Soul, such as Thought, Judgment, 'Apprehension, Reason and Memory; which last in particular it so strengthens, as to 'render that Faculty exceeding quick and good beyond Imagination; thereby enabling 'those whose Memory was before almost totally lost, to remember the Minutest Circum-'stance of their Affairs, &c. to a wonder. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* a Pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's 'at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard near Cheapside with Directions.'

An Entertainment of Musick, consisting of a Poem called The Passion of Sappho: Written by Mr. Harison. And the Feast of Alexander: Written by Mr. Dryden; as they are set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Clayton (Author of Arsinoe) will be performed at his House in York-Buildings to Morrow the 29th Instant: Beginning at 8 in the Evening. Tickets at 5*s.* each, may be had at Mr. Charles Lillie's, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings, and at Mr. Elliott's, at St. James's Coffee-house. No Money receiv'd, or Tickets given out at the House.

'This Poem is sold by Jacob Tonson, at Shakspear's Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand.[1]

'*Any Master or Composer, who has any Piece of Musick which he desires to bring in* '*Publick, may have the same perform'd at Mr.* Clayton's *by his Performers; and be re-*'*warded in the Manner as the Authors of Plays have Benefit Nights at the Play-house.* '*The Letter subscribed A. A. May the* 25, *is received.*' (No. 76.)

'To be Disposed of at a very reasonable Rate, a Compleat Riding Suit for a 'Lady, of Blue Camlet, well laced with Silver, being a Coat, Wastecoat, Petticoat, Hatt 'and Feather, never worn but twice; to be seen at Mr. Harford's at the Acorn in York-'street, Covent-garden.'

'The Delightful Chymical Liquor, for the Breath, Teeth and Gums, which in 'a Moment makes the most Nauseous Breath smell delicately Fine and Charming, and in 'very little Time infallibly Cures, so than an offensive Breath will not return; It certainly 'makes the blackest and most foul Teeth perfectly White, Clean and Beautiful to a 'Miracle; Cures the Scurvy in the Gums, tho' never so inveterate, making the Flesh 'grow again, when almost Eaten away, and infallibly fastens loose Teeth to Admiration, 'even in Old People, who too often falsly think their Age to be the Occasion: In short, 'for delightful Perfuming, and quickly Curing an ill scented Breath, for presently making 'the blackest Teeth most excellently White, certainly fastening them when Loose, effect-'ually preserving them from Rotting or Decaying, and assuredly Curing the Scurvy in 'the Gums, it has not its Equal in the Universe, as Abundance of the Nobility and

[1] So also after the Drury Lane advertisement of the play of the night, is usually advertised: 'This Play is sold by Jacob Tonson,' &c.

'Gentry throughout the kingdom have Experienced. Is sold at Mr. Payn's, a Toyshop 'at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, near Cheapside, at 2*s.* 6*d.* a Bottle 'with Directions.'

'In Dean Street, Sohoe, is a very good House to be Lett, with a very good 'Garden, at Midsummer or Michaelmas; with Coachhouse and Stables or without. 'Inquire at Robin's Coffeehouses near St. Anne's Church.'

'This Day is Publish'd

'A Representation of the Present State of Religion, with regard to the late 'Excessive growth of Infidelity, Heresy, and Prophaneness: Unanimously agreed upon by 'a Committee of both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and afterwards 'pass'd in the lower House, but rejected by the upper House. Members of the Com-'mittee. The Bps. of Peterborough, Landaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David's, Dr. Atter-'bury, Prol. Dr. Stanhope, Dr. Godolphin, Dr. Willis, Dr. Gastrel, Dr. Ashton, Dr. Smal-'ridge, Dr. Altham, Dr. Sydel, Archdeacon of Bridcock. Printed for Jonah Bowyer at 'the Rose in Ludgate-street. Price 6*d.* At the same time will be Publish'd a Repre-'sentation of the present State of Religion, &c., as drawn up by the Bishops, and sent 'down to the Lower House for their Approbation, Price 6*d.*'

'The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Instant, so as never to return 'again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few drops of which takes off a Fit in a Mo-'ment, dispels Sadness, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddiness, Dimness of 'Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c., to a Miracle, and most certainly prevents the Vapours 'returning again; for by Rooting out the very cause, it perfectly Cures as Hundreds 'have experienc'd: It also strengthens the Stomach and Bowels, and causes Liveliness 'and settled Health. Is sold only at Mrs. Osborn's Toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown 'under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2*s.* 6*d.* the Bottle, with Directions.' (No. '120.)

'An Admirable Confect, which assuredly Cures Stuttering or Stammering in Children 'or grown Persons, tho' never so bad, causing them to speak distinct and free, without 'any trouble or difficulty; it remedies all manner of Impediments in the Speech, or dis-'orders of the Voice of any kind, proceeding from what cause soever, rendering those 'Persons capable of speaking easily, free and with a clear Voice, who before were not 'able to utter a Sentence without Hesitation; its stupendious Effects, in so quickly and 'infallibly curing Stuttering, Stammering, and all disorders of the Voice and difficulty 'in delivery of the Speech are really Wonderful. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* a Pot, with Directions. 'Sold only at Mr. Osborn's Toyshop at the Rose and Crown, under St. Dunstan's Church, 'Fleet Street.'

Mr. Payn had also in his Toyshop 'an Infallible Electuary for Coughs and Colds, an 'Incomparably Pleasant Tincture to Restore the Sense of Smelling,' and 'an Assured 'Cure for Leanness,' as well as

'The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

'Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are 'White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor per-'ceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, 'but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully hand-'some and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be dis-'covered by the nearest friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World.

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